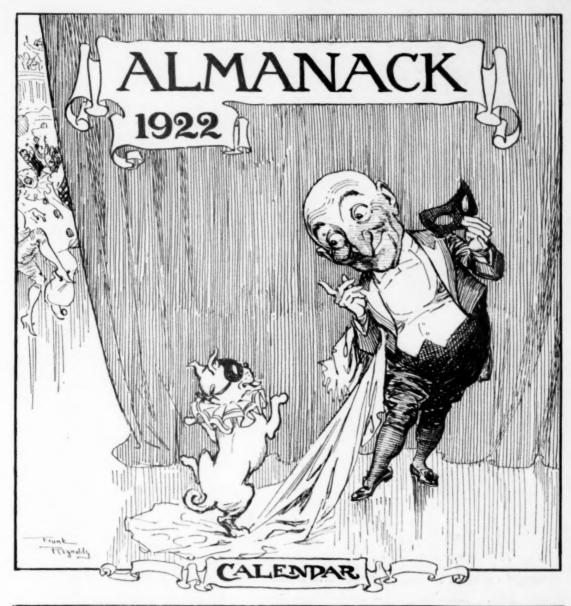


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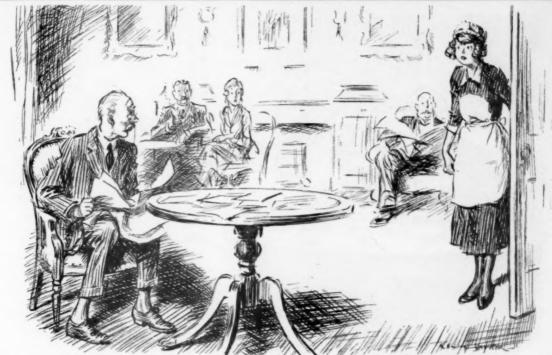


THE PARALYSING FASCINATION OF THE LATEST STEP.



Mother (to Betty, who has been sent home owing to indisposition of schoolmistress). "But I hope you were sorry poor Miss Pringle was lik."

Betty. "Oh, I was, Mother; but I couldn't help clapping my hands under my breath."



Hotel Maid. "Which of you hung the bell three times?" Maid. "Well, don't you never do it again."

Mild Individual. "I DID. I SHOULD LIKE A CUP OF COFF-



Scene—Non-Stop Train, London to Plymouth, leaving Paddington Station.

Late Arrival, "Hope I'm not squeezing You?"

Very polite little Gentleman. "Oh, don't mention it. I'm getting out at the next station."



Host (of the newest school). "What d' yer think o' this nineteen-o-six port?"

Guest (of the old school). "Nineteen-o---! My dear Sir, nineteen-hundred-and-six. We are discussing wine, not telephone numbers."



Old Lady. "Go away at once! I'm sure that's not a carol."

Wait. "No, lidy—but they'd run out o' records o' 'Good King Wenceslas.'"



New Sportsman (after burning much ineffective pounder), "They told me when I 'fred this 'ere place that the birds was 'and-reared, An' just look at 'em-might as well be wild."



M.F.U. (to Cockney sportsman, with airy seat but heavy hands). "Won't you set down, Sir? No need for etraphanging."



THE TIP-UP SEAT.

"MUMMY, DO TAKE ME HOME. I'M AFRAID I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR THIS SEAT."

A CHRISTMAS REVIVAL.

Arranged for Michael, Anglo-Indian, aged three.

LEFT to myself this Christmas-tide, And free, as are the winds outside, To wander far and even wide,

I might have followed foolish courses, Have made for Monte's morbid clime Intent (as in my careless prime How hopefully, how many a time) To drain the Bank's resources.

Less probably I might have fared
To higher regions, better aired,
And shod myself with ski, and dared
All sorts of petrifying dangers;
Fox-trotted while the jazz-drums rolled,
And, when the Dead Year's bell was tolled,
Clasped hands and sung the text of "Auld
Lang Syne" with total strangers.

Left to myself, I might (I say)
Have done the things in vogue to-day,
Have drifted down some beaten way
Marked by the seasons' punctual cycle;
But there is Michael; he is my
God-grandson, and I don't see why
I want to go afield when I
Can stay and play with Michael.

First I shall come with gifts in hand Easy for him to understand, Refreshments of a sticky brand, A moke on wheels, a clock-work rabbit; And then proceed to active sport, Engines that dash about and snort, And notions of the noisier sort Of which I've lost the habit.

And, as my creaking back I bend, Obedient to my youthful friend, The energies that I expend

Will amply recompense the giver;
To wrestle with him on the mat,
And finish underneath at that,
Ought to reduce superfluous fat
And stimulate the liver.

Moreover, being "Nature's priest,"
And having lately left the East*
(Though he may not attach the least
Meaning to Wordsworth's Intimations),
Perchance by childhood's healing art
An inward grace he may impart
And execute in my old heart
Some needed renovations.

And, though it all sounds quaint to you
Who take a more enlightened view
Of customs kept according to
The dull and dim Victorian age, I,
Remembering why we used to call
Christmas the Children's Festival,
Wonder if moderns, after all,
Are wiser than the Magi.
O. S.

"The youth, who daily farther from the East Must travel, still is Nature's priest."

Wordsworth, Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

INNOVATION IN THE PANTOMIME.



"Look here, Miss Bloomville—what about a bit of a novelty in this scene? I want you to enter biding on the moke. Do you think you can do it?"

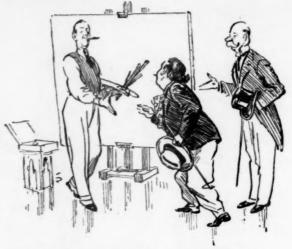


Robinson Crusoe (breaking with tradition so far as to observe the isolation of the footprint), "Man Friday doesn't been to have walked very far. I suppose he flew the rest."

THE REALMS OF ART.



AS A REEN PHOTOGRAPHER AND A LOVER OF ART-



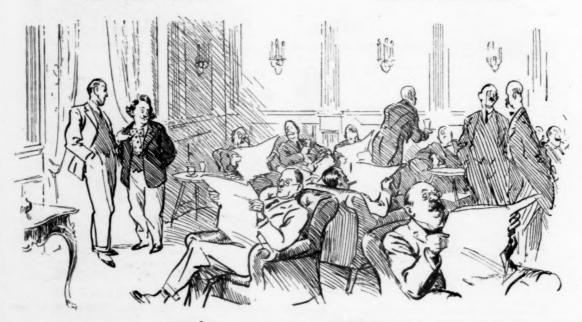
I WAS NATURALLY DELIGHTED TO MEET SIR COBALT BLUE, THE CELEBRATED PAINTER.



HE VERY KINDLY TOOK ME TO-



THE FAMOUS "PALETTE" CLUB-



WHICH I HAD ALWAYS IMAGINED THE VERY HOME OF ART.

THE REALMS OF ART.



WHAT A RELIEF IT WAS TO BE ABLE TO TAKE HIM-



TO THE DEAR OLD "TRIPOD."



HERE ONE GETS THE REAL ATMOSPHERE.









A TIME-OLD SCANDAL: THE NEWNESS OF THE NEW WOMAN.









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MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

ONE of the curiosities of navigation is that in certain latitudes it is possible to spend two New Year's Days in succession. That is why so many Scotsmen go to sea.

who recently took up poultry farming on a small scale has found it impossible to get her goose to thrive, even on what she understands is its natural diet of sage and onions.

"Are birds melancholy?" it has been asked. We do not claim to be expert on these matters, but we understand

explosion in a paint-shop," have offered to join and get it over.

A weekly paper inquires if Christmas is a good time to get married. It might be worth a trial, but we doubt if we should ever make a practice of it.

There is likely to be a great increase

in the number of robins this year. It is generally suspected that quite a number of sparrows have gone into the business.

Owing to the tiny rooms in the new Government houses, puddings are being made much smaller this year. * #

The veteran manager of a restaurant has been writing in a contemporary to say that he was the first to introduce haggis to the London hotels. cannot but regret the growing popularity of Press matter dealing with crime. * *

We read of a wellknown Aberdonian who is coming to London to spend Christmas. It sounds rather reckless.

We understand that during the coming season one team of carolsingers will be strengthened by a forward line of first division football referees. * *

A West End firm is guaranteed to play for one hour without stopping. It is presents like this that do so much to widen the breach

"Some men would be advised to There is some talk of starting a Suicide crack up their wives' pastry now and Club in London. Several men whose wives invariably buy them neckties of cases one might be able to borrow the

Children often have cause to complain that their mechanical toys are taken possession of by their elders. Last Boxing Day we were shocked to see a grown-up man driving a Ford car.

We understand that in view of the need for economy the quaint old custom of giving carolsingers a penny that has been heated in the fire is to be abandoned in Scotland. In future half-pennies will be used.

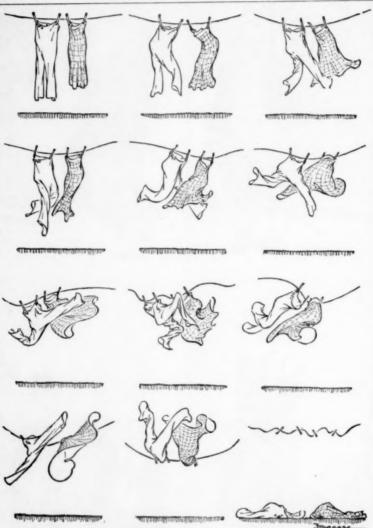
Thin men, it seems, make the best carol-singers. This is due, of course, to the fact that they are more difficult to hit.

Whatever may think of the boy that eats a very hearty breakfast on Christmas morning, mistrust the boy that doesn't.

Cigars are now in season. The surest way for the tyro to ascertain the quality of one is to offer it to a recognised connoisseur. If he puts it

into his pocket to smoke another time, | just now that turkeys complain of being | advertises an automatic toy piano which well and good; if he prepares to light it, at once snatch it from him and smoke it yourself.

Mistletoe, we are reminded, is one of those Yuletide institutions that are survivals of Paganism. Among seasonable post-Reformation customs is that of putting holly in the pew-cushions.



fed up.

DANSE DES VENTS.

We have nothing but admiration for the young man who, when invited to between a jaded parent and a small explain his conduct under the mistle- boy's uncle. toe, calmly replied, "Season."

We regret to hear that a young lady which the colour scheme suggests "an L.C.C. concrete-crusher.

FANCY DRESS: THE PROBLEM OF SELECTION.



Don't choose one that 's too hot—



or too cold-



or one that makes a nuisance of itself-



or one that won't come off-



or one that won't stop on-



or one that doesn't suit your particular style—



or your particular shape-

h

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d

10



and don't, above all things, be too funny.



In fact it is safest not to make yourself conspicuous, but to go dressed like everyone else.

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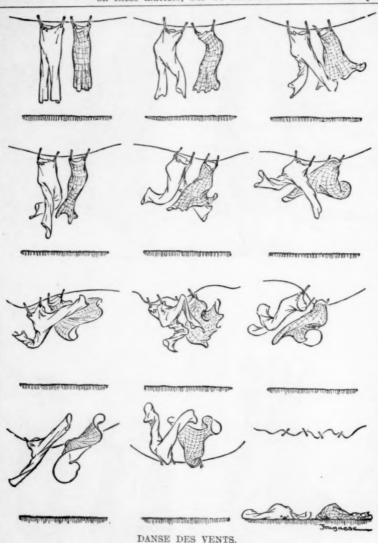
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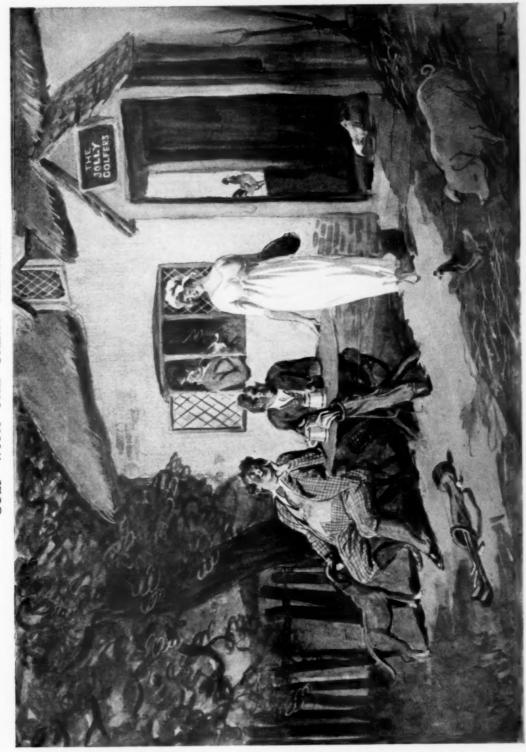


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THE FIRST TEE, CARTHAGE-(Turner).

GOLF WITH THE GREAT MASTERS.



THE CLUB HOUSE-(Morland).





LA BALLE PERDUE (Corot).

GOLF WITH THE GREAT MASTERS.



THE AUTUMN MEETING-(Rubens).

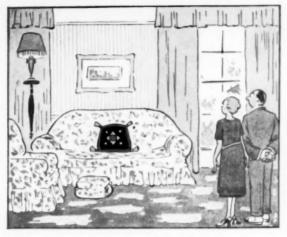


AS POPULARITY IS TO BE ACHIEVED NOWADAYS ONLY THROUGH THE CINEMA

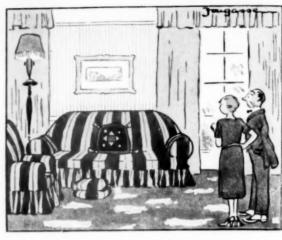


MR. PUNCH "PRESENTS" A FEW SCREEN OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROMINENT ASPIRANTS.

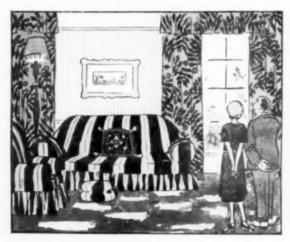
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.



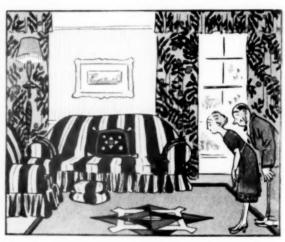
Someone sent the Joneses an awfully jolly little cushion for their drawing-room as a Christmas present,



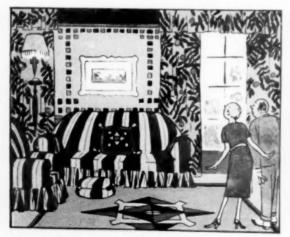
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The old curtains certainly seemed to put the scheme out rather, but new ones pulled the room together wonderfully.



It was great fun getling a new carpet, more in keeping with the character of the room-



Choosing a new wall-paper to carry out the motif was also very exciting. And now that they've removed a



cushion (which didn't harmonise very well) they've really got a most cheery little room.

SINGLE COMBAT:

OR, A WAR OF CHAMPIONS.

CURIOUSLY enough, it was not Christ-

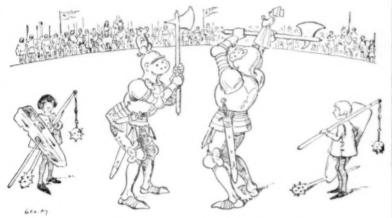
Minister bitterly.

denly appeared in the Pacific one night. mas Eve. But it was Boxing Day, and Samuel Slate, who had played Soccer Boxing Day, 1951. Samuel Slate, who had played Soccer for his House (Second) XI., and was "Boxing Day, indeed," said the Prime still, in his fifty-second year, robust and mobile beyond the average of Prime

Samuel's Cabinet behaved disgrace-He did not really want it. No one fully. Always ready to place his counreally wanted it. But the Prime Minis- try's good before personal ambition, he ter of Banya was old and feeble; and made them a moving little speech, confessing his belief that in the altered circumstances he was unequal to the great task he had taken upon himself. "With sorrow, with shame," he concluded, "and yet, because it is for the people, with resignation, I lay down my sword."

No one picked it up. His voice broke

as his eye fell upon all those vigorous young men who in the purer atmosphere of a New Earth had been permitted to push their way to the forefront of politics; but, if it fell on one man more significantly than on another, it was upon Lord Eustace Bristle, the young Foreign Secretary, who was known for a sportsman through-



"THE CHAMPIONS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE NATIONS."

was the victim of youthful idealismhis own. As a young Private Secretary he had decided that war was not a good thing, and he had determined to stop it. His idea was Single Combat. He dreamed of wars between the nations conducted in the ancient manner, on the lines of Sohrab and Rustum. Two Banyan, and the only Banyan whose hosts crouched on either side of a large plain, prepared to leap upon each other. Only they did not leap. Instead, from the heart of each host there issued a single man, very heavily armoured, the champions of their respective nations. These men approached each other in the solemn hush, and hit each other very hard on their cuirasses and helms and shields until from sheer fatigue one of them fell to the ground. Then from one of the hosts there went up a great shout; for that host had won the war. And they all went home.

That was his idea. Only it was essential that Sohrab and Rustum should be Prime Ministers, or at least Foreign Secretaries. Only thus could a nation be sure that wars were not being arranged in an irresponsible manner.

A crude notion, perhaps, but in his youth he had written so many memoranda about it that the League of Nations finally gave way and made his boyish dream the rule of the world.

Now he was himself Prime Minister of the great State of Bingo, and he had declared war on the miserable little State of Banya. It was all about a ONE-TIME MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE wretched little island which had sud-

The Right Honourable Samuel Slate | Ministers, was certain he could make short work of him.

Just then, unfortunately, the Banvans had a political crisis, and impudently selected as their new Prime Minister none other than Charles Antoine Perrier, one-time Middle-Weight Champion of the Entire World. He was a pure-bred name was known to the public at all.



CHARLES ANTOINE PERRIER, ENTIRE WORLD.



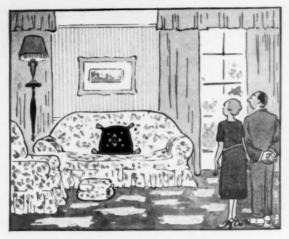
"THE PRIME MINISTER THREW ALL THE BE-SOURCES OF THE STATE INTO THE BALANCE."

out the country and had an American

Lord Eustace Bristle did not pick it Nor did Nigel Blake, the young War Minister, nor Stanley Masters, the young President of the Board of Trade. The Prime Minister threw all the resources of the State into the balance, Ambassadorships, Lord Chancellor-ships, Judgeships were freely offered and firmly refused. The young statesmen of the day were prepared to go to any length to help their chief in a difficulty. They were ready to make speeches of infinite duration in any sense on any subject. Only one thing they declined to do, and that was to fight Charles Antoine Perrier with their fists. "This is your war," they said. "We would not deprive you of it."

So the Prime Minister began the distasteful business of training. The

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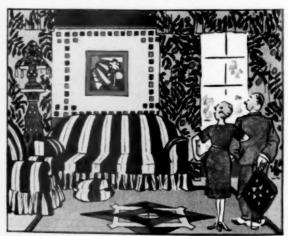
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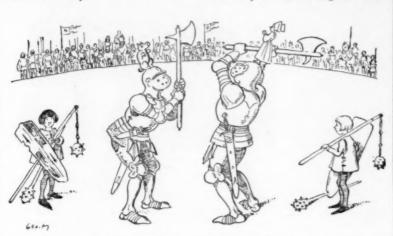
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League of Nations, which had formally declared the war to be a righteous war, had fixed the weights at eleven-stone-two. The Prime Minister was twelvestone-one and flabby at that. So he studied the films of all the World's Greatest Fights for the previous thirty years and did his best to imitate the heroes of the past therein featured. For instance, sun-up always found him hoofing the roads, clad only in a silk vest and running shorts, and followed only by his seven trainers on bicycles, by forty-three Pressmen and photographers on horseback, by sixteen State detectives in motor-cars and high-speed tanks, and by the spies of Banya in clouds of aeroplanes.

At intervals in the busy round of Government he stepped out into the backyard and "developed pep at hand-ball" or "hammered the pigskin like a riveting machine," or jumped up on to a chair and down again a hundred-and- or other favourite fifty times without stopping, or rushed delicacy approached to the State baths and swam a quarter of a mile, or skipped a thousand skips, or simply lay on his back and waved hall to weigh himself his legs in the air. He grew supple.

eater, and the other part of training was | was settling a strike. more difficult. To have to sit through

tical circles this was openly attributed to between the courses. And he went up

enemy intrigue; and The Post in an outspoken article drew attention to the large number of persons of Banyan extraction employed as chefs or minor members of the nation's kitchen staffs.

Wherever he dined the special portable aluminium scales, presented by the loyal citizens of Port Slate, went with him; and whenever turkey and bread-sauce he insisted on slipping out of the Guild-

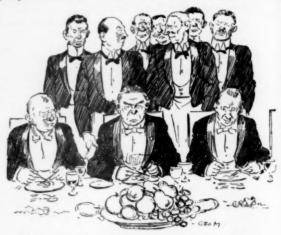
and prove to his trainers how light he and up. The seven bogus toast-masters But the Prime Minister was a good was. The other guests imagined he and head-waiters could do nothing with

The Great War was fixed for Boxingone of the Lord Mayor's Luncheons Day, that high festival of sport, and

since Bingo had won the toss, it was to be fought in the Cuthbert Hall, the home of sacred concerts and Communistic meetings. Charles Antoine Perrier had arrived, on Christmas condition and wascomfortably royal palace at Bunting, where he was already a popular idol. In the morning the two armies were weighed. Perrier weighed 11 st. 1 lb. 15 oz. The Prime Minister of Bingo had overdone it and he weighed

without wine, without cigars, without only 11 st. 0 lb. 13 oz. At half-past even eating properly, was intolerable. one there was a State Luncheon to His seven trainers stood behind him at entertain the distinguished company public functions, grim-faced, thick-eared men, disguised as toast-masters and Monarchs who had come over to watch sion for shiny penny buns, which the head-waiters; and they had consider- the war. The Prime Minister ate reckhead-waters; and they had considerable trouble with him. He had a lessly, knowing that he had something him to indulge. Without thinking he

sauce. It may have been a mere coin- sauce, of course, and he ate that. He cidence that turkey and bread-sauce also drank some port. He was weighed figured on the menu of nearly every pub- constantly. He was weighed before lic dinner at that time, though in poli- lunch and after lunch. He was weighed



"HIS SEVEN TRAINERS STOOD BEHIND HIM, DISGUISED AS TOAST-MASTERS AND HEAD-WAITERS."

him. They were relieved when he left the Guildhall only 11 st. 1 lb. 81 oz.

The Cuthbert Hall was crammed five days before the fight began; the queue for the few seats that cost less than ten pounds had stretched for seven miles, four deep. On the way to the dressingroom the Prime Minister slipped away from his escort and surveyed the audience from a doorway. The whole of Europe was there. Tier by tier the vast hall rose up before him like a shimmering jelly entirely composed of evening dress. Many of the women wore real jewels. The huge organ rumbled and Eve, in prime roared a number of airs appropriate to the season of peace and goodwill. The Prime Minister remembered pathetilodged in the cally that it was Christmas.

In the centre he saw a tiny square speck of brilliant light. In a short time he would have to go into that tiny space with very few clothes on and be knocked down for his country by an enormously strong man. He overflowed

with peace and goodwill.

The Prime Minister noticed a curious sensation in the back of his legs. He turned and ran very fast down some dark stairs into a buffet. Instinct urged him to take steps to restore his courage. In the buffet he took three steps—very strong ones. During the third step he noticed under a glass dome a mountain of shiny penny buns. childish craving for turkey and bread- in hand. There was turkey and bread- took a bun and slowly munched it,



THE PRIME MINISTER GOES INTO TRAINING.

reflecting on the honour of his country.

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The records of statesmanship show Halfway through he began to munch it no instance of a Prime Minister who very quickly. He finished it at a gulp has eaten even six buns at a single sit-

> ting, and the Right Honourable Samuel Slate began to understand that curious abstinence. His jaws ached with chewing, yet they seemed to make no impression on the seventh bun; his mouth was full of bun; his whole head was full of bun; it was swelling the top of his skull, prosuffocation and approaching insanity; it was working into

And he could not eat another crumb not at least another crumb of bun. He clutched despairingly a slabby biscuit oozing currants.

"Heavy things, them currants," said

the young lady.

"Thank heaven," said the Prime Minister, and eagerly devoured it. Then he crawled up the stairs.

In the dressing-room his frantic trainers wept upon him joyfully and tore his clothes from him and cast him violently upon the scales.

And he weighed 11 st. 2 lb. 1 oz. He was too heavy; he was disqualified. Bingo had lost the war. True, the generous Perrier was ready, nay, anxiducing a sense of ous, to waive the point; true, the people clamoured for a fight, correct or no. But the League of Nations, as umpire, would not permit it, and the Right his lungs; there was Honourable Samuel Slate, with a noble a singing in his ears. disappointment in his voice, surrendered



"How much do these things weigh?"

and snatched a second bun. A vile expedient had suggested itself.

When he had eaten three buns he have no dinner?" she said to the barmaid, " How much do said kindly. these things weigh?"

The young lady polished a glass with a vestal air. "Now, then; I don't want none of your nonsense," she said.

The Prime Minister ate two more buns. Then he said, "Really, I wish you'd tell me. The fact is, I'm doing this for a wager.

The barmaid thawed. "How should and fifty-three persons I know? I reckon they come about an of known Banyan symounce, my dear; but there—you can't be sure of nothing these days what with the Government," she said.

Sixteen ounces to a pound! Eight Bingo. A rumour sped buns to a half-pound! If he could eat among the audience that

The barmaid showed no surprise. "Didn't you

The Prime Minister made no reply. For the first time in his life he was speechless.

Through the vast hall his trainers sought him, desperate with anxiety. The doors were closed pathies were arrested on suspicion of having abducted the champion of

> h e dead. The organ playlouder and louder. Charles Antoine Perrier waited impatiently, rubbing his huge

ter, with the help of a large jug of pure water, finished the seventh bun. He was past thought; he was delirious; the buns had gone to his head. As when a long-distance runner totters up the straight, remembering not what

for three miles without stopping, knowing only that he must run just a little The sixth bun went down with the further, he knew remotely that he greatest reluctance; the seventh was must eat just a little more or all was lost.



to the island in the Pacific, the name of which unfortunately escaped him at the moment.

As for the audience they were almost appeased by the exhibition of a striking film of the first seven rounds of the Great Fight, which had been in readiness for some weeks.

Two days later the island in And the Prime Minis- the Pacific disappeared suddenly in the A. P. H.

> A contemporary reminds us that Christmas Day falls on a Sunday this year. This means, of course, that it will clash with the Sunday pictorial newspapers-a great pity.

> Several earnest men and women are trying to discourage the practice of giving children boxes of soldiers or other toys of a warlike nature. All the same we intend to let our little nephew have that clock-work model of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



"HIS WHOLE HEAD WAS FULL OF BUN."

eight buns, or even seven-and a-half, folly induced him to undertake to run he would be safe.

But could be ?

SOME ORDINARY EPISODES TREATED AFTER THE MANNER OF THE GRAND GUIGNOL,



"Seven o'clock." THE SUFFOCATION OF THE ALARM CLOCK.



"Room No. 13." THE RECALCITRANT EVENING TIE.

SOME ORDINARY EPISODES TREATED AFTER THE MANNER OF THE GRAND GUIGNOL.



"THREE YOUNG WOMEN," OR "THE SANDBAGGING OF THE BISHOP," A COUNTRY-HOUSE PILLOW-RAG.



"Something in Mary's room,"



IN PARIS JUST NOW ONE DANCES ONE'S OWN PARTICULAR STUNT WITH ALMOST COMPLETE DISREGARD OF ONE'S PARTNER.



WHY NOT BE ENTIRELY INDEPENDENT?



THE PROFITEER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.



"I SAY, IS THERE A BOOT DOWN THERE?" "YESSIR-I'LL THROW IT UP TO YOU." "THANKS. I WANT TO HAVE ANOTHER SHOT."



"CAN'T SAY AS I DO THINK SO MUCH OF THE NEW PASSON AS A MUSICIAN, FUR ALL HE'VE A-PASSED HIS 'XAMINATIONS." "WELL, THERE BE MUSIC AND MUSIC, YOU KNOW."



Profileer, "What about that for a glass o' wine? Got an effluyia to it—eh?"



"What on earth are you doing there? Don't you know this is a Christmas page?"
"Boo-hoo! The artist was on his summer holidays when the editor told him to do something—a-and he-he's—forgotten to take us out."



Chorus (to father who, while clearing the snow from the doorstep, has been caught in an avalanche from the roof). "If you're making a enow-man, daddy, can we come and help you?"



THE WALKERS.



THE WALKERS.

Punch's Almanack for 1922.



Servant. "May it please my lord, the glee singers and the hired assassin have come for their Christmas Box."

Master. "Oh, dash it! I suppose I must give them something. But it's practically blackmail."



Aged Pessimist (Merrie England period). "Ah, Christmas is not what it was in my young days. Then you would have seen how people could let themselves go and enjoy themselves properly."



AT THE SIGN OF "THE BLUE MOON."

ONCE on a tramp in the country, many a year ago, I came to a crossways' finger-post, in a winter afterglow, And one arm said To Blackberry Hatch, and the other To Bramble Row.

I tossed a penny to settle the hitch of an open mind; Heads for the Row, and tails it was: I followed my fate, to find

Blackberry Hatch was just an inn of a most familiar kind.
Dinner was eggs and bacon; breakfast was eggs and ham,
In an atmosphere of ancient shag, antimacassars and jam;
And I mused, as I took the road again, what a luckless
beggar I am.

I never took the turning where faëry fortune lies:

I foot the roads of the world and still that caravanserai flies,

The inn of inns with its noble bins and bills of a graceful size. Never for me the landfall, crowning an eve of June,

When the soft descant of the dinner-bell floats on the mill-stream's tune,

At the hostelry of the golden age, the sign of the old "Blue Moon."

There the end of the rainbow shimmers above the roof;
The lavender sheets are fairy web with happy dreams in
the woof;
The beer is beer of the great old days; the whisky is over

proof.

Down in the old inn-garden, all by the bowling-green, There's roses and lilies and daffodowndillies, with strawberry-beds between,

And a dry-fly trout-stream (free to the guest) meandering through the scene.

The waiter's a born raconteur; Betty the chamber-maid Warbles as PATTI and PASTA did; Boots is a waggish blade; Mine Host is an elderly nobleman who simply hates to be paid.

That was a great old country I tramped in long ago,
And that was a jolly finger-post, if only a man could know
To give a miss to the Hatch and take the way that leads
to the Row.

D HAVE

CHARIVARIA.

A London sewer-man has just retired after forty-four years' service. It is not yet known which newspaper has secured the serial rights of his memoirs.

"The Prime Minister has never previously visited South France in the strict season," says an evening paper. Still, we fancy he has visited other places quite as strict.

It is not generally realised that the New Year's good resolutions of Cabinet Ministers are made for them by their private secretaries.

The leech, we read, is popular again. It makes a charming pet for anyone who can't afford a tax-collector.

"The wife of the Registrar of Births and Marriages has this week presented him with twins," says a Bedfordshire paper. It seems only fair that he should know what it feels

A man has been charged at a London police-court with trying to sing in the streets. We shudder to think what would have happened to him if he had succeeded.

Correspondence in a Sunday paper has disclosed that, in connection with an investigation of the absence of vitamines in beer, it was added to the diet of a monkey at the Zoo. We understand that, if they had known, several plucky fellows would gladly have offered themselves for an experiment of this kind rather than allow it to be inflicted upon a dumb animal.

From Leicester comes the extraordinary report that during a recent storm a local hen laid an egg as large as one of the hail-stones.

A communiqué from Melilla states that the Moors and the Spanish recently fought hand to hand and used two guns. The latest report is that the Spanish team is leading by two goals to nil., with every prospect of getting into the Second Division this season.

A watch, the hands of which go round backward, was exhibited last week in a jeweller's shop in Cheapside. Just the sort of present for a plumber to give his mate.

effect of the contagious jollity of the DEAN?

A performing dove escaped last week from a music-hall and has not yet been found. When last seen it appeared to is believed that the Companies intend be travelling in the direction of Dublin.

The POET LAUREATE asserts that it can easily be proved that the earth is more like a pear than an orange in shape. We can't think what deters him from doing so in words we could all sing.

A recent weather report announced that the summits of the Snowdon range were white with snow. The timely publicity given to this fact saved disappointment to many who attributed developed, will do much to ameliorate the whiteness to sifted sugar.

It is rumoured that the Cabinet has consulted Sir Eric Geddes as to whether they are justified in going to the expense of publishing his Retrenchment Report.

We record with deep sorrow the death, on Friday last, of our colleague and friend, Claude Allin Shepperson, A.R.A. We mourn the untimely close of a long and happy association with one whose work, always distinguished by great beauty of design and by a very personal quality which gave it a place apart, was first widely appreciated, and will be best remembered, through his contributions to Punch. The Proprietors and Staff desire to offer to his wife and family a true sympathy in their grief.

The Sydney Labour Council have protested against the refusal of Japan to withdraw her troops from Siberia. Should this not prove successful it is expected they will send Japan a pretty stiff letter about it.

According to The Morning Post LENIN has ordered Communists to eat the leek. It is expected that a party of Welsh gardeners will shortly leave for Russia to supervise the sowing of the Steppes with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's favourite vegetable.

We are asked to say that the Scotsman who was reported to have been seen sober on New Year's Eve has declared his intention of spending his last bawbee in order to find out who first started the slander.

In a collision with a tree when A chorister of St. Paul's has become motoring through Oxford a well-known a nigger minstrel. Can this be an pugilist was thrown out of his car. Some of those Oxford trees are pretty hot stuff.

In view of the possibility of reduced fares on the underground railways it to take drastic measures to put a stop to the practice of travelling third-class with a first-class ticket.

A BRIGHTER TELEPHONE.

According to the daily Press "gramophones with special records that say, 'Hullo! Are you there?' have been introduced into the testing-rooms of the London telephone exchanges.'

This is an idea which, if properly the lot of the public. If only the use of the gramophone can be extended to the public exchanges there is no reason why in addition it should not be employed to strike up appropriate music to mollify the subscribers. Those long minutes at the telephone when nothing whatever happens might well be enlivened by "Whisper and I shall hear," or " I 'se a-waitin', waitin', waitin' for yer, Jose, in the old place, all alone; or on those occasions, when the operator rings up to say, "Holdthelineyou'rewanted," and then nothing results, the situation would be greatly improved by the gramophone playing, "Alice, where art thou?

Again, if the gramophone can be employed at the exchange to say "Hullo!" and "Are you there?" Mr. Kellaway might be persuaded to let us have the entire "Telephone Operators' Polite Conversation" set to music, and records made by operatic stars. It would be extremely difficult to be cross with the telephone if one heard Madame MELBA singing, "Number engaged, r-r-r-ring again, please." Only a churl, I think, would bang down the receiver on being called to the telephone to hear Madame TETRAZZINI, with many a bird - like trill, singing, "I'm sorry you've been ter-r-r-roubled.'

Of course such an innovation might bring its own peculiar drawbacks. For instance, I can foresee trouble should the gramophone needle get caught in a groove of a worn record, with the result that anyone trying to bring off a large business deal with but a minute to spare might be exposed to this: "Have they answered yet-yet-yet-yet . . .?" or, in a telephone-box, "Put in three penpen-pen-pen.

The thrifty G.P.O. should do its best to encourage the gramophone idea. It would bring business. Everybody would use the telephone on all possible occasions, not so much with the idea of getting the number wanted as in the hope that the telephone would play some favourite, such as "I hear you calling me," or selections from Patience.



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THE NEW DOCTOR.

1922. "FEELING A LITTLE BELOW PAR, ARE WE?"
EUROPA. "WE ARE; BUT BETTER ALREADY FOR SEEING YOU."



NO, THESE ARE NOT THE "SISTERS SUE" EXECUTING A STEP-DANCE; THEY ARE MERELY TWO FAIR LADIES COMPARING THEIR NEW-YEAR GIFTS OF ANKLET WATCHES.

THE CHESS PROBLEM.

STRICTLY speaking I am not a chess player. I merely know which of the pieces walk and which of them slither and which of them jump. I had never taken more than a vicarious interest in the game.

Yet I had always admired those men. frequently foreigners and therefore not nurtured in the hardy traditions of British sport, who can meet fourteen and gagged and manacled and otherwise tormented, and give them a bisque and a beating. I liked to read about them. I preferred it to boxing. When they told me that

TCHEKOVSKI P—K3 CASABIANCA P—KB4

I seemed to see the scene: the tense white faces of the combatants, the seconds with their sponges, the nervous flick of the wrists, the timekeeper counting the hours, the chequered square. If they would only write: "Tchekovski opened with a jab at K3 and Casa-bianca countered with a left swing to the Slovene's KB4." I have always felt that even the dullest reader would

battler from Bootle.

And then one day I was seized with a sudden fancy to unravel a chess problem myself. You know the way that these problems are presented in the Press. The artist who draws them is in such unlikely situations that you not really a good artist, because his intention is clearly to depict a bird's-eye view of the chess field; but his picture an hour or so before the problem began is quite wrong, as may be easily ascertained by climbing on to the top of a opponents at once, though blindfolded piano or bookease, lying face downtops of the chessmen are visible from this position, whereas the chess problem artist draws the entire silhouette profile of the knights, the kings and the queens. What is worse, he uses a mitre to represent the bishops, although in the vast majority of chess-sets this controversial form of head-gear is rightly omitted, for chess, like draughts and halma, should be a strictly nonsectarian game. All this causes a good deal of trouble and confusion in setting out the problem.

be as much thrilled as by the boy problem. That would be about the middle of November, 1921. White had to play and mate in three moves. Each king was surrounded by a little covey of pawns, and there were a lot of castles in such unlikely situations that you could not help thinking what mugs they were not to have taken each other and prevented all this bother.

I gave the problem all the odd time I could spare for about a fortnight, wards and watching a game from and a good deal of even time, generabove. It will then be seen that only the ously spared from my serious duties. I ceased to take exercise. I began to have a perpetually harassed look. I almost stopped eating, and only the of castles and pawns, and the complete necessity for keeping a clear head prevented me from giving way to drink.

After about three weeks I drifted into speaking of the castles as rooks, always one of the most serious symptoms. It may be compared to talking about "par" figures at golf. Little peace is likely to be known in households where these things are allowed to occur.

I think it was on the fifteenth of December that I purchased a tiny port-However, as I say, I started a chess- lable chess-board, with pieces that could be stuck into holes by means of pegs, so that I could continue to wrestle with my problem in the train. It was certainly about that time that I began to write down on paper all the possible moves of all the pieces in all possible circumstances and to allude to the squares by letters and numbers, like the maps in France. I was living now chiefly on nerve-tonics and malted milk. I used to dream that I had found a solution, wake with a glad cry and get up in the chill dark only to find that I had invented a mounted bishop in my dream, and that it was a dream indeed.

Christmas came and I went away to a house that was filled for others with festivity and mirth. But not for me. On the plea of writing letters or having work to do, I was always creeping away from the merriment to my furtive task. When the Yule-log was being dragged in with joyous shouts, when the candles on the Christmas-tree were being lighted, alone and haggard I was trying the fifteenth variation (the one that begins Kt-Q4) for the hundred-andfiftieth time.

In the drawing-room, when I was unobserved, I would steal away into a corner and take out my little box. They tried to interest me in other pastimes. They made me play Russian patience once. A stupid rowdy game. The kind of game that Russians would play. There is probably a State school in Russia for training patience-players. Intellectual support of the TROTSKY-LENIN régime, I have no doubt, was originally derived from the ranks of the Russian patientsia. They tried a charade, but I could do nothing but move diagonally across the room and push away a chair. A day or two more and I should have begun to hop.

On almost the last morning of the year I was hard at work after breakfast when a small boy called Antony who was staying in the house interrupted

"I want you to come along and play pirates," he said.

"I can't," I told him; "I am ex-

tremely busy."
"I know the moves at chess," he declared proudly, hovering round with his head on one side.

"Oh, do you?" I said sardonically. "Well, I've had one move here, and I want to mate in two more. What would you do?"

"Oh, I'd just shove this old castle here," he suggested, evidently at ran-

"Rook, rook!" I cried with a shiver; "not 'castle.' Well, and suppose we did, my boy," I went on patronisingly, "the black king sidles away on to this square, I say check with my knight able price."-Local Paper.



Convivial Member (with the best of intentions). "I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A DEAR OLD FRIEND OF MINE-ONE OF THE VERY BEST-ONE OF THE WHITEST MEN UNHUNG.

EVOE.

and Black-Black-good heavens !the bishop in the far corner-yes, yes, the square was covered."

He was right; and how many hundreds and hundreds of times had I not-

"Come along," I said, "we'll play pirates.'

The treasure hoard of Kidd, consisting of minute but very precious ivory ornaments, is buried in a spot near a rose-bush, known only to Antony and myself. It will be dug up next Christmas-perhaps.

After all Chess is a very un-English game. I prefer "Put and Take."

A Kicker?

"Welsh Cob, active with her harness, reason-

"Three inches of snow and ten inches of frost were reported this morning from East Scotland."—Local Paper.

We remember, however, even longer frosts than this.

"Seven Zaglulist dissentients have rejoined two remaining members of Zagelul's delega-tion, and are holding meetings at Zagulu's house."-Provincial Paper.

Presumably to determine how to spell their leader's name.

"The German Chancellor stated in the Reichstag yesterday that Germany should wash her hands of the Reparations problem and devote her attention to . . . stealing in Glasgow a domestic servant's certificate of character."—Scotch Paper.

Another of these scraps of paper.

NEW YEAR SURPRISE PACKETS.

For myself I cannot claim to be a very constant reader of "A Lady In Society." It is my cook-housekeeper, Mrs. Perks, who is the real devotee. Indeed, Mrs. Perks' whole attitude to life is regulated by those intimate little chats with "A Lady In Society" to be found each week in the pages of Home Nations.

But it so happened, a few days ago, that Mrs. Perks, alarmed by my unexpected approach, made a hasty evacuation of my easy-chair and left her Home Notions behind her in the rush.

It was in this way that I was fortunate enough to come across the advice of "A Lady In Society" on the subject of New Year gifts.

"The making of gifts, which should at this season be one of the most blessed of our pleasures," wrote "A Lady In Society," "is, in these days of bad manners and the vulgar Newly Rich likely to become a recurring nightmare of ostentation and self-advertisement."

I had just returned from a strenuous afternoon of belated shopping, but I removed my feet from the mantelpiece instantly and straightened up.

"There is an etiquette governing the giving of presents," she continued, "just as there is for all the other amenities of Refined Circles. Do not try to make your gift look as though it cost more than you raid for it."

more than you paid for it."

I glanced guiltily at the table where my little selection lay waiting to be labelled and despatched. There was that dress waistcoat I had chosen for Harold. I had placed it in its box, imitation pearl buttons uppermost, to impress his eye as soon as he opened it. Clearly such ostentation was a breach of the social code. So I got up and, gathering a little soot from the back of the chimney, smeared it lightly here and there on Harold's white waistcoat. Obviously Harold would now decide that the thing was shop-soiled when I bought it and had been secured at halfprice. I sat down again with a sigh of relief.

"It was an American millionaire,"
"A Lady In Society" reminded me,
"who first set a bad example to our
own profiteers by giving a million-dollar
house as a little Christmas present to a
near relative. The opportunity for selfadvertisement was too good to be
missed, and, during the boom, tin, copper
and pork kings in this country quickly
followed the lead with fifty-thousand
pound estates, a stud of fabulously expensive motor-cars, or whatever would
command sufficiently startling paragraphs. I cannot impress too strongly
upon my readers that no true lady or

gentleman would indulge in this sort of blatant lavishness."

Now you begin to see what a benefactor "A Lady In Society" is. Without her guiding hand in our daily lives Mrs. Perks and I might come the most horrible puriers. For instance, but for this warning I might very well have walked into the kitchen on Christmas morning and presented Mrs. Perks with a diamond tiara. And Mrs. Perks, not to be outdone, would then most likely have led me out into the back-yard and asked me to accept, as a small token of her esteem, a brand-new Rolls-Royce, or something of that sort.

As for million-dollar houses, I laid my hand on the printed words of "A Lady In Society," and there and then solemnly vowed that no relative of mine (near or otherwise) should receive such a gift from me this New Year. It was not that I begrudged the money. It was simply that I could not bear to be thought ungentlemanly by "A Lady In Society." It would have cast a sort of gloom over me in 1922.

"It is good to be a cheerful giver,"
"A Lady in Society" pointed out, "but it is only the painstaking giver who has the right to be cheerful. If we have not spent sufficient time and forethought on this business of giving, it will rob us of our own enjoyment of the festive season. My last word to my readers is that the most vital and necessary part of any successful scheme of present-making is the thrill of surprise."

Whilst I am, I hope, no snob, neither am I the man to doubt the word of a Real Lady, especially if she happens to be in Society. Accordingly I returned to the table and regarded my purchases with a critical eye. There was the waistcoat for Harold, the work-basket for my maiden aunt, the pogo-stick for my little nephew Clarence, and the bookrest for dear old gouty Uncle Roger.

The thrill of surprise? Well, it wouldn't take long to rearrange things. After all, any silly ass could see that "A Lady in Society" should know best. So I addressed the evening waistcoat to my maiden aunt, the work-basket to Harold, the book-rest to little Clarence and the pogo-stick to Uncle Roger.

"There," I said, as I tied on the last label, "I couldn't do more even if I were in Society myself. That ought to surprise them a bit."

And, if I may judge by the warmlyphrased letters of acknowledgment I am already receiving, it did.

"However, it is recognised that, in the words of the omelette, eggs have to be broken for omelettes."—Daily Paper.

An omelette that speaks should be approached with caution.

THE TINKER.

Why were the wonderful hours so brief, When the blackbird sang so sweetly? And what, in sooth, is the coin of youth But elfin gold, gone fleetly, So fleetly.

Time's a tinker and Time's a thief And what he don't take trash is; He takes the boy and the morning's joy, And he leaves us age and ashes, The egg-shells and the ashes.

Oh why was the halcyon all too fleet For ever an eye to follow, His diamond day and the songs of May

And the bluebells in the hollow, So hollow?

Time's a tinker and Time's a cheat; You'll know him when he passes, For he takes the wine of the Spring sunshine

And he leaves us empty glasses, The broken empty glasses.

And the silver cord of the golden harp.
That once was rung so dearly?
Tis woful frayed for the tune's been played,

And the lilt forgot—or nearly, So nearly,

Time's a tinker and Time's a sharp As all his tricks do teach one, And harp and merle or a singing girl He'll steal the song from each one, The May-day song of each one.

And the loves you loved and the laughs you laughed?

Ah, Time 's the cutpurse clever; They 're in his pack and they 're on his back,

And he's down the road for ever, For ever.

But Time's the tinker that knows his

In every sign and token,
And, soon or late, 'tis as sure as Fate,
He 'll patch the things left broken,
A heart or aught that 's broken.

The Right Spirit.

"Jewish Ladies" Guild.

A Flannel Dance will be held in the Guild Hall Thursday, December 8, at 8.30 p.m. This should prove the Dance of the Season. Refreshments will be served free."

Advt. in South African Paper.

"Mr. A. —, of Bulawayo, has kindly donated six bottles of whisky to the Jewish Ladies' Guild dance, which takes place on Thursday, the 8th instant. The ladies hope many will follow Mr. —'s excellent example."

Another paragraph in same paper.

From the PRIME MINISTER'S message to Mr. Balfour as rendered in a provincial journal:—

"We have itched with admiration and thankfulness the clear and vigorous lead given by your statement (?) at Washington to this great cause."

Our office-boy is also much tickled.

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ay

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Guest H. Theparks

MANNERS AND MODES.

SYMPATHETIC EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE APPEARANCE OF AN ULTRA-MUSCOVITE CONFECTION IN A BUSY THOROUGHFARE,



Habitue (introducing his wife to favourite hotel). "HERE, WAITER, WHERE'S MY HONEY?" Waiter, "I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT SHE DOESN'T WORK HERE NOW."

ACROSS THE POND.

PERHAPS I went to Congress on a bad day.

A member of the House of Representatives was speaking when I entered. I knew he was speaking because every now and then he waved one of his arms like a man doing physical defatigably, and far away, behind a exercises or pointed a forefinger in a hostile manner at one of his colleagues, and sometimes, when he turned my way, I could see that his lips were moving as if they were forming words. What the words were I could not discover because of the buzz of conversation among the other members, who were sitting down or walking about or arguing quietly in corners. Did I say "buzz"? I have heard a fairly substantial buzz in the House of Commons during the speeches of indifferent speakers; compared with that the conversation in Congress amounted conversation. Just underneath me there were four members standing together.

they were having a capital argument about-what do you think?-Prohibition. Unfortunately there were many of their remarks which I was quite unable to catch, owing to the noise made by the other members. I thought this was inconsiderate on their part.

Meanwhile the gentleman in the middle went on doing his exercises inlittle marble altar with a green baize top, the unfortunate Chairman sat and watched him in a sort of fascination. Nobody else, however, seemed to take the smallest interest in the man's exercises. I counted about ninety members. Some of them were reading newspapers and some of them were chewing something, and one or two were sucking large cigars; I imagine they had no matches, for they made no attempt to smoke them. Then there were a number of young boys running about the there were five of them standing up in place with papers-new members, I suppose, for they were rather better to a roar. The maddening thing was dressed than the others; but at that that one could hear so little of the age one could not expect them to be quite so keen on politics as the rest.

closely watching the speaker a few yards away from him. After a little one of these men stood up and began to do some exercises of his own; but the speaker made such a hostile gesture at him that he sat down again, cowed. But not for long. In a minute he stood up again, and this time the other man made no objection. He stood there apparently listening, and the second man stood there apparently talking, but what he said I have no more idea than the man in the moon. I fancy, though, that it was something rather disgraceful, for nearly all the other members began conversing more loudly than before, as if to keep some dreadful secret from reaching the ears of the public gallery.

Meanwhile the other three men were tired of watching, and, seizing their opportunity, they stood up too while the other men were not looking. Now a nice little confidential circle enjoying a nice little confidential talk together. First two of them talked, and then another two, and then the fifth man talked with one of the first pair, so that At last, however, I discovered that you scarcely ever had the same two with their backs to the Chairman, and there were at least four men who were men talking at the same time, which

was a good arrangement. Three of them had their backs to the Chairman, so that he, poor man, was cut off from the whole thing, which was not so good. But I thought it was a very solemn thing to see those five earnest men solemnly discussing affairs of state (I assume) in that noisy place, as you may see a group of venerable financiers pause a moment in the City to settle the future of far-off nations, quite unmoved by the din on every hand.

With that thought I stole out and visited the Supreme Court. "We needs must love the highest when we see it;" but the Supreme Court, though impressive, was dull by comparison, and I returned, fascinated, to the Lower House.

When I got back a man was making a speech, and he was talking so loud that the other members could scarcely hear themselves speak. At any rate most of them had given up all attempt at conversation and were watching the man rather disgustedly, I thought. I don't know why, for he was a much more athletic speaker than the other. First he stood at a little lectern in front of the Chairman and shook his fist at everybody. Then he tired of that lectern and walked over at a brisk pace to another one some yards away, where he shouted very loud and extraordinarily fast about the Gentleman from Alabama. Then he spurned both lecterns and just strolled about behind the two of them, working himself up into a rage. When he was properly worked-up he abandoned the lecterns altogether and came right out into the open, roaring furiously about the Gentleman from Oklahoma.

His eye had caught an inoffensive little old man on the front bench, with white hair and spectacles, who, so far as I could see, had done him no harm whatever. He stooped down and peered in the old man's face, as if he was not quite sure whether he was really there or not. When he had decided that it was a real face he shook his fist at it and marched away in a great rage, delivering a stinging sentence about the Informal Contracts Bill as he marched. The Chairman seemed to think that this was a bit too strong, for he stood up and hammered with his hammer; but no one seemed to pay any attention, so he sat down again.

Just then a great calm was seen to descend upon the speaker and he announced in a deep whisper that he was going to measure his words; so we all settled ourselves in our seats, for we knew that that would take him a long time. Unfortunately he caught sight of the little old man again, and, marchall man again, and, marchall man again, and, marchall man again, and, marchall man again, and they were too long. He stood up more standard man again, and they were too long. He stood up more standard man again, and they were too long. He stood up more standard man again, and they were too long.



"Uncle, dear, do tell me if they eloped. I wasn't noticing: I was so INTERESTED IN THE BEAUTY HINTS AND CONFESSIONS IN THE PROGRAMME.

examined him once more, like a man orator went back to his seat like a examining an insect he has found under a brick. What he saw seemed to infuriate him. He shouted a rude question at the old man about the Gentleman from Missouri, and before the old man could think of an answer he answered it himself. "Naow!" he said, with one of those bitter sideways smiles that run half-way up the cheek; and he shook his head from side to side, and he stamped his foot with a loud bang, and far and wide the members stirred uneasily in their sleep. I knew now that the little old Gentleman from Indiana was going to die. Nothing could save him from that ferocious Irishman.

ing back to him, he stooped down and and hammered very firmly, and the That cuts us out of the fun.

lamb. The old man was saved.

I am afraid he was a demagogue, that speaker. But he was a good walker.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. —, M.P., won the challenge cup given by himself for the best beast at — fat stock show."—Daily Paper.

"-Free Church, 11 a.m., 'Ahab and the Fishbite.' "-New Zealand Paper.

It was after this incident, you remember, that JEZEBEL nicknamed him "The Judicious Hooker."

From a reported speech by the Headmaster of Eton :-

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THE BATTLE OF THE BIRD.

THE following correspondence has been placed at my disposal. I consider myself to be under a national obligation to publish it .- E. V. L.

Mr. Launcelot Barkley to Messrs. Murk and Son, Fishmongers and Poulterers.

DEAR SIRS,-When I took The Towers I received a letter from you asking for custom and assuring me of your best attention. The first thing I ordered from you was a chicken, but the chicken that you supplied was without a liver, although in your account I found it charged for as though it were complete. I am therefore deducting sixpence. In future, if you cannot supply chickens with livers, I will go elsewhere.

I am, Yours faithfully, LAUNCELOT BARKLEY.

Messrs. Murk and Son to Mr. Launcelot Barkley.

DEAR SIR,—We regret that you find fault with our account. The chicken was similar to those with which we are accustomed to provide our customers. If you wish for the liver you have but to say so and it shall be sent. The price charged for the last chicken is the lowest possible and we cannot agree to your deduction.

Always to command, We are, Mr. Launcelot Barkley to Messrs. Murk and Son.

DEAR SIRS,-If I were not an invalid I should come to see you in person and put the case more clearly than I can in writing. But that is out of the ques-tion. My point is this—that when I order a chicken I order a chicken: that is to say, a bird with all its edible organs intact. Among these the liver occupies a high place, is indeed the chicken's principal delicacy, whether it is eaten solid or merged with the gravy. A chicken lacking its liver is not a chicken, but only partly a chicken, and must be charged for accordingly. Perhaps you have never heard the phrase, "liver wing"? It means the wing under which the liver is cooked, and good hosts offer these as a special privilege.

It is considerate of you to say that if I order the liver to be sent I shall be obeyed. But my point is that sending the liver should be automatic. If I ordered a lobster would you retain the

I certainly cannot pay full price for a chicken that lacks an essential organ. I am. Yours faithfully,

LAUNCELOT BARKLEY.

Messrs. Murk and Son to Mr. Launcelot Barkley.

DEAR SIR,-Waiving the matter of Yours obediently, MURK AND SON. the deducted sixpence, we beg to repeat | DEAR SIR,-Writing on behalf of

that it has long been our habit to send our customers chickens without liver, unless the liver is specially demanded. No one before has ever complained. We would add that if you do us the honour to order a lobster from us it will be found to have its claws attached.

Always to command, We are, Yours obediently, Murk and Son.

Mr. Launcelot Barkley to Messrs, Murk and Son.

DEAR SIRS,-If, as you say, I am the first person to complain of your wholly unwarrantable and, I am tempted to add, dishonest retention of the liver, all I have to remark is that I seem to have come to live in a singularly pusillanimous district, and I am glad to have been put in the position of champion to such a set of cowards and poltroons. It is time they had someone to fight their battles for them; and not only they, but I am given to understand that all over England weak-kneed people are allowing plundering poulterers to swindle and rob them in this way.

Since you are so unwilling to admit that there is anything amiss in your conduct, I must, at great inconvenience, make other arrangements as to birds.

I am, Yours faithfully, LAUNCELOT BARKLEY.

Mr. Reuben Murk, Jun., to Mr. Launcelot Barkley.



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THE CONFERENCE HABIT.

Mr. Winston Churchill. "JOLLY PLACE, CANNES. WHERE'S YOUR NEXT CONFERENCE?"
Mr. Lloyd George. "WELL, I'M TOLD THE SCENERY'S PRETTY GOOD IN HONOLULU."





Hostess, "And what good resolutions have for made for the New Year?"

father and self I wish to say that it is chickens, and do not hesitate to remove the first time we have heard our highly respectable neighbourhood called "pusillanimous," which the dictionary informs us means faint-hearted and meanspirited. We think it premature in a new-comer to say hard things of a district in which such gentlemen as Lord Lankerville, Lady Toughborough and Sir Henry Brigstock, to name no others, have long been honoured residents, and also where so fine a War Memorial has been erected. In the opinion of father and self no words could be less well-chosen than "cowards" and "pol-troons." If the neighbourhood were what you call it we feel sure that the Bishop of Marchester would not bring his family here every summer.

We regret to lose your custom, but in the matter of chickens we would point out that it is the practice not only of ourselves but of poulterers all over Eng-

land to sell the livers separately.

I beg to remain, Yours respectfully, REUBEN MURK, JUN.

Mr. Launcelot Barkley to Messrs. Murk and Son.

Dear Sirs,—I confess myself beaten.

any parts for which you can find a ready sale or which other customers desire, according to the practice of honourable poulterers all over England. If the Bishop of Marchester should express the wish to have the breast of my chicken, let him have it. If Lady Toughborough puts in a plea for the wing, acquiesce. Purvey the liver, if desired, to Lord Lankerville, and give Sir Henry Brigstock the opportunity of devouring the gizzard. But be sure to charge me for the whole bird, or I shall -most unreasonably—be dissatisfied. Yours faithfully,

LAUNCELOT BARKLEY.

Smith Minor Again.

Question. Give some account of the life of Achilles.

Answer: He was cursed by his mother, fell into the river Stynx and was ever afterwards intolerable.

"Can any Lady thoroughly Recommend a Young Nursery Governess for boy of 51 and girl of four? Knowledge of health, good needlewoman; Dalcroze or York Trotter preferred,"-Provincial Paper.

Another Impending Apology.

"Lady Winifred -- left Viceregal Lodge, under the Seditious Meetings Act. Indian Paper.

This appears under the heading "Social and Personal," but seems to us more personal than social.

Our Retiring Dandies.

"It must be nearly half a century ago that Sir John —— used to set the fashion to London's smart young men . . . I saw him in the Park yesterday morning wearing the top hat out of which he never appears."

Daily Paper.

"A re-decorated, or re-papered or distempered wall is always an appreciable form of a Christmas gift."—Local Paper.

But very difficult to wrap up.

"Major-General Sir Webb Gillman, commandant of 'The Ship' (as Woolwich Academy is known the world over)."—Evening News.

There's many a slop. . . .

"Wanted, Poultry Farm, 3 to 10 Acres, within easy reach of Weston-super-Mare, Bristol, Bath, or even Gloucester.'

Advt. in West-Country Paper.

Who is this, in the words of SHAK-SPEARE (2 Henry VI., ii. 1), "that hath Please continue to serve me with We suppose a Fox Trotter would not do. dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name?"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE). In the preface to The Sunny Side, his final collection of Punch articles, time had come for him to put away childish things, such as high spirits and irresponsibility. In his new play, which which has a humorous side; not a "sunny side" but rather a cynical; not fun

serious texture of the play and essential to its design.

to do with CALVERLEY, though the Great Man of the play must have had a nice sense of humour or he could never have carried through, and apparently enjoyed, his masterly imposture. There was no indication that in his "1863 volume," the only one from his own pen, he unbent into light verse. With the exception of those young barbarians,

his grandchildren, everybody took him seriously.

Much skill was shown in the leadingup to his introduction in person on the stage. Dimly and awfully we had pictured this god-like figure-practically immortal, for was it not his ninetieth birthday?-through the eyes of those devout worshippers, his daughters and son-in-law, well-versed in the ritual of the priesthood; through the eyes, too, of his bored and rebellious grandchildren, who loathed the stuffy temple atmosphere and regarded him as a tyrant Juggernaut to whom their bright youth was being sacrificed. And then at last the divinity was revealed to us in the flesh, not mounted on a monstrous roller or a flaming chariot, but just a wheeled chair.

At once we saw that, if ever he was a despot, it must have been ages ago; that the tyranny of which his grandchildren complained was nothing more than a tradition kept up for his own ends by the high-priest, their father. For here gentle word for all, a pleasant fund of reminiscent anecdote and a childlike appreciation of the homage of the literary world. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL played the part almost too well for the author's purposes; certainly the regrettable disappearance of so delightful a figure (though his death was necessary to the discussion of "the truth about" him) gave a touch of anti-climax to the rest of the play.

With the opening of the Second Act

sole executrix, to whom he had confessed at the last that his fame was founded on the poems of a dead friend, one Jenkins, which he had pinched. In a long statement, full of the bitterness of dis-Mr. ALAN MILNE announced that the illusionment, she recites the painful facts to the assembled family, and contends that they must be made public, since it was unthinkable that the relamay be said to mark the transition tives of the deceased rogue should profit period, he presents a serious problem by either wealth or glory dishonestly which has a humorous side; not a "sunny acquired. The remainder of the play is largely concerned with arguments, thrown in (except incidentally) for the abounding in casuistry, for and against joy or relief of it, but woven into the this contention. The discovery, in the Third Act, of Jenkins' will, by which he had left everything to Blayds, settles The Truth About Blayds has nothing the financial side of the question; for



NINETY-AND NOT FOUND OUT. Blayds. . . Mr. NOBMAN MCKINNEL.

the rest, the possible theory of "hallucination" satisfies the more elastic consciences.

Mr. MILNE of course recognised that the British public was not likely to be satisfied with mere argument, however entertaining as a revelation of character, and that something must be done to appease their appetite for romantic senwe had the dearest old dotard, with a timent. So we were given, as a secondary motive, the romance of Isobel and a gentleman whose offer of marriage she had declined eighteen years ago in order to devote herself to her father; and the Second Act closes with her reflections upon the domestic joys that she has missed by a sacrifice now proved to have been lavished on what she considers to have been an unworthy object.

Clearly Mr. MILNE took some risk in this appeal to our pity, for Blayds, absent or present, alive or dead, had the old hypocriteis dead and buried-not been made so much the central figure in the Abbey, for this honour had been of the play that some of us were not her adorable moments, but, as I have

to the tragedy of Isobel's wasted life. Besides the author had supplied us with good reasons for remaining dryeyed and even callous. The truth is that we ought not to have been very fond of Isobel. We ought to have doubted whether a really nice woman would have given the old man away like that before the whole family; still more, we ought to have asked ourselves whether a daughter, alleged to be a pattern of filial piety-and indeed we had seen exquisite touches of gentleness in her care for him-would have threatened to expose him publicly, even by way of indulging the most selfish of con-sciences. Might she not have been content to confide his secret to just one pair of ears-her lover's for choice -and salved her conscience on the financial question by finding some excuse for waiving her legacy?

But it was plain that her trouble was not a mere matter of conscience. Her tone in discussing her father's imposture had suggested the idea of wrong done to her personally, even a faint hint of desire for revenge. Indeed she herself admitted that her devotion had not been the pure devotion of love, but that she had wanted to be associated with his greatness and have an intimate

part in his immortality.

You see, then, how one might have been justified in refusing to her the full sympathy that she claimed. If she had sacrificed married happiness from a pure sense of love and duty, we might have been sorry for her, but she would not have been sorry for herself. Though disillusioned she would have counted the sacrifice worth while. But if she made it for a motive in which personal pride and ambition had a place, then she might be sorry for herself, but we could not properly be expected to take any large share in her sorrow.

However, Miss Irene Vanbrugh was not to be put off by any such dull reasoning as that, and, thanks to her acting and the words that she was given to do it with, her appeal got

home-or most of the way.

I thought that the opening dialogue (up to the grand-daughter's welcome entry) was a little drawn-out, and the same might be said of the argument in the Third Act, which, I am informed, has undergone some abbreviation. Also the happy ending-not to the argument, which remained inconclusive, but to the affairs of Isobel and her manseemed rather perfunctory, though there was a typical note of freshness in its treatment. But these were trivial blemishes in a brilliant play.

As Isobel, Miss IRENE VANBRUGH had declined by his younger daughter, Isobel, | quite prepared to transfer our interest | hinted, it was not a very gracious naife. us rynat nd ted uld nat We her of en ler ned cf onen ust ice the exble ce. mng int ernot hat ith ate

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Under-keeper (after a passage of arms with shooting tenant). "HE'S NO GENTLEMAN YON." Head-keeper. "AND WHAT MAKS YE SIC A JUDGE O' GENTEELITY?" Under-keeper. "WEEL, I KEN A FROG FRAE A SALMON ONYWAY."

ture that she was asked to present, mystery that was too much for her. though Mr. MILNE did not seem to be conscious of this. I have spoken already of Mr. NORMAN McKINNEL's performance as Blayds—a remarkable tour de force on the part of almost the last actor that one would have suspected as likely to find such a character congenial. Mr. DION BOUCICAULT dominated the play with his clever portrait of the type that simply wallows in the reflected glory of hero-worship. I liked the sincerity and unobtrusiveness of Mr. Ion SwinLey as Isobel's lover; and Mr. Jack Hobbs made a most vivacious Philistine. I was not quite so happy about Miss FAITH CELLI who played his rebel sister. She seemed to be a little cramped in this pontifical interior; to get the right freedom for her boyish figure she needs to be outdoors.

As for Miss IRENE ROOKE, who appeared as the dutiful wife of the highpriest of the Blayds' cult, she was perhaps the most attractive personality in the whole cast. Content to play the part of just a good stupid woman, she was never out of her humble place in the picture. "I don't understand," she kept on saying, and let those nice wideset eyes of hers gaze vaguely on a predatory methods.

"Why should he need to steal anybody else's poems when he could write such beautiful ones himself?" Nobody on the stage paid any attention to her, but I was her rapt worshipper all the time in my stall.

It is no light tribute to Mr. MILNE's art that he should have been able to command the services of so splendid a company. O. S.

"Mrs. Henry Whitson took a motor trip to Stotts City, Monday, where she had all her teeth out. She was accompanied by Opal Rivers, Maggie Sietz and Nellie Kline, who enjoyed the outing."-American Paper. They would.

An essay by an eight-year-old boy:-"A cow has four legs and a tail and it is undone a bit at the end to wag the flies off." Evidently there are no flies on him.

"CALCUTTA, Monday. The Governor of Bengal announced in the Legislative Council to-day that the Viceroy had acceded to the request made by the bandit Malaviya that he would receive a representa-tive deputation."—Evening Paper.

We regret to learn that the hitherto respected Pundit Malaviya has adopted

Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion.

There was a dark lady of Rye Whose motto was "Never say dye;" But, thanks to three parrots She trained to say "Carrots!" Her tresses turned red in reply.

There was a Victorian roué Who went to a lecture by Cour; Since when there's no question That auto-suggestion Has made him not quite so "Old Q-y."

"UTMOST LIMIT. OFFER OF BRITAIN TO IRELAND." Headlines in Australian Paper. It seems to us to go beyond the limit.

From a church notice: -

"The Sale of Work proved to be more satisfactory than the most sanguinary of its promoters expected.'

It looks as if the purchasers had been intimidated into generosity.

" Sun Rises This Morning . . 6 23 Sun Sets To-night 3 6
Moon Rises 6 23 a.m.
Moon Sets 3 6 p.m."
Liverpool Paper.

Old Sol's slavish imitation of the lesser luminary is greatly to be deprecated.

THE PENALTIES OF GENIUS. Mr. Swigbrook to go to Jericho. (By our Special Interviewer.)

WITH that clairvoyance which is one of his greatest charms Mr. Swigbrook, anticipating our questions before they were uttered, at once plunged into a long and animated monologue on his plans and projects. "Whether I am going to Tokio to see my Cicero when it is produced in the cherry-blossom season," he began, " is at present on the knees of the gods. But I am certainly going to Jericho in February to see it produced there on the occasion of the return of Lord Thanet, who by the way has commissioned me to write

with the Deluge. Cicero, I may incidentally mention, has been translated into quite a number of languages. Besides a Yiddish edition there are versions in Sanskrit, Esperanto, Tamil, Telugu, Pidgin-English, Romany and Malagasy. It is also to be produced at Salt Lake City, where the State schools have just adopted it as a text-book.

"You want to know about the contents of my letter-bag? Well, I need hardly tell you that it always contains something interesting. The correspondence I had over Cicero was simply enormous, the bulk of it, curiously enough, from America; but really there was

hardly a place on the surface of the globe | be brought into personal contact with | wireless messages from the solar system.

"Where, you ask, is the Pompky resonant affirmative. play to be shown? So far I have not "Yes, you are rig theatre best suited to one's specific reeither to London would be considerable, possibly prohibitive.

"When I am asked, as I see you are

the writing of Cicero involved an absolutely incredible amount of study. Even now I can hardly understand how alone I did it. But the colossal labour of mastering and digesting all Latin literature from Romulus to Julius CESAR has been of great service to me in writing my Pompey, and will continue to be so when I embark on my Brutus, my Horace, my Macenas and my Augustus.

"And now I see that you would like to ask me about my lectures. Really I don't know that I have very much to say on the subject. I infinitely prefer the creation of masterpieces to the discussion of them. Still one cannot always be creating; Apollo must unbend his bow at times; and also it is a cycle of Biblical plays, beginning well that the public should occasionally groomed and of grave and dignified



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T QUARREL WITH ME IN THE STREET, MARTHA. WHAT HAVE WE GOT A HOME FOR?

from which I did not receive some com- me, so that they may be able to answer munication or other, to say nothing of the question, 'And did you once see Swigbrook plain?' with a glad and

"Yes, you are right, as I can infer yet decided. The difficulty is not in from your expression, in assuming that securing a theatre, but in securing the I am not exclusively interested in any particular period of literature. All quirements. I should prefer the Temple claim my attention, not least that era at Paestum, or perhaps the Parthenon | which boasts such poets as MASEFIELD, at Athens, but the cost of transporting YEATS, DE LA MARE and JOHN DRINK-WATER. And that reminds me that the preparation of my new volume of poems has encroached so heavily on the obviously about to ask me, whether I time-viz. 4:30 to 4:45 P.M.-which I prefer ancient or modern themes, the had intended to reserve for my CAVOUR answer is really very simple. The work in hand is the work I prefer. A play beyond a mere scenario and the perin hand is worth two in the bush. usal of several thousand volumes of But, to be quite frank, I must admit contemporary literature. But on my that the writing of one play not in- return from Jericho I mean to set to frequently assists me in another. Thus work in earnest on my Italian cycle."

A LESSON IN MANNERS.

I WALKED quickly down Pall Mall and was on the point of crossing the road which leads into St. James's Square when a large powerful carswung rapidly round the corner without warning.

With a frantic effort I sprang back just in time to save myself from being knocked down, and at the same instant I became aware that someone else was about to step on to the road. I was between him and the car, so that he could not see his danger, and with an instinctive impulse I threw out my arm to stop him. The back of my hand struck him on the chest.

He was a man well dressed, well

demeanour. Probably he had just come out of one of the best Clubs. He turned his head and glared at me with haughty astonishment.

I felt horribly guilty of a piece of inexcusably bad manners. What right had I to treat him as if he could not take care of himself? If he chose to get run over what right had I to interfere?

All this he conveyed tome in one frigid stare. It indicated that I ought to restrain my vulgar impulses. It implied that his safety was no affair of mine, and, moreover, that he had no intention whatever of being indebted to an absolute stranger for it.

I faintly murmured an apology and added, "I thought you would be run over."

But I was conscious that this was no excuse. So was he. Yet in spite of such provocation his behaviour was perfectly correct. He was that type of Englishman whose behaviour always is perfectly correct.

With a stiff inclination of the head he acknowledged my apology and re-

plied, "I am obliged to you, Sir."
His tone was polite but very cold, and he passed on his way with unruffled dignity, while I in a chastened mood turned into St. James's Square.

Although undoubtedly I saved his life I hope he bears me no ill will for it. I shall know better next time.

"The Post and Western Mail should really bury their heads in sackcloth and ashes.'

At the same time putting on sand.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF 1921.



Mr. Septimus X. J. Clagg, who mastered the new "Therm" system of reading the gas-meter.



MASTER JOHNNIE CLUFFERS, A MESSENGER BOT WHO RE-FUSED TO LOITER AT A STREET FIGHT WHEN ON AN ERRAND.



Mr. Walbers Wick, founder of the Food League, who was instrumental in getting a penny knocked off the price of sardines.



MR. PARKINGTON BINGO, WHO SECURED AN AUTOGRAPH FROM A CELEBRITY IN A DENTIST'S WAITING-ROOM,



COUNCILLOR MAGGS, OF WIGGLEFORD, WHO GAVE THE WORKMEN A BIT OF HIS MIND ON THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LAYING BRICKS.



Miss Trixie Levine, the popular revue artiste, who refused to have her photograph taken for the fapers during the season at Dippington-on-Sea.

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WEATHER AND WHY.

I have discovered why the weather has been all wrong lately.

You know what I mean. Those muggy days when it ought to have been frosty and those frosty nights when it ought to have been mild. And it's really so simple that I wonder no one has thought of it before.

It is due to the fact that they've started cutting down those Government Departments at last, and they've begun on the Weather Office.

Of course you know how the weather is arranged. The Clerk of the Weather gets up on a nice bright crisp morning, puts on a nice new pair of white spats and starts off for the office without an umbrella. And then some junior clerk, fed up with waiting, sees some lightlyclad enemy passing along the street and resolves to try a little experiment on his own account before the chief comes. So he whistles up a few clouds and switches on a sharp shower. And the Clerk of the Weather arrives at the office wet and in a thoroughly bad temper. Then you and I pay for it.

Naturally, as it's a Government Department, we pay for it anyway. But when the Clerk of the Weather is annoved we pay for it every way.

And now the whole department is. mathematically speaking, at sixes and sevens. The poor chap literally hardly knows where to turn for a handful of hail or a ray of sunshine. There he sits behind one of those solid expensive desks, examining samples of snow with his muffler on and looking very worried. Rarely now is seen that glad smile with which he was wont to despatch thunderstorms to early garden-parties or send snappy little frosts after the celery. He is losing faith in the efficiency of his department. He is never really sure about a thunderstorm now. And they used to be able to get you thunder like lightning.

He glances out of the window and decides that the time has come for a flutter of snow. He picks up his telephone with a pathetic hope-deferred sort of look. He turns the little intercommunication switch and speaks.

"Hallo!" he says, "Hallo! Hallo! Oh, con—! Hallo!"

And then he sighs and gets up. He wanders out into the deserted corridor and goes gently through a dusty doorway. But the room is bare and the telephone wire comes straight down hunting is almost alone in scorning the from the ceiling with a telephone hanging like a fish at the end of it. Nothing looks so deserted as a telephone wire coming straight down from the ceiling with a telephone hanging like a fish at the end of it.

And he goes back sadly to his room and has south-westerly breezes instead.

In every department it is the same. Where is the delightful and thoroughly efficient girl who used to do that fancy cirrus cloud-work on a moonlight night? Gone. Simply because one of the GEDDES inspectors saw her doing it and mistook it for a new openwork sort of jumper. And that sweet girl whose particular job it was to temper the wind to the shorn lamb? Gone. The lambs will have to rough it this year. And that shy little mouse who could always put her hand on anything that was wanted, from a thunderbolt to a zephyr? Gone.

And the Clerk of the Weather sits in the midst of desolation and tries hard to carry on. But it is up-hill Master.

So after all we mustn't blame him too much for the sad mess he made of Christmas. He did his best, but detail was never his strong point. He found a very decent little frost for Christmas THI Eve and even a small snowstorm about dusk. But the stock of snow ran out, and for the life of him the poor chap couldn't find where they used to keep it.

So when you looked out late on Christmas Eve and found yourself disappointed of a white Christmas the Clerk of the Weather was shuffling moodily back to his room through a deserted corridor.

He had taken rain instead.

HOW TO BRICHTEN HUNTING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH .- I have read with great interest the lively dialogue on the subject of "State Aid for the Chase" in this week's issue of your valuable paper. Many of us are but too well aware of the present expense of hunting, which does not seem to have conformed to the figures for the reduction in the cost of living given each month in The Labour Gazette, and indeed is not even mentioned in that periodical. But, Sir, I am a little doubtful about the chances of obtaining State aid just now, however desirable that may be, and I beg to give you a much more hunt subscriptions are down to 12s. 6d.? practical suggestion: Why not advertise hunting ?

We live in an age of advertisement. It is not love, it is advertisement, that makes our world go round. Yet the ancient and typically British sport of aid of a little judicious publicity.

It is true that accounts appear in the Press of the doings of the various packs. But do they advertise hunting? No. They make no attempt to What we want is something of this

THE SOUTH BOLNEY .- This charming old-world hunt invariably shows its patrons good sport. No blind ditches. All hedges carefully trimmed. No ploughing allowed. Foxes guaranteed to run towards home after 3.30. Try one day with us and you will never hunt anywhere else. Master, Mr. Courtley Gates.

THE POTTERBURY.—Do you like comfort when hunting? Then come with us. The Master personally superintends the comfort of every member. Choice liqueurs supplied at every meet. A check always arranged to synchronize with the luncheon-hour. And the country is honeycombed with a network of lanes. Try one of our special easy days for beginners. Colonel Crawley,

So much for the general advertisements. We then come to the particular advertisements, the records of actual days. These should run more like

THE BENTMOOR met at Pothook Hanger vesterday. It was a perfect autumn day, and the prettiest sight in the world as the field moved off to Ashbin Covert, the red ribbons on the tails of the horses flashing in the sunlight. It was not long before a tell-tale sound came from the far end of the wood. With dancing eyes and parted lips the ladies of the hunt dashed off, the men following courteously behind. Across the noble slope of Tumble Down they raced . . . and so on.

THE POSHFORT had another enjoyable day on Tuesday. Indeed followers of this hunt invariably see good sport. The meet was at Bottlecombe Park. and the surroundings there were so delightful that most of the day was spent in the adjacent coverts.

That is how it might be, how it should be done. That is how a sport which has become perhaps a little antiquated may be invested with fresh pep and punch.

Indeed I foresee for hunting, if my ideas are carried out, an unprecedented boom. Overcrowding? What of that, if

I am, dear Mr. Punch. Your obedient Servant, NIMROD JORROCKS-SMITH.

The Lure.

"Look at this busy crowd round the silk jumpers . . . Yesterday they cost 4/-; to-day they cost 21/-!"—Evening Paper.

"We had a few years' conversation also with Kid Lowis."-Sporting Paper.

The modern boxer is apt to do more talking than fighting, but we fancy this must be a record.



Butler. "I'm afraid I shall 'ave to give notice, my lady. Roulette and Shemang-de-fur I 'afe countenanced, but I cannot bear to see your guests stoopin' to 'Put and Take,' which I understand is all the rage with the lower classes."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I RATHER imagine that the somewhat artificial plot of What Timmy Did (HUTCHINSON) was necessitated by the story's coming out piecemeal in the weekly edition of The Times; and that, having made so much concession to serial exigencies, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes felt free to concentrate her mind-and what a delightful and discerning mind it is !on serving up the scenery and characters as she could wish to see them done. At any rate she has succeeded admirably with the old Surrey house so precariously kept going by Janet Tosswill, and with Janet herself, and with her small son, Timmy, and with her five more or less grown-up stepchildren; and, of these last, especially with Betty, who copes with the horrid recurrence of washing-up and other disabilities of the New Poverty in the true spirit of Cinderella. Then Godfrey Radmore, whom Betty had been made to renounce in his ineligible youth, comes back a millionaire. But Betty is so cloistered in the kitchen, and a certain designing Mrs. Crofton is so accessible in the Trellis House, that the whole scheme of reconstruction must have suffered shipwreck if it had not been for Timmy. However Timmy is gifted with second sight and knows a great deal more about the mysterious death of the late Colonel Crofton than is comfortable for his widow, And what Timmy does-well, that, of course, is just what you must discover for yourself.

Mr. Norman Davey indulges a fondness for mythological allusion, a flippancy of wit and a tendency, infrequent on this side of the Channel, to idealise the demi-monde. What wonder, then, that the hero of Guinea Girl (CHAPMAN AND HALL) should seize one of those happy chances at Monte Carlo which constitute so admirable a threshold for romance? or that the lovely adventuress with the golden hair, who borrows his last hundred francs, should win a fortune with them? Nor has this chapter, you may be well assured, any less felicitous title than "Danae." Wafted away to a select hotel on an enchanted island these fortunate ones enjoy an idyll, and no one, not even the worldlywise Lady Cantire, suspects that Yvonne is anything but the Comtesse she claims to be. And there is no disillusionment until Calypso shows that her heart is less golden than her behaviour and her hair, and sets about captivating others, not least Mr. Kingston Pugh, the renowned sportsman, who finally carries her off (in a seaplane) and settles down with her to domesticity and the cultivation of Italian vines. Mr. NORMAN DAVEY, though usually Gallie and gay, drops occasionally into the fault of Britannic earnestness, and this quality makes his book, which has not sufficient morality to touch us as nearly as comedy should, not light enough to be treated as farce.

In my humble opinion The Mucker (METHUEN) is the best story that Mr. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS has written. But then I am not a chartered member of the Tarzan Club and

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more fancy as for Thuvia, maid of Mars, and the other denizens of Mr. BURBOUGHS' preposterous planet, they give me a pain. There is nothing inherently impossible in the plot of The Mucker, which involves the kideapping, for the purpose of securing her fortune, of an American heiress, and the shipwreck, on an island inhabited by semi-Japanese savages, of the kidnappers and their prey. Very un-American this, yet not improbable. But Mr. BURROUGHS has been too long in the Moon with Thuria and the thoats and in the jungle with Tarzan the Terrible to be able to handle his unassuming plot in a reasonably realistic way. His pet mania is blood-shed. The slain do not satisfy him unless they lie in heaps. The Mucker, when fighting the semi-Japanese savages, never has fewer than six spears embedded in him, but they simply spur him on to more desperate deeds. With a wastefulness of effort that a bayonet-instructor would deplore

is a step in the right direction, and the Tarzan Society should register its appreciation in the customary way.

The Romantic Lady (Collins) is a somewhat monotonous quartette of short stories which, I take it, constitutes Op. 2 of Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN'S "airy, cynical, polished inquiries into the actions and re-actions of women's loves." Of the four women in question here, only Iris Poole is allowed to deviate into virtue; the Countess of Casamona, Fay Richmond and Consuelo Trent belonging with uncompromising unanimity to the "almost perfect type of that

'modern' woman who has held her place in the life and goodness); of Jagger Drake, Maniwel's son, and Nancy, poetry and prose of ages from the wife of Uriah to Mary or the QUEEN OF Scots myself, though the Countess's gallant Jagger . . . A wholesome story, well told. was the son of a bishop, which, I suppose, is as near to the errant David as you can get on the telephone. But what about this for guilty splendour? "Simplicity stunt on Howard de Walden lines, you know, with Whistler and Meryon etchings scattered here and there about the pale walls, and a certain suggestion of black and gold lacquer somewhere, which I can't now exactly place, unless it was a tall boy or something of the kind." It was sporting of the Countess to put her tall boy into black and gold lacquer for that eventful night, but I don't think he should have been up so late on such a dubious occasion without his hyphen.

Nowadays many writers of fiction show a contempt for construction, but I have never known a novelist to pay less attention to it than Mr. Sydney A. Moseley. A Singular People (STANLEY PAUL) has all the merits which sincerity and knowledge can give, but it is an annoying book, because it totally ignores things which the reader wants and has a right to know. Abraham Wardowlovski's father was a It was considerate of them to spare the fore-wings.

Russian Count, and his mother was a daughter of a Rabbi. The Count had to fly from Russia, and Abraham's childhood was spent in the greatest poverty in the East End of London. But he was a clever boy and a determined, and stage by stage his fortunes improved until he became (I never knew how) the bosom friend of the Prime Minister. Mr. Moseley is a graphic writer and his pictures of Jews and of Jewish life are unforgettable, but I should feel more intimately acquainted with Abraham if I had been shown how he contrived to rise to such heights and not merely been told that he did so. I do not wonder in the least that he is described as "an enigma." But Mr. Moseley's work is vivid and sincere, and this must be set down in mitigation of its countless faults.

Mr. W. Riley, I understand, specialises in the Yorkshire he cuts all his adversaries in half. When Mr. Burroughs scene with stout broad-accented lads and lasses living vigorfinally comes down to earth and observes the rudiments of ously against its stone-walled fields and climbing fells. Men physiology he will spin a rattling good yarn. The Mucker of Mawn (Jenkins) is a good old fashioned tale-old-fashioned

in technique not in time-of a foul-mouthed carpenter-builder in a hillside village whose motto was "All for mysen;" of a journeyman, James Inman, who devoted himself with quite unexampled (and, to tell truth, quite incredible) concentration to his villainous purpose of ruining everybody in every conceivable way for love of gain or of revenge for imagined wrongs; of a very fine old workman. Maniwel Drake, the true hero of the tale, whose courage, good-humour and Christian conduct bring everything right in the end (and this old man is rather too good to be true, I fear, but it's a cheery and inoffensive



Nobleman (to his seneschal). "SEND FOR A PLUMBER AT ONCE. THE MOLTEN LEAD SHOWER-BATH ARRANGEMENT IS OUT OF ORDER, AND WE'RE EXPECTING TO BE BESIEGED ANY DAY THIS WEEK."

who first mated ill with the villain, Inman, and then, the Stuart." Well, I don't quite see any of them as BATHSHEBA more happily for remembered sorrow, with the gallant

"O TEMPORA, O MORES!"

(Suggested by the notice of Princess Bibesco's Volume of Stories in " The Times" of December 22nd.)

When Mistress Asquith started reminiscing "The Thunderer" came mighty near to hissing; But now, when Margot's yarns are weak as water Matched with the strong wine of her daring daughter, No more "The Thunderer" cries, "O monstr' horrendum!" But suavely murmurs, " Nunc est Bibescendum!"

The New Irish.

"Through all this discourse but two Irish words, however, stood out comprehensibly, and they were 'Erskine Childers.'"—Daily Paper.

"Burglars who visited the house of Mrs. -eat the two hind legs of a partly-cooked turkey."-Sunday Paper.

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CHARIVARIA.

THE duty on dolls with glass eves has been cancelled. Yet there are people who still ask, "What has this Government done?"

"Five million pounds has been spent on intoxicating drinks in America during the last thirty days," says The Times. As liquor can only be obtained for medicinal purposes in America it looks as if they must have had a nasty relapse.

man giving evidence in court, "and the FORD car pulled up dead." Nerve-shock, we suppose.

A German scientist hopes shortly to discover a method of making imitation coal. late. Our coal dealer has been delivering the stuff for months.

"Murderers," says a police official, "always do their best to keep all possible clues from the police." It is probable that if the truth were known there is some special reason for this.

A polecat from Carnaryon has been received at the Zoo. There is no truth in the rumour that it was refused by the National Liberal Club. *

"There is always supreme pleasure," says a weekly paper, "in seeing a man appropriately dressed for all occasions." Would the author of this remark kindly let us know the appropriate costume for a dominoes drive?

A correspondent writes to The Daily Express to ask what is the most beautiful sight in London. We reserve our answer till Lord Cur-Zon's return from Cannes.

"The first steel pen was made in London in 1803," says a contemporary. We fancy we tried to use this very pen in a post-office the other day.

A Russian woman of Kharkoff has been banished from the Communist judices of a middle-class woman." said that she always steps aside when she sees a bullet coming.

"Bacon and rheumatism," says Dr. James Davey, "go together." Unfortunately in these hard times we cannot afford both.

A Zurich composer has introduced to London a new suite in which a bass is not known why this form of corporal that Lord Northcliffe will treat this punishment was adopted.

"There are very few 'red-nosed' comedians now," says a stage journal. It seems that the campaign against dazzling headlights is having the desired effect.

Sir CONAN DOYLE is our authority for stating that we shall still play games in the next world. Is there to

Small Boy (as his father gives a miss for the seventh time), "Mummy, what's the ball for?"

A Swede who is detained at Ellis | grandchildren at a matinee performance. Island claims that one of his legs was buried in America fourteen years ago. It should be pointed out to him that mistakes cannot be rectified after leaving the country.

"The North of Scotland," says an official of the Air Ministry, " is the only part which has not suffered during what has been the driest year on record." Party for having the "sentimental pre- In our opinion jokes about Prohibition are in bad taste.

> The taxi-drivers of London have started a journal of their own called The Steering Wheel. As the cost of asbestos printing-paper is at present prohibitive the column "Answers to Fares" has not yet been included.

An American newspaper proprietor has described Lord NORTHCLIFFE as the drum is struck with a birch-broom. It ablest man in Europe. We are sure deliberate belittlement with the contempt it deserves.

> An automobile show is to be held in Mexico this year. This is understood to be the outcome of a local demand for something to take the place of the old revolutions.

A diamond has been found in a North London garden, we read, but further "I put up my hand," said a police-be no escape from "Put and Take "? digging has failed to disclose any others.

It is hoped that this later news will be in time to arrest the rush home from the Rand.

At the conclusion of his record break of 1,274 NEWMAN is reported to have made a short speech expressing regret that he was unable to make more. We always think that the best thing to say on these occasions is that you don't know how it is, but you are right off your game nowadays.

Whale fishing is said to be the latest hobby of wealthy Americans. The big tarpon story had attained dimensions that made this inevitable.

"Any stick, of course, does to beat programme - music with,' writes a critic. Most conductors however prefer the conventional baton. 2 4

With reference to the announcement that "The Blue Boy" is being shown in London before its removal to America, an old lady writes to ask us to get seats for herself and two

According to a Society note, winter ports are not a great attraction to Lord BEAVERBROOK. The Swiss authorities are believed to be conferring on the matter.

According to a French scientist, fleas brought up on milk have no desire to bite. The difficulty, of course, is to tell if any particular flea you meet is on a lacteal diet or not.

"Finding after a long chase at Upper Wiggington, near Oswestry, that only one grey-hound was in pursuit of him, a fox turned and fought fiercely."—Daily Paper,

We think that, in the interests of pure sport, Reynard's protest was justified.

TO A VICTORIAN WIFE.

As a Victorian bachelor conceives that a Victorian husband might express himself.

[At the Conference of Educational Associations, held last week at University College, a science mistress contended that games provided girls with a chance of working off their primitive instincts. Woman with no outlet for her fighting instinct might become catty.]

AT times, Amelia, when I cast My vision backward and commune With memories of our mutual past, I sigh that you were born so soon That in the mimic games of war, Conducted under male conditions, You never had an outlet for Your savage fighting intuitions.

If in the sanguinary scrum Or round the seething hockey goal You could have let those instincts hum That surge in every maiden's soul, It might have spared me, being wed, When over trifles we debated, The bottled steam that on my head Has been so freely ventilated.

But (on the other hand) you might Have made me go in bodily fear, And from your huge commanding height Taught me a husband's proper sphere; For in these sports where women rage, That tend to make their stature swell up, No physiologist can gauge What awful gifts they may develop.

The games that exercised your craft Did not induce a bulging waist; The mallet or the feathered shaft Were plied by Beauty trimly laced; And, though at pastimes which you prized Our Amazonians sniff so scoffily, No girl was ever brutalised Either by croquet or toxophily.

To-day some missile, driven hard, Might of your nose have made a wreck; Your matchless lips some boot have marred Or knocked your nice teeth down your neck: So, after all, since I incline To feminine forms and comely faces,

I'd choose, in any wife of mine, The dear despised Victorian graces. O. S.

Note.-Another view of the same question of Games for Girls is presented on page 38.

"THE EVE OF CANNES."-Newspaper Contents-Bill. Who is she?

"Almost a hundred delegates met at Ballybay and passed a resolution that, while maintaining Ireland's indefensible right to absolute independence, they believed, etc."—Daily Paper.

"Mr. de Valera and his friends will become the Republican minority in a new and, we believe, contended Ireland."-Another Daily Paper. Truth will out, even in a misprint.

From a description of the LORD CHANCELLOR:-

"The pinkish, almost boyish face capped with a strong jaw looks responsible, yet the eye is roving, ruminant, discerning, roublarde.

AUSTIN HARRISON in "The English Review."

The roving eye, while chewing the cud, is no doubt wondering, "How on earth did my jaw get up there?

YET ANOTHER THREATENED INDUSTRY.

This slump in Harley Street stock is pretty serious, Trade was never in such a shocking state. Pass along this noted thoroughfare from one end to the other and you will see behind every window one or two specialists with lancet, forceps or fretsaw in hand gloomily watching for patients who do not arrive.

What a contrast to a year or so ago when the boom was at its height! Fortunes were made in a day. Overtime was the rule and not the exception. Surgical specialists had to work on the mass-reduction principle, and operated on their patients in groups of three. Mounted policemen were needed to keep the queues in order.

Nowadays a man who has to traverse Harley Street hurries along in the middle of the road in fear and dread lest he may be suddenly seized and dragged into one of the surgeries where his aorta may be underpinned or his uvula

It is all the more disheartening when we remember that in the case of this particular industry the slump cannot be laid at the door of the Continental exchanges or German

Some say it is due to the swing of the pendulum. More blame the lack of a strong trade union in the medical industry, which would have curbed the tendency to overproduction. Had a ca'canny policy been adopted, they say, and a scientific datum line fixed there would have been appendices, uvulas, colons and what not in abundance to be handled, and the vast majority of specialists would be even now in constant employment.

There is something in each of those opinions, but they merely touch the fringe of the subject. The fact is, medical specialists have been killing their own pig through not being consistent. Time was when we believed blandly all that they told us. If they said hay-fever was caused by an immoderate use of the loofah, or that brine-baths cured baldness, we entered their pronouncements in our note-books along with proved facts like "Thirty days hath September," and "Five-and-a-half yards equal one rod, pole or perch."

Now, however, they have got into the habit of holding individual views and contradicting one another like anything.

One morning Sir George X. writes to the papers to say that Hickleberry's new serum is, next to the automatic cointester, the greatest invention that this country has produced, and that the dreaded disease, axiomatica, has received its

The next day Professor Bitley-Witley denies this in toto and, in the evening newspapers, states that, after exhaustive experiments with Hickleberry's serum, he has come to the conclusion that, while medicinally it has no more value than a diet of door-knobs, it is well-nigh perfect for darkening brown boots.

Similarly with surgery. One specialist wants to extract the colon, another advises inserting a semi-colon in case of emergency. Professor A. thinks that adenoids simply obstruct the traffic and ought to be blown up as dangerous to navigation. Professor Y. swears that the adenoids alone stand between a man and stark lunacy.

And so it goes on until the public gets fed up and doesn't believe anything they say, and possible patients as a result

stand aloof from Harley Street.

As soon as our medical specialists realise that it doesn't matter what they say as long as they all say the same thing, the cash registers of Harley Street will begin to rattle as they did before the slump.

"Cook, good after Christmas." - Advt. in Provincial Paper. Cook seems to have arranged for a "merry" Christmas.



A SCHOOL FOR SHARKS.

JOHN BULL. "I WONDER YOU KEEP SUCH UGLY SAVAGE BRUTES."

M. BRIAND. "OH, THEY WOULDN'T HURT YOU; THEY 'RE BEING TRAINED NOT TO BITE CIVILIANS."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES."

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Mistress. "What is that sound of sobbing, Arbuthnot?" Butler, "IT'S ALICE, MADAM. SHE SAYS SHE'S BROKEN-Mistress. "GOOD GRACIOUS !-- AGAIN?" Butler. "NOT ANYTHING OF VALUE THIS TIME, MADAM; IT'S ONE OF HER NEW YEAR'S GOOD RESOLUTIONS."

ACROSS THE POND.

VII.

I AM an Irishman (by blood), and it was therefore discouraging when a porter declined to handle my baggage on the ground that I was English. That is the worst of having an English accent. But it was nice to know that, if one was arrested in one of the big towns of the U.S.A., one would almost certainly be arrested by a fellow-countryman, and tried by a fellow-countryman, and probably jailed by another; and, if one had any bother at the Customs or the Post-Office or almost any official place, the bother was bound to be with a fellow-countryman.

Irish emigrating to America to avoid being governed by the English; for half the Americans I met were longing to emigrate to England to avoid being governed by the Irish. Indeed, now that the sufferings of these islands look like being relieved at last, I think something ought to be done about the sufferings of America. The Irish show no signs of abandoning that island.

ther South; or further North. What they say in the West I know not, for we abandoned the pursuit in Kentucky; but if "the real American" is more delightful than the imitation ones of that part of the world he must be a very jolly man. It was amazing to discover that Kentucky was a real place. All rag-time songs, as you know, are in the form of a lamentation by the singer, expressing a great yearn to go to Kentucky and a profound regret that he cannot go there, for some reason which is never ex-I want to hear no more about the plained. Or else he was there a long time ago but can't get back. He is never actually there and enjoying the place. And all this had invested it for me with the romance of the unattainable.

But it does exist. And I know now why nobody stays there, in spite of

not the real America; you must go of the English public meeting. I was down to Virginia." In Virginia they privileged to attend a large gathering say, "This is no good. You must go of Kentucky farmers. Disappointed further South." In Kentucky they say, "You must go further West." Or furbury Virginian tobacco) I made sure that here at least would be romance. Here I should see the wild free sons of the Kentucky soil ordering their affairs with rugged simplicity and directness, probably with guns. Bronzed men, racy of speech, warm-hearted though quick to anger, I should see them show an example in political method to the dilatory talkers of less primitive areas. I went early, to watch them come in. I wanted to catch the easy swing of their prairie-bred, sun-steeped limbs.

A large number of wise and elderly London solicitors entered the room men of dignified and ample build, bald men with intellectual brows, and neat tweed clothes and English faces and

English voices.

Not one of them was bronzed. Not one of them carried a gun. One of them, indeed, attempted to settle the the pleasant people and the pleasant business with simplicity and directness, sleepiness (and the Bourbon whisky). but the meeting was too much for him. It is because in Kentucky of all places The meeting perhaps realised that In New York they say, "But this is they have inherited the worst traditions they looked like London solicitors, and they were determined to conduct their business in character. This, it appeared, was the last of a series of meetings, and the whole point of this one was that something was now actually going to be done. They discussed this for two hours, and it looked then as if something would be done almost immediately. But I knew better.

I know the Anglo-Saxon meeting. I knew that a stout man with a deep voice would stand up in the third row and advocate caution; he would say that they must hasten slowly; he would say that, after all, the world was not going to end to-morrow; that this was a matter which required very careful consideration; that he, for one, was not wholly satisfied with the figures; that in his opinion the Executive Committee was too large; that he ventured to suggest that a small special Committee should be formed to investigate the figures and report to the meeting at a later date. I knew that man would appear. He did.

I knew too that everybody else would whisper to each other, "Old fool!"; but that none of them would raise his voice in protest; that when the motion was put to them every one of them would meekly support it. They did.

As usual it was fatal. The stout man had tasted blood. He rose again (I knew he would) and said that in his opinion the General Committee of twenty-six was too small. He proposed that the Chairmen of the various districts represented at the meeting should be appointed ex officio to the General Committee. This was done. There were seventy-five Chairmen of districts, so that the General Committee now numbered a hundred-andone.

Then another man rose. He was evidently an accomplice of the stout man, and had seconded all his suggestions. He now pointed out that it might often be difficult for the Chairmen of the districts to attend the meetings of the General Committee. In their absence it would be useful if the Secretaries of the districts could attend to represent their respective areas. He proposed therefore that the Secretaries of the districts should be added to the General Committee. This was done.

There were seventy-five Secretaries. The General Committee therefore now numbered one hundred and seventy-six.

But there were still several men in the room who were not on any Committee at all. The stout man noticed this, and in a very able and deliberate speech he pointed out that the Special Committee of five which was to investigate the figures would no doubt be tucky moon, many sizes larger than In view of the recent floods we are glad glad of the assistance of a few gentle- the Michigan moon. This is because to learn this.



THE PANTOMIME SEASON: AN UNREHEARSED TABLEAU ON THE UNDERGROUND.

men with practical knowledge of such in Kentucky they do not have a Manmatters, and he for one would suggest in-the-Moon. They have a Committeethe names of the following seventeen in-the-Moon. gentlemen. This was approved.

the meeting should adjourn, but he singing added that he would like the Executive Committee and the Special Investigation Committee to stay behind, also the seventeen financial experts, and the Chairmen and Secretaries of districts, without whose local knowledge it would be impossible for the experts to conduct their inquiries. He then declared the meeting adjourned.

Accordingly I adjourned-alone. That evening I was shown the Ken-

But I shall listen with a new sym-The Chairman then proposed that pathy the next time I hear a man

> "I want to go back, I want to go back To my old Kentucky town.

A. P. H.

From Gay to Grave.

"Denis .--- stocks practically all the Leading Brands of Liquors. Funerals undertaken at Shortest Notice."—Advt. in Irish Paper.

From a maritime record :-

"HULL.-The report of the arrival of the Atlantic Ocean on Dec. 25 was erroneous.'

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THE SATURNALIA REVIEW.

I SEEM to remember a time when The Saturday Review used to have poetry, or it may be verse, in it, and I was disappointed, in looking through its pages the other day, to find nothing that could be called by either of these names. There was however an article which gave me a thrill of delight. It contained a menu of a meal at one of the principal London hotels and a long and careful criticism of this meal, course after course. It was a fine essay and worthy of the great traditions of our literary weeklies. So far as I remember, it ran something like this, although I have put it into a sort of rhymed metre, just to show the bon-vivants of The Saturday Review that there is no need to dispense with verse, or it may be poetry, altogether:-

Not in vain will the moments be spent Of one like The Saturday scribe Who determines to dine

Off the best. He will follow, and seek By the scent

A hotel where a man may indulge in respectable food

And imbibe A not unmeritorious wine . . .

I went into "The Sturgeon" last week. The consomme was good;

It was more full of bits Than the kind at "The Fritz,"

But I felt, as I sipped it with gusto profound, It belonged to that group

Of consommés that aim at the starlike perfection of soup-

Sense mated with sound. There succeeded a dish Of fish:

Muffled deep in some yellowish fluid All round it and over,

Embalming it whole,

Making sweeter and suaver

The still quite perceptibly solemn yet delicate flavour

Of what it imbruéd, A filet of Dover

Sole.

Next came the becasse;

It was garnished (to be quite sincere) A little too thickly; it lacked

The aroma, the charm

Of the wild shy thing o' the woods that it was.

Though these sauces, I doubt not, attract

And are counted small harm By your erude profiteer. For myself I was more deeply stirred

By the fish than the bird. But the entremet, light

Yet distinctive, a souffle Palmyre, In which cherries and fine maraschino had blended their laughter,

The laugh of an elf, Was perfection itself

And a notable end to the night. There was drunk with this meal A bottle of Nuits, very sound,

Of the vintage of 1916, Which, though making no special ap-

Was quite in the clef of this genre of cuisine:

And a good liqueur brandy was found Most acceptable after.

On the whole, for three guineas or so The repast that I had

In these days of absurd unemployment, when business is slow

And taxation too frightful To dine really well,

Was by no means so bad; And the song I have sung, if you deem it not wholly delightful,

Is at least a good ad. For "The Sturgeon Hotel." Next week we shall feed

At the "Hôtel Splendide"
Or "Superbe"—I am not certain which. But I hope that their chefs will observe

the remarks I have ventured to pass About the bécasse. This must not be too rich. EVOE.

THE ELUSIVE TOMATO.

"CALLING," said Joan, "has completely lost its terrors for us since we introduced a game to enliven it. This other a word, and whichever of us makes the hostess, or any other person in the room, say the given word first, wins; and, of course," she added, "we have pretty high stakes on it."

"But that's an old game, isn't it?" I asked. "Haven't I seen something

like it in Punch?"

"I daresay," replied Joan; "but you can't have heard the result of our compay a first call on a Mrs. Worthington-Toms, one of the New Rich. I had given Charles the word 'Sparrow,' and he had given me 'Tomato.' 'Tomato.' I said, was an impossible word to make anyone say in a ten minutes' conversation, but Charles replied that his was far worse and that I had a ready-made opening with the drought, from which any clever conversationalist could lead up eventually to tomatoes.

"Mrs. Worthington-Toms was alone and I had first cast. She rose to my fly at once, and for a moment I thought

I had hooked her. "'Yes,' she said, 'the drought has ruined the vegetables. As for the potatoes they were a complete failure, and (I leant forward expectantly) tennis-court is quite burnt up.

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"Mrs. Worthington-Toms was evidently a bird expert, and he was soon hot on the trail. 'We have a bird-bath on the lawn,' said the good lady, 'and it is curious how few of the rarer birds it attracts; only the common types seem to come, like the-

"Charles made a kind of hissing sound to help her out, and I, realising the situation was critical, broke in, before she could say the fateful word, in admiration of a vase of flowers on her table. 'Oh! what beautiful sweet-peas those are, I said. 'Such an uncommon colour. Not exactly red. What shade would you call them?'

"I'm sure nine women out of ten would have answered, 'Tomato colour,' but she seemed to have an unnatural dislike of the word.

" 'They are a lovely new red of which we are very proud,' she said; 'unfortunately most of the plants were eaten

by slugs. "' We find the birds very destructive too,' put in Charles, pouncing on the opportunity. I hastily switched her back to the vegetable kingdom and we were having an animated conversation about her onion-bed when Charles once more worked her round to his aviary. With a stupendous effort I changed the subject to Guernsey, which she knew, is what we do: Charles and I give each hoping to get her on to the main export trade, tomatoes. 'Let me see,' I said meditatively, 'what do they grow in such quantities under glass there?'

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"Just beyond the gate we met a friend who said, 'Hello! Been calling on Mrs. Worthington-Toms? Nice place they've got, haven't they?'

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THE PSYCHO-ANALYTIC HEROINE.

Unlike the purely rebellious type of intellectual heroine, she does not talk much (except to herself), but she thinks and feels a tremendous lot. A goodly portion of her time is taken up with asking herself questions about Life, though she never seems to get a really satisfactory answer; only colours and smells and sensations which make her very depressed. She can get quite her (something is always mocking bitter simply by looking out of the window. This is not surprising because, whenever a psycho-analytic girl looks nant duck-pond. If only there were out of a window in, say, Camden Town, she sees something like this:-

"Grotesquely broken lines of un-

slimed discords of blatant brick and querulous coping; greyly fantas-ied against half-luminous cloud cumuli, volcano-vented . . . shouting squalorously in a Titanic fugue of quiescent miasma. Beneath . . shapeless blobs, hurrying witlessly; blobs wraithed by nebulous shadows mirthless, mud-tinged blobs."

You would think that any sensible girl after seeing things like that in Camden Town would at once put on her hat and walk round to the nearest chemist. The psycho-analytic heroine, however, is too crushed to do anything

else than sink into a chair and stare "dully" at the clock, or the whisky tantalus, which mocks her strained vision, coldly, with glazed remorselessness. After all, she reflects, Life is a blob; perhaps even she is a blob. As for George-ah, if only George could be made to realise that he is a blob . . . but that is impossible.

She hears George letting himself in by the front-door. She wants to scream. (The psycho-analytic heroine is always wanting to scream.) If only George would sometimes miss his train; but he scarcely ever does-not in the evening. George, of course, is an ordinary beefy person. No psycho - analytic woman ever marries a psycho-analytic man; not at first, anyway. She could not be properly misunderstood if she did not marry an ordinary beefy person. She stifles her impulse to scream and

dinner. After all, George cannot help horror-murky mottled horror. There being a blob, and his cheerful beefiness wins her a lot of soul-sympathy in highart circles.

For a moment she feels almost tender towards George, but the sight of the cold mutton, and particularly the congealed gravy round about it, makes her bitter again. It is all so much like George-so much part of the blobbery of life. The mint-sauce mocks the psycho-analytic heroine) with its dank lifelessness like that of a stagenough of it she would be tempted to plunge into its green-lipped forgetfulness. Ah! The nascent beauty of the

is precious little chance of George or the reader or anyone else guessing, but she is taking no risks. So, silent and tight-lipped, she goes to the theatre and sits behind a little bald-headed man. Any reasonable girl would think herself lucky to get such a clear view of the stage, but the psycho-analytic heroine never appreciates good-fortune of that sort. The bald-headed man mocks her (his bald head does, I mean); the hopeless shiny blobbery of it engulfs her in a nightmare of green stripes and lemon spots. She longs to hammer the bald head with her umbrella, to play 'Noughts and Crosses' on it, to plaster it with a Daily Mail design in chocolate creams. rhythmic ultramarine, stabbed with thought swings her, Tarzan-like, into People are laughing; their laughter orange, blurredly gargoyled with rain- a maze of magenta and jade-green nos- curves about in wavy blobs, like streaky bacon.

The psycho-analytic hero is in the front row of the family circle. There is nothing of the blob about him. He is all soul and colour-tones and chromatic vibrations. He is the iconoclast of his profession, the BERNARD SHAW of piano-tuners. She met him in the sunset at Weston - Super - Mare and paid his tram fare. She would have taken his head, high-browed with a heliotrope aura, in her lap and gone on paying his tram-fares through life, but for George and blobbery. He understands, however. He is ready at any moment to throw

up his job and put his George, blob though he be, | head in her lap; she has only to offer him a home and he will come and share it. understood her; maybe he would never | How radiant and noble he seems amidst touch mint-sauce again. Grey doubts all these blobs! Their souls leap forth -hers from the pit-stalls, his from the goldfish. George's passion for mint- family circle-and rush into a vermilion embrace with sky-blue trimmings. People laugh again; black, muddy on one side, leers at her. Pineapple laughter this time, with grotesque things sticking out of it like tomato-cans and old boots. Then the lights go up and low tide at Weston-super-Mare. The the bald head has a hat put on it. She is a blob once more. But he knows, he understands what it all means to her. No one else understands. How



Scene-The Dublin Zoo.

Old Gentleman. "WHY HAVE YOU PUT THOSE TWO TURTLE-DOVES IN SEPARATE CAGES?

Keeper. "SURE 'TIS TO PRIVINT THE DIVILS TEARIN' EACH OTHER'S EYES OUT, AV COORSE."

> talgia. would realise then how little he had swim through her mind like bleached sauce is too strong, and men are so . . .

> A cottage loaf, its head somewhat chunks, half-submerged in pallid custard, flaunt before her golden memories of cheese maddens her. It is so full of

Maybe, after dinner, George takes her to the theatre to cheer her up, as he could they understand? How, indeed! soullessly expresses it. It is the fatuous, selfish sort of thing a blob like George would do. She goes because it is her duty to the author's high-art principles to go and suffer blobbery. If

Commercial Candour Again.

From a "winter sale" catalogue:-"Table Cloths, Bed Linens, Laces, Handnerves herself to respond to his beefy embrace before going to see after the her flame-edged soul the result would be



HEREDITY.

Plumber, "Ullo! Wot you back for 80 8000? School ain't over yet, I'll bet," Son, "No; I've come back for my books."

THE FLATTERER.

(It is suggested that dogs should be trained to find balls lost on the golf links.)

For tricks that are smart and for ways that are winning, My Fido, you've long had a goodly repute,

And after your recent auspicious beginning
I think as a golf-hound you're certain to suit;
It isn't so much that you proved yourself clever

At finding the balls that I chanced to deflect As the comforting way that your ardent endeayour Was fruitful in moral effect.

I hadn't proceeded as far as the second Before a by no means unusual slice Produced a result which I honestly reckoned

Produced a result which I honestly reckoned
Excused me for murmuring "Bother it" (twice);
"Twas not with much hope that I bade you to seek it,
But I waited to see your response to my call

Ere sadly I further diminished my wee kit
And dropped an expensive new ball.

Yet I couldn't but joy at your manner of working, When, quitting my loss's immediate scene,

As though you'd deduced where the pillule was lurking
You tactfully made for the proximate green;
Leonly't but ion at the faith you attented

I couldn't but joy at the faith you attested,
Though ground for such faith I had given you none,
When you nosed in the hole in a way that suggested
You thought I had done it in one.

TO NELL.

COME here, young woman; while we wait my chance is To speak a word in your betendrilled ear;

Think not to put me off with melting glances, Prop of your sex when censure looms a-near, With slavish smirk or adulating leer;

I'm not the man, by commonest consent, To bow to blandishment.

I know you love me, and I hope you honour; I want to be as sure about obey;

E en when temptations fall most thick upon her No lady should, I think, break clean away; Her youth may trifle with some fancy gay,

But prompt she heeds, be she of good repute, Her lord's "Come in, you brute!"

Be circumspect, my pretty one; be steady, Though Fur all feminine endurance tests;

Thus, the drive done, we'll have you here and ready, Tenderly busy on my right behests,

The cynosure of gamekeepers and guests; While e'en Sir John, with laudatory pat, Says, "Topping spaniel, that!"

"At a fancy-dress ball at — Mrs. — was cleverly camouflaged as a fire-engine. She was awarded first prize for originality of design."

Daily Paper.

The hose, we understand, being particularly effective.



Gallant Frenchman (as band strikes up a fox-trot). "WILL YOU BE MY-HOW DO YOU SAY?-VIXEN FOR THIS DANCE?"

TALES WITHIN TALES.

THE TALE OF THE SULTAN AND THE VIZIER.

THERE was once a Sultan whose Vizier was famed even in far distant kingdoms for his wisdom, his administrative ability, his tact in settling strikes and, above all, his unfailing probity. It can therefore be imagined with what surprise and pain the Sultan discovered his Vizier in the Royal treasure-chamber filling up a sack with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls (non-cultured). With a cry of rage he called his guards and ordered them to behead him at once.

The Vizier fell upon his knees and cried, "Pardon me, O King, for what was, after all, due to an uncontrollable impulse. Be not less generous to me than the barber was to the physician.'

"What is that tale?" asked the Monarch. "Thou mayest live just so long as will suffice thee to tell it."

THE TALE OF THE BARBER AND THE PHYSICIAN.

"There was once a barber who had a it."

magic power of inducing his customers to buy nostrums for the hair at prices greatly in excess of their cost, and who became in time therefore a man of substance and respect in the city. One day a learned physician entered his shop and, having demanded to be shaved, resisted all his attempts to keep to the on the top. At length the physician said scornfully, 'Knowest thou not, O talkative one, that I am skilled in analysis and that I have found thy remea little liquorice of the cheaper kind? Am I not more or less in the same line myself?

"On hearing this the barber gave physician firmly by such hair as he had and, flourishing his razor, said, 'I'll about to cut thy throat from ear to ear.'

"'Hold!' cried the physician. 'Be merciful. Be not less merciful to me than the genie was to the bricklayer.'

"'What is that tale?' asked the barber, still retaining his grip on the ing a spiked club and raising it on high. "The tale runs thus," said the Vizier. other's hair. Don't be too long about

THE TALE OF THE GENIE AND THE BRICKLAYER.

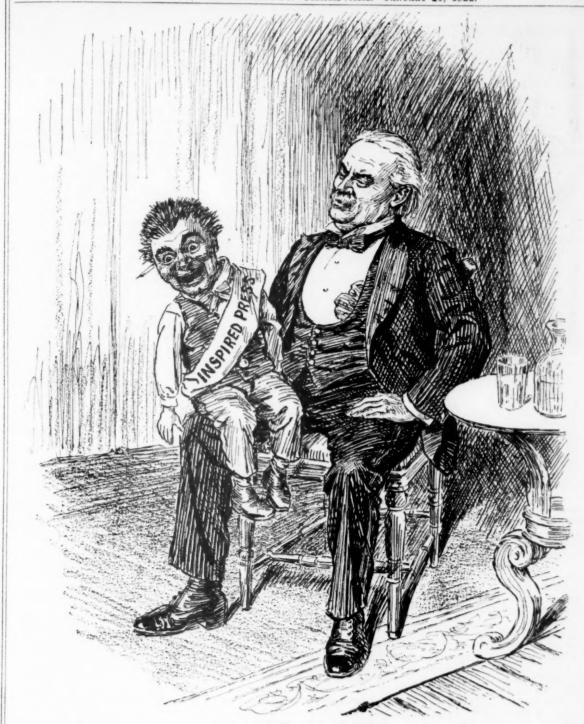
"There was once," said the physician, "an honourable bricklayer who faithfully obeyed the rule of his order that no one should lay more than one hundred bricks each day. On one occasion subject of hair that was getting thin he was employed in building a wall without the city gates, and when, at an early hour in the morning, he had finished his day's work and was gathering his tools to return home, he found dies to consist of naught but water and to his disgust that he had laid three more bricks than he should have done. Stricken with remorse he seized the superfluous bricks and flung them far into the air. Straightway he heard a way to justifiable rage. He seized the terrible roar, and a gigantic genie, hith-

erto invisible, appeared before him.
"'Wretch!' he said in a voice of learn thee to insult honest barbers. I am thunder; 'thou art the man. See what thou hast done to my eye.'

"'Pardon, O genie,' cried the bricklayer, grovelling in the dust; 'it was a

little mistake.' "' We differ,' said the genie, produc-

"'Pardon!' cried the bricklayer again. Be as merciful to me as the lady was



BALLON D'ESSAI.

THE PUPPET. "WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A GENERAL ELECTION QUITE SOON." [Pause for applause. None forthcoming.]

THE VENTRILOQUIST. "WHAT EVER MADE YOU SAY THAT?"



in the tale of the lady and the captious

"'What is that tale?' asked the genie, lowering his club slightly. 'I can finish you off when you 've told it.' "

THE TALE OF THE LADY AND THE CAPTIOUS HUSBAND.

"There was once a young man," said the bricklayer, "who was educated for commerce and who took to it quite intelligently. When he had, partly by honest industry and partly by graft, amassed the sum of ten thousand sequins, he married a lady of exquisite beauty, who was also celebrated for her wisdom and extensive knowledge. After some months of felicity, however, it occurred to him that perhaps she knew a little bit too much, for she announced her intention of applying for a position in the King's council, that she might help to administer the affairs of the nation. 'Would it not be better, O Zuleika,' he said with bitter scorn, 'to attend to the direction of my household and the concoction of savoury messes for my delight than to meddle with what concerns thee not? Home is woman's sphere.

"The lady's face became flushed with anger. 'Now thou hast done it,' she said, and she hastily rubbed a ring on her finger and muttered an incantation. Immediately the ground opened and a

huge black appeared.

"'I am thy slave,' he said. 'Is there

aught I can do for thee?'
"'Yes,' said the lady; 'take this wretch, my husband, to the top of the highest tower in the city and from there cast him down and smash him into little bits.

"'Mercy!' cried the unhappy husband, throwing himself at her feet. 'Be

to the humourist.

"' What is that tale ?' asked his wife, staying the coloured person with a queenly gesture. 'Be reasonably quick about it.

THE TALE OF THE DERVISH AND THE HUMOURIST.

"A dervish," said the husband, "arrived at a city after a long journey across the desert. Being a stranger in the place he accosted a young man and asked him where he could get a draught of good wine to wash down the dust of his travel. The young man said, 'Come with me,' and, taking him by the hand, led him by long and devious ways to where stood a fine building.

"'This, I suppose,' said the dervish, 'is the caravanserai you recommend?'

"'No,' replied the young man; 'it is the Hall of Justice. I thought thou wouldest like to see it.'



Porter. "WHERE YER GOIN' TO 'AVE THE POULTRY, SIR?"

athirst. The young man then led him through further ways to where stood a high carven gateway.

"'This,' he said, 'was erected in celebration of victory. We are rather

proud of it.

"'It is indeed wonderful,' said the dervish, 'but I am, if possible, even more athirst than before.

"'Then come with me,' said the young man, beckoning, and he led him a far distance to a lonely spot on the edge of the city.

"'I see naught here,' said the dervish. "'There is not much here,' said the young man. 'But what a beautiful

"'Oh, deceiver,' cried the dervish; wilt thou not take me to those who

"' It is too late,' answered the young man. 'The hour has come when no man may sell wine on pain of a hun-"The dervish expressed his admira- dred strokes on the soles of the feet. if I cut off thy head?

not less just to me than the dervish was tion, but hinted that he was still Thou seemest to forget there is a peace

"'Very well,' said the dervish, drawing a huge scimitar, 'I propose to split

thy skull, even to the chin.'
"'Ah!' cried the young man, falling prostrate; be not less merciful to me than the olive-seller was to the Barmecide.'

"'What is that tale?' asked the dervish -

At this point the Sultan interrupted the narrative. "I am beginning to see the idea," he said. "How long will it take you to finish the tale?

"It depends," replied the Vizier, "on how many hours a day thou canst spare for listening. We are only just getting into the introduction.'

"Yes," said the Sultan; "the idea is not bad. Thou meanest, of course, that it will save time if I pardon thy lapse?"

"Thy intelligence is as quick as ever, O King," said the Vizier. "But will it not equally save time



Sportsman (noticing that old runner has put his tip in his mouth). "Take care you don't swallow it." Runner. "BLESS YER LIFE, SIB, IT'S TOO SMALL TO DO ANY 'ARM."

"Verily, O King; but there is that strike of camel-drivers that thou wouldst fain have me settle."

"True," said the monarch. "But what about these 'uncontrollable impulses' of thine?'

"Thou mightest take out a burglary policy," said the Vizier. "I merely suggest."

"Ay, by my beard," said the Sultan, "that should make matters safe. Thou art pardoned.'

The grateful Vizier kissed the hem of the Sultan's robe and, going forth, joyously settled the transport strike in the crude Oriental way by decapitating every fifth man concerned.

"Sir Charles [Hawtrey] is acknowledged to be the champion lion of the stage." Daily Paper.

His Ambrose Applejohn is certainly a roaring success.

"THE EGYPTIAN SITUATION. Under Secretaries to Carry on Mob Attacks on Schools."—Irish Paper.

thing.

ROOTLING THE ROUTE.

DIRECTLY the front-door closed behind Mollie I went into my room and with a light confident laugh tossed Bradshaw's Railway Guide on to the table.

"I'll trouble you for ten minutes of your valuable times, Mr. Bradshaw," I remarked whimsically. And I sat down opposite him.

I was about to Rootle the Route for Mollie.

If you look up Rootle in the dictionary (under R, you know, between the P's and Q's) you will find: "Rootle (of swine, etc.) . . . turn up ground with snout." Take no notice of this. Surely I need not say that "of swine, etc. does not apply to me and that I had no intention of turning up the ground, etc .- even for Mollie-with my snout? No, no. Pursue your studies and you shall discover, "(transf.) search out, hunt up, rummage." There you have it. My purpose was to hunt up the best series of trains by which Mollie A full stop should be put to this sort of could travel for a week-end visit to her old school-friend, Sylvia.

Sylvia lives at one end of a branch line; we live at the other end of another one. As the crow flies the distance between us is forty miles. But unfortunately we have no crow either large enough or tame enough to carry Mollie; even if we had, it might choose to fly in the wrong direction, or moult in transit or be scared by a boy on a gate with a rattle. Therefore Mollie had to go as the train steams. And I was going to Rootle the Route for her. It was to be a surprise for her when she returned.

Mollie thinks I can't rootle. Whenever there are any preparations to be made or plans to be arranged she smiles indulgently and says, "Better leave it to me, dear; it's no good your trying to rootle it;" or "You know you're no good at rootling;" or "You're no rootler." Now I resent this. For something tells me that there are within me the makings of a super-rootler.

"Now, if you please, Mr. Bradshaw," I said with mock deference, drawing the bulky tome towards me. Bradshaw gave me a blank yellow stare, unintelligently inimical. I moistened my thumb —for Bradshaw is dry rootling. Bradshaw's jaundiced stare intensified. I used the other thumb.

Three hours later Mollie burst into the room. In one comprehensive glance of her bright eyes she had taken in the whole regrettable scene. I hadn't even time to put on my coat, button my collar or smooth down my hair.

collar or smooth down my hair.

"Oh," she cried in loving reproof,
"what a boy you are! I can't leave
you for an hour or two without your
playing some rough game. What was
it this time? No, don't tell me; let
me guess. I know. Badminton—you
against yourself."

By this time I was fully clothed, buttoned and smoothed. "I have not been playing any game, rough or gentle," I said with dignity; "I have been Rootling the Route to Sylvia for you. And here"—I tapped a foolscap sheet of paper covered with figures—"is the Route ready Rootled."

Mollie was staring at the spreading pool of ink on the table-cloth as though fascinated by it.

"Bradshaw did that," I said hastily.

"By means of a trick he lured me, on your behalf, to Inverness, so I gave him a little half-friendly push and he gave it to the inkpot."

Mollie's eyes were now upon the shattered photograph of Aunt Jane prone in the fender.

"Bradshaw did that too," I explained.
"He did it with a little d—a little d
down at the bottom of the page. Little
d means 'does not run on Fridays.'
And, as you're going to Sylvia on a
Friday—well, I just gave Bradshaw
the merest flick of annoyance and he
flew straight at Aunt Jane. Much the
same thing happened to that vase of
chrysanthemums; but this time it was
a little c."

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Mollie bent to retrieve one tawny flower with a head like a professional pianist.

"A little c," I reiterated doggedly.
"Little c in the Bradshaw tongue means
on Saturdays only."

"But-" began Mollie.

I raised a silencing hand—the commanding hand of a proved Rootler.

"Here," I said impressively, "is the result of my rootling. It is not, perhaps, what would be called a direct route, but it is at least one full to repletion of interest and change. Bradshaw and I have seen to it that you will not have a dull moment. You will, for instance, have plenty of time to visit the cathedral at Salisbury, the ducks at Aylesbury, the new drainage scheme at Brockenhurst, the ruined castle at Corfe and the Lover's Leaps at the four or five other changing-places. You leave here at 6.30 in the morning stiffly.



"AIN'T YER GOT A TONGUE IN YER 'EAD? I AEST YER OPINION O' THE GOVER'MENT AN' ALL YER DO IS TER SNIFF."

(I myself will rootle the alarum clock) and reach Sylvia at 9.9 the same night. I will now give you your itinerary in detail."

But Mollie had put her arms around my neck and was chuckling and crooning into my waistcoat for all the world like a mother with an infant.

"Thank you ever, ever so much," she gurgled, "but—but Sylvia is sending the car for me and—and although I'd much soover go by your beautiful route, perhaps she'd be offended if—— You see the journey will take only an hour and a balf."

"Just as you like, of course," I said

"Christmas Giving in Dundee.

Popularity of the Small Gift."

Scolch Paper.

Scotland for ever!

A well-known restaurant recently tried the experiment, suggested by a Harley Street physician, of accompanying the items of the menu with appropriate melodies. According to a provincial paper the programme included the following:—

"Entrée . . 'Spring Soup' . . Mendelssohn."

We fear there must have been a lack of harmony between the chef d'orchestre and the chef de cuisine.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I .- THE HONOURS LIST.

THERE has just been placed in the Tate Gallery-on loan -the portrait of an old lady of seventy eight, who happily is still living. The artist depicts her sunk comfortably in an armchair, looking meditatively at the world through iron-rimmed spectacles, with her finger-tips joined : probably a characteristic attitude. She has a resolute massive head with grey hair and a black bow; her expression at the moment is placid, but she is capable, you feel, of great purpose and of indignation. The lady is Miss GERTRUDE JEKYLL, and the painter, WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

been a reader of her books and an admirer of her taste and where he had business, and he as usual had all the import-

her pioneer work in gardening for many years, and I stood before the picture for a long while. That it is like her, one feels certain, not only from confidence in the artist, but because there are certain portraits that you know instinctively are all right, and this is one of them.

There chanced-it was on the 2nd of January-to be in my hand a paper with the New Year's Honours List in it, and, thinking of that List and of all the Lists -Birthday and New Year -that have been compiled since Miss JEKYLL's first book, Wood and Garden, appeared in 1899, I found myself wondering how many of the persons mentioned in them had any claim to a monarch's gratitude comparable with that of this shrewd and benign old lady, who has devoted the greater part of her long life to increasing the beauty of her native land. For it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the sympathetic

Phrenologist. "Your bump of destructiveness is very large. ARE YOU A SOLDIER OR A PUGILIST?" Subject. "NEITHER. I'M A FURNITURE REMOVER."

imaginative gardening of to-day is almost wholly Miss how long would it be before he could get another train? JEKYLL's creation. But for her influence and counsel the square and circular beds, with a lobelia edging and calceolarias and geraniums in the midst, might still cumber and perplex the ground, and there would be no masses of tender blue delphiniums against yew hedges, no daffodils springing from the turf, no exuberance of the old and once despised cottage flowers in the long borders beside the paths to delight the eye and fill the air with sweetness. Others had toiled for simpler and more natural pleasaunces-it would be unfair in particular to omit the honoured name of Mr. WILLIAM ROBINSON—but to the winning persuasiveness of Miss JEKYLL's pen in Wood and Garden, 1899, and Home and Garden, 1900, and not a little to the exquisite photographs that enforced her pleas, is, I believe, the chief credit due. I can think of no one who so notably deserves her country's thanks.

I wished for the moment that the portrait had no name and visitors were asked to guess the lady's title to fame;

shoot, there being no reason whatever why, of all people, this venerable figure in black, reposing in her sitting-room beside the fire, should be associated with horticulture in any form. Then I decided that not only was it best to have the name, but that the name ought to be supplemented by a word or two about its owner's most honourable achievement: "Miss GERTRUDE JEKYLL, who has done more than any other gardener of her time to make England lovely." Something like that? For surely everyone visiting the Tate would like to know.

II .- " MEN "!

"It was on one of those long journeys on the Continent," I had never seen Miss JEKYLL before, although I have she said. "We were going, my husband and I, to Vienna,

ant things with him-the return-tickets, the money, the passport, the letter of credit, the reservations for rooms-everything. I had nothing but my bag with a handkerchief in it and a powder - puff. You know how dependent women can become - married women, I mean.

"Well, at one of the stations on the way he stepped off to get a paper or something and almost immediately the train went on. This is a thing I had always dreaded: he's so restless and careless, and now it had happened. I had warned him against it too, but to

no purpose.

"I was horror-stricken. and for a while I couldn't think; I could do nothing but tremble. Then I began to realize all the difficulties in front of me. should I do? Should I get off at the next big station or go on to Vienna? If I got off at the next big station how should I let him know? I couldn't. And

I should have to be on the platform to meet every train that came in and search it for him. To go on to Vienna would be best; but how could I manage without money? I had nothing at all, not even for the meals on the train. How foolish it is to let oneself surrender everything in this way! I vowed never to do it again. I did not even know which hotel at Vienna we were going to, for all the correspondence had been done by my husband, and even if I got to Vienna what chance would an Englishwoman have of throwing herself on a hotel proprietor's mercy? After the War too!

"And this reminded me of my husband's impatient temper. Probably he had raved and carried on like a madman when the train went on without him, and was now under arrest. You know how foreigners arrest people. He would be so furious at being left behind and separated from me that he would be past all restraint. This would mean endless delays finding English people to bail him out-isn't the Consul the for it would be fun to see how wide of the mark they could man you go to? - and it might be days before he came on.



THE RULING PASSION.

THE MILLIONAIRE HAS TO "PUT" TWOPENCE.

"Never was a woman so perplexed and terrified as I.

"I could not explain my difficulty to the conductor, for I had no language. There were plenty of English people on the train, but I shrank from asking them. I had heard so be-in that cut-away-at-the-hips fashion and with longish many stories of impostors telling this kind of tale, and I did tails, and waist just the tiniest bit high. You know the not want to run the risk of being snubbed.

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"There seemed to be no way out. I sat there shivering and experiencing every kind of disaster in advance.

"How long I was in this state of agony I can't remember, but suddenly the door opened and my husband came in. He be black, the latter without ornament of any kind. Are had been looking at the scenery from the corridor. When you beginning to see me? I told him of my awful time he laughed." E. V. L.

TASTE IN DRESS.

DEAR OLD MADGE, -You need have no fear that I shall choose next Friday to run over and see you, for you and Tom are not the only members of the family to be invited to the Saltons' affair on that night. Look out for little me.

My dear sister, you say not a word about what you are going to wear. Is your neuralgia bothering you again? You know my views—that you will go to unnecessary trouble if you choose anything but your old-gold. I would wear old-gold myself if I could hope to look half as stunning in it as you do. And I want to be "it" at the Saltons', for between ourselves I have heard that a certain person is likely to be there. If I do not excel all my former triumphs of grace and beauty on that occasion I will eat any hat you care to mention.

Knowing you as I do, I can believe that nothing would give you greater delight than to see me appear in apricot charmouse or sky-blue taffeta. I am going to disappoint you; I have selected a very simple arrangement, principally of black. Bless your heart, I would wear yellow plush if They did not put it quite like this when we were last in I knew that it would be preferred in a certain quarter; Paris, but that was before the War.

but without definite guidance I am left to my own judgment, which declares for simplicity accompanied by style.

I always did look well in black, and black it is going to sort of thing. Since not even a flatterer would go so far as to say that I have beautiful arms, I am going to conceal them with long sleeves, finished at the wrist with white cuffs and a motif of small buttons. My hose and shoes will

I want your approval, Madge, because you have such perfect taste; yet nothing you can say will persuade me to have a low neck. It is going to be high, all round. I want to be at my best that night, old girl, and I simply should not be comfortable with a low neck. And, although emeralds are the rage just now, I have chosen the plainest of gold studs to relieve the dead-white of the insertion from throat to waist.

As to my hair, alas, I have so little that I simply dare not depart from my customary coiffure, a parting low down on the left, as you know. I shall not attempt to wave it; and I shall not wear so much as a flower in it. Don't you think I am right? Then with a wing collar, a white tie, a waistcoat with three or four buttons and creases in my bifurcations (black and untrimmed), my costume will be complete. Till Friday, then.

Your affectionate brother, WILLIAM.

From a school-magazine:-

"Facts, we hear on the best authority, are the essence of prose-writing at the present time. Perhaps they are; the sturdy Philis-tinism of the masses cares not either way: and in any case, as they say in Paris, 'chaqu'un á son goût.'"

BEING BILLY.

IT isn't much fun being Billy.

Billy came to tea with us in the nursery yesterday. John is compassionate and likes Billy to come to tea, for poor Billy has no one to play with. John said he was going to build "a most beauty cage." It was to be made of chairs (including the one on which I was sitting), the nursery table and a screen. Billy fetched the chairs and John made the cage. When it was finished Billy wriggled himself into it and roared. He said he was a lion.

John shook his head at him solemnly. "There isn't going to be a lion," he said; "this is a canary cage."

I welcomed the game and immediately cast myself for the part of the canary. I find that the great secret of playing happily with children is to recognise the congenial part and claim it at once. A canary's existence, I was right in supposing, is far more peaceful than chest, and told me to keep him in bed that of a Red Indian, a bear or other until he called again. native of the nursery that I had impersonated during the afternoon. So I entered with zest into the game and the cage, and was happy to discover that if, from time to time, I said "Sweet, sweet," and "Scratch a poll," and voiced other characteristic utterances of the canary, I gave every satisfaction.

But it wasn't very long before John found it necessary to rebuke me. Things move so quickly in a nursery.

"You mustn't say 'Pretty Polly' now that you are a station-master," he told me; "you wouldn't, you know. And you can't sit and read in the engine."

"I must be stoker," Billy said, as he clambered into the train behind John.

It was a modest demand which I was glad to find was conceded.

But John said firmly, "You can't come into the engine, Billy, because the stoker has gone to his dinner.'

Things are always like that with Billy. The worldly hope he fixes his heart upon turns to ashes. The prospect of playing a stoker who has gone to his dinner was not exhilarating.

"You might," John suggested, "be a

passenger.

I clipped Billy's ticket and labelled the hassock and waste-paper basket that he was taking with him, and he stepped into a first-class chair and

started for Glasgow.

It is jolly being an engine - driver. You stoke the table with toys and cushions and anything that's handy, you blow a whistle at frequent intervals, you wave a green flag in the face of an absent-minded station-master, you tell the passenger when he is going It is said that some dairymen in the over a bridge or through a tunnel, and old country are also acquainted with you turn the engine over and sprawl this device.

among the débris when you run into the 5.30 Express.

But a passenger's life is, by compari-When he son, an empty existence. has looked through the window, as instructed, to see the Forth Bridge and the Niagara Falls, and has changed at Crewe, nothing remains to a passenger but to sit and wish he wasn't.

Personally I couldn't blame Billy for getting out when the driver's back was turned, but I could well understand the engine-driver's indignation when, after the great collision, he found his only passenger playing with Plasticine in-

stead of lying beneath the wreckage.
"Anyhow," John told him, "you'll have to go into hospital." John speaks with conviction, and Billy always seems to feel that the course suggested is in-

evitable.

So he lay on the sofa and John took his temperature with a fountain-pen and asked if there was a rash on his

He called two minutes afterwards, but it was not a professional visit this time. He wished to suggest that his patient should now be a donkey and he'd be a gipsy in a caravan.

His patient leapt at the idea and enjoyed a few moments of glorious life as a wild, obstinate, shying creaturetill John saw the possibilities of the part and sold him.

Billy was inclined feebly to resist a transformation into a mere man, but John's remark that there couldn't be a caravan with two donkeys and no gipsy appealed to his common-sense. and he drove John to the nearest fair.

It isn't much fun being Billy; but there are some indignities to which even he refuses to stoop.

"I'm making a boat," he told John. "But you can't be making a boat, Billy," John explained; "this is a schoolroom now and you are a little girl."

Billy looked at John irresolutely. Rebellion flushed his cheeks, and his eyelids quivered, but, being Billy, "I'm going home," he said.

A Delicate Distinction.

"We have a few Bathing Caps that have just arrived. They are a little late for bathing but they are great to use while taking a bath."—Advt. in Canadian Paper.

Asked to construe "in undis liberi natant," a schoolgirl responded, "The children swim in undies." Smith minor must look to his laurels.

"To keep milk sweet for several days, add a teaspoonful of fine salt to each quart of water.' New Zealand Paper.

GAMES FOR GIRLS;

OR, THINKING IMPEYRIALLY.

[At the Conference of Educational Associations, held last week at University College, one speaker declared that there was no finer sight than a mixed hockey team of boys and girls, and Mrs. IMPEY stated that "the girls who play games have no time to powder their

SHALL girls be barred from playing At any sort of game?

O pedants, cease your braying When all the wise proclaim That biologically

To fight and smite and slam Is just as good for Sally As for her brother Sam.

The girls who take to cricket And mawkish eroquet spurn Not only slog or stick it But higher lessons learn; For batting, fielding, bowling Impart to limber elves The secret of controlling Their dark sub-conscious selves.

The girls who shine at hockey, Whether 'tis "mixed" or neat, Are seldom sick or crocky And cannot be effete; They know not Mrs. GATTY, But still they quite eschew The temper known as "catty," The manners of the shrew.

The girls who join in "Soccer's" Or "Rugger's" grim delight, Who don their knickerbockers Mud-stained in many a fight, Without undue aggression Are simply living signs Of healthy self-expression On Montessorian lines.

The girl who gathers glee from Gymnastic "jerks" and jumps Is nearly always free from The doldrums and the dumps; She holds that flirting's heinous And simply fosters guile; She only hails the Venus That comes from Melos' isle.

Lastly this crowning blessing From playing games accrues, Apart from the possessing Of stalwart limbs and thews, That girls grow ever prouder Of strength than painted pose, And have no time to powder The very pinkest nose.

"BEST BARGAINS YET.

There are woollen goods which are down 400 per cent, on prices a year or two ago. Evening Paper.

If, as we gather, the customer is given in cash three times the price of the goods to anbody who will take them away, the heading would appear to be justified.



Mr. McDougal (to the Minister, his guest during the Festive Season). "ARE YE A TEETOTALER?" Minister. "WEEL, NO-NOT STRICT."

Mr. McDougal. "AH, THEN, YE'LL NO BE WANTIN' LEMONADE OR GINGER-BEER OR SUCHLIKE RUBBISH; BUT YE'LL JUST TAK' WHAT WE TAK'-PLAIN WA'ER.'

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Nightfall (Constable) is by the anonymous author of Jenny Essenden and of Marqueray's Duel, and it is a very good novel. I can't say how it compares with its forerunners, for I haven't read them, but it has had the effect of making me wish that I had. The story plays itself out chiefly at a country-house, whose master, Bernard Clowes, paralysed through injuries received in the War, is revenging his own suffering by cruelty to Laura, his charming wife, to Val Stafford, the Vicar's son, who is his agent, and to anyone else who comes near his invalid couch. We meet him just as his cousin, Lawrence Hyde, comes to visit him. Lawrence is the only person who knows that Val never at the time, has prevented him from telling the truth. It is Lawrence who sees that Val, in all knightly tenderness, loves Laura and endures Bernard for her sake, and Lawrence himself learns to love Isabel, Val's little sister. Isabel's love for him, with its fear and courage, its questionings and its faith, is of the stuff of life itself. There is a horrible warns you at the outset, "very dull." When she soars cottage tragedy which serves to bring Lawrence and Isabel into more exalted society they are less dull but quite incottage tragedy which serves to bring Lawrence and Isabel nearer together, but has no other purpose, and should perhaps have been left out; but that is the only part of Night-fall which would have been better omitted. The story ends in release for Val, both from his shame and his sorrow, and, as a good story should, with a strong conviction on the reader's part that it hasn't really ended at all, but that to place unless you are impertinent enough to suggest that, the author has merely stopped writing.

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If there is one sophism of current fiction which leaves me less convinced than another it is the observation by an indiscreet heroine, after her first experience of a disastrous flirtation, that the episode has had its value as "the occasion of her wider knowledge of life." This formula, you will have noticed for yourself, is never used to qualify the reception of a first income-tax paper, or the endurance of a first bout of influenza or any other of the hundred-andone unpleasant experiences which fall to the lot of frail humanity. It seems to be only applicable (apparently by way of palliation) to an injudicious attachment unconventionally expressed; a type of experience which, in the opinion of Miss Mary F. Scott-from whose Diary of an "Odd" Woman (Melrose) the argument is taken-" comes at some time or another to all." Now you must not think earned the decoration for gallantry of which his people are for a moment that this forlorn autobiography-which so proud, and it is he who, holding Val to a promise made brings the ill-starred and inconspicuous Monica Selby up to her thirtieth year—deals designedly with the "roses and raptures of vice." It doesn't. Neither does it take much stock of the "lilies and languors of virtue." It just "recounts experiences." As long as these confine themcredible. The end of the book reads like a massive parody of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

> Miss Peggy Webling has written, in The Fruitless Orchard (Hutchinson), a novel which it is rather difficult in so far as it deals with the struggles of a nice young

sad little love story; how Jerry Cuff, the street artist, became a light of the "halls," and how Rosamund Courtley taught the poor to weave on hand-looms and married an artist-these are the material of Miss Webling's story which somehow, hovering between many different types of fiction, very nearly evolves a type of its own. Lightly written it is overweighted with ponderous chapter-headings in the mid-Victorian manner. Grey-toned and quiet, it has here and there patches of description which might have strayed in from quite another novel. At times it suggests a book for the young person, and yet its best recommendation is that it gives a clear picture of the mental life, from girlhood to middle age, of a woman of the ordinary sane and dutiful type of which there are many more in the real world than the world of books. Alison's uncle, Jonah, who went to bed in his top-hat, seemed to me a rather unfortunate attempt at comic relief, but the sincerity of The Fruitless

Orchard is beyond question, if its humour isn't, and I like it better than anything of Miss WEB-LING's that has yet come my way.

Not many retired Deans can have enjoyed a pleasanter or more variegated life than the Rev. JAMES WENT-WORTH LEIGH, late Dean of Hereford. On going down from Cambridge (where he had been a leading light of the A.D.C., then recently started by Frank Bur-NAND) he set out on a series of adventurous travels in the East. On his return home he entered at Wells Theological College to prepare for ordination. In 1869

PIERCE BUTLER, owner of that Georgia plantation of which she wrote in her Journal, and her sister SARAH was the mother of Mr. Owen Wister, who writes a preface to his uncle's book. Mr. Leigh devotes a good many of his pages to American reminiscence, and has some interesting notes on the Southern negro in the early days after emancipation. But his autobiography—he calls it Other Days (UNWIN) is curiously and rather clumsily arranged. The DEAN is hardly what I should call a consecutive writer and some of his paragraphs stretch out their saurian length over page after page. Most of them might indeed stop equally well anywhere-or nowhere. He has a habit too of spelling names according to the humour of the moment. But he has met so many interesting people and visited so many interesting places that we can easily forgive him these minor lapses.

If you are searching for a prophet let me recommend Mr. L. P. Jacks to your notice. In The Legends of Smokeover (HOLDER AND STOUGHTON) he deals with the follies and We confess that up to now we too have not observed foibles of our post-war world, and it is not his fault if benefit this phenomenon.

authoress in eyeglasses (a very probable disguise), it is as well as entertainment is not derived from his book, autobiographical. Alison Booker's fight for fame and her The principal characters are a millionaire (against his will). a bookmaker in a gigantic way of business, Maurice Ripplemark, V.C. and Regius Professor of Virtue in the University of Oxford, and Miss Margaret Wolfstone, headmistress of the Smokeover High School. Of this engaging quartette my heart goes furthest out to Mr. Hooker, whose millions were such a burden to him; his interview with the Professor is a gem which I hope to keep double-locked in my memory. Although Ripplemark wore an air of cheerful vitality which —as a cynic once said of him—would have been "more befitting in a Professor of Vice," I am not ashamed to say that I found him a delightful man to meet. Seldom have I read a book so full at once of sense and of amusement: but I must add that it will offer little amusement to those who revel only in robust humour, nor would I like to guarantee that it will convey much sense to them.

Mr. WILFRID EWART'S Way of Revelation (PUTNAMS) begins



CONSCIENTIOUS EX-TAXI-DRIVER ABOUT TO RIGHT-WHEEL IN THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

with a ball at the Ritz in the July of 1914 and ends with a Victory Ball in 1918. It is the sort of book which many will be glad to havean account of how the various phases of the War appeared to one who went through the whole of it, thought about it pretty hard and pretty sanely, sorted his thoughts with intelligence and wrote them down sincerely without much artifice or indeed much art. You get an insight into moods and reasons; why men joined up; how keen, bored, frightened, depressed they were; what the routine of battle was like in detail; how

fine a thing was the he was again travelling, this time to the United States, where fighting fellowship; how senseless and inevitable the he paid a visit to Butler's Island and made the acquaintance fighting; what we at home looked like to those on of Miss Fanny Butler, whom he afterwards married. She leave; how manners became freer, morals looser; how was a daughter of FANNY KEMBLE, by her marriage with love of women appeared to men always in the shadow of death. The love-stories of the two friends, Captain Sinclair and Lieutenant Sir Adrian Knoyle, are told with delicacy and without sentimentality till the end, when the too theatrical episode of Lady Rosemary Meynall's appearance in sackcloth and her death from an overdose of cocaine at the Victory Ball seem out of key. But this is a small and irrelevant blemish in a book whose appeal is the fidelity of its records and the sincerity of its comments.

> "A famous mediæval mansion in Norwich, called 'The Strangers' Hall,' has been presented to that city."—Evening Paper.

> "A mediæval mansion known as Stranglers' Hall has been given to Norwich Town Council."-Same paper, same day.

We prefer the more melodramatic version.

"There is one 'revolution,' at any rate, which the Russian refuses to recognise. He absolutely declines to take any notice of the 'revolution' that, once every twenty-four hours, the earth makes around the sun."—Daily Paper.

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CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that a firm of publishers, in order to fill a gap in journalism, which at present caters so largely for the pictorial amusement of infants and the insurance of grown-ups, has decided to start a paper that shall be devoted to news and topical comments. It is proposed to call it a newspaper. This daring enterprise will be closely watched.

"The name of the Bolshevist Governor of Asiatic Russia," says The Daily Express, "is Bloodhound Peters." We can only hope that he has a nice kind face. -

An ex-service man has invented a clock which is absolutely silent. An with his designs.

infringement surely on the telephone patent.

"The next agitation," says "Caledonian" in an evening paper," will be Scottish Home Rule." The general impression is that we have already got it in England.

Edible snails from France are now brought to London by aeroplane. It will be remembered that in the old days, when the South-Eastern Railway had no rival, it was found quicker to let them walk the final stage of the journey.

tunnels with light peering through for Morocco campaign that it is magnifiuse by the PRIME MINISTER in Election | cent, but not Peace. addresses.

"I have no objection to paying closed last Sunday week, is reported taxes," said a defendant in the County Court. Another sad example of the man with a warped mind.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, according to a Cannes correspondent, has become very sensitive to publicity. At last we have towards the Press.

It is stated that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is devising a new hat for postmen. So long as it keeps his mind off a further increase in the price of postage-stamps we shall not interfere

In a lecture to juveniles at the Royal Society of Arts, Mr. W. R. OBMANDY pointed out that we are largely indebted the secret of his extraordinary reticence to clay for our knowledge of ancient races. Unfortunately it has never been possible to distinguish the footprints of a prehistoric bookmaker as they have invariably been obliterated by his pursuers.

The French shooting season, which

to have been unexpectedly successful.

Foxes, we hear, were plentiful and

healthy.

Professor J. A. Fleming explained to an audience of children the other day

> that the telephone cannot say "S" properly because it has no teeth. We have noticed that it is getting a bit hard of hearing as well.

The Leaders of the dependent Liberal Independent Party are expected shortly to meet for the purpose of selecting a rank-and-file.

"This is not a cannibal country," said a London magistrate last week in sentencing a negro who had bitten a policeman's thumb. Apparently the prisoner's plea, that he mistook it



THE BARGAIN SCRUM.

MEN ARE SAID TO BE GETTING QUITE ENTHUSIASTIC BARGAIN-HUNTERS. IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT A MORE SPORTING SPIRIT WILL NOW PREVAIL AT THE WINTER SALES.

Mr. WALTER STONEMAN of the Royal Photographic Society regards Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as one of his best sitters. This comes of the Conference habit.

"There is a danger," says The New York Herald, "that the attempt of Señor REAL will lead to a revolution in Mexico." It is thought that all this talk of a General Election in England has ment would be universal by then. set the Mexicans thinking.

magistrate said that referees must be protected. Obviously a reactionary.

A news message from Nairobi reports that a big-game hunter escaped from a lion by staring it full in the face. We have tried this method on our tailor, but without success.

Mr. Winston Churchill has been matter will be amicably adjusted. painting during his holidays at Cannes. It is said he has prepared quite a

As we go to press we learn that the for a banana, was not entertained. plumber who on January 1st made a resolution to work is already eleven jobs ahead of his mate.

According to a weekly journal large hat-pins with glass heads are to be fashionable in the Spring. And we were fondly imagining that disarma-

"Which side should one sleep on?" In fining a man for assault the Rugby is the subject of quite an animated correspondence in The Daily Mail. Our advice to those in doubt is to lie flat on the back with both ears pressed firmly on the pillow.

> A writer in a contemporary has discovered that in the new London Directory the Macdonalds occupy more space than the Mackenzies. We trust the

number of sunsets, wave crests and ing feeling in Spain with regard to the of coppers, not Treasury notes.

The Recorder of Colchester states that he has sometimes known Grand Juries to be mischievous. It is always just as well to search them for peashooters or anything of that kind.

We note that Pentonville prison, which accommodates fourteen hundred, s now full. The most that can be done for applicants at present is to add their names to the waiting-list.

Humour at Kirkintilloch.

"The epidemic is not without its humorous side. Instead of going to church yesterday forenoon, staid elderly men were seen rushing for doctors and medicine."

Glasgow Evening Paper.

"By winning the Burstow Steeplechase at Lingfield yesterday, Wingle has incurred a penalty of £5 for the January Handicap Steeplechase at Haydock."—Erening Paper.

It is understood that there is a grow- To be carried, we presume, in the form

TO JULIA IN SIDE-WHISKERS.

"Rarely has any mode been followed for so long as that of drawing the hair over the ears, but little by little this style is loosing its hold." Times.]

'Tis well that custom's change of groove Gives you permission to remove

The bulgy tufts that sprawl Over your ears which, veiled from me, I gallantly assume to be Shell-like and pink and small.

Some woman first designed that trick Whose aural features, long and thick, Invited ribald icers:

Who, deeming they were better hid, Thought of a way, as Midas did, To mask her donkey ears.

Then beauty, bound by fashion's creed Like sheep to follow any lead,

Forwent her natural grace Sole weapon wherewithal she stabs The hearts of men) and planted slabs Of whisker on her face.

But lo! these obstacles that lie Right in my way are doomed, and I (Now practically dumb) Am glad my wit may soon attain To penetrate my Julia's brain O. S. Viá her tympanum.

HOW TO PUSH THE POST OFFICE.

MR. KELLAWAY has announced that the normal postal facilities will not be restored until the G.P.O. is paying its way. And having so spoken he folds his hands and waits for customers to

But the public observes that a post office, at its best, remains a repellent blend of a police station and a Dorcas Society, where austere females behind a grille regard the public as an unreasonable intruder and printed notices request the public not to smoke. Is it surprising that the public continues to prefer the movies?

Mr. Kellaway, of course, is not to blame for the dismal traditions that have been handed down to him by a long succession of former managers. but it is remarkable that, so far from departing from them, he has even added a few inconveniences of his own. One would think that in these days of competition a Postmaster-General who knew his job would see the necessity of coming into line with the great stores and other enterprising concerns that spare no effort in their appeal to the popular purse.

Let me depict for you a post office as it might be with a real live wire in control of the business.

We will suppose that you have just returned to England after years abroad, and that you are walking rather aim- to-day?" asks Miss Howard as she console himself with the reflection that

be a POST OFFICE.

glimpse of an alluring interior, and, seeing you pause, peeping curiously, a stalwart janitor in an imposing uniform school." swings them open for you. You can do no less than enter.

You find yourself in a spacious department where an ingenious system of lighting produces an effect of mellow sunlight, and stands of choice plants diffuse a hot-house fragrance which is with the smell of mingled ink and dust that you remember as characteristic of post offices of yore.

bewilderment an urbane gentleman in a frock-coat, evidently an overseer, approaches and tactfully signifies his readiness to help you to make up your mind. On the spur of the moment, and half apologetically, you murmur something about stamps. With consummate graciousness the urbane gentleman motions you to a vacant chair at a counter, calling as he does so, "Stamps forward, Miss Howard, please!

Miss Howard is an affable young lady with apparently unlimited time at your disposal. "Which stamps would you prefer?" she asks, laying out several sheets of them. "We have them at all prices, from one halfpenny, and in a variety of shades and flavours."

"Flavours?" you echo.

Courteously concealing her amazement at your ignorance, she explains: "Oh, yes; it was found that the disagreeable taste of the old-fashioned gum undoubtedly militated against sales, for our customers have always preferred licking their stamps to using the various moistening devices that have been placed upon the market. The-ermucilage now employed is a secret preparation which, in addition to being pleasant to the palate, has medicinal properties that are a protection against smoker's tongue, pyorrhea and clergyman's throat. Many of our largest customers are singers and public speakers. We send large supplies of these stamps to Society ladies for no other purpose than to lick in the theatre. The flavours are lemon, orange, vanilla, mint, straw-

berry, raspberry, pear and apricot." Eventually you select about two pounds' worth of assorted shades and flavours.

lessly in a London street late on a daintily folds up your stamps. "May all's well that ends well.

dreary winter's afternoon. Suddenly I show you some of our postal-orders? your attention is arrested by a hand- As you probably know, they combine some building in the Anglo-Moorish the best qualities of a cheque and a style, which is proclaimed by letters bank-note, without the drawbacks of of coloured light over the entrance to sort is the favourite with our customers. Through the glass doors you get a Four of them, you see, make one pound. and singly they are especially suitable for sending to young gentlemen at

> And so you are persuaded to take a dozen of the five-shilling ones. As you leave the counter you are intercepted by the urbane overseer.

"Would you care to try our tele-phone-closets de luxe, Sir?" he says. "The newly-installed easy-chairs add the more seductive from its contrast the final touch of comfort to the wellknown efficiency of the service. Another time, Sir? Quaite. Then permit me to draw your attention to the writing-As you stand gazing about you in desks. Observe the shaded lamps and adjustable seats. Perfect privacy. Fitted with every requisite; pens to suit all hands; books of reference; and a touch on the bell at your hand summons the attendant, who will supply anything that is lacking. Some of our regular customers conduct the whole of their

correspondence here. . . ."
At length you are bowed out, an honoured patron. And before you have gone very far you discover that you have not been left with enough ready money to pay your fare home. Fortunately, however, you have the postal-orders. There is nothing for it but to walk on to the next post office and cash one or two of them. Or to wake upas I did-to realise more acutely than ever how very much Mr. KELLAWAY

has to learn.

The Cashualties.

"NEW YORK.

It is reported that the death roll owing to the cloud bursts will not exceed two millions sterling."—New Zealand Paper.

"At - Petty Sessions Henry paid 5s. for assaulting Mark West Country Paper.

It looks as if HENRY had a friend on the Bench-or MARK an enemy.

"The bride looked very sweet, and those who had not the advantage of old acquaintance with her, will readily have believed the pleasant things said by the Mayor in proposing the health of the newly-married couple. Local Paper.

We gather that the reporter was one of her old (and candid) friends.

" Wheels ' has become quite an institution. In contains nineteen poems by ten writers, including Aldous Huxwell and Osbert, Sacheverell and Edith Sitwell."

Adrt. in Weekly Paper. "Would there be anything further Mr. Aldous Huxley will doubtless d

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TAKING THE EDGE OFF IT.

SIR ERIC GEDDES, "I DON'T THINK I SHALL LEND MY AXE AGAIN TO THAT COMMITTEE!"

[The Cabinet Committee that is sitting on the Geddes recommendations is said to be opposed to the suggested economies in education expenditure.]



Husband, "JOLLY ATTRACTIVE LITTLE THING THAT-WHAT?" Wife. "YE-ES. I'M VERY MUCH AFRAID SHE'S GOT A PAST IN FRONT OF HER."

ACROSS THE POND.

YES, I know what you want to hear about really. Prohibition, isn't it? Well, I hasten to say that, in my opinion, Prohibition would do a great deal

of good in a dry country.

Prohibition (or, as I prefer to call it, pretty well if we stand him a glass of port at the club; in New York, poor as other in smuggling mysterious packages of refreshment into his rooms, each of which would have cost us anything if you arrived in New York without acquaintance and without introductions, I think you might spend several

England, with all its vexatious restrictions and regulations about hours and so forth, one is almost ashamed to think of New York, where at least a man can drink at any time he thinks fit.

That is, if he can endure whisky. For this is the tragedy of Discouragement, that light wine and beer and Discouragement) is perhaps the supreme other such honest gifts of the gods test of American generosity. In London are almost unobtainable, while whisky you and I reckon that a man has done flows like the Severn bore, being obviously a more profitable article to smuggle than the weaker beverages. we are, if we were Americans and he Men come over from England who never was English, we should vie with each touch anything but Sauterne and a little port; they leave the States confirmed whisky-drinkers. In fact many Americans have become so disgusted between two and three pounds. Mind by the excess of whisky drunk that you-for I do not wish to exaggerate they have given up drinking altogether -a notable victory for the Anti-Saloon League.

My first experience of Discouragehours without breaking the law at all. ment was a man who met us at the But as soon as you have one friend in wharf with a bottle of whisky, which

new light. In fact, coming back to My next experience was this-you have probably heard this story, but it happened a second time to a friend of mine. Acting under instructions from a local resident, he went up to a policeman and said that New York made him tired, and could the policeman tell him of any place where he could be refreshed? The policeman said, "You see that house with the green shutters—the red-brick house?" "Yes," said Hodge, carefully noting the spot. "Well, that's the only house on this street where you can't get anything to drink.'

But, of course, all the New York policemen are Irishmen, so it may have been a humorous under-statement.

My third experience was sinister. You cannot imagine the delicious thrill of naughtiness with which one consumes even whisky in the States. This thrill is almost entirely responsible for the great boom in drinking which has followed Prohibition. Innocent old men have abandoned cocoa and taken to cocktails; nice old ladies that hospitable city the American Con- was carried secretly to our hotel and run distilleries in the basement or stitution presents itself in an entirely opened by a negro with a screw-driver. furtively manufacture whisky in the

kitchen; the joy of being wicked without really being wicked has brightened many a drab home or disappointed soul. Quakers gather together on Sunday mornings and tell each other how they get IT (the word "it" has only one meaning now) with all the zeal of bookcollectors or coin-collectors.

Prohibition has given people an in-terest in life. It has brought back romance. It has brought back the smuggler, and the bandit, and the password, and small boats stealing into lonely bays at dead of night, and mystery steamers lying in the offing, showing no lights. I met a man who is engaged in "boot-legging" (or illicit liquor traffic), not for the profits of the trade, though they are high, but purely for the romance of the thing.

Well, one day we were taken to a place which looked like an ordinary lodginghouse. Our friend hurried us up three flights of stairs; at each landing there stood some sort of a Dago, to whom he whispered some mysterious pass-word. We arrived at last at a small and dingy bedroom, almost filled by a huge bed covered by a dirty white counterpane. It was like an IBSEN play. The wallpaper was decayed and streaky; everything was decayed; on the mantelpiece was a small bust of George WASHINGTON, and one felt that even he was decayed. Into this squalid chamber there entered an Italian (in his shirt-sleeves) and an Italian woman, who mixed three cocktails at the washstand, for each of which our friend paid the equivalent of five shillings. crept out, feeling really wicked at last; and I still treasure the little card with the secret sign scribbled on the back which gave me the freedom of the place. There is a boom in the cardcase industry.

But many of these institutions are less furtive. It is jolly to sit in an old Kentucky saloon, like a Fleet Street eating-house, with pictures of pugilists on the walls and a genial Irishman behind the bar-it is jolly to sit there with a cocktail before you and watch through the glass door the policeman strolling down the street. And perhaps it is at such moments that national opinion comes nearest to unanimity on this burning topic. I have not drunk gin with any lady, old or young, who has not agreed that Prohibition is an excellent thing for the working-classes.

But there is a serious side to it, as anyone will discover who is asked to make an after-dinner or, worse, an after-luncheon speech. For it is precisely on these occasions (for which, if any, Providence must have expressly designed the inspiration of the grape) that no inspiration is ever obtainable. Americans fear that it may prove to tends to make himself scarce.



Golfer, "I SAY, CADDIE, I'M LOOKING FOR A BOY CALLED JIM LONG. CAN YOU POINT HIM OUT TO ME?" Caddie. "JIM Long, S'? THERE 'E IS, S', WAITING FOR YER-'IM WIV VER

PLUS FOURS.

Amendment did not go far enough. It should have put an absolute ban on after-dinner speaking, or, at any rate, instituted a system of money-rewards for after-dinner listening, graduated according to the length of speeches. The tragedy is that the Americans LIKE speeches, and the Eighteenth Amendment has ruined one of their national amusements. Yet still I found no national consciousness of the menace, not only to Oratory but to all the other Arts, which is contained in that Amendment. Years must elapse before it becomes a dead letter, and in that time who knows what damage may not be done? In a sense American history may be said to have begun when they threw the tea into the water, and many It looks as if, perhaps wisely, he in-

think myself that the Eighteenth have ended when they threw the wine after the tea.

Just one more Discouragement story. Sitting at breakfast in the dining-room of a hotel (about 10 A.M., I regret to say) I heard the telephone-bell ring; the head-waiter went to the instrument and suddenly became very obsequious. Looking cautiously about him, he then made the following remark:-

"I am sorry, my lord; we don't serve cocktails from the dining-room. You must apply to the Office.

A. P. H.

"The annual dinner of the Reading Chamber of Commerce will be held at the Small Town Hall and the Right Hon. F. G. Kellaway, P.C., M.P., Postmaster-General, will be the quest of the evening."—Local Paper.

The Editor of The Lancet urges novelists to enlarge the number of ailments from which their characters suffer.]

As an eminent writer of fiction I've struck an original line; No hackneyed romantic affliction Besets any puppet of mine; In the yarn I have lately been weaving

The hero (I 've christened him Dick) Whilst crossing the Channel is heaving To put it quite bluntly, he's sick.

When Winifred notices Richard (An instance of love at first sight), The ship is beginning to pitch hard, And, moved by his pitiful plight, She tenderly rushes to aid him, In spite of a troublesome corn, And soon her devotion has made him The happiest man ever born.

They adore one another so madly That nothing their rapture can mar, Although he has adenoids (badly) And she has a chronic catarrh; In his arms he continues to clasp her Till the passion of Winifred wanes,

And she jifts him for love of Sir Jasper. A villain with varicose veins.

Espousing the wily deceiver She endures his ill-treatment for years, But at length he succumbs to hay fever And faithful old Dick reappears; To church (Chapter LXX.) they go,

And the wedding bells gaily ring out For a bride who is bent with lumbago And a bridegroom incurably stout.

WHEN VOTING COMES.

Sooner or later we shall have to have a General Election, I suppose, and I do hope we shall put a little gaiety into it and make it go with a swing. But, to get this effect, we must first be told who the two leaders are going to be. We always used to be told that in the good old days. I remember an election in QUEEN VICTORIA's reign, when there were pictures of the two contending statesmen -WHISTLER and RUSKIN I think they were-pasted up on all the hoardings in the town where I lived. They were hitting each other with axes or bricks, I think, or wrestling with each other, or else kicking a football through each other's goal. In the windows of the small tobacconists' shops their photographs were stuck up at the top of long toy ladders, up which two coloured monkeys, made of wire and wool, kept climbing as the results came in. The coloured monkeys did not represent the actual politicians who were competing for the Premiership, but the two parties which they led.

Nowadays, I understand, they have

deal of the pleasure is thus destroyed. But, even though there are no coloured monkeys to be issued to the tobacconists, many preparations have to be made before the great day comes. The party machines have to be taken out and oiled. I know that because it says so in the papers. I have never seen one of these party machines, but 1 imagine they are something like the bathing-machines at Ilfracombe, and are used to carry the electors to the poll.

These things will have to be oiled, then, and a proper amount of printed propaganda will have to be prepared. There will also be pictures. The next General Election, whenever it occurs, will be emphatically a cinema election, and a great many scenes will have to be filmed in advance, in order to persuade the people that something important is going on. Like this-

> In the Hub of Official England, where London's Busy Arteries Beat, Mr. Lloyd George Transacts Important Negotiations on the Eve of the Great Tussle.

The picture for this will be Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, seated at a bureau, sorting documents with incredible rapidity, or dictating treaties to a stenographer. After that we get-

Meanwhile, in the Garden of his Beautiful Out-Town Home. Mr. Hoodew Callem Gathers the First Winter Aconite and presents it to his little Granddaughter Jane.

and then-

Two days later in the Busy Streets of Bootle the Great Drama of the Polls begins

For without the words "meanwhile and "relentlessly" the motion pictures would scarcely be worth visiting.

In the busy streets of Bootle, of course, men would be seen walking with tense white faces and clenched hands to the polling booth at about the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and staggering slowly out with the right hand raised to the brow. Finally-

> And in the Great Town Hall where the Votes are Counted the Clock Ticks Steadily on.

which would feature a real clock steadily ticking.

All this would help to remind voters This kind is also known as "Curates' all the polling on one day, and a great that the Elections were an important eggs."

topical event, a very difficult thing to remember when as likely as not the Cup Tie Tournament is in full swing.

As a matter of fact I have a little project of my own which I hope will be adopted this year if we do have an Election. My notion is to place the polling booths by arrangement just inside the entrances to the cinemas and the turnstiles of the football grounds. with a polite young official to say, " Do you care to do any voting this afternoon, Sir?" The only difficulty would be that so many ballot-papers would have "Crystal Palace" or "Douglas FAIRBANKS" written on them instead of

But even as it is I am assured that a great many papers are spoilt by having names written on them, and many more because, from a sense of fair play, electors put a cross against every candidate who is standing. Happily I have invented a simple device to overcome this difficulty also. There should be served out to each voter at the next General Election a small black paper cross with adhesive gum at the back, slightly sweet to the taste; so that he will not be called upon to face the responsibility of using a pencil or a pen.

I have not got a vote. I have never had a vote in my life, except at the last Election, when I had to vote by post. Troops were not even allowed to visit the nearest town on polling day, in case there should be riots. But I promise myself a little quiet rioting this year,

vote or no vote.

As a matter of fact I imagine that very few people indeed will have votes in this Election, owing to the impossibility of paying both one's rent and one's taxes. The man who pays his income-tax cannot produce his rent and is obliged to leave his house before it falls due. On the other hand, a man who pays his rent is obliged to leave before he gets a vote, in order to baffle the income-tax collector. Even those who do have votes will certainly not use them, unless an Opposition leader is discovered pretty soon. It would be better to choose a very large man, because Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is a very small man and electors always like these contrasts. About eighteen stone would do.

"A cow on the farm of the Rev. ---, Co. Armagh, has given birth to three calves—one red, another white, and the third blue." Irish Paper.

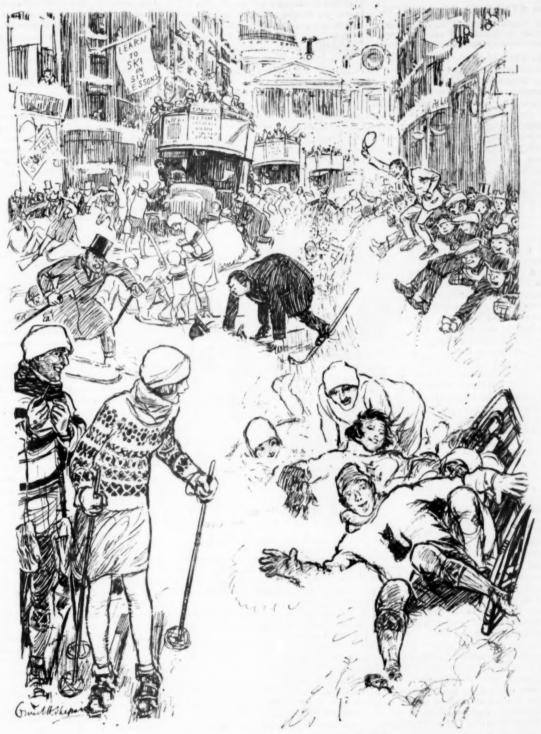
Still true to John Bull, bless her!

"EGGS BY THE MILLION.

'New laids' came to town by the thousand."- Evening Paper.

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WINTER SPORTS ON LUDGATE HILL.

A DREAM OF SEASONABLE WEATHER,

A STUDENT OF SCOTCH.

(A London school of languages has announced its intention of starting classes in various foreign languages, including Scotch.]

AT 9.45 A.M. on the day before Christmas Peter Macfarlane stood in a railway terminus in his native city of Glasgow. Sailormen, as a rule, are not addicted to hanging around stations the day after they are paid off, and Peter was no exception. Circumstances. however, were against him; the Licensing Magistrates have decided that places of refreshment shall not open

until ten o'clock on Saturdays, and he was simply waiting for the day to begin.

The train from Euston had just arrived, and, as the flood of passengers left the confines of the platform and spread out over the open space, Peter's wandering gaze picked out a skinny little travesty of a Highlander in full national costume, wearing highpower glasses and carrying a suit-case. He had seen the like before, but only in an English music-hall burlesque. His gaze became fixed.

"Naw, naw," he muttered;
"Ah ken Ah had twa or three last nicht, but it wis whisky -o'a kind. Ah hivna drunk wud-alcohol since we left New York an' Prohibition. If he's no' there then Ah'm thinkin' auld age maun be creepin' on me when Ah canna get awa' wi' a bottle or so withoot seein' things next mornin'. But he is there; Ah can see ithers starin' at him. Whit's he daein' here? Ah wonder. Understudyin' HARRY LAUD-ER in vin o' the Halls, mebbe; the tourist season's owerlang

The object of his gaze drew nearer, aye kent ye could hire a rig-oot fur A fine-soundin' phrase, but very unesitated, peered carefully through his theatricals, but Ah never heard before common in these pairts." that here was a man with time on his joke, onyway? hands, went over to where he stood.

"Hoo are ye?" said the little man, offering his hand.

"Fine," replied Peter, "fine! Ah jist cam' doon frae the hills this mornin' -if Ah took aff ma bunnet ye'd see the heather still stickin' in ma hair. Whit's yer line, onyway? Gold bricks?'

and tried to speak, but failed.

"Naw? Weel, ye needna be ashamed; Ah daresay a wee man like yersel' English." couldna carry a gold brick. It'll be the

open yer wee bag and set up the camp-of the year I have been awarded a week's stool, the first thing ye ken the polis 'll free holiday here, the object being to run ye in. They hae a monopoly o' that kind o' thing up here."

The little man grew redder, stuttered me, I trust? and, with an effort, again asked," Hoo are ye?

"Fine, Ah tel't ve a'ready," said Peter pleasantly. "Hoo are ye versel'?"

Granfer (pointing to Big Ben). "YOUR CLOCK BE FOWER MINUTES FAST BY CATT'STOCK CHURCH."

hesitated, peered carefully through his theatricals, but Ah never heard before glasses at Peter and, having decided o' a man hirin' a language. Whit's the

"There's no jake-er-there's nae joke. Ah'm frae London, where-erwhaur I-er-Ah-

"Steady," advised Peter, "or ye'll dae yersel' an injury. Look here, Ah'm a sailor, an' Ah can swear in ony language ye ever heard o' an' dae the polite in maist, but Ah never mix them nor ma The little man looked disconcerted drinks. If ye can speak ony single lingo properly get on tae it. Try English. Ye look like a scarecraw, so mebbe ye're

"Very well," said the little man.

lawless Scotland right enuff, but, if ye in London. As the most brilliant punil give me an opportunity to acquire fluency and purity of accent. You follow

> "Aibsolootely - oh, aibsolootely." Peter assured him in his best Oxford manner.

"I understand the language much The other positively beamed; this better than I speak it, I may say. I evidently was the cue for which he had shall practise assiduously during the been waiting. "Brawly, thenk ve fur week, and next Saturday night-Hog-"Losh!" exclaimed Peter, "Ah've the great New Year Festival at The Cross. We have heard all

about it from our teacher.' "Gosh! ye're a hardy yin. The roast beef o' auld England hisna pit much meat on ye, but there's naething wrang wi' yer nerve. Turn up at Glesca Cross on Hogmanay nicht in a kilt! You! Never mind, dinna be doonhairted; ye'll mebbe no' live that lang.

In spite of his boast it is doubtful if the little man understood half of this, but Peter gave him no chance to reply.

"Come on, ye'll never learn younger. Pit yer bag in the left-luggage office an' come wi' me. It's lucky ye met me; hardly ony o' the folk here talk English."

The bag was checked in the cloak-room and the two left the station and crossed the street to a convenient place of refreshment. "Noo," said Peter, "ve're tae talk naething but Scotch."

"Whit's yours?" said the little man.

said Peter. " Whisky," "That teacher o' yours is no' sae bad if he taught ye that.

"Twa whiskies," said his companion to the barman.

Peter gracefully nodded his acknowledgment of the little man's "Here's tae us" and swallowed his whisky at a gulp. The other followed his example.

"Ay," replied Peter to the barman's questioning glance, at the same time laying a coin on the counter. Two glasses of whisky were placed before

" Naebody asked fur them," said the little man.

" Ah did: Ah 've started ver education. There are whiles when a man three-caird trick or the thum'le and the "At the beginning of the year I com- can ask fur twa whiskies, and whiles pea? But Ah'm warnin' ye; ye're in menced a course in Scotch at a school when he finds articulation kind of pil to 11-W

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Irate Parent, "You've been canin' my boy for 'avin' ten mistakes in 'is 'rithmetic. As it 'appens, I done them sums FOR 'IM. NOW I ASK YOU-DO I LOOK LIKE A MAN AS 'UD MAKE ALL THEM MISTAKES?" Nervous Schoolmaster. "N-N-NO-NOT FROM HERE."

syllabic 'Ay' quite sufficient answer to the barman's meanin' look. Mind that; it's worth something in these days o' short 'oors.'

"Ah 'll mind," said the pupil. "But tell me-whit wey is naebody here wearin' the kilt?"

"Weelmay yeask," Peter said bitterly. "That's whit yer MALLABY-DEELEY an' his self-measurement forms did for Scotland. Humbled a prood race; pit us in breeks."

"Here's tae us," said the little man.

At exactly noon the two found themselves standing in the street, the hospitable door closed behind them. Peter, steady as a rock, supported the little

"Where'sh lodgings?"

"Ludgin's, ma mannie, ludgin's! Ye're forgettin' yer adopted tongue. Get yer bag an' come awa' hame wi' me. Ma wife'll no' mind; Ah've often brought funnier things than you hame frae abroad. We'll get ye ludgin's whaur Ah can keep ma eye on ye; Ah 'm savin' ye up fur Hogmanay nicht. We'll gang tae The Cross an' bring the New Year in; but Ah'll no' promise tae wear a kilt. Ma life insurance disna cover recklessness like that . . . Stan'

deeficult; it's then ye'll find the mono- up, man; Ah'll hae tae get splints fur We will cast the prim decorum yer knees . . . Jings! we mak' a comical pair."

"Here'sh (hic) tae ush," murmured the student of Scotch.

EASTWARD HO!

[Artists are migrating to Brixton owing to the high cost of living in Chelsea. Other sections of the New Poor will doubtless be migrating to even less expensive quarters of London in the near future.]

FARE ye well, O Penge and Tooting, Haunts of boyhood's joy and woe! Now, our household gods uprooting, Brothers, let us rise and go;

Go where life is inexpensive, Seek some gay plebeian scene, Find us roof-trees less extensive In the wilds of Bethnal Green.

There, comparatively thriving, Free from snobbery and caste, Innocent of social striving, We shall live in peace at last;

When Papa is in the City Ma will care for baby Herb, While the nippers (Claude and Kitty) Hawk bananas on the kerb.

When the crescent moon is glancing Silver in a purple sky,

When the naphtha flares are dancing And the butcher shouts, "Buy, buy!" too much of a good thing.

Fostered in a bygone day, Foot it lightly in the forum Where piano organs play;

Patronize the local "pictures," Crack Brazil-nuts on the floor, Rid at last of social strictures From the doctor's wife next-door:

So to supper—fish and 'taters-Mirthful, boisterous and loud. Where the great Sam Isaacs caters For the poor and not too proud.

Shall we miss suburban highbrows, Sales of work, progressive whist, Mrs. Grundy's lifted eyebrows?

No, they never will be missed. Life will be inspiring, tonic, Endless carnival and feast, Banishing for good the chronic Hump. Who follows to the East?

"Nurse (young) would like private post with lady or gentleman about February; excellent horsewoman and keen motorist."

Scotch Paper.

So useful in a sick-room.

"The retiring Mayor paid tribute to the exemplary behaviour of the unemployed, and measures designed to increase unemployment were introduced to the Council."

Local Paper.

On the principle that you cannot have



Steward (passing down the corridor), "TAKE YOUR SEATS FOR THE SECOND LUNCHEON." Little Girl (who has done herself well). "MUMMY, NEED I EXT A SECOND LUNCHEON?"

THE DEAD CAT.

This is a true story, but it is incomplete. It is perhaps better that it should be incomplete.

There was, and is still, a middle-aged single lady, whom we will call Miss Jane Pinkersley, living in a small flat in Kensington. She lives alone with a maid, who does not come into the story at all, and keeps, or rather kept, a cat called, let us say. Thomas. It is only necessary to state further that the flat, in common with a great many other flats, has no garden.

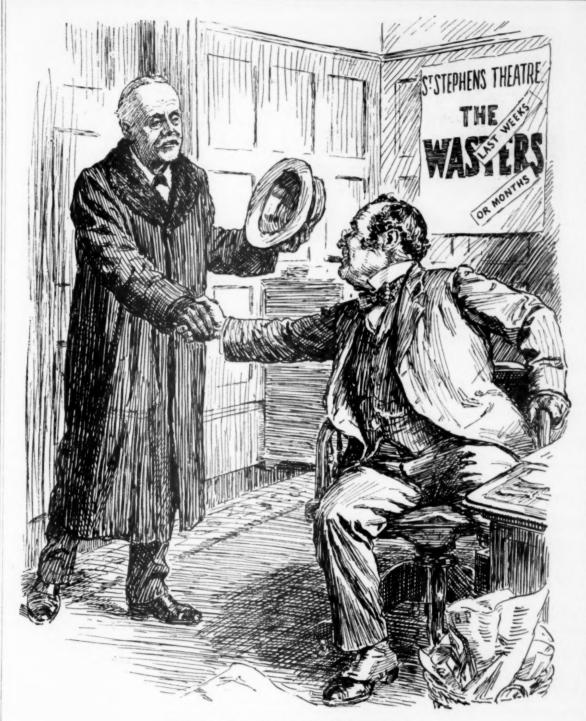
No attempt is being made in telling this story to be funny about the relations of a middle-aged spinster and her cat. Miss Pinkersley was very fond of Thomas, but not ridicu-She had had him some time, and he was company for her in the evenings and kept the mice away; and she was very sorry indeed when, for some reason unknown, poor Thomas sickened and died.

Her natural impulse was to bury him decently. But here her difficulties began. I have mentioned that there was no garden to her flat, and a well-grown cat like Thomas cannot, for reasons which are sufficiently obvious, be interred in, say, a pot of basil, in a very small drawing-room. Miss Pinkersley was not foolish about it, but it did seem heartless to have him taken away by the dustman, even if the dustman would have accepted him as dust; and the idea of cremating him was most repugnant to her, besides being very difficult to carry out in a gas fire.

wrapped in brown paper, into a small inconspicuous leather suit-case, and at twilight she set out for Hyde Park.

She made her way to a quiet spot by the eastern end of the Serpentine, where there are some flower-beds in a hollow, and, finding no one in sight, took out her spade and began her melancholy task. The ground was soft and she was making good progress when she was horrified to find a policeman standing over her, and the next moment she was stammering helplessly in an endeavour to explain what she was doing there. It is feared that she gave but a very poor account of herself, as her distress was intensified by the perhaps reasonable suspicions of the policeman, who insisted on unrolling Thomas from his wrapper to satisfy himself that it was a cat and not a baby she was trying to dispose of. This point being settled, he told her rather gruffly that anyhow she could not bury him there, and had better go home. This she did, being watched all the way into the bus by the policeman, and ultimately arrived, safe but very much upset, back at her flat, with Thomas still in his suit-case. The spade she had lost somewhere on the

Her difficulty was, however, still unsolved. Thomas must be buried, and it was becoming perceptible that Thomas must be buried soon. It suddenly occurred to her that, though her flat had no garden, other people lived in houses that had one; and with a feeling of unspeakable relief she took a pen and wrote explaining the situation to a friend who had a small place some thirty miles from London. Still, something had to be done, and in the end she pur- The friend replied in the friendliest possible manner, and chased a little seaside spade and put it, together with Thomas | Miss Pinkersley started off for Charing Cross more at ease



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THE JEUNE EX-PREMIER.

THE MANAGER. "HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON THE WAY YOU PLAYED 'THE STATESMAN' ON YOUR AMERICAN TOUR. I HOPE I MAY COUNT ON YOU TO TAKE A SIMILAR PART IN THE NEW DRAMA WE'RE CONTEMPLATING JUST NOW."





A FURTHER STAGE IN OUR ART CLUB HANDICAP.

THE CUBIST, IN DEFIANCE OF HIS OWN IDEALS, PROTESTS THAT THE RED IS NOT A PERFECT GLOBE.

in her mind than at any time since Thomas's death. Thomas accompanied her, packed as before.

The train was very full, but, thanks to the courtesy of a young gentleman who gave her his seat, she suffered but little discomfort, and in due course arrived at her destination, where she found her friend waiting for her on the platform. Together they walked to the house, which was only a little distance away, and immediately on arrival gave the precious suit-case to the gardener, with instructions for Thomas's interment. Then they went in to tea, to jest and make light of troubles happily surmounted.

After the meal they strolled out into the garden, and there they found the gardener standing before a hole under a pear-tree in a state of very grave bewilderment. The suit-case lay open upon the ground, and inside it was a complete evening kit for a gentleman attending a formal dinner-party.

The rest of the story, which would deal with the unpacking of Thomas, is, as was suggested at the beginning, perhaps fortunately missing.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From a theatre-notice :-

"One husband essays the task of running with the hounds and hunting with the hare, which, of course, is impossible."—Local Paper.

"Let us just think for one moment that the words of this chorus begin with the tremendous statement, 'Credo in nuum Deum,' and be staggered that they seem to have meant no more to J. S. Bach than they would mean to the average organ-grinder."—Weekly Paper.

We regretfully confess that they do not mean a tremendous lot to us either.

THE TRUTHFUL ANGLER.

When Noah sailed the seas of old with Japhet, Ham and Shem,

As they fished for ichthyosauri he laid this charge on them: "Whatever ye land, whatever ye lose, alike in your age and youth,

When of fishing ye tell, bethink ye well, speak naught but the simple truth."

So they fished and spake as Noah taught, Japher and Shem and Ham;

Never an ounce or an inch of stretch, never a grain of cram; And the awestruck nations listened and swiftly the proverb grew:

"Hunters are sly and archers lie, but a fisherman's tale is true."

When Jonah came to the city, crying, "Yet forty days, Forty last days for Nineveh! See ye amend your ways!" The trembling Ninevites whispered, as they ordered their life anew:

"By the Prophet's tale of a wondrous whale we know that his word is true."

Thus it has been through the ages, almost until to-day; All the world trusted the fisherman, heeded his lightest say; TOBIT and IZAAK WALTON, Dame JULIANA too (Though TOBIT we call apocryphal), doubtless their tales

are true.

But oh! ye latter-day anglers, ye cannot hope to vie With piscatorial Washingtons who knew not how to lie; So when ye fare to the fishing my counsel is plain to you: Though fishes may lack, at the least bring back a tale that is slightly true.



"I WANT A TUNNEL-JUST A CHEAP ONE FOR A CHILD."

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL (MUSICAL) DEBT.

Quite a number of correspondents have written to us to throw light on the controversy started in The Daily Express about the source from which music was first introduced to the Ancient Britons. We have been unable to find room for all their letters and must confine ourselves to a selection, which is yet sufficient to illustrate the unanimity with which they agree to differ among themselves.

INDIGNANT IRELAND.

DEAR SIR,-Melody and Harmony had their home in Ireland thousands of years before they appeared in England, and to Ireland and Ireland alone is England indebted for a boon basely appropriated but never acknowledged. Scotland stole the pipes and for centuries has flaunted that noble instrument as her own special property. The harp, which was already cultivated in the Halls of Tara in pre-Minoan times, was "conveyed" by the Welsh in the early middle ages, imported to the

the early decades of the last century. than in any other part of the British THOMAS MOORE, introduced Irish Melody to English society about the same time, and at the close of the nineteenth century another musician of Irish origin, ARTHUR SULLIVAN, was audaciously claimed as a typical English composer. PURCELL, the glory of an earlier age, unquestionably belonged to the Irish family of that name, of which many rethe county of Cork.

It is high time that another injustice to Ireland should be exposed and that M. PADEREWSKI should acknowledge his true nationality, ingeniously disguised but patently revealed in the first syllable of his Polish alias. With regard to Harmony, I may add that by far the most notable contribution is to be traced to the efforts of that eminent "synthetic Gael," Mr. Elders Chirskine.

I am, Sir, Yours intransigently, PHILOCELT.

CALEDONIA'S CLAIM.

DEAR SIR, - Music is based ultimately

The renegade Anglo-Irish rhymester, Isles. Moreover the proportion of musicians to the total population was, in earlier times, larger than in any other country, as is clearly indicated in the classical reference to the chieftain who marched forth with "fourand-twenty men and five-and-thirty pipers." Even unsympathetic Sassenachs have reluctantly acknowledged the irresistible magic of the pipes and presentatives are still to be found in admitted that the quintessence of the most ultra-modern music is to be found in the description of the strains evoked by a famous Scottish virtuoso, Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus McClan, in mid-Victorian days:

"It was wild-it was fitful-as wild as the breeze

It wandered about into several keys It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I 'm

But still it distinctly suggested an air."

I admit that we have got beyond the phase in the last line. But, when you consider that at the time these verses were written England was under the domination of MENDELSSOHN and other suburbs of London, and thence made on rhythm, and the sense of rhythm is Teutonic influences, enough has been its way to the salons of Mayfair in far more acutely developed in Scotland said to prove that musical enlightenment

came to England from the North and the North alone.

I am, Sir, Yours respectfully, HAMISH MCLURKIN.

THE PLEA OF THE PRINCIPALITY.

DEAR SIR,-The implication that we owe the introduction of music into these Isles to foreigners is nothing short of an outrage and affront to the heroic Principality which has given us the best of mutton and the greatest of Prime Ministers. Documentary evidence exists which proves that partsinging was practised in Wales before the Trojan War and that Eisteddfods antedated the institution of the Olympic Games in ancient Greece by at least three centuries. It is surely significant that the name of England's foremost composer, ELGAB, is an anagram upon Arleg, which in turn is an early variant of Harlech, immortalized in Wales's most famous tune.

Yours indignantly, CARADOC JONES.

A TALE OF TIN AND TYRE.

DEAR SIR,—The late R. L. STEVENSON observed, in The Wrong Box, that "the young of the penny-whistler, like that of the salmon, is occult from observation." This may be so, but careful investigations, conducted for many years, have enabled me to establish beyond doubt the true parentage of that momentous instrument. Briefly summarised my conclusions are as follows: Cornwall has from remotest antiquity been associated with tin-mining, but it was to the Phœnicians, who first exploited the industry, that Cornishmen were indebted for instruction in making, and performing upon, the tin or, as we now call it, the penny whistle. To this interesting race therefore belongs the credit of introducing music, at any rate instrumental music, to the untutored British.

Yours faithfully, ENODOC TRELAWNY.

THE SLAVO-GALLIC "UBGE."

DEAR SIR, -As Mr. Goossens recently remarked, the modern movement in music, which I need hardly say is the only one which counts, began with the present century. The outstanding representatives of this movement are STRAV-INSKY, RAVEL and SCRIABINE. It stands to reason then that music has come to Great Britain chiefly from Russia and France, though to a minor extent we are indebted to negroid influences for the introduction of that epileptic syncopation which is so agreeable a feature in modern dance-music.

Yours faithfully, EDWYN NEWSOME.

"Piano to suit beginner, with legs." Scotch Paper.



Customer. "IS IT REALLY TUDOR? SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT SO; DON'T SEE ANY WORM-HOLES."

Dealer. "AH, SIR, EVEN THE INSECTS DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO DEFACE ITS BEAUTY."

From an Indian gymkhana programme:-" HORSE RACE.

A handicap for Horses. Distance-2 inches." We infer that there was a close finish.

"The Pap controversy has been settled." Indian Paper.

We understand that, after a protracted struggle, Nurse won.

"Firm of Insurance Brokers in Provinces require services of experienced man (not over 30), to develop Fire and Lie departments. Commercial Paper.

We have often thought when reading insurance advertisements that there he should not dedicate them to his Surely hands would be even more useful, must be a catch somewhere.

From a Visitors' List in a Swiss paper: " Mr. H. - with 2 sous, England.

This was presumably inserted towards the close of his visit.

From a school magazine:-

"Perhaps the hors d'œuvre of the evening was --- 's first violin solo."

A very natural error, attributable, no doubt, to his use of the sordine.

"I asked -- if he believed the rumour that Yeats dedicates his poems straight on to the typewriter. He said he didn't."

Evening Paper. Nor do we. But we see no reason why

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN

IT is long since SAMUEL BUTLER-I mean the earlier one, the one that nobody ever writes about-made that wonderfully shrewd couplet which exposes the tendency of people to

... compound for sins they are inclined to By damning those they have no mind to."

The centuries have not impaired its sting; we are still as vulnerable as when Hudibras was devised. All the same I intend to put it on record that other people have the most boring conversational habits.

The day's trouble began with a discussion at breakfast between my host on) as to whether they should go for a on Thursday.

motor-run or play golf. Our host was for golf. "I want to see what you do with the eighth hole," he said. "It's a twister.'

"I want you to see how my new car eats the hills," said the guest.

"What is she?" asked the host.

"A Moonbeam Six," said the guest; and he began to enlarge on her thrust. It was at this moment that I had to leave to catch my train for London, home and duty.

In the carriage two men were comparing notes as to the Day of Rest. Neither had kept

it conspicuously holy. They had gone round instead. Each had gone round They had gone before lunch and again after. The tall clean-shaven barristerial-looking man had broken a record. The other had broken a mashie.

I did not want to hear them, but they had loud penetrating golfing voices. turned to The Times for relief and read that M. BRIAND had taken part in a sixsome under Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S guidance and had held his club wrong.

At Waterloo I changed to the Tube and, in the lift going down, a man next to me told another man that he had never played better in his life than on the St. George's Hill links on Saturday.

"Do you care for so many trees about?" the other asked.

"Well, perhaps not. But what a charming spot all the same! I always the book. You know the third hole-

a man near me made an appointment best kind of ball.

with another man to meet on the following Saturday morning at Walton mark you!-on Saturday, and at three-Heath.

The other man said he would have played better the last time if it hadn't been for the impudence of his caddy. Saucy little brute!

The first man didn't remember and the other man was reminding him of it when the train came in.

In the lift at Knightsbridge a man was telling another man how nothing but a bad slice at the last hole prevented him from winning his match at Addiscombe. He took five to get the wretched ball on to the green and lost by one.

Just before lunch a man came to see and another guest (who was remaining me and asked me to play golf with him

"What's the matter with your fingers, Jones? Rheumatoid arthritis?" "No, SIR- PUT AND TAKE,"

I said I didn't play it.

He clutched the table for support. "But you don't know what you miss," he said. "It's the best game in the world. Keeps you so fit too; gives you an excuse—a reason—for getting out into the open air and walking.

I said that I liked the open air and walking with a pure affection, for their own sake alone, and I hated organised exercise with people shouting "Fore!" behind me.

He said I completely missed the

it would be a wonderful thing for France if, after finishing with boxing, CARPENTIER took up golf and excelled at it. What France needed was athletic sports to steady her.

After lunch I found myself in an feel inspired there. I was driving like armchair between two men who, having -" begun by talking about something sen-

One of them had lost three-three, and-six each this wasn't good enough.

In the first evening paper I bought to read on my way home there was a portrait of JAMES BRAID.

In the second one I bought there was a portrait of M. BRIAND, not because he was the French statesman of the moment, but because he had just played his first round at golf.

The lady whom I took down to dinner said, during the fish, that, if she could drive only half as well as she could putt, her state would be beatific. Her dread of death was mitigated by anticipation of delicious games on the Elysian Links.

During the sweet I heard her tell the man on her other side that her

dread of death was mitigated by anticipation of delicious games on the Elysian Links.

After dinner, when the men were left alone, I told the story of my monotonous day.

"I sympathise with you," said my host; "golfing talk is the worst of all. By the way," he went on, "I had a very narrow shave coming home this evening. A fellow cut right across me in an Austin, and nothing but the excellence of my brakes saved me."

"What is your car?" another guest inquired. And in a moment they were all talking

gear and cylinders. Is there no escape? E. V. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RATTLESNAKE" (SHAFTESBURY).

THE rattlesnake on his native heath is, I understand, "rather sluggish . . . tries to slink away when cornered." There was little of sluggishness or of slinking away about young Harry Latimer, of Charleston, South Carolina, on a June night of the year of grace 1774. A ball is in progress, attended At lunch at the Club a man said that by His Britannic Majesty's starred and gartered representative. Overnight our Harry has raided the armoury and powder-magazine under the nose of the local garrison, and, worse, has thought fit to be funny about it. Will he dare to put in an appearance? "Certainly," say the "Colonials;" "Harry always keeps his engagements." "If he does," On the platform at Piccadilly Circus sible, got into an argument over the retort the fire-eating officers of the garrison, "he shall rue it, by blank!"

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LITERATURE FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"A GOODLY APPLE BOTTEN AT THE HEART."-Merchant of Venice.

Rattle without. Enter very debonair snake, preceded by badly-damaged giant of a black footman, and before the happy evening closes he is blithely pledged to three duels at dawn, and is forced into one there and then with his own fatherin-law. A very spirited and jolly affair throughout. Salvoes of well-merited applause.

Five years pass, four of them years of war. The old ball-room is now the (very informal) headquarters of the defence of Charleston, besieged by PREvost and within three days of starvation. The portrait of King George has been replaced by the colour of the Second Regiment (in which Captain Harry Latimer is serving), with the device, "Don't tread on me!" So far as Harry is concerned, everybody and everything conspire to do it now.

That preposterous old die-hard, Andrew Carey, Harry's father-in-law, is working with fanatical zeal to betray the defence's plans to the British and, with the unwitting help of Mrs. Harry, to fix the guilt on her husband and so scotch two snakes with one stone. Harry's old rival in love, Captain co-operates; John Rutledge, the civilian thought Harry to have more rattle than Rutledge. Mr. Fisher White and Mr. will turn out to be double-faced.

For the rest it would not be fair to competent authors, Messrs. HAROLD opportunities intelligently. TERRY and RAFAEL SABATINI, expend much pains in getting our poor Rattlesnake into a tight corner of suspicion and getting him out of it with rattle still undamaged. And very well they or impossible devices than is customary.

By the way, it would perhaps be as well if that loaded pistol dropped by the heroine in the last Act were removed by an orderly instead of remaining within easy reach of a dangerous lunatic. And I don't believe it to be necessary that the crowd at the inquiry should steal silently away and leave the lovers to their kiss of reconciliation. It lets the wind out of the affair in a disconcerting way. Would not a better curtain be the restoring of Harry's sword? The kiss could be hastily thrown in.

Mr. MILTON ROSMER made a gallant and sufficiently plausible and human Mandeville, a British spy, cordially figure of Harry Latimer. A better written part, excellently played by Mr. grave, and half amused." Governor of Charleston, who had always EDWARD O'NEILL, was that of John If Nelson goes on like this we fear he

bite, suspects the constant leakage of Franklin Dyall were two very pretty news to the enemy to be due to Harry's villains, the former particularly putimprudent trust in his father-in-law's ting into the none too credible part of Andrew Carey real fire and passion. As heroines go Miss Cathleen Nesbitt say more than that the ingenious and had a poor chance, but took her slender

This was no bad moment of time to revive the old and ever new drama of the conflict between Liberty and Loyalty, Dreamer and Die-hard. Our sympathies in the present case were with do it, with much less reliance on absurd the rebels, but we could all have wished that the British officers had been given rather better manners.

"LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Viscount Grey, K.C., will speak at the Colston Hall, Bristol, on Tuesday, January 10th, at 8 p.m. Grown Recital at 7.30." West Country Paper

We are glad to say that the hostile demonstration did not come off.

"CHILDREN'S COURT.

Present: Mr. G. J. Thrasher (in the chair)." Local Paper.

What do our humanitarians say to that?

From a magazine-story :--

"Nelson Lee was looking half grim, half

GILBERTIANA.

THE curious law of Nature which ordained that every new-born babe must belong to one of two great political parties might well furnish the sentry in Palace Square with food for philosophical reflection. But the infant of to-day has a much wider range of possibilities than when Iolanthe was first produced forty years ago. He (or she) might be a little Liberal Coalitionist, or a little Conservative Coalitionst, or a little Wee Free, or a little Younger Unionist (though the Union has disappeared), or a little Official Labourite, or a little Independent Labourite.

Like GILBERT I have discreetly avoided mention of Irish factions. Yet, if he had been living now and in his prime it would have been hard for him to ignore so Gilbertian a chance as the scene, for instance, which followed the election of the new President of Dail Eireann-a body, it will be remembered, consisting of British M.P.'s, chosen as representatives of certain constituencies in Ireland at the last election of Members of the Westminster Parliament. I should have liked to have his version of the proceedings (conducted in the hated foreign tongue of England) in which the successor of a Dago-American President refused to answer "any damned question from an Englishman," and had his Welsh origin sniffed at by a Republican member of the Polish aristocracy. Yet I doubt if GILBERT would have utilized such an episode. He was too good an artist to borrow a situation more Gilbertian than himself.

* * * It has been commonly remarked how little the lapse of time has affected the freshness of Gilbert's libretti, even when he dealt with a passing vogue. His ridicule, in Iolanthe, of the Hereditary Chamber still makes its appeal at a moment when the Conservative Party (to which most of the Peers belong) is clamorous in its demand for a reform of the Upper House; and when the claim of the Lords to have the right to sit, if elected, in Another Place, for the wider exercise and recognition of their brain-power, is said to have the weighty support of the present "susceptible Chancellor."

The fact is that the younger members of the audiences at the Prince's Theatre don't worry much about the antiquity of political or other allusions (what, for instance, is Captain Shaw to them?) so long as they can feast on their favourite airs. Take the Earl of Mountararat's song-

"When Britain really ruled the waves," of which the motive is to suggest that

or nothing to the nation's greatness, and that their best course is to continue to abstain from taking part in affairs :-

"And while the House of Peers withholds Its legislative hand, And noble statesmen do not itch To interfere with matters which

They do not understand. As bright will shine Great Britain's rays As in King George's glorious days.

SULLIVAN, with a nice sense of humour, set those words to a sort of patriotic air. This appears to have misled the Upper Circle, for the insistence of their demand for encore after encore was clearly not due to their disapproval of the Lords' Veto (which no longer exists), but rather to an overwhelming spasm of misplaced patriotic fervour.

* * * Though I trust that I am a true worshipper of Sullivan's art, I shall dare to think that it is GILBERT's share in these operas that has contributed most to their distinctive quality, when compared with other work in this kind. Anyhow, it is the first business of every member of the company to get the words safely over the footlights. GIL-BERT, I'm sure, would bear me out in this view. Sullivan's music can take care of itself; it does not require any great gift of execution, except perhaps in some of the concerted passages. But clear diction is essential, and there are one or two who forget this.

As for the acting, intelligence is needed, but little more. Most of the characters play themselves, or seem to. In the revival of Pinafore, Mr. DARRELL FANCOURT'S performance of Dick Deadeye was a shade too clever. His obtrusions in a most repellent make-up were excessive for so small and obscure a part and emphasized the extreme improbability of such a wreck being tolerated in a crew of able-bodied tars.

* * *

There is better excuse for an actor to embroider the author's design in a purely frivolous part. Mr. HENRY LYTTON allows himself a liberal licence in this respect, and his gratuitous buffooneries appear to be a very popular feature among the less orthodox. Mr. LEO SHEFFIELD, on the other hand, never or hardly ever-forgets, even at his funniest, to be a model of correct solemnity. No one in the company so well Hippo-hippi-rah for the erudite editor! understands that an unmoved gravity is absolutely necessary to the interpretation of GILBERT's typical humour. Mr. Sheffield never goes wrong, except when, as in *The Mikado*, he is tempted astray by Mr. LYTTON.

* * * The season has been an inexhaustible | Eireann.

the House of Peers contributed little delight, and it is good to think how much more of it is yet to come. I may seem to be going back on my earlier remarks if I say that of all the operas I have seen in this revival I find, in retrospect, that I am most obliged for the one that is least "Gilbertian"-The Yeoman of the Guard; and, of isolated numbers, for "Is life a boon?"—very beautifully rendered by Mr. DEREK OLDHAM-in this same work. But then that is the way of serious sentiment when it takes the accustomed place of humour. For laughter is a great solvent of hearts, and not only prepares us for tears, but yields to them the first claim on our remembrance.

TWO LONDON INNS.

I .- THE KING'S HEAD AND EIGHT BELLS.

THE KING is come to London town With lords and ladies fair; He wears his robes and golden crown And minds not how we stare; With an Ah, ha, ha! and an Oh, ho, ho! Our caps into the air we throw.

Old Noll removed our bells and said That they were sinful things; But we've hung eight more in their stead.

And each one bravely swings; With lusty pulls and an eight-times-

We ring CHARLES back to his estate.

II .- THE CROWN AND TWO CHAIRMEN. The QUEEN's chair comes swinging, So bend your backs low; Her chairmen are bringing Great ANNE to Soho, Where THORNHILL, his brushes And Art well in hand. Is painting her portrait By Royal Command.

The chairmen together Resort to a Sign And keep out the weather By putting in wine; Their host feels the honour And over his dcor Records both the fellows And HER whom they bore.

"'This is admirably illustrated in Browning's "Fra hippo hippi." "-Editor."

Educational Paper.

From the proceedings of the Army Athletic Association we learn that among the events at the Championship meeting will be "Throwing the Discuss." We believe that the existing record is held by the SPEAKER of Dail wor nay lier eras rethe The ted rery REK hen ent e of solare first

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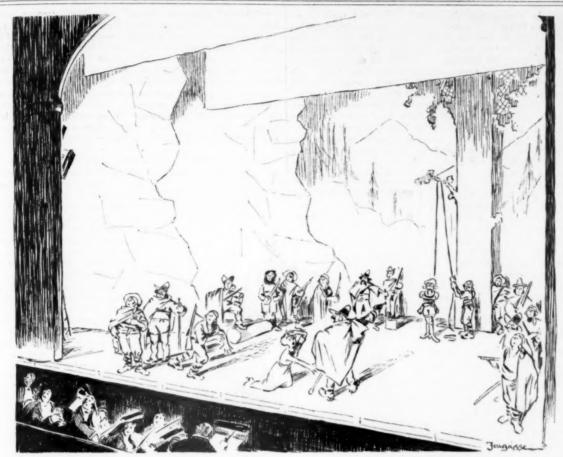
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Voice from the gods. "It's all right, Miss. Don't you take on so. They're only doing it for the pictures."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. J. C. Snaith is not the first novelist to see in a great newspaper magnate the modern equivalent of the Loathly Worm of mediæval folk-lore, and set a bold young politician, aided by his charming fiancée, tilting against the monster; but he is the first, so far as I know, to involve the knighterrant himself in a secret society only one degree less pestilential than the menace it seeks to destroy. It is this shrewd ranging of two extreme fanaticisms, that of Saul Hartz, proprietor of the Universal Press, and that of The Council of Seven (COLLINS), a body of unscrupulous and anarchical "friends of humanity," before and behind John Endor, M.P., and his American bride, which gives a piquant intellectual interest to what is in any case a very vivacious and accomplished piece of sensationalism. The ordinary reader who, like myself, has only Mercutio's malediction for both Trusts and Secret Tribunals, will echo an impartial "plague o' both your houses" when he finds Helen, who has flung up her journalistic future with the Universal Press, confronted by her lover's entanglement with the mysterious Vehmgericht of the title; and he will congratulate her as heartily as I do on that enthusiast's escape from his uncanny and furtive commitments. He will also, or I am much mistaken, appreciate the up-to-date humours of the young couple's triumphant by-election.

Miss Muriel Hine makes one of the women in her new book, Torquil's Success (LANE), impart to the hero some curious natural history about that mysterious bird, the cuckoo. When I had decided that it was not meant as a joke I began to wonder whether her human history was more trustworthy. I am inclined to think not. Her Torquil is a very disagreeable young man, who wins fame with a first novel, which, in spite of a year at Cambridge, he is much too limited in his knowledge of the world to have written at all well. Neither has he that sterling strength and sincerity which may outweigh all deficiencies. He falls in love with his publisher's wife, a gracious lady, the pattern of propriety in spite of her habit of having young men to stay in the house when she is alone, but soon abandons his worship of her to marry an improbably fast and fascinating society beauty, who uses him as a shield against the consequences of her passion for a married man. It is only when Torquil's faith in his own attractions has been shattered that he becomes a bearable and probable personality. Miss HINE, who can really write better books than this one, sympathetically says that "a reviewer's life is not that of honey; but what she calls the "usual weariness" would be much less general if the average novel took its inspiration, not as this one does, from other average novels, but from real life.

In Mr. Warrington Dawson's The Gift of Paul Clermont (Heinemann) the friendship between an old man and a

youth is charmingly delineated. The old man is an American living in France, a recluse who has dedicated his last years to the writing of philosophical treatises. If the reader fears for the moment lest this Mr. Aubert should play the part, so familiar in fiction, of the crusty old bachelor who quite unnecessarily masks a soft heart with repellent manners, he is presently to be reassured; for the veteran, after manifesting no more than a natural hesitation to adopt a stray French child of dubious parentage, yields to the wistful appeal of little Paul Clermont, sadly ill-used at home. Thenceforward Aubert, who narrates the story in his own person, effacing himself, presents the development of Paul's character under the most painful vicissitudes, which culminate in the German invasion. The contrast between the monotonous, rather sordid and miserly and value, already great, are bound to become greater with

life of the French village, set in its fair and delicate landscape, and the sudden flaming out of the noble spirit of France at the sound of the tocsin, is admirably drawn. I think that the author intended to present in Paul the incarnation of the spirit of France, for he becomes (if anything) a trifle too perfect. Mr. Dawson's vivid picture of the inconceivable savagery of the Huns is drawn with restraint and a strict regard for facts.

Miss JULIET WILBOR TOMP-KINS is the bravest author that I have ever met. She allows the hero of Joanna Builds a Nest (PAGE) to have little seablue eyes (the italics are mine: I can't help them). What is more, his eyes stay little right to the end of the book. Of course I know that people whose eyes are of less than average size do live and love and marry, but they are not generally encouraged to do these things in novels. How they will enjoy this book! It is exceptional in other ways too, for it is all about how Joanna bought a very ordinary country house and turned it into a very charming one. There are plans

of the house "before and after," very nice plans, but a real | architect to whom I showed them looked wistful and quoted COLLEY CIBBER'S "old houses mended cost little less than new before they're ended." The nest-building instinct is so strong in most people that Joanna's doings are sure to give pleasure to many readers over and above what they get from much pleasant humour in the book principally about lady-"helps." Joanna herself is a really delightful person and the hero talks nicely and does nicely; but still I don't quite like those little eyes.

If you are looking for fiction of the sedative sort I should like to draw your attention to Mr. Paul (CAPE). It is perhaps curious to speak thus of a book whose main theme is a quarrel, but apart from an incident in which a termagant lady makes an excellent shot with a bucket of water Miss GERTRUDE BONE is more concerned with the effect of the squabble upon her hero than with the thing itself. Mr. Paul was a Nonconformist preacher, distinguished by We fear Lord ROBERT CECIL will not be pleased.

a nobility of character beyond my wildest dreams. In Wiat, near which village he had a small place of worship, a sudden squall sprang up because a pushing fellow started a bus in opposition to the old-established one. Over this rivalry the Rev. Enoch Paul found his flock split into factions, and made determined efforts to repair the cleavage. Miss Bone has a real feeling for the sights and sounds of the country-side, and she realizes how easily trifles can in a moment be magnified into matters of the first importance, and also how astoundingly dangerous a persistent gossip can be. If she has failed with her principal character the reason is that she has not allowed for the imperfections of mortality.

Ymes to Verdun (Country Life) is a book whose interest

the progress of the years, since its record is of things that are now passing away. In September, 1919, Sir Alexander Ken-NEDY visited the War areas and took over a hundred views from Ypres to Verdun. A few months later he made a second visit, and we have the result of his labours in a collection of nearly two hundred and fifty photographs. I cannot conceive any more eloquent monument of what our friends and allies had to suffer, for the photographs were taken before the work of reconstruction had really been begun. Excellent letter-press is included in this volume, which is so delightfully produced that those of us who buy it to give away should have considerable difficulty in parting with it.



BRIGHTENING PUBLIC FUNCTIONS. UNVEILING A STATUE AND ITS SCULPTOR SIMULTAREOUSLY.

Until Greensea Island (MILLS and Boon) came my way I was unacquainted with the novels of Mr. VICTOR BRIDGES, but if this book is a fair sample of them he is a man to be recommended to all who take no shame of their delight in so-called shockers. I cannot place this yarn in the absolutely top (and very limited) class of sensational fiction. For

one reason I do not see how anybody can fail to guess too soon where the buried treasure was hidden. And again, though this is a minor matter, Mr. BRIDGES is too liberal in his details of eating and drinking. Not for a moment did I want to know that the hero, always in danger of his life, "feasted sumptuously on roast saddle of mutton and a bottle of Burgundy." I wanted him to get on with the work. But this impatience is testimony enough that the work was worth getting on with.

- had rendered 'Petit It is hoped that the Entente will survive this shock.

From an Indian band-programme:-

"Two Melodies from the League of Nations -(a) 'Dream Bubbles' Ager (b) 'What about it' Darewski."

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CHARIVARIA.

very angry with Sir George Younger, but we hasten to deny the cruel rumour that our poets don't move more in that he has commissioned Mr. Winston circles where "gentlemen are re-CHURCHILL to paint a portrait of Sir quested to wear gloves." GEORGE in boiling oils.

Sir George is Younger still.

GEORGE is the sort of man who will have her to torture the thing, but snatch it mirers of Mr. Kellaway point with

it when he doesn't like, if he likes to.

We understand that Sir Auckland Geddes has cabled to the London newspapers asking them to supply him with fuller details of his resignation as British Ambassador at Washington.

" The Sunday Express" (according to The Sunday Express) " is not against the Franco-British Pact." After this, of course, M. Poin-CARÉ will have only himself to blame if anything goes wrong with it.

A new society, havbrightening of London,

Mr. JUSTICE DARLING has been asked to quinine. lay the foundation of a new joke.

in the Divorce Court by telephone.

The Bristol City Council have been asked for the loan of a statue. London never seems to have any luck like that.

A daily paper draws attention to the benefits of wireless to farmers. Hunting men have long advocated its use in fences.

"If America were eliminated from the world now," declares Mr. ALFRED Noves, "I feel there would be no hope for Europe." We agree that it would

In a poem called A Victory Dance, Mr. Noves mentions "a fat wet hand Mr. Lloyd George is reported to be on a fat wet back." Our Houndsditch correspondent thinks it a great pity

"Nowadays," declares an eminent "The Coalition," we learn from a specialist, "a doctor's first concern is contemporary, "is still young." At the with the patient's teeth." If the patient encouraged. same time it must not be forgotten that has anything, that is where it will be.

"The PRIME MINISTER cannot have of Hygiene, is of the opinion that the up film-acting. a General Election just when he likes," household cat harbours the influenza says an Independent Liberal M.P. The germ. Should your cat be seen playing general impression is that Mr. LLOYD with a germ on the mat do not allow has just been delivered in Sussex. Ad-

ing for its object the OR 'ABBOAD'?"

has just been formed. It is said that away and drown it in a bucket of

It is announced that the World Court Incidentally it would give a great will assemble at the Hague on Januimpetus to this movement if those in ary 30th. Eminent jurists consider that search of gaiety could book their seats the World may think itself lucky if it gets off with two years hard.

> Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in a recent magazine article, tells us what he intends to do when he gets to Heaven. This seems to suggest that the Colonial SECRETARY is losing none of his oldtime optimism.

> Tram-conductors in Prague salute passengers as they alight by saying, version of this courtesy is "Push-off."

be unwise to act hastily in the matter. Agriculture in the Obregon Cabinet, Rugby football on the home.

has started a new revolt in Mexico. We understand that, to prevent confusion with the one started the previous day, it is to be marked with a small cross in the top left-hand corner.

A household hint reminds us that a feature of the pre-war kitchen was the gleaming copper. In these economical days cook's policeman - cousin is not

There is a persistent rumour that Dr. Grant Ramsay, of the Institute Lady Diana Duff-Cooper has taken

A letter posted in Devonshine in 1903

pride to the fact that several of his predecessors left this task unaccomplished.

Postmen in the Highlands have been going about on ski. We are unable to obtain confirmation of a rumour that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is having the London telegraph-boys trained in the use of the pogo-stick.

Sixty-three persons were lynched in the United States last year. The comparative insignificance of the figures shows how largely this old - fashioned method has been superseded by the motor-car.

That the strike at the diamond mines was not unforeseen is evident from the fact that many of the New Rich seem to have taken the precaution of stocking their cellars.

London barbers are said to be dealing in pianos. It is hoped that this may help to bring about an end of the old estrangement between the musician and the hairdresser.

With reference to the importation of three thousand gramophones into this country, there is some talk of the Government being asked to pass a Safeguarding of Sanity Bill.

"We have been honoured by your presence." In London the abbreviated of the old unseemly scrummaging and A contemporary notes the absence mauling among ladies at the January sales. In some quarters this is attri-Senor VILLA REAL, ex-Minister of buted to the refining influence of female

INSPIRATION AND EXPIRATION.

Being an account of a tragic disaster which followed the publication of Mr. EUSTACE MILES's new homily, entitled " Healthy Breathing."]

THERE on the hearth-rug stood my Muse. Cocking my ears, I sat and waited To stenograph the lady's views Extemporaneously dictated. A silence almost more than I could bear Hung in the torpid air.

Where were the thoughts that once a week Forth from her punctual brain came seething? I listened, but she did not speak; Only I heard her heavily breathing In one or more of those peculiar styles Laid down by Mr. MILES.

Sudden she flung her nostrils wide And drew an out-size inhalation; The wind that filled her full inside (Called by the trade an "inspiration") Had such a volume that I feared the worst, Thinking that she would burst.

A dreadful while she held her breath, Visibly swelled by that afflatus; Then in a hush as still as death She opened out a huge hiatus Between her lips and, shortly after that, Expired upon the mat.

To EUSTACE I attach no blame; Of carelessness he stands acquitted; She was misled because the same One word a two-fold sense admitted; Through her own error she will breathe no more, Not on this hither shore.

This means a vacuum in the space Kept for my doggrel's weekly capers, Unless immediately I place Some poignant prose in other papers-Those Agony Columns which a fellow uses O. S. To advertise for Muses.

SAVED BY A HAGGIS.

I ALWAYS celebrate the 25th of January. Yet I am not a devotee of Burns. I am not even Scotch. I could not tell you what a "willie waught" is, or give you the proper pronunciation of "ouskie." Still, I, a Londoner, consume once a year that strange dark sinister concoction known as haggis. To me the very name of it is hallowed. Let me tell you how it once stepped into the breach (I speak in metaphor) and saved one of the most difficult situations of my life.

Most of us have short memories. How many remember that the first Meatless Day in London fell on January 25th, 1918? I had not reckoned on the new order when I sent out invitations to my dinner-party. Too late I realised my mistake. With a sinking heart I planned a menu of fish and eggs. I relied on patriotism to do the rest.

had lunched. One man said that at the -- (naming a anathema against scrambled eggs, which were all he had Belgrave Square, S.W. 1.

been able to secure; while a third spoke with much feeling and concentrated bitterness against grilled cod. They seemed unanimous in their antipathy to a diet of fish and

As I listened I shivered and grew cold. Here were strong men crying out for meat. What would they say to my vol-au-rent, my soufflé, my Scotch wood-cock—mere food

for babes?

Evidently none of them suspected that I had been patriotic enough to keep to the exact letter of the Meatless Day order. When the gong sounded everybody rose and surged towards the dining-room with undisguised alacrity. The hors d'œuvre, the vegetable soup, the first course of fish, seemed but to whet their appetites. They now began to look expectant. I lowered my eyes, dreading to see their expressions when the bean rissoles were placed before them.

There was a slight pause and then Henry spoke. It was a tense moment. Looking at me across the table he said, "By the way, I've played a little joke on you, my dear. Do you know what day this is?"

"A meatless day," I replied with fervour.

"But it's the 25th of January as well-Burns' night, you know. So I got some haggis, and let cook into the secret. Now, where my fun comes in is to see how you

English people face it."

It was brought in just then, not one but two haggises-I'm not sure if that is the correct plural. To the uninitiated let me explain that haggis is the most satisfying food in the world. It is full of body, of strange pungent flavour; it is strong, succulent, satiating. Everybody present had two helpings of haggis. Then they lost interest in the courses that were to follow. Haggis makes you feel like that, you know. It is what you call the dominant note of any repast. How I blessed it at that moment! How heartily did I thank a kindly Providence that had ordained a Scotsman for my husband! How I toasted Burns not only as a poet but as a public benefactor!

But at the close of the meal I began to have qualms. "Henry," I inquired, "is haggis meat? If so, we have all

broken the Meatless Day ordinance."

Henry raised his hand solemnly. "It is not for us," he said, "to question what haggis is. We do not ask why the sun shines, the flowers spring up, the buds burst into blossom. Neither need we inquire into the composition of haggis."

A murmur of assent ran round the table.

"Rather," continued Henry, "let us drink to haggis in whisky neat; it is a Scottish custom."

The murmur of assent grew louder.

That is why I celebrate Burns' Day every year. It is because I hold haggis in grateful remembrance. "Fair fa' your honest sonsie face," say I-at least I would say it if were sure the thing has a face at all. I revere haggisnay more, I eat haggis; but what it is made of remains a mystery to me to this day.

It is better so.

Winter and the Unemployed.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in supporting the appeal of the Marchioness of CARISBROOKE for help for the Winter Distress League, of which she is patron. There is not My guests arrived hungry. Some of them seemed to be enough public money to support the million-and a half of almost famishing. When we were all assembled they unemployed. The object of the League, which works talked of nothing but food, and of how inadequately they through existing organisations, is to raise funds and provide clothing for these sufferers during the hard time of winter. famous restaurant) they had given him a bloater as the Gifts of money, clothing and material should be addressed principal dish at his mid-day meal; another broke out into to The Honorary Secretary, Winter Distress League, 20,



A SUPREME COUNSEL.

M. BRIAND (to his Successor). "CONTINUE, MY FRIEND; BUT, ABOVE ALL, BEWARE OF GOLF. IT WAS THROUGH GOLF THAT I FELL."



Small but surfeited Cupid. "Munny, I must say I shan't be sorry when all these balls are over,"

TASTE IN TITLES.

WHENEVER an Honours List conthere ensues a period during which the nation waits in breathless suspense while the new Peers decide how they will henceforward be known. The delay suggests that the honour conferred upon them has taken them utterly by surprise, otherwise they would have had their beautiful new names all ready for immediate announcement. And when at length they admit having made up their minds and titles it almost invariably turns out that they have chosen designations by which they are ever after quite unrecognisable.

There is a deplorable lack of originality or inventiveness in this matter, for the imagination.

For instance, when a Barony is conferred upon Andrew McKipper, the

Peace, he withdraws himself from the public view for at least ten days-one taining a few new Peerages is published fancies into a hushed and darkened mansion-in order to think out a handsome new label for himself. But when the result of his deliberations is given to the world it is a moral certainty that a man whose name has been a household word will have elected to be known as Lord Inverumtum, or Lord Glenwowwow or Lord Aberever.

I am writing in a remote part of [ED.-Your postmark does not corroborate this]-I am writing without books of reference within easy reach. But it would be interesting to know, if anybody has-what I haven't-the energy to make the necessary research, exactly how many Glens and Invers and Abers which would seem to offer such scope there are in the Peerage. I have reason to believe that the figures would be astounding.

For my own part I find that when eminent fish-curer who did so much for Lord Glenwowwow or Lord Inverum- maternal surnames. With this for a

the herring industry during the Great tum or Lord Aberever has delivered a pronouncement on some burning question of the hour I have to postpone appreciation of his weighty words until I have looked him up in Who's Who to discover his qualifications to utter weighty words. And by the time I have come across a Who's Who

> Anyhow it just shows that Peers who choose their titles in this haphazard way are liable to have to make their reputations all over again if they wish to be listened to with any attention. It would be in their own interests if the strenuous men who are ennobled at the present day would break away from the geographical style that only confuses them with an effete aristocracy dating from the Victorian era.

> To this fashion there are, of course, brilliant exceptions. Lord LEVER-HULME, for one, has rather underlined his personality than obscured it by making a compound of his paternal and

model there are limitless possibilities -Lord Evansbrown, Lord Potteriones. Lord Smithwilliams.

Lord BEAVERBROOK, too, with characteristic enterprise had opened up fresh fields that might have given us a Lord Wallabytrack, a Lord Cariboulick, a Lord Springbokveldt, a Lord Buffalowallow, a Lord Dingoscrub, or a Lord Skuterswamp. The Empire's resources seemed inexhaustible. Unhappily the Dominions, by discouraging titles of any kind, slammed the gate of this attractive zoological garden.

Still, the ideal title should epitomise the career that has gained it. So far this has not been done. I give some examples to illustrate my meaning. having in mind men who have not vet joined the Peerage, but are not unlikely to do so at any moment. The reader should have no difficulty in identifying Lord Yottingtea, Lord Britlingbungay and Lord Kellaphone. But the reader must understand that no prizes are offered for correct solutions.

THE VICTORIAN REVIVAL.

THERE are signs of a coming boom in objects of virtu of the Early-Victorian era, and Mr. Punch has been privileged to cull the following "Answers to Correspondents" from an impending issue of The Antiquarian and Bric-a-Brac Hunters' Weekly :-

Wax Fruit.—Your piece is not by Bilgewood. The grouping and the arrangement of the fruit, it is true, is in Bilgewood's characteristic style, but the finish is slovenly and the colouring does not display the Master's love of sharp contrast. Moreover, the round red object at the base of the main pyramid of fruit is not, as you seem to think, the red pippin apple which appears in all Bilgewood's work up to 1842; it appears to us rather to represent a tomato, a fruit which was not common in England until the 'seventies, and we regard it as final proof that your piece is of a later date and of obscure origin. The glass-case, however, is clearly by Nello, of Soho, and dates between 1845 and 1847.

ANTIMACASSARS .- The six antimacassars you submitted are not a set, one piece showing a minute variation in the symbolical motif of marigolds and daisies which is uniform in the other five. Of these five we must say at once that they seem to be poor copies of the exquisite "Coronation" antimacassars which came to light last year and were forthwith lost to the nation for ever on being acquired by Mr. Ephraim T. Bangs, of Chicago.

AMATEUR.—The description of your



THE OLD FORMULA.

Complete Angler (to brother rod). "YES, CHARLIE; AT CHRISTMAS 'E GIVE ME A CIGAR ABOUT AS LONG AS THAT, AN' I RECKON IT WEIGHED A QUARTER OF A POUND IF IT WEIGHED AN OUNCE."

can form no opinion without seeing it. There must still be many valuable examples in the country which have yet to be discovered. Only last month, in your part of Wiltshire, a dilettante picked up for a few pounds an Early-Victorian patriotic wool-work under the impression that it was a Jane Durble-a pupil, of course, of the great | Leicester Galleries. Prudence Fotheringale-and colour was given to this belief by the fact that the subject was the PRINCE CONSORT, a favourite study of Jane Durble during be sure to meet with improving society. her later period. When however the You will find, however, that competiwork was in the hands of the cleaners it became apparent that it represented, not the PRINCE CONSORT, but QUEEN for the reason that South Kensington ADELAIDE, and the experts are con- is within such easy distance of the wool-work is very interesting, but we vinced that it is no less than the long- Albert Memorial.

lost QUEEN ADELAIDE of Priscilla Proodholme. It has the unmistakable Proodholme softness of delineation combined with the delicacy and restraint of her 1839-1843 manner, and there is little doubt that it will prove to be the companion to the priceless wool-work portrait of WILLIAM IV., at present in the

COUNTRY STUDENT .- You could not do better than to set up a studio in South Kensington, where you would tion is very keen for studios in this district, in spite of the exorbitant rents,

PANIC.

On the golf-links at Barnaby Down there is a very remarkable goat.

I told Allardyce that I had practically ceased to play golf, and he praised my good judgment, but said that Barnaby Down was not strictly speaking a links, but a wild moorland place in which men golfed less for the sake of the game than because they were students of nature and lovers, as the Americans say, of the

Great Outdoors.

I should say that this was true. The course, when we got to it, did not seem to have been laid out by any of the great golfing architects who write for the papers, but by some sad and lonely man who had gone out into the heather and furze with eighteen flags and stuck them in wherever he found a patch of green. The spirit of romance was strong upon us, and we decided to do without caddies. Perhaps it was a pity. After about two holes I found myself murmuring that immortal quatrain of the poet's:

"He said, 'I search for haddocks' eyes Among the heather bright And work them into waistcoat buttons In the silent night."

I think "The Haddock's Eye" would be a good name for this new golf-ball of which they write so much.

Nevertheless there were one or two patches of grass on this golf-links which were not used as greens. On one of these we found the goat. It was dingy-white in colour, with long hair and horns, and had been tethered to a stake by a long rope. Allardyce lay near it with his drive from the fifth tee. I had then

played, I think, four.

Allardyce is a man who waggles such a long time before making his shot that one begins to think it is never going to be zero-hour at all. One gets a sense of eternity. As he was waggling for this stroke, with his eyes glued on the ball and his head very steady indeed, a strange thing occurred. The white goat came up and stood close behind him and the bunker. began to waggle its head in exact time with the motions of his wrists and arms. I have no doubt in my mind what the goat intended to do. It intended to waggle at Allardyce as long as he waggled at the ball, and to strike is a blind hole, and I drove a short ball when he struck. Something or other to the left, Allardyce a long ball to moor, it may be-aroused Allardyce's suspicions. He stopped waggling, turned round and looked at the goat. He waved his iron at it.

"Shoo!" he said. The goat moved a few yards away and began to nibble. Allardyce readdressed the ball, and the goat moved up and re-addressed Allardyce.

movement. Evidently he had no intention of sparing his shot. Nor had the goat. It was standing upon its back I saw Allardyce's head lift slowly, and his face, white and startled, turned round over his left shoulder. Panic had struck him-just in time. In another moment it would have been the goat.

"Curse the thing!" he said. "Can't you drive it away? What does one say

to goats?"

"I don't know a bit," I told him. "I come of Lowland stock. It's 'Itecapella' in VERGIL, as far as I remember. But that would only do for Italian goats. Besides I don't think this one is a capella. It seems to me-

"Look here, I'm going to bash the brute on the head," he shouted, brand-

ishing his iron.

The goat took no notice, but cropped (yes, that is the right term)—cropped the herbage.

" My hole if you do," I said. "Why on earth?" he asked.

"The goat," I explained, "is not a wild goat. It has been put here, put here for a purpose. It is a club goat. It must be meant for a kind of potbunker, circumscribed by the extent of its tether. If you strike the goat then you have grounded your club-

"Oh, shut up!" he said.

"Well, I wouldn't hit it, anyway. It has a nasty gleam in its eye. Try waggling again.

"It's going to butt," he said. "It does seem like it," I admitted,

but it may not. Perhaps it only admires you. You have very beautiful knickerbockers. It may think you are Mr. Tolley. 'Tolle moras,' "I went on, not very lucidly. "Say 'shoo' again."

Allardyce made a savage impromptu swipe at his ball, which hopped fifteen yards into the heather. It was far enough, though. It cleared the edge of

Naturally enough after this the man's nerves went all to pieces. He lost that hole and the two next, but recovered a little at the turn and was two up when we drove from the fourteenth tee. This the almost uncanny stillness of the the right. My ball was in the rough, Allardyce's lay on a clear patch of grass. Clear of heather, that is to say. But not altogether clear. For in the centre of it, quietly nibbling, was the goat. . .

I suppose there is nothing very strange in a white goat being moved during the course of an afternoon from the particular piece of herbage it has been crop-This time he got as far as the top of somewhere else. But to Allardyce, tainly avoid this one.

the back-swing, a beautifully executed after all that he had suffered on that bleak moorland under that wild and rolling sky, it seemed uncanny, almost terrible. He picked up his ball withfeet with its head right down. The out a word, and never made a decent situation was exceedingly tense. Then shot after that. His waggle had deserted him. He would begin it, and then an uneasy look would come over his face, and he would snatch at the shot and duff it. Fear followed him where no fear was. He was

> " Like one that on a lonesome round Doth waggle in great dread. And, having once turned round, plays on And turns no more his head Because he knows a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread.

He was defeated on the eighteenth

THE TEST OF MUSIC.

["No sound which had for its aim the expression of a deliberate purpose could ever be termed ugly."—From a lecture by Mr. Eugene. Goossexs to the Musical Association.

Pour not the vials of music's scorn On those whose vocal powers are

To rend the quiet of the morn With sounds that breathe a fixed intent

(E.g., those strident souls Who do a "roaring" trade in milk or coals).

The garty whose moustaches droop Over the contents of his plate And make the act of drinking soup Amazingly articulate-Although his method's crude, He but proclaims his interest in food.

An infant crying in the night To mark the pain he has within; The cat whose wooing puts to flight All thought of sleep with tireless din; The hawker in the street Whose nasal chant calls all the cats to

The hooting motor-fiend who scares The mere pedestrian from his path; The early-rising freak who blares Lung-filling ditties in his bath-Though you may think them odious, That censure does not brand them unmelodious.

Tis not the utterance, but its aim, What it in actual truth imports, That settles its artistic claim; To me the meanest pig that snorts, If it but snort its mind,

Makes music of the most transcendent

kind.

"Avoid drifting into ill-health by taking a course of --- 's pills.' Advt. in Weekly Paper.

There are so many other ways of driftping to crop another piece of herbage ing into ill-health that we shall cer-



Decler, "I SHOULD STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO WEAR A CHEST-PROTECTOR." Patient. "But, Doctor, you forget-the evening-Doctor. "NOT A BIT; THAT'S WHEN YOU'LL NEED IT MOST."

ASSES HEADS.

"EE-AW boke," said Percival, and burst into another wail.

"I'm sorry about that," said Daddy; "but cheer up; Daddy's home. What on earth does he mean, anyhow?"

"The donkey with the nodding head that Aunt Jenny gave him at Christmas is broken," said the One Who Understands, "and I've heard about it to-day until I'm tired. He won't eat, he won't sleep, he won't stop for a moment."

"Ee-aw boke," said Percival. "It's long past his bed-time," said his mother. "Can't you mend it? I've tried, but the head won't stay in."

Daddy tried. He tried for half-anhour, to the accompaniment of splashing rain outside, a mournful wail inside, and a great hunger gnawing at his heart or near it. But the head either refused to stay in or declined to nod when it was in.

"Can't the girl put him to sleep?" said Daddy; "I'm starving."

"She's been trying for twenty minutes. Listen.

"Ee-aw boke," said Percival afar off. Daddy looked at his watch, and his eyes gleamed like those of a man who

is four down and six to play. He strode from the room, the front-door banged and he vanished into the wild night.

"I'm sorry to trouble you if you're just closing," said Daddy, "but have you by any chance a donkey with a nodding head?'

"I'm afraid we sold the last one yesterday, Sir, but we still have a number of novelties, greatly reduced-

But Daddy had gone.

"Have you a donkey with a nodding head?" said Daddy.

"Not a donkey, Sir; we have a cow that wags its tail. A very amusing toy." "No use," said Daddy; "want ee-

"I beg your pardon?"

"It is essential that it be a donkey, said Daddy, "and the nodding head is a sine quá non. Sorry to have troubled you. Good night."

"Have you a donkey with a nodding head?" said Daddy.

"These have been in great demand, and I'm afraid we have not one in stock, Sir. We have here however a dancing bear that plays the kettledrum."

"No damn use," said Daddy. "I beg your pardon. Good night."

false scents and Will - o' - the - wisps, Daddy sat in a taxi clutching a donkey with a nodding head. Every few seconds he patted the head to see that it was still working, and his eyes gleamed like those of a man who has crept up to dormy one. Frantically he rushed upstairs and entered the nursery, where Percival in an agony of grief was struggling to sit up in his cot.

"New ee-aw," shouted Daddy, and pushed it into eager hands.

For a moment there was silence, then a slow smile spread over Percival's face. His hands clutched the toy and with a swift movement decapitated the donkey. He lay back on his pillow with a sigh of content and his eyelids began to droop. As the clothes were tucked round him he held tightly in one hand a headless donkey and in the other a donkeyless head and beamed like a man who has won on the nineteenth green.

"Ee-aw boke," murmured Percival

and fell asleep. " If that 's all he wanted we might as well have stuck the other one together with glue," said Daddy, mopping his

"What a pity you didn't think of After one hour of dreary travel, of that!" said the One Who Understands.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE COLF-BORE.

(A Reply to E. V. L.)

YES, there is a way of escape, even from the golf-bore. Or, rather, there is a way of correction. But a man must have a straight face and a steely heart to take it. It is no good sitting down under the oppressor; if you do you are crushed. You must stand up and fight him.

Two men, whom we will call John and George, had been playing golf together and visited me in the evening. Unfortunately George arrived an hour

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"John was in the pig-sty," said George, which is out of bounds. You know the one I mean?"

"I had a rather curious experience to-day,' I went on blandly (if a host cannot be firm who can be?); "I think it might interest you."

"Um," said George, as politely as he could.

"I happened to be at Covent Garden out stopping. Non-stop trains, you four then. Station with Williams. You know it, don't you? It has yellow tiles, like jaundice.'

"Yes-rather," said Thompson.

"Well, we wanted to get to Shepherd's Bush, and we wanted to get there by four o'clock."

"By Jove!" said Thompson. George looked at him doubtfully, but

murmured at last, "No-really? "We took our tickets in the ordinary way-at the ticket-office, you know. We went into the lift-that's one of the stations where they have lifts, you remember-and we went down in it. When the gates were opened I was standing absolutely clear of them, and practically not smoking at all. I'll swear to that-

I paused here and blew a meditative cloud of smoke into the air, in the manner of the trained raconteur.

Thompson leaned forward eagerly. "Go on," he said.

" I walked out of the lift first-

"Really?" said Thompson.

"No, not really, Now I come to think of it, Williams did. Anyhow we both left the lift quite safely and walked down to the platform. Up to this point nothing had happened at all; you understand?'

"Yes," said George, rather grimly,

I thought.

"Now the odd thing was this-the very first train that came in stopped at after John, so that I had heard the the station. Very often, you know, they authorised version of the round from have trains which don't stop at that John long before George came in. But, station-simply go bang through with- ment, but they smiled stiffly and made

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"Well, we got into the train; I forget what sort of carriage it was, but it was either a smoker or one of those carriages where you can't smoke-you know the ones I mean? It must have been about half-past three then."

I paused again-as one getting the whole thing straight in his mind.

"The train started and we went through station after station. Williams had been playing golf, and he began to tell me a few things about his round. By Jove, the things that fellow told me about the seventh hole! Marvelloussimply marvellous!"

"Yes?" said John, brightening a little. "Well, you know how that sort of story gets hold of you. And-this is

course, to have changed at Piccadilly Circus, but I was so wrapped up in that fellow's seventh hole-he drove into the haystack and hooked his second into the sea, you know-

"Yes, I know that haystack," said George happily. "One day last sum-

"As I was saying, we were so wrapped up that we never got out at Piccadilly at all! The first thing we knew we were at Dover Street. What do you think of that?"

I leaned back in my chair and laughed till I cried. John and George looked as if they might cry too at any mo-

> polite murmurs of stupefaction.

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"At Brompton Road-do you know Brompton Road Station, John?"

"What? No. I mean yes-yes." John had gone to sleep; I could not allow that.

"Well, it doesn't matter, because nothing much happened there. But at South Kensington-you know South an interesting thing - we ought, of Kensington, George?"



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"Oh, yes."

"I mean, do you know the Stationbecause it makes all the difference?"

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"Yes; but why did you go up that?"

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There was a long, long silence.

"What exactly was the point of your story?" said John at last.

"Well, I thought you'd like to hear how I spent my day. But you haven't told us about the fourth hole, George."

"I think we'd better go," said John.
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THE FAN PERIL.

APOLLO AND THE JEMIMAS.*

(On seeing a photograph of Mr. SWINBURNE.)

'Twas a bard of enduring renown In the riper Victorian days;

Though he missed, as it happened, the laureate's crown, He attained to more permanent bays;

For the connoisseurs always esteemed him an absolute That ethereal child of the fairies was wearing jemimas,

And covered the world with his praise.

He was tiny and fragile, 'tis said,

But the friends of his youth were enthralled By an aureate nimbus (inclined to be red);

And although in his age he was bald,

Such nobility sat on his brow with its dome-like proportions,

That still it is often recalled.

But above his material grace

Twas the splendour and roll of his song That had won such repute, though it might be the case That at times he was apt to be long;

And his dodging from dactyl to anapæst came as a puzzler: A method some hold to be wrong.

And such glory he had and such light, Such a radiance leapt out of his rhyme,

That he seemed to be rather less mortal than sprite, And he almost developed in time

To a shimmering thing of the air, iridescent and gauzy, Half earthly but wholly sublime.

So I thought in my fanciful way

Till (believe me, my readers, or not) In an amateur photograph shown me to-day

I beheld-you would never guess what-

Which brought him to earth like a shot.

I'm aware that a bard may be clad Pretty well as he happens to choose;

That a style which in others would strike one as mad Is supposed to be good for the Muse;

But jemimas-for climbing Olympus-there's something about them

Apollo would never excuse.

I can picture the scene on that Peak When the god of all music was there,

And the bard clambered up, singing lyrics in Greek,

To be met by a horrified stare-To remember too late that he'd got on those awful jemimas, And hurl himself down in despair. DUM-DUM.

A name given to a very sad kind of boot with clastic sides. Probably few specimens are now extant.

"Sara drew a long breath, glanced back once again over her shoulder, then her body relaxed. Wainright felt her weigh heavy on his arm as she began to walk more slowly. He, on the contrary, quickened his pace."—Sunday Paper feuilleton.

Wainright, we gather, was provided with the long arm of coincidence common in this class of fiction.



THE COLOSSUS: A TALE OF TWO TUBS.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. "GENTLEMEN, THE IDEAL CONDITIONS ARE THOSE DESCRIBED IN THE HALLOWED WORDS OF THE POET:—

'THEN NONE WAS FOR A PARTY;
THEN ALL WERE FOR THE STATE.'

(Aside) L'ÉTAT, C'EST MOI."



THE PARTY.

1.30 A.M.-I am writing this in order to preserve my sanity.

There is a party going on in the studio upstairs. From the point of view of the participants I have no doubt that it is an excellent party, but for me, who sit here in solitude (I only moved in last week and don't know the owner of the studio yet), it is a gathering of fiends.

It is a noisy party - the noisiest party I have ever heard in my life. They all sing. They all sing at once: and when they don't sing they roar. They do it very well. They have a piano and an indefatigable pianist. They have a gramophone and an equally indefatigable winder. And-someone

has brought a drum.

I am intrigued by this young man with the drum. He must, I think, be a man of more than average bravery. I should never have the courage to take my drum to a party. I could not face the look of pained astonishment which I feel sure would greet me on my arrival. But the young man above has Vision. He brought his drum along. foreknowing that, although it might be frowned on at first, it would become increasingly popular as the evening wore on.

He was right, lamentably right. It has become excruciatingly popular. Everyone has had a shot at it and now several people are playing it at once. There are also several people playing the piano. The gramophone-winder is sticking to his post with praiseworthy tenacity, and someone has collected some tin cans and is hitting them. Most of the others are singing loudly, and the remaining members of the company have gathered themselves together in a corner and are having a good roar.

Yes, the party seems to be going very well-very well indeed. But it isn't going very well with me. And as for that devilish drum-I loathe it. I would like to rush upstairs and leap on it. I would dance madly on it, uttering strange cries of mingled wrath and triumph. I would also dance on the young man who brought it. I would

rave. I would-

I have been interrupted. A wild young man wearing a paper-cap has just come down to ask if I would care to join them. I can hardly refuse. And in any case I would rather like to go up and see what manner of man it is who with his own drumsticks. He must not fact that the service was to be "dry"? Then bid myself believe she's out of shot.



Reveller (leaving restaurant). "CLOCK'S VERY FAST."

be allowed to live. He must-but I am keeping my host waiting.

5 A.M.—I do not wish to boast. Far be it from me. But I don't mind telling Timid, soft ears aloft, I see her stride, I had 'em all stone-cold. Absolutely. They all said so.

week. I am going. And the young And name her friendlily, to see her man is going to bring his drum. I think I shall take my cymbals.

"A specise St. Andrews Dry Service will be lead in the Presbyterain Church tommorro evening at 7.30 The Rev. —— will prouce on evening at 7.30 The Rev. — will prouce on our Watson Sanit and the Votor. The Choir will sing the authrus, I will extrol thee and the solo three is a green hill will be sung by Mr. ——."—South African Paper.

HARE FORWARD!

ADOWN the hedgerow, in the sunlight pale.

you that so far as drum-playing went Brown as a leaf, light-footed, amber-

Lazily graceful, delicate not frail, They are having another party next The beast of fable and of fairy tale;

> The mild familiar of our country-side, Mad April morns and autumn in the

> Uncouthly shout the beaters, plodding slow

Their Doric lingers, olden as the clay-The Norman heard it, cord in arrow slot; brings drums to parties. Should an Mr. —."—South African Paper.

opportunity arise I shall, of course, stab Something must have annoyed the And I, behind the hurdle, well I know him. Or, better still, beat him to death compositor. Could it have been the I'll scan the field for her the other way,



Visitor. "Do you put white bibbons instead of bed on kickers here?" Lady. Oh, no-that's economy. Our Master thought it would be so much simpler to mark the horses that don't kick than those that do."

CIVING LONDON A LEG UP.

valuable energy was wasted in sporadic efforts and much of the work necessary in order to put a shine on life will have to be done over again.

Happily this time the movement is starting on the right lines. The Brighter London Society has been formed and Brighter London Society indicates some has issued a manifesto. It is at once a formidable and an inspiring document. With merciless candour our criminal negligence and disloyalty to our noble metropolis are revealed and denounced. of those cities which turn night into We are content to lead dreary and drab day. The Society lays great stress on existences when we might easily convert them into a chronic and coruscating carnival.

gloom and depression is suicidal. In holiday atmosphere will never be real-

drastic measures are taken to stop the a palliative; they palter with the legirot, they will give us up altogether. The campaign, conducted for so London is too dreary to spend a holimany years in pre-war days for the purpose of "brightening" everything, Brussels, and we lose their company from cricket to the Higher Criticism, and their cash. But it is not too late omitted by an extraordinary oversight to cope with the problem if only we to realise that it was no use brightening show enterprise and imagination, and details unless you tackled the problem set ourselves to "create the holiday in a comprehensive fashion. Hence atmosphere that may be found in the big cities of the Continent.'

It is a noble aim, but the difficulties are great, notably the pestilential heresy that the holiday spirit or aversion from work is the curse of our country. This must be combated in every way, and the of the ways in which we may recapture our hold on the coy but coiny American. stint or respite to emulate the example late trains and facilities for enjoyment in the late evening. If there is a fault about this programme it is that it errs Moreover, this deliberate choice of on the side of moderation. The true 1913 American visitors spent thirty-six millions in London. Last year the sum had dwindled to one-half, and, unless ways. "Midnight Follies" are only

timate demands of visitors who require the best sort of amusement without any limitation as to the hours when it may be provided.

Mr. Skinner, the Chairman of Messrs. JOHN BARKER AND Co., who cordially supports the Brighter London Society, is reported, in The Times of January 18th, to have made a most luminous suggestion for the furtherance of its aims. In a soul-shaking phrase he observes: "If you want to make people think you are prosperous you have got to look prosperous." In other words, Londoners must brighten their faces as well as their parks and hotels and restaurants. The method of suggestion, as recommended by M. Coué, will be found of immense Above all, we must labour without help in bringing about the necessary facial illumination. Every good citizen should begin his day by repeating twenty times, "My face is brighter" or "My eye is gladder."

None of the supporters of this admirable movement has hitherto advanced what, in Punch's opinion, is the most powerful argument for the removal of

most in need of refreshment. It is a fact, for which the highest medical authorities vouch, that human vitality sinks to its lowest at 2 A.M. or thereabouts. It is at this time, more than any other, that we require to be fortified with the fullest possible supply of vitamines, the most nourishing diet. The after-theatre supper, which the Brighteners are so vigorously endeavouring to maintain against the intrigues and plots of Prohibitionists and Puritans, is at best a paltry make shift. What is really wanted is the 2 A.M. super-supper, a substantial meal of at least four courses, which would enable the best people to carry on until it was time to go to bed, awaking like giants refreshed so as to breakfast at five o'clock tea and dine on the following day, according to the practice of the Snark.

As Viscount Curzon, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, remarks in a memorable interview with The Daily Mail, "making London brighter is perhaps above all a question of business. We cannot afford to be dull." indignantly scouts the idea that the brightening of midnight London caused discontent in the East End. "Was there ever such folly? I think the people of the working-classes are far too sporting to worry how the West End takes its pleasures," meaning, of

course, its business.

It is a most hopeful sign of the times that the boys now returning to school, for what is likely to prove the most expensive term on record, all want to learn dancing, and many cannot get on without "extra breakfast." Parents, according to The Daily Mail, look forward with misgiving to the further drain on their resources; but that is only part of their immemorial timidity and niggardliness. If only the late supper habit can be inculcated in the rising generation from their earliest years and dancing rendered compulsory at all schools, London will yet stagger humanity by its prosperity and eclipse the radiance of the "Shiny East" by the brilliance of its nocturnal scintillations.

A splendid beginning has been made by the Savoy Hotel, which has decided that all rooms overlooking the Embankment are to be illuminated as from dusk each evening, whether occupied or not. The Pall Mall Gazette, which chronicles this noble effort, adds a comment, which we transcribe in its priceless entirety: "Those night adventurers who are streaming into the Metropolis on the South side of the Thames will, it is hoped, find in these dazzling lights something to draw them more swiftly and more often to a brighter London. Happy indeed is the Society which has such sanity behind it.



"ONE HOLLOA DOESN'T BRING A PLUMBER."-Proverbs brought up to date.

M. POINCARÉ'S ATTACHÉ.

WE gather from The Times that the principal (if not the only) success at Cannes was scored by the PRIME MINIS-TER's Press agent and alter ego. It is strongly felt that M. Poincare, if he is to shine in his new office, must by his English exemplar, of possessing follow suit and acquire the co-operation of some faithful henchman with similar abilities.

No sooner (says our representative in Paris) was the French PREMIER'S need made known than numerous applicants came forward; none of whom appeared to be so promising as M. de l'Énigme. This gentleman has many qualifications for the post. To begin with he is wealthy, the result of the enormous circulation of his weekly has commended itself to a large section | predicted that it will not be one who of the public by carefully catering for a mixes politics and putters.

not too exalted sense of curiosity. Add to this, M. de l'Enigme is a lavish and assiduous host and an unwearied raconteur.

Since the nobility of France is not permitted to be reinforced from the ranks either of newspaper proprietors or distillers, he lacks the advantage, enjoyed a title; but such is his native shrewdness, his bonhomie and his very engaging and constant readiness to be instructed, that it was recognised that, politics being what they are, M. Poincaré would make a mistake if he did not attach to his person so brilliant an ally.

When, however, M. Poincaré learned of M. de l'Enigme's passion for the perilous game of golf, the PREMIER instantly broke off all negotiations. Who will be chosen in M. de l'Enigme's place is paper, Les Nouvelles du Monde, which not yet known, but it may safely be

POETIC JUSTICE.

Mr. William Robert, the eminent Cubist, sat in his uneasy chair and looked at a blank canvas with a shudder.

He had just executed, after having subjected it to suitable tortures, the latest of his devastating commissions, and he naturally felt bilious.

He was tired of it all. Why should he be compelled always to paint people as he imagined he could see them? Why should he not paint them as he

imagined they ought to be?

A ray of determination (coloured maroon, according to the latest schedule issued by the Modernists) shot from his eye. He would paint a woman out of his own head-his ideal woman, as

he conceived her.

In a few minutes it was done. William always worked very quickly, for he kept most of the constituent parts of his paintings stacked away in a corner ready for use. There were dozens of cubes, spirals, cylinders and angles, all gummed at the back, and the approved method of putting them on the canvas, as taught in William's school, was to stand on the hexagonal hearthrug and, having licked their backs, to throw them at it.

William hated square jaws and round cheeks, so he made her cheeks square and her jaw round. She had triangular eyes, because triangles indicate faithfulness; and they were coloured green to denote devotion. William's theory as a Psycho-Analyst was to put in only those parts of his portrait upon which the mind of his subject would be likely to dwell. As his ideal woman would possess no vanity, she would never give a thought to her figure, so he left that out altogether.

Her body was simply a straight line, which meant uprightness of character. At first she had no legs, for, of course, she would never want to run away. Then it occurred to him that she would also find it difficult to rush into the arms of her lover as an ideal woman should, so he added a small spiral pair. He himself loathed feet, so he only gave her one, and that a very little one. It was detachable, like most of her other attributes, so that she could use it for whichever leg she happened to be standing on.

Her main idea in life would be service, so he provided her with a large and useful pair of hands. She would undoubtedly be very keen on doing things for other people, so he added lots and lots more hands, of which he had a large stock left over from his impression of "A Modern Factory."

Most of the virtues that he favoured

quence the drawing was a trifle bare. To correct this he unhooked a pint of cylinders and two pounds of cubes from his "Study of a Lady Arguing with a Bus Conductor over the Penny Short in her Change," and added these in the vacant spaces.

He gazed at it, infatuated. It was magnificent, even if it were not war. It was far too frightful to be war.

Suddenly he started. Were they the usual liverish spots floating in front of

his eyes? Or had the figure moved? Horror! As he watched, that grotesque amalgamation of geometric designs began to detach itself from the canvas until it descended unsteadily to the floor.

A voice that sounded like a Jazz gramophone record when the machine is running down reached his ears.

"Know, O William," it said, "that your art has at last received its due reward. Only once before has this happened, when the gods breathed life into the incomparable Galatea because she was the ideal of Pygmalion. My creator, I have been given life in the form that you wished me to have. Take me, William; I am yours."

BECAUSE.

Babette and I had only recently returned from that very expensive period known as a honeymoon, a period during which I felt like a millionaire, and on various occasions, after being kissed by Babette, would closely study the Rolls-Royce advertisements, wishing to order one, but was always prevented from doing so by remembering that it would not take much to cause "Uncle Cox' to use red ink on my account instead of

One afternoon she requested me to go out with her to select a grocery and provision shop with which she might deal for the supply of our establishment. As it happened I had an afternoon off from my job-the very engrossing one ask Babette why she was giving all her of filling up my pension forms—so I orders at that shop, consented to go.

I had understood that she was ready, but I was in error. Twenty minutes or more passed while she changed a grey pair of silk stockings for a pair of a slightly lighter grey-at least Babette said they were; I didn't see any differ-

The first shop we came to in we went, Babette trying hard to look severe and important, but only succeeding in looking more Babetty and adorable than ever.

"Good morning, Miss," said the pleasant young attendant.

as she replied very haughtily, "I want were purely negative ones, and in conse- a quarter-of-a-pound of China tea."

I was too flabbergasted to say anything in the shop, but outside I tentatively suggested that we really didn't want little screws of tea like that and asked why she had not made inquiries as to whether he would supply us regularly. I was told very sweetly that I wouldn't understand-in any case she thought the man didn't look honest.

As a matter of fact both the shop and the man, to my mind, looked excellent. I could see she was rather downcast, so being by nature very tactful I told her that I thought the grey silk stockings went very well with her hat.

Babette I could see was pleased and she entered the next shop in the most

balmy spirits.

"Good morning," said the grocer's haughty female attendant in a voice that implied that for two pins she'd take it back again.

"I want to open an account here." Babette answered in a level voice, and proceeded to give a number of orders.

When the various articles were packed up the haughty one said, "Shall our man call each day, Miss?

To my amazement, Babette replied, "No, I've changed my mind; I shall just pay for these articles and take them with me."

Needless to say I took the part of " with me," and so ladened we left the

I thought it better to say nothing, but Babette said, "Johnkins, I am so tired, I'll only try one more shop."

As we entered another the attendant smiled and said, "Good morning,

Babette became an altered being, radiating joy as she made known her wish for an account, gave orders and asked about his wife and children. I quietly suggested to her that my load might be sent with the goods ordered.

"Why, certainly, Madam," was the reply to Babette's query, and we left. Both of us now happy, I ventured to

"Because, Johnkins darling, the man called me 'Madam.' He had the intelligence to see I was married."

"Lost, last night, Brown Music Case containing tutor, etc."-Provincial Paper. Quis custodiet custodes? The answer seems as far off as ever.

"The last time the England Rugby team crossed into Wales they lost. That was in 1920, at Swansea, when Jerry Shea, who played at centre three-quarter, ran riot, and defeated the Englishmen off his own boat." Evening Paper.

I saw Babette's face really get severe It will be remembered that, owing to the state of the ground, the Welsh team played in coracles.



"The young beggar's dormy six ; somethings got to be done."



With your strength you ought to use a heavier driver: just have a smack with mine."



DORMY 5
"You'd get a lat more length
if you'd swing easily without hitting."



Just let me show you what I mean about Jinishing with still arms



Think you want a mashie?
I should take a niblick & pitch it up. Still, you play your own game!"



DORMY 2 "Don't be afraid of the sand."



DODMY 1 "This for a half & the match. Don't forget about letting the right hand do it."



ALL SQUARE By Jove old men, of one time 1 thought you had me!"



THE BLACK ART OF SUGGESTION.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT" (ROYALTY).

I SUPPOSE Mr. BRANDON FLEMING'S eleventh commandment is the conventional "Thou shalt not be found out!" I could suggest a twelfth, "Thou shalt not write plays like this!

The Barchesters were one of the ten best and oldest families in England and quite easily the dullest. A Barchester had died fighting against the Crescent on a hill near Jerusalem in eleven hundred-odd, unhappily not without leaving issue. For seven centuries the Barchester scutcheon had been unsullied. Sir Noel, the present head of the family, had devoted his life to keeping it still without stain. I gathered that Barchester men might have a certain amount of rope, but not Barchester maids and matrons. What then should his elder daughter Ruth do but become an actress on him-a disgrace which nothing could wipe out. She is ban-ished from Barchester Hall, and Sir Noel's inquiries elicit the shameful fact that she is living with a man who is not her husband; but they fail to elicit the extenuating circumstance that the man is her brother.

Sir Noel falls back for consolation on his immaculate younger daughter, Marian, who, however, being absolutely, and justifiably, fed up with the Barchester ethos, plunges into Bridge with. among others, a Mr. Samuel Mountford, a stockbroker, not a nice man. Holding many of her I.O.U.'s he suggests a way whereby she may redeem them. In course of time he becomes impoverished and dies, thoughtfully leaving to his brother James a full account of his liaison with Marian, and some incriminating notes of hers. Meanwhile Marian, playing the part of the particularly stainless maid and constantly sneering at her (supposed) dissolute sister, is just about to marry an eligible county cricketer.

On the eve of the wedding arrives our James and suggests to Sir Noel that five hundred of the best on the nail and a thousand a year for the rest of his life will persuade him not to tell the cricketer all about the model Miss Barchester's hectic past.

Out comes Sir Noel's cheque-book to fend off the blot from the scutcheon. Why, was never quite clear to me. He had at once determined, as a man of honour, to forbid his daughter's marriage. And surely marriages can be broken off without young men going about publicly saying that their late fiancées have been living with stockbrokers; while the chances of a little

with any likelihood of being believed were slight, quite apart from anything that might happen to James incidentally. But Sir Noel, you may have guessed, is the Perfect Mug.

But stay! Marian, who stoutly denies the matter, has an idea. Why shouldn't sister Ruth, who, being an actress, has no reputation to lose, swear that it was she who was the stockbroker's mistress and forged her innocent little sister's handwriting? True this blameless member of a depraved profession has a young man of her own recently returned from America-a millionaire who also happens to be the cricketer's best friend. However Ruth, the noble-hearted, the always misunderstood, who doesn't by the way pretend to have any affection



THE HAPPY BLACKMAILER. Sir Noel Barchester . Mr. Dawson Milward. James Mountford : Mr. Edmond Breon.

for her sister and calls her quite frankly a little beast for her lying hypocrisies, will do this fool thing. Sir Noel promptly believes the fond yarn (he would!) and saves on it; for he will not pay a thousand a year to protect a reputation that is already blasted.

Exit James-foiled! Enter Jack Lynton, Ruth's young man. What's all this about his pal Ruth and a stock-broker? Bosh! Bringing to bear an intelligence denied to descendants of Crusaders he makes the matter clear in a brief and brisk cross-examination. Marian creeps from the room, having thoroughly smashed her eleventh commandment. The cricketer has the air of one who has narrowly escaped being caught in the slips. Jack and Ruth embrace. Sir Noel, preoccupied with his soiled scutcheon, apologises most perfunctorily to his injured daughter. cad like James spreading the glad news The curtain falls to my immense relief. full of grouse.

Not for a moment did the thing come to life. Mr. Dawson MILWARD (Sir Noel), Miss GRACE LANE (Lady B.) and Miss DOROTHIE PIDCOCK (Marian) did their best. Mr. EDMOND BREON entertained himself and the audience with what for all we knew was the authentic portrait of a blackmailer. Miss VIOLA TREE wandered about with a thoroughly bewildered air. And I don't wonder. But why not play it as a burlesque?

A PICTURE THAT HELPS.

[An eminent Japanese poet has told the Press that his appetite is frequently destroyed by the pictures in English dining-rooms.]

REGARDED as a work of art It does not count for much: Its painter did not even start To show a master touch: Nor is the subject (Uncle John) The sort of thing I dote upon.

His portrait does not boast the charms

Which kindly memories add; He did not dance me in his arms Nor tip me as a lad; He was not one to romp and joke, A most unprepossessing bloke.

But now that he has ceased to live He serves me well, I know, When I feel called upon to give A prandial quid pro quo, And summon with a cordial line The Browns and Thompsons in to dine.

'Tis then that uncle shows his worth And proves a thing of price, Making a parsimonious dearth Abundantly suffice, As, hanging where the light is good, He puts beholders off their food.

From the description of a dance:-"Excellent music, a beautiful ballroom lit mellowly by soft electric lights, pretty women in as pretty gowns, handsome men in the glory of uniform and lavish refreshment . Indian Paper.

This would be after supper, of course.

"As long ago as 1782 one Secretary was responsible for Home, Irish, and Colonial affairs, and the Viceroy's Chief Secretary was insubordinate to him."—Irish Paper.

We do not know of any historical authority for this latter statement, but should think it highly probable.

" 'Dick' Lilley, the old Warwickshire stumper, has taken up his residence at Herne Bay, and keeps himself fit during the cold weather with grouse shooting.'

Evening Paper. In the neighbouring Isle of Thanet, no doubt, which, judging by what we read in a section of the Press, appears to be



Mother. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING?" Darling. "I WAS SPEAKING TO THAT OLD MAN, AND HE SAID HE WAS A LITTLE BOY LIKE ME ONCE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

From which does an ancient institution suffer more—the pomposity of its middle-aged defenders or the irresponsibility of its young antagonists? And which of the two tempers is the more hurtful to its exponents? If you want to see these urgent points presented with the most exquisite justice to both parties let me recommend Mr. Desmond Coke's latest Public School romance, Pamela Herself (CHAPMAN AND HALL). Not only is its manner enjoyableit "yokes a smiling with a sigh" in the happiest spirit of English tragi-comedy-but the matter of it, the cleavage between Henry Kitson, the ambitious Headmaster of Sefton, and Pamela, the "fascinating child" he marries, is a most apt and dramatic embodiment of the problem stated. The Headmaster is a victim to the hierarchical gesture, having his eye on an ultimate bishopric. He pontificates at the home-coming of his luckless little bride; he pontificates, twenty years later, at the return of Bryan Lever, the wounded and decorated Old Boy who is to mean so much to Pamela; he pontificates (to the final estrangement of his wife) at the expulsion of his son Raymond. As for Pamela Herself, Pamela who never faces a duty unless it is coincidently a pleasure, I know of few things more plaintively apposite than her conscience-stricken reverie when she has at last succeeded in placing a barrier, more irrevocable than the symbolic green baize door of the Headmaster's quarters, between herself and the school. This makes it all the nicer for Miss Beatrice Grimshaw

I suppose if a sedulous murder-mystery-monger like Mr. A. J. Rees can make you falsely suspect four good people in turn he may be said to have done his job with credit. The Moon Rock (Lane) is up to the best railway-journey standard. The rock itself is on the Cornish coast and has nothing to do with the story, but is dragged in as a bit of sham-sinister. Robert Turold has devoted his life to the dream of restoring the lapsed Turrald peerage, to which his researches have shown him to be the heir. He is ruthless in pursuit of this end, and the announcement of his triumph involves the publication of the illegitimacy of his own daughter, Sisily. . . . He is found dead in a confused heap on the floor with a large clock and a revolver. Nobody is sorry, but the police have their duty to do. I must say I thought them a little casual in their custody of the body of ruthless Robert, as anybody was allowed free access (even quite likely murderers) and, unwatched, to play all sorts of tricks with it. And I think that even an inspector from Scotland Yard really ought to know that you can't assume that all games of the same patience played by the same person take the same time. Mr. REES rather wantonly drowns his shadowy heroine, Sisily; but a girl who spelt her name that way perhaps deserved it.

I have felt for some time that I have had quite enough of the South Sea Islands; that, whether on the stage or in a novel, I had no further use for the lady of raven-hued tresses and a feather petticoat or for her white acquaintances.

her book of short stories, The Little Red Speck (HURST AND BLACKETT). I don't know where the difference comes in. She has all the blue sea and white waves and wind and heat and palm-trees of her fellow Pacific novelists. Perhaps it is that her characters are men and women first and South Sea Islanders afterwards; perhaps it is that there is little or nothing in her tales about brown women and white men. It is quite hard to say which of her twelve stories is the best. "The Brides of Tarabora," the story of a sugar island and the confusion which ensued when it was discovered that all the marriages celebrated there for years past had been illegal, is certainly in the first flight. They are all highly coloured, with much in them that is grim and horrible, but they are well worth reading; and next time I see a new book of Miss Grimshaw's I intend to tackle it at once, even though its wrapper should fairly seethe with palm-trees and alligators and Southern belles.

Captain C. J. BLOMFIELD, in his unpretentious little book,

Once an Artist Always an Artist (PAGE), cannily evades responsibility by making it very clear that an official history of the famous corps is on its way, his own work being, so to speak, merely a few casual remarks on the same subject. He would be the first to admit that, if he escapes the obligation to deal faithfully with a great story, he also misses all its thrill, and indeed most of his pages are uninspiring to any but a veryenthusiastic Artist. It is a quite far-away historical interest that attaches, forinstance, to the details of the formation of the 38th Middle-

like MILLAIS and LEIGHTON, not to mention the versatile author of Charley's Aunt, became more or less serious citizen soldiers. Those days of official coldness and public ridicule contrast strangely enough, as in all these records, with the fevered years of war, when the Artists provided officers for every regiment in the army and built up-at a price-an unsurpassable service history. Of the fighting deeds of the corps the author tells us nothing, but much about the sound hard work that he and others put in as Depôt Officers, when, in the weeding out of candidates for admission to the regiment, many sufficiently diverting occasions arose and also a certain amount of material for grumbling. The value of his volume does not lie, however, so much in funny stories of the unsuitable persons who wanted to be turned into officers as in its use as another connecting link between the dull times of preparation that went before and the amazing emergency that was to follow.

I wish Miss C. NINA BOYLE had never told me What Became of Mr. Desmond (ALLEN). Up to his disappearance he was an amiable middle-aged country gentleman whose career was handled in a promising spirit of mild farce. And then, presto! we skipped fifteen years, the

that I should be able to say that I have thoroughly enjoyed mysterious absconder turned up again, coarsened out of all knowledge, and the story (and this is the chief quarrel I have with Miss Boyle) was simultaneously keyed down to be in keeping with its tarnished hero. Piece by piece, reverting from his more recent detention as a convict on the Breakwater at Cape Town, Mr. Desmond's conduct in that unaccountable interval leaked out, until at last his agonised family and the whole neighbourhood were in possession not only of his foreign vagaries but of the hitherto unfathomed domestic crime, involving a local Messalina of long pedigree, which originally sent him packing. I could have stood Teresa, the entirely incredible seductress in question, but I could not forgive Miss Boyle for dragging the delightful Desmond family-not even excepting the school-girl, Kythe-into so intimate an appraisement of their father's depravity. It was not cricket.

> To begin with, I must warn you not to be misled, as I was at first, by the fact that Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard (COLLINS) has a portrait of its hero on its paper

wrapper which makes him look like the nicest sort of "principal boy." Miss ELEANOR FAR-JEON'S pretty story has no connection with pantomimes and not much more with children : nor did I find it quite so sober and practical as the plain blue wrapper underits cover suggests; but I daresay that it is hardly less difficult to think of a proper dress for anything at once so childish and so mature, so whimsical and so wise, than it is to review it. I might say that it was a fairy story, or six fairy stories told within another, all about fair Gillian, who wept for



EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Traveller (whose horse has cast a shoe). "Methinks I hear the sound of a smithy in yonder woods. Am I right?"

Rustic. "There bean't no smithy there, master. That's only Sir Simon and Sir Jocelyn 'avin' a bit of a scrap for the 'and of the fair LADY ERMYNTRUDE."

her lover, guarded in sex (Artists) Volunteer Corps—the original title—when men | the old well-house by her father's six stern milkmaids. And I might go on to tell how Martin Pippin won for her first her freedom and then her happiness by his songs and stories; but that would be a poor way of showing you how delicately romance and magic, reality and poetry, are mingled here. I half suspect that, in part at least, it is an allegory, but I haven't found out which part. I was enjoying the society of Kings and Knights and bewitched Ladies, who were yet real men and women beneath their dainty disguises, too much to look out very keenly for deeper meanings. Next time I read it I am going to try to find out.

The Scorcher.

"On my homeward journey I left Aberystwith at 11 a.m. and reached Plymouth at 12.30 p.m., spending three-quarters of an hour at Monmouth for tea."—Advt. in Motor-Cycling Paper. Forty-five minutes for the journey is good going. He seems, by the way, to have had a very early tea.

"NAVAL APPOINTMENTS.

Engineer-Commander --- for duty with funboats on the Yangtse." Provincial Paper. So that's why our income-tax is still six shillings in the

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW bomb weighing more than two the 2.30 race the other day. tons and said to be the largest in the world has been designed by the United States ordnance experts. We understand it will be known as the Universal pounds. It is said that the POSTMASTER-Peace Bomb.

"Something must be done," says a contemporary, "to put Europe on its feet again." A Conference to end Conferences seems to be the only way.

In an address given to the fish trade at Boston (Mass.) Mr. PERCY WHEELER said he had seen hake packed with a bottle of whisky inside each fish. A Scotsman writes to say that they are very good stuffed in that way.

Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson says he hopes to live until England goes dry. We imagine almost any life insurance company would accept a man like this without a medical examination.

According to The Daily Express King CONSTANTINE has been advised to abdicate. It is said that his reason for delay is that he is out of practice.

We read of a wedding and a funeral being conducted simultaneously in a West-End church. The demand for brighter weddings was bound to succeed in the end.

The R.S.P.C.A. has established a home for tired horses and dogs at Coventry. The idea of an asylum for tired taxpayers near Woking is being steadily advocated.

LENIN, says a Berlin message, is by a grown-up person. about to start for an unknown destination. He seems to prefer this to the well-known destination which he has often been invited to go to.

Professor ALEXIS CARREL is of the opinion that we are on the eve of discovering the secret of perpetual life. It is freely rumoured that the Coalition leaders have been keeping this idea up their sleeves all the time.

A Professor of the University of Wisconsin states that he has a pet turtle which has travelled a little over a mile in three years and eleven months. We the schottische is all the rage at St. lady to drink out of the bottle.

of the horse we put our money on in

Hull municipal telephones show a profit on the year of over four thousand GENERAL regards this as yet another example of the sordid commercialism now creeping over the country.

"Who is the most typically English man of the day?" asks The Daily Express. One of the rear-guard of the Die-Hards writes to say that he knows a Welshman who isn't.

A trade paper has an article on the overhauling of racing motor-cars. The Regular bathers in the Serpentine first thing to do after "jacking" up are said to be immune from influenza.

wish we could say as much for the pace | Moritz. We trust the authorities will impose restrictions on persons returning from the infected area.

> The daily Press announces that it is asked to state that it is the Dowager Lady Blank who is staying at Monte Carlo, and not Lady Blank. Now that this has been made clear it is hoped that the Riviera will resume its normal

An effort is to be made to boom Brighton as a bathing resort. The feeling is that visitors come and go without being aware that there is a nice wet sea there.

That may be. But they bathe in the Serpentine.

According to a weekly paper, everyone loves to hear the Wedding March. Still we suspect that Mormon bridegrooms must get a bit fed up with it.

Mr. BARKER is described as the cleverest bone - setter in the world. We understand, however, that the gentleman who recently consulted him for pogofeet is proving a difficult case.

In connection with the eclipse of the sun in September next, scien-

the wheel is to flick off any pedestrians | tists have chartered a warship from the Australian Government. For our own part we never believe in shooting at an eclipse except in self-defence.

> "Peopledo not marry as early as they used to," says a lady-writer. No; but they marry oftener.

> "Mr. Leonard Trimby, the British bullfighter, of Gibraltar, does not think much of the Irish bull as a fighter."—Daily Paper. But it's all right as a humorist.

> "The refreshments were admirably carried out by Mrs. — and Mrs. — . A mest enjoyable evening was spent by over 100 young people."—Local Paper.

If the first paragraph is correct, the second is incredible.

"If we do not insist on our representatives voting for ratification we will help to dash the tantalus from the lips of Dark Rosalcen."

We note that the Spanish variety of | Surely Dark Rosaleen was too much the



Agitated Householder, "H-H-HANDS UP, CR I F-F-FIRE!" who may still be attached to it.

Grand Guignol plays have been banned at Oxford. In pursuance of this policy it is anticipated that undergraduates will be prohibited from attending the cinema unless accompanied

Burglars who broke into a Great Northern Railway booking-office only took two or three shillings. They complain that they might just as well have robbed a theatre box-office.

According to the astronomical expert of a contemporary the light of a receding star is distinguished by its redness. To this device is attributed the comparative rarity of collisions between heavenly bodies.

OUR STARVING SCHOOLBOYS.

The place of honour on the broad-column page of The Times has recently been assigned te correspondence on the subject of the food supplied to boys in our Public Schools. There seems to be a fear that, unless the commis-sariat is improved, the young of our ruling caste may perish from inanition.]

To MR. PUNCH.

DEAR SIR .- I write from school to say That my last bob is spent, And I shall shortly fade away For want of nourishment.

The Times is right. 'Tis only meet
The public should be told What little chance I get to eat As much as I can hold.

The blame is on the masters who Should make and keep me fat; It is their duty so to do. For they are there for that.

They dole me out their beef and pie, But they know well enough That to the tuck-shop I must hie To supplement the stuff;

And spend a lot upon my tum. Its hunger-pangs to heal, Filling the yawning vacuum Left by that frugal meal.

Otherwise I should faint for lack Of sound nutritious fare; My daily tasks would find me slack. And this I could not bear.

Both I and Dad (who hates to part) Call it a beastly shame; We take the matter much to heart. And Mother does the same.

So please support the noble Times Which had the facts exposed, And publish these appealing rhymes (Stamped envelope enclosed). 0. 8.

THE DABBLER'S DOOM.

Do not dabble in the occult. As one knee-deep, and possibly deeper, in it I implore you not to dabble. Sooner or later you're bound to be submerged.

Let me tell you about the undulating lady with the unlikely hair whom I met at Lady Wrackenham's (I have told you several times that Lady Wracken-ham pronounces her name "Ram;" I shan't tell you again).

It was the result of a verbal invitation-beastly things which, like deckchairs or, more emphatically, hammocks, you can't get out of gracefully. I was passing Lady Wrackenham in the High Street with a mere but wellbred raising of the hat when she suddenly caught my arm with the crook of her umbrella and cleverly switched me round to face her.

"What are you doin' this afternoon?" she asked inquisitorially.

"N-nothing." I assured her, stammering. Her tone suggested that I had planned an assassination for the post-luncheon hour; and really and truly nothing had been further from my thoughts.

"Then come along to the house. I've got a woman from London staying with me who'll open your eyes. She's a psy-psy-psy

"Psy no more, lady," I urged. "No doubt you mean a psyclist? A trick

one?

"Rubbish. 'Psychie' is the word. Knows all about souls and sub-conscious selves and being born over and over again. You'll enjoy her.'

Lady Wrackenham, if I may say so, lied. I have never disenjoyed anything so much. The undulating lady from London did not open my eyes; indeed she nearly closed them. For two weeks (or for two hours, as the unbored reckon time) she sustained a monologue on soul-affinities and reincarnations, with herself as the inevitable heroine. As the long days dragged on I drooped and wilted; I felt my ears sagging and flapping uselessly against my cheeks and a permanent glaze was filming my eyeballs. The psychic lady's unlikely hair appeared to me now like a thunderous sunset and I was momentarily expecting a downpour of torrential rain when Lady Wrackenham, with the true instinct of a born hostess, gently drew me into the-shall I say?-conversation.

"And in what branch of the occult are you interested, Mr .- Mr .- er?" she asked. Like other well-bred people she has a way of remembering faces but not

I was so startled at being wrenched out of my creeping coma that I answered at random. "P-palmistry," I stammered.

The ripe lips of the undulating lady curved contemptuously.

"Oh, palmistry!" she sneered with an explosive emphasis on the initial

Now, this nettled me. I knew nothing of palmistry, but I approved of it. I felt there was something in it. Palmists and palmistes-especially those with an "e"-had on certain occasions read my palm in the most agreeable way; with gratifying unanimity they had agreed that I had a very very noble nature; furthermore, one had predicted hasty money from across the water, and the very next day I had received a postal-order for two-and-sixpence from the Isle of Wight. Also another—a foreigner, with an "e" too—had been kind enough to say that I was one of the world's thinkers. Therefore, when the undulating lady said "Oh, palm- Is this quite fair on the youngsters?

istry!" in that nasty way, I was naturally indignant.

"There's more in it than you think." I said sombrely. "Much more."

Instantly she extended her hand. "Come, then," she said indulgently: " you shall read my palm."

With all the repulsion that one feels when holding a moribund star-fish I gazed down upon the squat dump of moist flesh which she had thrust into my hand. What was I to say? Like the stranger at Clapham Junction I did not know one line from another. Morbidly I chose the down line. It is the one by which you leave London-and its ladies.

"Well?" she asked tauntingly. Suddenly I drew in my breath with a swift hiss, shuddered slightly and then forced myself to regard the star-fish

closely for several seconds.
"Well?" asked the undulator, but her voice was unsteady.

With a heavy sigh I dropped the starfish; it fell with a soft flaceid thud.

"Wh-what?" she gasped-"wh-what

Rising I moved across very slowly to my hostess. "Good-bye," I said, deep down in my throat.

"B-but-"urged the psychic lady. I squared my shoulders and made a palpable effort to try to seem buoyant. "Courage, courage," I murmured—and

Well, I thought I had got out of that pretty cleverly, besides having disturbed the complacency of the undulator. But after a lapse of three days I received a letter from her:-

"... you are a true occultist. Your heartening words, 'Courage, courage,' still ring in my ears. Strengthened by your advice, I have left my husband for ever and am staying at Blackpool with my soul-affinity. With a frankness of which I know you will approve I told my husband all before I severed the bonds. He asked me for the address of the man who had been instrumental in assisting me to make up my mind. Naturally I complied. He will probably call on you quite soon. You will recognise him at once by his horsewhip. That is the sort of man he is-utterly material."

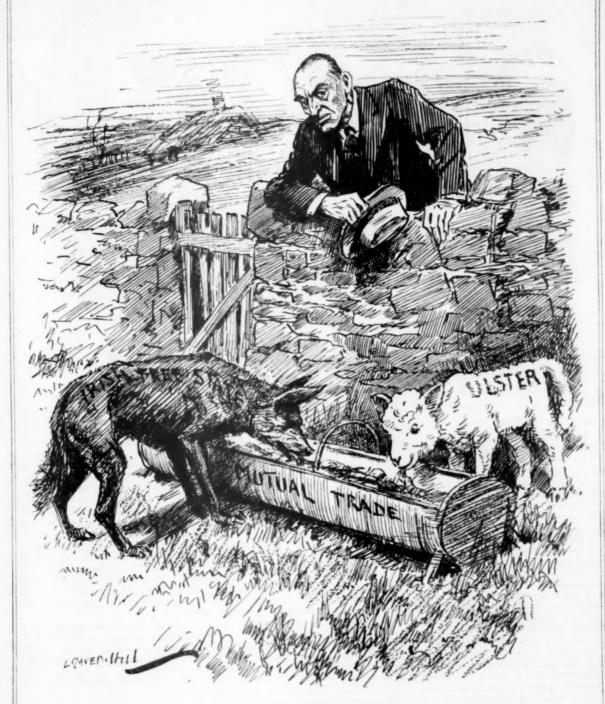
As I said at the beginning, do not dabble in the occult.

An Unequal Match.

From a Malay shopkeeper's catalogue :-

"CHILDREN'S CRICKET SETS.

These are for real youngsters, the set consists of bat, 4 stumps and one small soft ball. Prices, \$1.50 and \$2.25 per set. Stronger sets for bigger boys on opposite side."



DISILLUSIONED.

LORD CARSON. "AND THAT'S THE LAMB THAT I SAID WAS BEING THROWN TO THE WOLVES!"



Hostess, "Such a Bore, MY DEAR: WE'RE A MAN SHORT."

Guest, "Don't worry; I've brought two 'Lovelies,' "

A NEW CHESS CHAMPION.

THOUGH admittedly a thoroughly bad player I derive a considerable amount of enjoyment from a quiet game of chess, and I have had many arguments with Burnaby over the relative merits of this game and auction bridge. He and others of my friends do not veil their contempt for a pastime which gives me so much innocent pleasure. To be frank they regard me and my persistent attempts to arrange chess twos whilst they are endeavouring to make up bridge fours as a sort of

I don't see why. Chess is a much more ancient game than bridge and I think it is quite as manly; for look how it tests one's powers of self-control. How often does not the victim of a fool's-mate crush down a fierce desire to rise and belabour his triumphant opponent with a hastily snatched-up pawn? Chess-players have to establish a very firm command over their you may perhaps have heard, Gimson." passions.

defend my favourite game against the the game against the skill and experisneers of the bridge fiends. I have a ence of Mr. Gimson," he said, displaystory to tell, which rises directly out of ing his teeth in a suave smile.

Burnaby's annoyance at what he absurdly calls my chess-mania, I will tell it quite simply.

I had been invited to spend an evening with Burnaby at his bachelor establishment. Now an evening at Burnaby's implies bridge of the most flagrant kind, and consequently I was surprised, on arriving unavoidably late-they were in the middle of dinner-to find that the party was composed of six persons: Burnaby, three other victims of the bridge habit, myself and a tall aquilinefeatured stranger with long black hair whom I had never seen before.

Scarcely was the meal concluded before Burnaby rounded us up.

"Now we can settle down to the serious business of the evening." said. "We four will have a quiet rubber; you two others are no doubt impatient to be at your chess. Haven't I introduced you? My friend, Mr. Gimson, a keen and tireless chessplayer; M. de Rocquefaulc, of whom

The stranger bowed. "I shall be But I am not writing this merely to delighted to pit my poor knowledge of

I staggered and almost fell. Could this be de Rocquefaulc, the celebrated welter-weight chess champion of Western Europe, the man who had recently met and defeated forty Members of the House of Commons simultaneously, himself blindfolded and suffering portions of a White Paper to be read to him between each move? It was incredible. As I have said, I enjoy a homely game of chess, but I am an indifferent player; I look upon the game as an agreeable sedative, not as a fierce brain-battle, the clashing in terrific combat of two indomitable wills. That I should attempt to oppose the mastermind of the wizard de Rocquefaulc was grotesque.

In a flash I realised that this was a deliberate attempt on the part of Burnaby to humiliate me so utterly that I would never dare to mention the word "chess" again. I made an effort.
"Charmed," I murmured; "that will

be most-er, charming.'

We started. The bridge quartette, making only a pretence at play, arranged their table in easy view of ours and prepared to enjoy my discomfiture.

My opening moves had quite a disturbing effect upon the champion of Western Europe; apparently he imagined himself to be opposed to an original and daring player of an entirely new school. I verily believe that by the sheer primitiveness of my play I might have thrown him off his game and snatched a swift victory if in my excitement I had not mistaken my King for my Queen and moved it the entire length of the board in an attempt to achieve a brilliant coup d'état. After this a gleam of understanding seemed to dawn in the champion's mind. His worried expression changed to one of contempt, disgust and finally of deliberate cruelty.

He proceeded to play with me as a cat plays with a mouse. He wove intricate patterns on the board; he tantalised me with enticing prospects of success only to thwart me at the last moment by the subtle movement of some trivial pawn; finally he began to harry my stricken and exhausted King round and round the board. His piti-less voice, crying, "Check! Check!" sounded monotonously in the silent room like the ticking of some immense timepiece. The spectators with difficulty restrained their mirth; I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Then suddenly Fate interposed on my behalf. Burnaby, rising to throw a log on the fire, brushed by our table, and the corner of his jacket came in contact with one of de Rocquefaulc's pieces, whisking it lightly off its square. It fell silently on the hearthrug.

I drew a quick breath; this trifling accident had opened a fatal breach in my opponent's defences and he had not observed it. It was my move. Stooping I recovered the deranged pawn and thrust it into my pocket; then, taking my last remaining Castle resolutely in my thumb and forefinger, I advanced it boldly across the undefended squares into the heart of my adversary's stronghold.

"I think that is Mate, is it not?" I observed calmly.

I had defeated the great de Rocquefaulc, welter-weight champion of Western Europe!

I am not the man to exploit unduly a situation of this kind. I listened with the politest attention to de Rocquefaulc's pathetically earnest attempts to explain to the company the unaccountable absence of a certain pawn from his defensive system. He was mystified. He even drew a diagram to prove how absolutely impregnable his position should have been. I offered my courteous consolation.

"Ah, well, accidents will happen," I remarked with a soothing smile; "will does not excuse, the eccentricity of his they not, Burnaby?"



Hardened Party-Man. "Not a Bad Lot of Cakes, but be careful how you CHOOSE 'EM; THEY SHOW FINGER-MARKS RATHER.

I suppose that now I am really the new welter-weight chess champion of Western Europe. But greatly as I enjoy a quiet game of chess I do not think I shall bother to defend my title.

"I also challenge Mrs. Williams to name one individual case where polygamy is being psactised by the Momom people o an yone else in defiance of the law in any pat of the United States. I am a distinteested paty, being a pesbyteian by eligion ant Bitish by bith." Letter in Canadian Paper.

This may explain but, in our opinion, spelling.

"Engineer, 25, desires responsible post; student four years under world-known college. Morning Paper.

How pleased he must be to get up into the daylight again!

"Taken by surprise the men tumbled out of their tents, hastily donning tonics and tupis." Indian Paper.

We notice some signs of confusion, but trust the tonics put that right.

"Lost, at Auction Mart, Young Black and Tan Cow Dog."-Advt. in Provincial Paper. This must be the female of the Bull

LORD THANET'S VISIT TO PALESTINE.

(From our Special Correspondent.) Jевісно, January 24th.

It is no exaggeration to say that the visit of Lord Thanet to Palestine is looked forward to with feverish expectation throughout the length and breadth of the country, and that preparations for his welcome on an unprecedented of his family. scale are already well advanced.

On his landing at Jaffa, Lord Thanet will be met by a deputation of the oldest inhabitants, mainly composed of Jaffa Orangemen, but also including representatives of the Ammonites, Baculites, Hippurites, Nummulites and other precarboniferous fossil tribes from the table-Chief Archimandrite of the Hauran, a procession will be formed, headed by a drove of Bulls of Bashan, which have been specially trained to bellow in unison on the double D, and the cavalcade will at once proceed to the Plain of Esdraelon to visit the site of Armageddon, the great battle-field of Palestine. As the plain is swampy and in some places impassable in winter, a special road has been constructed which will effectively guard against the possibility of Lord Thanet's powerful car sinking into the morasses by which this district is infested.

From Armageddon Lord Thanet will proceed to Jericho, being anxious to compare the mural fabric of that historic city with that of the ruins of Angkor, which he recently visited in the Far East. Every possible precaution has accordingly been taken to prevent any collapse of the structure on the appearance of the distinguished visitor, and only soft music will be played during his stay.

Thence he will proceed to the Dead Sea, the level of which has been raised at great cost to an altitude suitable to the occasion. The collection of salt from this interesting lake is a Government monopoly, but smuggling is highly organised, and a strong force of gendarmerie will escort the party. The salt-stealers of the Jordan valley are notorious brigands, and the possibility of their attempting to collect, carry off and hold Lord Thanet to ransom has

Commissioner.

After his cruise in the Dead Sea, which the Brighter Palestine Society have undertaken to illuminate and enliven during his transit, Lord Thanet will lunch at the Temple of Rimmon, dine at Gaza and breakfast at Gath.

that the issue of the first number of The Gaza Gazette will synchronize with his arrival. A venerable chieftain, who lays claim to being the lineal descendant of Samson, looks forward with the keenest expectation to meeting Lord Thanet at Gath, where he will present him, at the local Asineum Club, with a silver model of the hereditary weapon

It is an open secret that the dominant attraction which has drawn Lord Thanet to Palestine is Mount Carmel, the scene of prophetic activity in the past and the inspiration of apocalyptic enterprise in the journalism of to-day. Mount Carmel, as is well known, has been a sanctuary or hiding-place from very lands of Moab and Edom. After the ancient times, but the prestige of the reading of a suitable address by the name has long passed to the noble cluster of buildings named after it in London, which form the central shrine of Lord Thanet's beneficent activities. It is thus in a spirit of true piety that he proposes to visit the cradle and fount of his inspiration. It was once densely wooded, but now little remains but a jungle of brushwood, which is rapidly being cleared away. Thanet, I am officially authorised to state, proposes to replant the entire mountain, to establish a wood-pulping factory at the base and to convert the now half-deserted "holy headland" into a hive of humming human industry. That he will follow the example of VESPASIAN, who consulted the old oracle on Mount Carmel, is probable but not certain, for the susceptibilities of the Druses must be considered, and IAM-BLICHUS, in his Life of PYTHAGORAS, speaks of it as a place of great sanctity forbidden to the vulgar.

Meanwhile a sumptuous, though temporary, pavilion has been erected for the reception of Lord Thanet and his suite on the banks of the river Kishon, where he will spend several days in eremitical silence and seclusion, according to the rules of the Discalced (or barefooted) Carmelites. The cuisine, which will be presided over by a Syrian chef, will, of course, in view of the surroundings, be of the simplest nature; but arrangements have been made to secure an ample provision of curried Noodle, the Dutch form of vermicelli which Lord Thanet found so palatable not escaped the vigilance of the High during his stay in Java, and Dead Sea prawns. Fifty footmen have been engaged to secure an efficient service. Also the Kishon has been stocked with tarpon, to enable Lord Thanet to indulge in what has long been his favourite form of angling. I may add that keen hopes are entertained by Sir The destitute condition of Philistia in HERBERT SAMUEL that Lord Thanet regard to newspapers has long caused will not fail to be reminded of the simi-him much solicitude, and it is hoped larities of the Palestine landscape to author has his own method. W. E. regard to newspapers has long caused will not fail to be reminded of the simi-

that of Margate, Ramsgate and the Riviera. The sporting 9-hole course on the banks of the Kishon has been reconstructed by a leading golf-architect so as to recall some of the most attractive features of the North Foreland Links.

Lord Thanet's subsequent movements will be governed largely by the exigencies of the political situation at home. but I should not be faithful to my responsibilities if I refrained from stating that a strong desire has been expressed in certain influential quarters that, in the best interests of the Empire, he should again go to Jericho and take up his permanent residence in that salubrious city.

THE BROKEN THREAD.

Miss Brookes, sent out by the Typewriting Agency for the first time, had anticipated finding someone quite different. Mr. Anthony Chivers, though dressed in unexpected things, was just an ordinary person. He was, incredibly, even a little nervous. Who's Who had told her, among other less intriguing matter, that he was the author of twentyseven novels, that he had married the daughter of a K.C.B., that seven years ago he had been shipwrecked and that his favourite recreation was pig-sticking. He did not look like a pig-sticker; but then no one does.

"Yes, straight on to the machine," he said; "it saves time. And one carbon copy, please, Miss Brookes.

Ready? Good.

"Chapter I .- The curtain was down full-stop the woman raised her darkblue comma - um - got that ?- the woman raised her dark-blue comma heavy cloak and comma bending forward comma peered into the stalls comma and recognised Sir Henry semicolon he comma as usual comma was accompanied by his daughter full-stop par quotes I am tired comma tired comma quotes she said full-stop par did her husband guess query par quotes are you query quotes he said full-stop.'

Miss Brookes, tragically unaccustomed to life lived as rapidly as this,

lost her head.

"Excuse me, I'm so sorry," she said, "but perhaps, if you left out the punctua-

tion—you see, there's such a lot—"
"Punctuation, Miss Brookes, is the soul of style. It cannot possibly be omitted. Even the sense depends upon punctuation.

"Yes, Mr. Chivers. Quite. What I meant was-well, if you left the commas and things to me I should be able to understand you better.'



FINAL OF OUR ART CLUB HANDICAP.

A PUSHING POSTER-ARTIST BEATS THE STAINED-GLASS-WINDOW DESIGNER BY POTTING THE WHITE.

with the colon. LAURENCE STERNE'S parentheses were wonderful. I flatter myself on my quick, sudden paragraphs. Where was I?

" 'Are you query quotes he said fullstop," she read out resignedly.

"Par quotes yes comma very comma quotes she replied semi-colon quotes I think I prefer IBSEN full-stop quotes -um-par she sighed full-stop par quotes so do I quotes comma he agreed full-stop par the door of their box opened full-stop standing there was Sir Henry Vereker full-stop.

" But-

"Please don't interrupt, Miss Brookes. I've got the thing well started now; I don't wish the thread to be broken. Par quotes oh exclamation mark Sir Henry dash is it you query quotes par quotes yes comma it is I full-stop quotes-um-par hereyes swooped into his par-um-par quotes oh comma quotes she said comma quotes Sir Henry-

"But, really, Mr. Chivers, I-you-

I feel, I know that it's not right. My typing, I mean.'

She gazed, at first apprehensively and then very mournfully, at the halfcovered sheet before her. Its appearance was revolting, unusual.

"What is the difficulty, Miss Brookes?" inquired Mr. Chivers.

"Well, I've got 'Sir Henry Dash. You didn't mean that, of course; I see now. And then again I've got 'It is I umpar. Her eyes swooped into his parumpar.' I'm dreadfully sorry. It makes such frightful nonsense, doesn't it? But sometimes you say an un-I realize that it isn't part of the story.'

"I see. But you'll get used to that. You'll soon learn to separate the essential from the non-essential. A page or two more, Miss Brookes, and then you'll swim along - positively swim along."

"Shall I?"

"I feel sure of it. Very well, then.

Now we can carry on. Where had I With the object, we hope, of keeping we can't go on like this. I'm afraid got? Oh, yes-Oh comma quotes she down the rates.

Henley, for example, worked magic I've—you see, it's the way you dictate. said comma quotes—um—no, not 'um' -Sir Henry dash you-not dash you, of course, Miss Brookes; just Sir Henry, then a dash, you understand, Miss Brookes? you are quite a stranger fullstop I hardly expected you to come this evening full-stop."

For a moment Mr. Chivers ruminated; then-

"It never entered my head that I should see you here this evening," he corrected slowly.

Miss Brookes rose.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't realise you were speaking to me, Mr. Chivers. I'm sorry. But I underexpected 'um' and down it goes before stand now. As a matter of fact I 've I realize that it isn't part of the story." had perhaps mistaken the time and, I daresay, the house.'

He let her go. He was glad to let her go. She had broken his thread.

" Mr. — who weighed 33 stone . . . for some time sat on the — Town Council."



Official, "WHAT IS YOUR OCCUPATION?"

Applicant (proudly). "I AM A BETIRED BATEPAYER."

"TINKER, TAILOR . . ."

(A Child's Guide to the Professions.)
THE SQUIRE.

THE Squire, like other men, my son, Is at his best when church is done And lunch, though not in fact begun,

Is present in the mind;
For that is when he does the rounds
Of his hereditary grounds;
In front proceed his faithful hounds,
His faithful guests behind.

They love it. Note with what bright eyes,

What simple animated cries,
They marvel at the shape, the size
Of his geranium bed,
And gaze upon it, bleak and bare,
Imagining geraniums there
And hearing how superb they were,
Though now, of course, they 're dead.

Then, further on, they clap their hands

hands
Like little children on the sands—
The new incinerator stands
So beautiful and gay;
But all the time—it's very rude—
Their thoughts are obstinately glued
To other things, in fact to food;

But lunch is far away.

Gaily they plunge a glossy foot In fertilizer, lime or soot; With peals of merriment they put

Their fingers into tar; They shudder as the man explains The truth about the stable-drains, And still one spectacle remains

And lunch is just as far.

They hurry past the pig-house, not Because they do not like the spot, But just because they have to trot

To keep in touch with Squire; Perspiring, palpitant, they pass, Wherever there is long wet grass, Wherever there is broken glass And jagged nails and wire.

They run and climb and leap and crawl Across a ditch, across a wall, A brook, a bog, a water-fall,

Across a mile of plough,
And see, as sailors see at last
The gorgeous Orient, aghast—
Majestic, comatose and vast,
The very latest Cow. A. P. J.

"AMNESTY FOR WASHERWOMAN.
Earl — bequeathed an annuity of £40 to
his washerwoman."—Provincial Paper.
If our laundress thinks that we are
going to follow this noble example of
forgiveness let her think again.

"ON THE NOD."

"That's a charming frock," I told Betty, on meeting her in the Park one morning.

"Yes, isn't it? Florina made it for me. She makes all my best rags. Awful dear."

"They look it."

"I mean she is. Don't be silly, Bingey. You know I'm broke."

Betty always is. Yet wherever you go, Park, Piccadilly or Paris, I defy you to rest your gladdened eye on anything more perfectly turned out.

"Florina is a friend of mine, you see. She lets me owe."

"Poor Florina! One of those."
"I don't know what you mean. It's recip—what's the word?"

"Rhymes with 'atrocity.'"

Betty gave me the corner of her eye.

"She wants things like Ranelagh.

I take her. I've always got passes.

And Bobbie Simmons lends me his car."

"And Tony Lushington meets you at the gate, and Algy Barton gives you tea. I know."

"Well, I can't help it if they like to."
And they do like to. Betty lives
in the centre of a circle of eager wor-



Head Waiter. "Now then, young fellow, get a move on! Don't stand starin' an' gapin' as if you was the blinkin' GUEST O' THE EVENIN'.

shippers, all begging to be permitted the privilege of serving her. I must say she takes it very nicely.

I haven't found anything yet that she does pay for. Doctors and dentists fawn upon her to bring them her slightest ache. Actor-managers pursue her with tickets for their first-nights. Eminent publishers send her all the new novels of note. Even her boots and shoes are presented to her by a man whose son she helped to nurse ridiculously over-paid. back to health-and cardiac troubleas a V.A.D. Men in far corners of the planet send home rare skins. And a "little" furrier off the Bayswater Road makes them up for her at cost price. Betty has a flair for "little" people, to whom she introduces customers, accepting the usual compensation in return.

One of her best efforts was her country cottage. She had had "Flu," and her friends fought each other on the mat to be first to gather her up and take her off for convalescence. The successful ager. competitors owned a delightful place in Sussex, between the Downs and the sea. They also owned a delightful cottage which happened to be empty. When Betty saw the cottage she sighed.

" Fancy having that for your own!" They pressed it upon her.

"I'd love it," she said sadly; "but I haven't any furniture."

In a week's time they took her to it

"Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, hugging them all in turn. "Oh, you adorable people! How perfect of you! Where did it come from?'

"Those old sticks," they said, feeling

One morning Betty ran into my arms in Bond Street. It was a pleasant sensation if brief.

"Oh, Bingey!" she said, disentangling herself without my help.

I surveyed her. "You look very bucked," I said. "Come into a fortune?" " No, indeed. I'm broker than ever.

Just been to my bank."
"Oh, I see. Walk in and help your-

self, I suppose?" "Silly. I went to call on the man-

"Ah, yes. Sat in his chair, leant your head on your hand, opened your eyes at him, and he patted you on the shoulder and told you you could overdraw to any extent up to a fiver?"

Betty showed a dimple.

"Something like that." "Do you know what you are? You're an extortioner, an adventuress, a vamp."

"Never mind, Bingey Boy, I never take anything from you.'

"You have taken something from me." I said: but I don't think she knew what I meant.

I had a letter from her this morning:

" DEAREST OLD BINGEY-ONE, -This is to tell you that I've been and gone and done it. I'm going to be turned off on Wednesday week at 2 P.M. He's as broke as me, but the Mallingtons have lent us their box for the moon and their car to go up in.

"No presents by request. I'll heave 'em back at your head if you do.

"Yours with love, BETTY."

Well, that 's nice of her, anyhow: but I'll lay she's found a parson to marry them for nothing.

"My own Bookbaker ago." similar document some weeks ago."

Daily Paper. "My own Bookbaker asked me to sign a

We presume that the person referred to is employed in cooking the accounts.



Mother. "Well, are you sorry, Kitty?"

Kitty. "I THINK I'M NOT QUITE BORRY YET, MUMMY."

3n Memoriam.

VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M.

BORN 1838. DIED JANUARY 22ND, 1922.

So long a day waning in light so clear
Shines o'er a world perplexed and malcontent,
Like a fair sunset whose first stars appear
Before its fire is spent.

Fulness of years was his, a stainless scroll
Of high achievement; and men loved in him
That ardour of the indomitable soul
Which time could never dim.

The vanished frontiers of a world obscure
To him were as familiar walks of home;
And his swift spirit trod with footsteps sure
Byzantium and Rome.

His garnered wisdom and his prophetic eyes
Showed him the ancient and the unborn years;
So he died dreaming of a world made wise
By sorrow and pure by tears.

And one dream which he followed through many lands
Shall now an earnest of fulfilment have,
When the two nations whom he loved clasp hands
In silence o'er his grave.
D. M. S.

Our Intelligent Post-Office.

From an official letter:-

" Re missing parcel, please retain packing and cover for inspection."

HOUSEHOLDING.

GRIPPING the poker, Agatha followed me on tiptoe as I crept across the hall to the closed door of the drawing-room. My right hand was in my jacket-pocket, which bulged ominously.

We stood for a moment listening. Then suddenly I unlocked the door and flung it wide open, manipulating the switch at the same time and flooding the room with light.

"Hands up, or I fire!" I cried sternly, and the bulge in my pocket became if anything more pronounced. We stood together gazing into the room.

"It doesn't look much like a revolver, "Agatha whispered, with a glance at my pocket.

"Be quiet," I whispered in reply, and in a loud voice continued, "One movement and I shall shoot you through my jacket like a dog."

"Is that how they shoot dogs?" Agatha murmured.

"I presume you are the scoundrel who has broken into other houses in the neighbourhood," I went on. "Let me tell you that the ingenious electrical apparatus which your entrance set in motion sounded an alarm, not only in my room but in my next-door neighbour's house, and he at this moment is doubtless telephoning for the police. Not a step, I warn you!

"And now I will give the call to a few more neighbours;" and, stepping to the fireplace, I pressed a knob which appeared to be (and indeed was) a part of the ornamentation of the overmantel.

"You are pointing it at the fire now," Agatha told me,



MAKING IT HOT FOR HIM.

Scene-Walton: A blasted Heath.

First Witch: MR. ASQUITH.

Second Witch: VISCOUNT GREY. Third Witch: LORD ROBERT CECIL.

FIRST WITCH. "WHEN DID WE THREE MEET BEFORE?" SECOND WITCH. "NEVER MIND; JUST BOIL IT MORE."

THIRD WITCH. "BOIL AND BOIL AND BOIL-"

THANE OF CHEQUERS.

"O LOR'!"





Magistrate. "What made you assault your inoffensive neighbour?"
Defendant, "I was always a bit of a tease, your worship."

whereupon I turned immediately so that my pocket resumed a correct position.

"Any attempt to escape will be futile," I continued, not without triumph in my voice. "I will now trouble you to hold out your wrists. Agatha, the cord."

"Oh, bother, I've forgotten the string," she said, and she ran into the dining-room to fetch it. Meanwhile I kept the bulge in position.

"You remember how to tie it, I suppose?" I said on her return.

"Let me see—do I put it through once after I have made the knot, or twice?" she asked, fingering the lobe of her ear.

"Tut, tut! And if I have shown you once I have shown you fifty times. Here, give it me," I said.

"You must not expect me to keep cool in such circumstances," she said in rebuke. "By the way, your pocket looks awfully empty now you have taken your hand out. Ought I not to hit him with the poker, to save all this hand-in-pocket business?"

"Look here, Agatha, if you will forget how to make the slip-knot with which to tie his wrists, all will be spoilt. See—over, round, over again and through. There is nothing to get flurried about. Of course, if you compel me to buy a real revolver—for which there is no need—I must do so; but in that case the gramophone must wait."

"How would it be," said Agatha brightly, "to get some of those patent window-fasteners fixed? Then we should not have to keep cool at all, but could stay comfortably in our beds when the burglar comes."

STATING THE FACTS.

[Sir Charles Higham, M.P., advises every seaside place to advertise and to do so truthfully. "It is only the truth that pays," he says.] In appealing to the tripper for his generous support We are mindful of our failings as a holiday resort, And a passion for veracity forbids the tempting boast That our native town, Bilgebaven, is the gem of Britain's coast. We're not so far from London, but the journey takes a day; The nearest railway-station is a dozen miles away; While for some uncanny reason no professor can explain, When the skies elsewhere are smiling we attract torrential rain.

A dingy den is every shop where no one sells or buys;
Each boarding-house proprietress a shark in human guise;
The death-rate is appalling and it's only right to add
That the local roads are rotten and the lighting just as bad.
The ebbing tide discloses an unpleasant stretch of mud;
The pierrot troupe's a washout and the cinema's a dud;
And enthusiasm's lacking when, on Early-Closing Day,
Our well-intentioned bandsmen render "Good-bye, Dolly
Gray."

The girls are dull and dowdy and the boatmen smell of beer; There isn't any bathing and there's only half a pier; And the single ray of sunshine in an atmosphere of gloom Was extinguished by the closing of the public reading-room.

Unenterprising methods have retarded in the past Bilgehaven's rise to greatness, but we realise at last That publicity is needed, so we boost it in the Press With the simple-minded candour that's essential to success.



EDUCATION NOTES.

IT IS RUMOURED THAT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF HERALDS CONTEMPLATES THE ESTABLISHMENT AND ENDOWMENT OF ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS TO BE ENTIRELY DEVOTED TO HERALDIC ANIMALS.

THE CURIOUS ADVENTURE;

OR, A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF COVENT GARDEN.

Poor old PEPYs! I have searched his Diary in vain for any mention of Lady Beatrice Fair, and I suppose it must be in a different edition. But this appears to have been the way of it. He told King Charles, who was bored inn and let all the other people stick with NELL GWYNN just then, that there their swords into the oak - panelling was rather a nice girl down in the Afterwards the King forgot carried out the introductions, and altogether played a part for which there is no very nice name. And all the time he never knew he was being photographed. He would have been mightily put out, I should say, if he had known it, and I'm certain he would never have grimaces.

I don't think the "Merry Monarch' knew that he was being photographed, either. He would have been much too careful to keep up his reputation for gaiety amongst historians to let himself be taken so many times with such a set and saturnine leer.

And the hero? The hero in a cosas I am concerned he might almost as

no doubts at all and made no mistake about what he was doing. He was in for a rare old time. Possibly that is why the play is called The Glorious Adventure on the programme. It was the glorious adventure of Bulfinch. There was no particular glory for the hero, except when he had a fight at an behind him so that he could disarm them at leisure. That is rather a about her, but PEPYS reminded him and good idea in duelling. It was especially You saw the lunge good in one case. into the panel and then

the hero struck, and the sword remained in the panel with the other fellow's hand and wrist still on it. That must have hurt. But this was made such a lot of stupid and undignified the only time that the hero did any real business, and when you consider Monsieur d'Artagnan, who was so recently in this Garden. . .

Nor again can one say that there was much glory for Lady Beatrice Fair. It was a common thing, apparently, in the Restoration times for ladies who had lost their fortune at the gamingtable to escape indebtedness by marry. tume film always wears a mask. So far ing some criminal in Newgate who was as I am concerned he might almost as just about to be hanged. Common, no wery convincing. They were too much well have his face taken out and "hero," doubt, but not glorious. In any case like bonfires and ordinary flares; but or "immutably noble" written in the this is what Lady Beatrice has to do there was no doubt about the lead.

blank. But the villain, BULFINCH, had when she loses at cards, and does, apparently, without any particular qualms of conscience, although she is very properly terrified, for some reason or other, at the advances of Charles II. You couldn't wonder that SOLOMON EAGLE, who wore a kind of chestnutroasting apparatus on his head, was indignant at the ways of high society, or feel any doubt that the Great Fire of London would come just in time to let Mr. Bulfinch out of gaol before he got hanged. He certainly deserved to have a run for his marriage. As a facial expert and biceps-exhibitor he had been a perfect wonder in his con-demned cell. I have never seen such clutchings and writhings and rollings of the eyes.

But as an athlete he was even greater, for he climbed into Lady Beatrice Fair's bedroom and carried her out and ran with her (how he did run!) down the streets of blazing London, street after street, at a steady trot, past the most amazing scenes of ruin and terror and despair, to the vaults of Old St. Paul's. He went there because he knew the lead was going to melt off the roof, and that was a sight which no villain with a sense of sport would care to miss. Some of the other flames had not been

And that brings me to one of the most delightful parts of this play, and indeed of all film plays, the dotting of the i's and the crossing of the t's. Harking back for a moment to the interview between the Lady Beatrice Fair and the "Merry Monarch," there was a fine moment when the KING refrained from pressing his unwelcome advances (I believe that is right) and sent the lady home with Mr. PEPYS to escort her. First of all he allowed her to go. After that

WHOOSH!

and there he was standing and looking up at a famous Vandyck of CHARLES I. A portrait, you understand, of the dear old dad. After that

WHOOSH!

once more, and he was standing in front of the Royal Arms, with a lion on one side of him and the unicorn on the other. And then

WHOOSH!

a third time, and we have Mr. Perys making the remark, "A king and a gentleman !" This seems to clear up any possible doubt about that.

It was just the same with this matter of the molten lead. First of all you have the sentence " Molten lead from the roof of Old St. Paul's" or something of that kind. Then you see it-real molten lead, falling and trickling and rising like a sea. And at the very moment when it is first flashed on there is a tremendous metal clangour from the orchestra, which continues to reverberate during the whole of the scene. Metal, you see. Molten lead, not mud. Lead. You can't miss it.

Molten lead, it trickles and falls, Trickles and falls about the feet, Molten lead of terrific heat Down from the roof of Old St. Paul's.

That was the way it affected me. But I have scarcely said enough about Lady Beatrice Fair. She certainly knew she was being photographed, though she was much more languid in her poses and glances than most film ladies, and indeed than most of the ladies in this play. This was rather a pleasing variation in its way, but it made it a little difficult to believe that she was really horrified when she received the present of a rose in a casket stained with what was stated to be the hero's blood. I don't believe she really was very much horrified. I believe she was really rather looking forward to that midnight trot through London amongst the fireworks and the molten lead. In fact I believe she knew that the Great Fire of London was coming and that BULFINCH would suddenly arrive in her bedroom and pick up the wedding-ring she had cast with repugnance on the floor. (WHOOSH! Section of carpet enlarged and huge wedding-ring | So Pippa passes away from Browning.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC: ANTISEPTICS IN THE BALLROOM.

suddenly flashed on the screen.) I believe she even knew that they were going to Old St. Paul's, and that the lead was likely to cause trouble. I believe this, because she went to bed in her stockings and shoes.

"Two boys are in - Infirmary, having swallowed put-and-take tops."-Daily Paper. They appear to have followed the injunction "Take one" too literally.

"It was not for nothing that Wordsworth commenced a poem, 'The year's at the Spring,' and concluded it, 'All's right with the world.' "—Local Paper.

From a 13th-Century Italian MS.

There once was a Ghibelline Tory In the days of old Lombardy's glory; But his sub-conscious self

Was a Liberal Guelph; So the rest of the story was gory.

From a Stock Exchange list :-"BANKS AND DISCOUNT COMPANIES.

Allsopps. 57 27/-Bass 412 to 416 Guinness Watney Combe . .

We have always heard that these banks are particularly accommodating in the matter of overdrafts.

A SOLO ASSISTANT.

I no not know one note of music from another. The infinite starry sky is no greater mystery to me than one of those sheets with black blobs all over it which people sit in front of at the piano. But I have the instinct of chivalry. I occupied a chair in the front row at the concert for the unemployed and I could not resist the appeal of the lady-pianist when, in the course of her solo, she swayed round towards the audience and, with her deep soulful eyes directed full upon me, said as plainly as eyes could say, "Please, won't somebody come and turn over for me?"

In an instant I had sprung across the stockade of palms on to the platform and had taken a position on her lefthand side. She lifted her eyelids momentarily towards me and, although she made no other acknowledgment of my presence, I felt that it was sustaining to her. She was playing with great vigour and I surmised that the first turn-over was imminent. I tried to follow the direction of her gaze upon the page, but found it impossible to do so from my sideways position. As a tentative movement I bent across her and dog's-eared the top corner of the right-hand page; so much of the technique of turning-over I had learnt from observation. She smiled dreamily but made no sign of wishing me to proceed further, and her eyes, as far as I could judge, were directed upon the ceiling. I adjusted my pince-nez and studied the words between the lines of the music, hoping by their means to spot the place she had arrived at. I read, "Sempre più animato," "Poco a poco crescendo," "Molto dim."

Seated alone in a quiet room and given plenty of time I might have fathomed their signification and applied the knowledge to her mode of moving her fingers, but standing on that platform, dazed and giddy, with a sea of faces in front of me and an uproar of sound around, they helped me not at all. She was playing with both hands at the opposite end of the piano to mine, poising and darting her fingers in a peculiar manner, but whether it was a " Molto dim." manner or a "Poco a poco" manher I had no means to determine. In desperation I stooped towards her ear. "Are you ready?" I whispered. She started slightly, brought her eyes down from the ceiling and swayed round towards the audience again. Was it possible I was too late, and she was appealing to someone else in the front row to come up and help her? In a panic I seized the dog's-ear, turned the page and waited like an image of stone for the result. Would she come We are not surprised.

to a dead stop? Would she whirl the page back again with her own hand? Would she hiss "Fool!" at me over her shoulder?

She did none of these things. She went on poising and darting as before. By some extraordinary instinct I had evidently turned over at the right moment. It was extremely gratifying. The thing was how to bring it off again. I examined the music. It was black as ink with blobs. That meant no time to be lost; another bit of technique I had mastered by observation. In a flash I had dog's-eared the next page ready. She was hammering now, sharp decisive hammers, with her left hand and doing sort of lightning figure-ofeight turns with her right. I gave her thirty-five seconds by my wrist-watch and then turned over. It was done smartly and dexterously; but a moment after my blood congealed and my heart stood still. I had turned over two pages by mistake!

I looked at her in agonized contrition. She still went on hammering and doing figure-of-eight turns, but she was obviously on the brink of coming to a standstill. The thing was to retrieve my error before it was too late. I licked my fingers, grabbed the page and jerked it backwards. Instantly all the other pages broke loose from their moorings and fluttered like pigeons into her lap and all over the floor.

I made no effort to retrieve them. I stood waiting for her to seize me by the coat collar; for the audience to cry "Shame!"; for the stage-manager to fling me back in disgrace over the palms; for the concert to break up in horror and darkness. Instead, I heard a final hammer, a thunder of applause and a voice saying, "You shouldn't have troubled; I was playing from

memory. I always do."
"But the music?" I gasped, pointing to the prostrate sheets.

"Oh, that's the accompaniment for the quartette," she said; "it's the next item."

Not the Light Fantastic.

"There were over 200 dancers present, amongst whom we noticed the Mayoress of — and her two tons."—Local Paper.

"A competition is to take place at a masked ball to determine the owners of the prettiest three pairs of legs in Vienna. Each competitor will pass before a small jury of men and women."—Evening Paper.

We are entering our pet caterpillar.

" A local loans issue of 30 million pounds at

BARDS AND BIRDS.

[" The great poets, almost all of them, have been singularly ignorant of birds," says a writer on Nature topics in The Observer.]

WHEN PERCY BYSSHE addressed the lark. And KEATS the nightingale, The birds, I gather, made remark: "Lor', how they tell a tale!

Who ever heard so poor a song? Their ornithology's all wrong.

When Wordsworth took his walks abroad

In days of early Spring And hymned the veriest little fraud That ever flapped a wing,

The wandering voices chuckled. "Look who's

Here now!" observed the graceless cuckoos.

When Browning from a warmer clime Carolled in rapturous strain

Of England, home and April time And gave his fancy rein, The local fowls pooh-poohed his lore About the thrush's wise encore.

The Ettrick Shepherd doubtless knew The points of every nest, But of more classic poets few

Would shine in such a test; Take TENNYSON, who put that wordy Speech in the beak of "little birdie."

The bard who'd build a lasting fame That calls for no apology Will be advised to feed his flame On lessons in zoology:

So shall he win the valued votes Of those who write our Nature Notes.

Another Impending Apology.

Headline to a notice, in a Theatrical Paper, of a new film, "featuring" a lady well known in society:

"LADY DIANA'S BLOOMING CHEEK."

"QUEUE AT THE GATES OF DEVON-SHIRE HOUSE.

OVER 3,000 GUESTS AT LIBERAL DECEPTION." Scotch Paper.

We gather, however, from the Anti-Coalition Press that this took place at the Central Hall, Westminster.

From a police-case report:-

- stated that whilst eyeling to "Francis work he had to pass the houses in the road, and narrowly missed being kicked. - stated that her husband was knocked off his cycle by the defendant's houses, receiving injuries, from which he had not yet recovered. Provincial Paper.

Our local horse-agent now advertises "Bijou Residences, free from vice; can be safely passed by all traffic; semi or detached." In the meantime our office boy suggests that we tell this yarn to the house-marines.

ark,

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me



"SAFETY FIRST."

MORE DIEHARDS.

THE Brighter London people are not, it seems, going to have it all their own way. Already a new society has been formed with the purpose of discouraging any tampering with their City of Heart's Desire.

The first meeting was held in one of the darkest of the Adelphi arches. The Duke of Sloane occupied the Chair, and ishness. (Loud cheers.) among those present were the Marquis of Mayfair, the Earl of Knightsbridge, Hon. Mark Lane, Sir Vincent Square, Sir Ludgate Hill, Sir Eli Place, Sir and Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, who was but to-day you had to travel far to find every word that Lord Leadenhall had

seated more or less comfortably between Gog and Magog.

The Duke of Sloane, in opening the discussion, said that he deplored all meddling with London by well-meaning but unimaginative cranks. The capital of a country should represent the genius of the country. (Hear, hear.) The English were a shortsighted saturnine drab people, pleasure-loving and pleasuresuspecting at the same time, and much given to leaving off before finishing. London reflected these characteristics and should continue to do so. He saw no virtue in the importation of foreign veneers. Much that existed in London infuriated him. but as, being an Englishman, he always felt happier when infuriated and doing nothing but protest than when quiescent, he was all right. And as his was a typical case-(hear, hear!)-it

followed that most other people were an honest music-hall where you could fog or dirt, how much better to encourall right too. An Englishman's grouse

was his wassail. (Cheers.)
Mr. Whyte Hall, K.C., said he was against brightening London in any way; but, granted that brightening was necessary, why should London be brightened for foreigners and not for ourselves? Londoners had been inhabiting London for a good long time, and nothing had been done for them, and no one had suggested that anything should be done for them; but directly it was discovered that fewer Americans had come to London in 1921 | for their treacherous caprice? than in 1920, and therefore that less American money had been spent here, there was this brightening movement. He was against preparing lures for allowing passengers to stand in the Americans. Moreover, he was quite new buses after the assurance given us sure that what Americans wanted to that those buses were being built bigger not a London Continentalised and be- (Loud cheers.) devilled. If anyone thought that the Mr. HARRY PRESTON said that the be the meaning.

feeble display of illuminated advertisements that had recently broken out in go to Victoria and take a seat in the Piccadilly Circus was calculated to make a stranger from Broadway feel at home or fill him with rapture, he was mistaken. Americans did not come to London to see their own specialities badly copied-such a spectacle as that filled them with contempt for us-but to revel in London's peculiar London-

Sir Eli Place said that he agreed with the last speaker as to foreign importa-Lord Leadenhall, Lord Aldersgate, the Hon. Mark Lane, Sir Vincent Square, revue had almost destroyed the old variety entertainment for which we Lincoln Zinn, Mr. Austin Friars, Mr. were famous. London had been for Whyte Hall, K.C., Mr. GEORGE STREET centuries the home of the comic singer;

THE SALES.

Wife of Animal-trainer (to friend). "OH, YES, DEAR, I ALWAYS TAKE TRIXIE WITH ME TO THE SALES. SHE'S GOT SUCH A WONDERFUL REACH."

hear one. And every day, he was told, he would become more and more scarce. The best way to brighten London was to close the cinemas and revert to variety.

Sir Lincoln Zinn said that it made him tired to read the pleas that were periodically put forward for open-air cafés in London, roof-gardens, tables on the pavement and so forth. How could you have those in an atmosphere charged with soot and under weather conditions famous all over the world

Mr. Austin Friars said that the only thing which at the moment he wished to see changed was the recent rule visit was London pure and simple and on purpose to stop the standing habit.

best way to Brighton London was to

Southern Belle," (Oh, oh!)
Lord Leadenhall said that what they had got to fight was the devastating modern spirit. Looking back over a long life he could see no improvement in London whatever since he left school. Every new thing was to the bad and every new thing had been hailed as a brightener. Who, he should like to know, was the brighter for the Tube? Who was brighter for the taxi? Who was brighter for the cinema, as compared with the honest old music-hall? Who was brighter for the telephone? (Loud laughter.)

Mr. CHESTERTON said that he endorsed

spoken. The first thought of most city-brighteners was to see what could be borrowed from other capitals. That seemed to him a mistake. The brightening should come from within. London would not be made more attractive, but less so, if it were full of Parisian ideas. People would always rather go to Paris for the genuine article. Everything borrowed from other cities was a dilution of London's own quality. What was needed was an intensification of that quality. It might sound paradoxical, but he would say that the way to brighten London was to make it even gloomier. London was famous for its fog-fog such as you could find nowhere else in the world. Very well then, let there be more fog! London was famous for its smoke and grime. Then let there be more of both! Since you could never get rid of either

age them and be idiosyncratic? The only thing that London needed at the moment was the removal of the restrictions on liquor. (Hear, hear.) London never enjoyed such prosperity and happiness - such brightness, in short-as in the days of Dickens; and in those days a man might drink when he pleased. (Loud applause.)

A resolution to the effect that all that London needed was freedom to go on being her own dingy self was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously, and the proceedings terminated.

_ E. V. L.

"Owing to a printer's error, in describing the — engine a couple of weeks ago, it appears that the fuel consumption on test works out at 42lbs. per brake horse-power per hour; this of course should read, 42lb. per brake horse-power per hour."-Indian Paper.

We thought all the time that that must



LITERATURE FOR THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon 'em."-Twelfth Night.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS MAY SINCLAIR'S latest book, The Life and Death of Harriett Frean (Collins), has, as Mr. Sapsea remarked of the disappearance of Edwin Drood, "an un-English com-Of course, if you prefer a piece of home-grown fiction to read like a posthumous work by FLAUBERT uncommonly well translated, you will get a certain amount of pleasure out of this finely-stippled study of degenerate sensibility, and your illusion of its being a Continental masterpiece will be sub-consciously heightened by the sturdy paper, wide margins and charming cover of its reverential presentment. If, however, you are concerned for those faculties of imagination and insight which are the main glory of English letters, you will have little but regret for Miss SINCLAIR'S uninspired and dispiriting treatment of the hoarded memories of scent, sound, colour, texture and taste that her five keen wits have amassed. Throughout her heroine's early-Victorian childhood these memories are good in themselves: a nursery-rhyme sung by a crinolined mother, red campions at the end of the lane, the "smooth cream with milk running under it" of a drawing-room tea. At the end of the story they are all bad, every youthful thrill being cancelled by some grim factor of senile anguish. Miss SINCLAIR is capable of far more original work than this.

Affairs of Men (METHUEN) is a collection of spirited battle pieces from the historical novels of "MARJORIE BOWEN."

for conveying accurately the strategic and tactical complexion of her battles. Before such authority a mere amateur judgment must bow. I should have thought that the author of The Viper of Milan was too much interested (and that rightly) in the detailed actions, emotions, carriage and apparel of her heroes-even down to the pearl in the ear of Don John of Austria-to bother with broad outlines of strategy, and she seems to me to see polychromatic patches as an eye-witness in the thick of the business rather than as a staff-officer conning maps on a hill or a historian brooding over documents. And I should have thought she could not have had it both ways. But, if she can, well, so much the better. Of her land battles, the defeat of Braddock in the Monongahela ambush, and, of the sea affairs, the action of Solebay, between DE RUYTER and the Duke of YORK, seem the most convincingly described. The work of this ingenious and impulsive writer is still disfigured by much careless phrasing, and, as for proof-reading, thirteen misprints in a single French sentence of ten lines is rather unlucky, isn't it?

In The Crooked Tree (Hurst and Blackett) Miss Sybil CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE enlarges, with a perversity which more than matches her theme, on the pernicious results of a warped education. The "bent twig" of the Pope adage is in this case Penelope Lancaster, who, with her brother Danvers, is brought up by her widowed mother on a somewhat similar scheme to that invented by the immortal Donna Inez for the rearing of Don Juan. After an incred-A preface by the Director of the Military History Section of the Dutch General Staff testifies to the author's capacity common-sense to call "cloistral," Danvers is hustled into Holy Orders, and Penelope married to the Reverend James Arden, who, being secretly pledged to celibacy, installs his ingenuous wife in a quiet country vicarage, after a strictly educational honeymoon in Switzerland, with the sole object of putting his insufficiently-tested resolution to a more intimate trial. The remainder of the book is devoted to the vain efforts of the servants, the parish and a disreputable cousin of Arden's to arouse Penelope to the inadequacy of her married life; and the crown of their endeavours is only averted by the spontaneous suicide of her husband, who, faced with the overthrow of his schemes, flings himself from the summit of a neighbouring tower. I cannot help wishing that a Swiss crevasse, if possible at the outset of the honeymoon, had been the scene of this grateful dénouement.

Because the Irish Office's efforts at publicity were contemptibly feeble, and also because practically every English newspaper was distorting the truth about Ireland for political purposes, not one Englishman in a hundred realised or now realises the conditions that prevailed and the things that were being done in Ireland between the latter part of 1918 and the middle of 1921. Among the few real attempts | mistake of making Tharg incredibly perfect. Indeed this

to depict the situation as it was, Tales of the R.I.C., which appeared serially in Blackwood's Magazine and are now reproduced by that firm, must be awarded the palm for accuracy as well as interest. author has kept his anonymity carefully, for even now none of the late officials of Dublin Castle appears to know who he is. It is clear however that he is a soldier, probably an Irishman who served with the Crown Forces, either military or auxiliary

police, and having access to valuable secret information in the files of the Government's Intelligence Departments. The style is restrained, as is usually the case with soldier-authors, and there is no attempt at special pleading or phrase-making. It may be said of it indeed-and one could hardly pay the author a more sincere compliment—that, now that the senseless destruction of life and property is done with, at least as far as Great Britain is concerned, and Ireland is entering upon what may prove to be a peaceful and constructive era. the book is more readable than ever. Some day perhaps Mr. RICHARD MULCAHY OF Commandant McKeon may write a similar book, and in the same spirit, dealing with the Irish "War" from the rebel side, and an impartial composite picture will thus be provided for the disinterested reader.

The thing which has appealed to me most in Margaret's Mead (Heinemann) is that Miss Jane Harding hasn't created her characters for the purpose of contrasting one conventional type with another, as writers of fiction so often do. Her boorish farmer has moments of amazing kindness and comprehension; her sensitive and gallant hero lights a cigar too soon after a wild scene of farewell; the heroine adores her sister for her charm and hates her for her shallowness at the same moment. The story is the well-worn one of the woman who is free and the man who is only legally bound, with victory on the side of the angels

prieties. Miss HARDING has distinction of style and her observation of country sights is very pleasant; but her greatest strength lies in her understanding of the things people think and feel and don't talk about. In more external matters I should not commend her so much. I cannot see a girl of Marion's character and education as an assistant in a baker's shop at twenty pounds a year, or, to be truly trivial, such an assistant as the sort of person who habitually carries a parasol. But these and all similar criticisms are unimportant. If the heart of the girl who has sold buns is opened for our understanding, the fact that she ought never to have been supposed to sell them doesn't seem greatly to matter.

Dwifa's Curse (Scott) is a tale of the Stone Age, and in it you will find a pretty quarrel between the Bison and the Beaver clans. I was a Bisonite not only because *Tharg*, the hero of the book, belonged to that clan, but also because I thought the curses of Jurgal (Bisonite) were more artistic and comprehensive than those of Dwifa (Beaverite). "BLUE WOLF" writes easily and with zest, and he has avoided the

young man suffered very considerably from swollen-head; and I am glad to note that even in those days conceit carried severe penalties with it. When, however, it came to mere thews and sinews Tharg was beyond criticism. And in his wife Vaia he had a henchwoman as trusty at need as a man could wish for. After a careful study of the illustrations of this volume I am inclined to think that the artist was a little severe to Tharg and his sex, and



"Dear, dear, dear! what a curious accident! I thought that only happened in the comic papers."

Still, to have muscles correspondingly lenient to Vaia. like Tharg's would be compensation for any face.

If you are inclined to covet your neighbour's jewels I suggest that you read Magic Emeralds (PAUL) and take warning from it. I am prepared to admit that Esmerelda Fountain, the young American heiress, is overdrawn; but apart from this very elaborate lady and one or two people who, owing to the jewel-craze, act as none but jewel-crazy people would act, the characters are lovable and live in an atmosphere of kindliness-particularly Dinah Forsyth and the girls with whom she worked and lived in London. Mrs. EVERETT-GREEN revels in the joy of drawing nice healthy girls, and Dinah can take her place among the nicest and healthiest of them. I am sure that this story can be given to a great-aunt or a grand-niece without the smallest chance of shocking the one or of doing moral damage to the other.

Seaside Attractions.

"The Police Court scene was impressive because of its very simplicity. On the beach sat four local justices."—Provincial Paper.

From a review of a book about the Ex-Kaiser:-

"And we leave him in the solitude of his chamber on the Royal train, his arms stretched out on the table and his head bowed on his hands."—Sunday Paper.

Persons in favour of hanging WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN will at least I suppose the angels are upholders of the pro- note that his neck appears to have been stretched already.

CHARIVARIA.

Four Spanish bull-fighters are in London on holiday. It is rumoured that they came over to have a peep at Sir Eric Geddes.

The General Post Office authorities have granted permission for music and speeches to be sent out by wireless for half an hour once a week for the benefit of amateur enthusiasts. The piece most in demand for transmission in this way is a famous tenor's rendering of "Kellaway! Awake, Beloved!"

"May we advise Mr. Kellaway," says an evening paper paragraph, "before he explains again to go to Hull." It is said that the temptation of the compositor to tamper with the spelling of the appendix." At the risk of being the name of the town was almost more has for immediate disposal a number called kill-joys, we confess to a preferthan he could bear.

In connection with the scheme, to which we alluded last week. for booming Brighton as a bathing resort, we are further asked to state that, in the coming summer, bathingmachines will meet every train.

It is rumoured that a well-known impresario hopes to secure the Poplar Guardians for a Variety theatre on the termination of their present engagement.

A gossip-writer points out that it! writer lives in England.

A Dutch steamer recently crashed into the new ferry-pier at Birkenhead. It is only fair to say that the steamer sounded her siren.

"At three o'clock on Tuesday morning," says a news item, " Mr. wakened by the mewing of a cat. Subsequently he descended and found the kitchen furniture on fire." It is a mistake to speak hastily even to a cat.

Mr. ARTHUR FRANCIS BERRY claims to have discovered a method of producing artificial sunlight. Not to be undergo an operation for the removal

"During the War we were fighting was a very good idea for Mrs. Asquith for dear life," says a Labour M.P. We to give lectures in America. The gossip- hope there can be no complaint on the ground that we haven't got it.

> "At one stage in his career," says a light-hearted contemporary, "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wanted to be an enginedriver." We fear it is too late now.

> An American scientist is of the opinion that the world is moving towards the North. In view of the need for economy it would be a good thing if the next meeting of the Supreme Council was held there.

> "Every human being," says Dr. Cas-KALL, of Chicago, "should immediately

> > ence for the more sombre entertainments of the cinema.

A racecourse has been sanctioned at Bournemouth. It is hoped that in the restorative atmosphere of the pines our punters will pick up a bit.

"As to Kensington being dull; I do not agree," says Dr. A. J. RICE OXLEY, the mayor. "On a Sunday there is a band playing in Kensington Gardens and the museums open." This accounts for the

sington people on a Monday morning.

A gardening hint advises us that the size of gooseberries may be increased Communist of not believing in Inter- by applying crushed bones to the roots national Brotherhood, the Communist of the bushes now. Timely attention assaulted him and knocked out three to this matter will ensure copy for the Press in the late summer.

> Metal latch-keys, says a lecturer, were used by the Ancient Britons. And, if the Brighter London Society carries out its intention, they will be used again.

> A butterfly is reported to have flown into a Sheffield house during a snowstorm. There is a Yorkshire tradition that this indicates severe weather.

"PROPOSED PRESENTATION TO DEPARTING EMPIRE MANAGER.

Provincial Paper.

Is this another forecast of the PRE-MIER's future?



IT'S ARISTOCRATS LIKE THEM, ARTHUR, A-LOLLIN' ABAHT IN THEIR MOTOR-CARS, WHAT BROUGHT ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

Championship have been played at and almost as good as new.' Glasgow. It is said that everything is being done to have the contest decided before the Genoa Conference opens.

According to a sporting writer Mr. JACK DEMPSEY is definitely coming to England. We hasten to assure him it teeth just to show that he did. wasn't us.

"A multi-coloured flamboyant parrot perched on the hat is the latest millinery craze," says The Daily Express. With an election pending, parrots perched underneath a hat should be no novelty.

A wholesale hosiery merchant has ascribed his bankruptcy to an unsuccessful deal in fly-catchers and to losses in trying to establish himself as a stage illusionist. We can't help thinking that he is most unlucky in having been overlooked when the present Government was being formed.

Six games for the World's Draughts of sunsets, "only been used a few times | rather dissipated appearance of Ken-

Because a Swedish lecturer, who claimed to be an Anarchist, accused a

Two members of a London jazz band have been sent to prison for three months. The others still continue to do it at their own risk.

The Building Trades Operatives Union has reported that very few men in the stone trade are unemployed. Our own coal-dealer, for one, is very

"Business men when meeting," says a medical writer, "should not shake hands." But do they? We had gathered that as a result of the trade depression business men merely shake heads.

"THE QUEEN OF NINEVEH."

(A leading article on a sensational picture-play. Quoted by kind permission from "The Times" of to-morrow.)

We are not ourselves greatly impressed by the objections which are being raised to the film entitled The Queen of Nineveh, dealing with the story of JONAH and the Whale, and due, we believe, for simultaneous release at the National Gallery and the British Museum early in the Spring.

The first of these objections comes from the R.S.P.C.A., whose Secretary points out that the whale is a warmblooded animal, and as such entitled to the respect and admiration of all lovers of wild things and their ways. To represent on the screen the internal tortures which such an animal must admittedly have suffered after the act of swallowing a live prophet is to encourage, so his argument goes, an attitude of indifference towards our dumb fellowcreatures.

To this we feel bound to reply that the opportunities for torturing a whale in such a manner, so far as the general public is concerned, are of necessity limited; nor are we prepared to admit that the mere incitation to cruelty of a few keepers of private aquaria or persons engaged in the pursuit of Arctic blubber is a sufficient charge to bring against an attractive and, on the whole, a thoroughly reverent spectacle.

It will be frankly conceded by most of those present at the private exhibition that the face of the whale, showing at the first gulp signs of evident satisfaction and even winking with one eye at the audience, but rapidly changing to an expression of surprise, followed by brought by a number of prominent alarm, discomfort and poignant agony, is held too long upon the screen. But this part of the film can easily be shortened without damage to the production as a whole; and the moment of sudden violently out upon a desolate beach by the animal, provides one of the most remarkable maritime frissons we have been privileged to witness on the wordless stage.

A second group of objections comes and scientists in general. It is com-Prophet is undoubtedly an allegorical interlude, old-world powers, such as dragons or sea-monsters, and returned of the deep. voyagers being spoken of as rescued from the depths of the sea. It is urged,

deglutition, still less of the temporary assimilation, of a floating prophet, the throat in this species being particularly narrow, and the cavity of the mouth actually larger than that of the body, thorax and abdomen combined. The vivid presentment, therefore, of the JONAH myth as a fact of ancient history would, according to this view, tend to a definitely reactionary outlook on Old Testament history, and at the same to a little principality like Israel. time to a false conception of anatomical

To meet this criticism we would advance the suggestion that the modern cinema is quite capable of representing allegorical significance as opposed to historic fact. It could easily be done, for instance, by the screening of a few explanatory sentences such as the following

Meanwhile, struggling in the trough of mighty waters, Jonah beholds a vision;

Great jaws close over him; He passes into the night.

Whilst the prejudices of science might be overcome by a further announcement of this kind :-

Little knowing that the actual food of the balana of his dream consists mainly of minute but highly nutritious crustaceans and pteropods, which it filters through a whalebone sieve.

This could be followed by a short exhibition of the feeding apparatus and, if it were felt to be really necessary, of the interior organs of the mystacoceti.

Of far more weight is the charge Churchmen of various denominations against the introduction of a fictitious love interest into the well-known Scriptural narrative. The beautiful scene in the garden at Joppa, where the tenrevulsion, where the preacher is hurled year-old Jonan is presented by the young Ninevite princess with an ivory charm and, raising it to his lips, says, "I shall never forget my little Assyrian girl-friend," and she replies, " Nor I my little Hebrew boy-knight," has certainly no kind of Biblical authority. Nor has from students of the Higher Criticism the later episode, where the Princess, now grown to charming adolescence, plained, in the first place, that the whole comes down to the beach with her atconception of the swallowing of the tendant maidens and sees her childhood's friend appear before her, dishevelled but heroically calm of face, Nineveh, being frequently referred to as after his sudden ejection by the Titan

in the second place, that the whale the taste of the picture-going public shown in this film is unfortunately an we cannot pretend to say, but, if neces-Arctic right whale, and that a right sary, it is surely over-emphasized. There

whale, even if resident in Levantine is no artistic merit in making the amuwaters, would not be capable of the let given to Jonan by the Princess, which is apparently in the form of a brooch with a long pin, the actual means by which he secures his liberation from the irritated monster. Nor do we think it likely that a ruler so proud and despotic as the monarchs of Nineveh presumably were would join on his death-bed the hand of his only daughter with that of an adventurer (however seasoned by travel and however devout) belonging

> These things, however, are but small blemishes in a noteworthy and magnificently produced film, which marks another epoch in the annals of the British cinematograph. And we would counsel cavillers to observe that a far higher standard of modesty obtains in this play than in many of its contemporaries and predecessors. The Princess herself is on every occasion adequately attired and, violent though the ordeal is through which the Prophet passes to escape from his strange captivity, no portion of his clothing is retained by the fish. EVOE.

"TINKER, TAILOR . . ." (A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE FINANCIER.

FINANCIERS have to be fathers Because of the stories, you know;

I can't think how Daddy would ever If it wasn't for me and Rebecca and

John

And fairy-tales all in a row.

We tell him such wonderful stories That nobody knows when they 're old, Of underground caverns where nobody's

And I have an island all silver and green, Or else it is silver and gold.

He listens and listens and listens And I fancy he writes them all down, But the one that I'm certain be likes to be told

Is my little island all silver and gold, For he tells it to people in town.

Our Daddy's so good at pretending, And so are the people he knows; He makes them pretend that the island is true,

And some of them wanted to buy it (would you?);

But it's only pretend, I suppose.

So financiers have to be fathers Because of the stories, you see; Oh, I don't know how Daddy would

ever get on If it wasn't for me and Rebecca and

But especially, 'specially ME.

A. P. H.

LABOUR'S APPLE-CART.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.-FEBRUARY 8, 1922.

Mr. CLYNES. "SILLY ASS! GIVING THE WHOLE SHOW AWAY!"



Little Girl (on bed). "I had such a horrid dream last night-about burglars coming in." Superior Elder Sister. "Don't be so ridiculous! Surely you know Daddy is insured against burglars!"

LITERATURE AT ITS FACE VALUE.

AT all times there have been two recognised methods for literary reviewers to choose from. One is to criticise the work after reading it, the other is to omit the reading. The latter method has much to commend it, particularly with busy or delicate reviewers, yet somehow or other it has failed to satisfy the authors concerned, who consider it too speculative.

A recent development of this method has aroused much interest and should go far to settle the grievances of the author-class. It is that of a reviewer who bases his criticism of a certain work on the portrait of the author as displayed on the cover. Here are his words: "So friendly and smiling a gentleman you feel sure means to do you good and help you along the hard road of life as well as he knows how."

Why should not the "jacket" of every new work bear the portrait of the author, so that the critics-who are notoriously good physiognomists-can features alone?

Would not the literary columns of our newspapers and periodicals be considerably brightened up if reviews of the following type were in vogue?-

THE MYSTERY OF THE PURPLE GRASSHOPPER.

By W. DE KEW.

No one can gaze at the inscrutable features of this gifted and Sphinx-like author without feeling confident that there are thrills ahead. Whatever may be the particular crime on which the story is based-the murder of a liftman at a Tube-station by means of poisoned dancing-pumps; the robbery of the priceless black emeralds of Miss Jennie Sprog, of Newburg (Pa), at the Three Spades Ball; or the forging of a permit to visit Madame Tussaun's-the criminal will not be the ex-wife of the exdiplomatist of the ex-kingdom of Saturnalia, nor yet the piano-tuner with the LANDRU beard; nor even-and this will be a blow to many-the L.C.C. parkkeeper who with his alpenstock removes all traces of al-fresco picnics. The secret base their reviews on a study of the we will not give away, for we do not know it. But in all probability the Chinks.

perpetrator of this appalling deed will prove to be the last individual you could think of as the guilty one-perhaps Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE; perhaps the author himself. Anyhow, we heartily recommend the book.

On first taking up Heart's Depths, by Elinor Cross, we gazed enthralled at the portrait of the gifted authoress on the "jacket." That illuminating countenance, reminiscent of Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" or Millais' "Bubbles' -what did it reveal? What did it not reveal? In the depths of those liquid eyes, in the arch of the eyebrows, in the curl of the proud but tender lip was apparent a profound knowledge of the human heart and of the undeniable fact that it is love that makes the world go round. Not merely the vapid love of Belgravia or the tepid love of Surbiton or the anamic substitute that satisfies the sandalled denizens of garden cities, but the strong, fiery, overwhelming passion that surges through the veins of green-eved Russians, bewhiskered Bedouins and pig-tailed We invite our readers to peruse the letter-press in full confidence that before the end of the last chapter Zogitoff will have grasped the lovely Lelia by the back-hair, and, crushing his nose to hers, will have hissed in her ear, "You love me, little fool. To-morrow we wed, hein? Leave the taxi and all expenses to me." And she will look up into his green eyes and murmur, "At last, Serge Ivanovitch Zogitoff. I have waited for you for æons, my caveman, my scrum-half!"

Here and there, it is true, an adverse criticism is bound to creep in. For example:—

We need not go any further than the "jacket" of Mr. Hipway Tootle's Cremation and Relativity to realise that the author, in spite of his commendable industry, is on the wrong lines entirely. The shape of his nose alone is sufficient to make it clear that he has yielded to the influence of the now discredited Pragmatists, and is attempting to restate in terms of Bergson or Eustace Milles how many beans make five.

Had Ruy Lopez never existed there might be room for a formula of the kind, but the Tibetan genius has swept aside all these sophistries and has convinced all but a narrow sect that a dog which is stationary on a moving staircase is ultra vires, and is therefore merely begging the question.

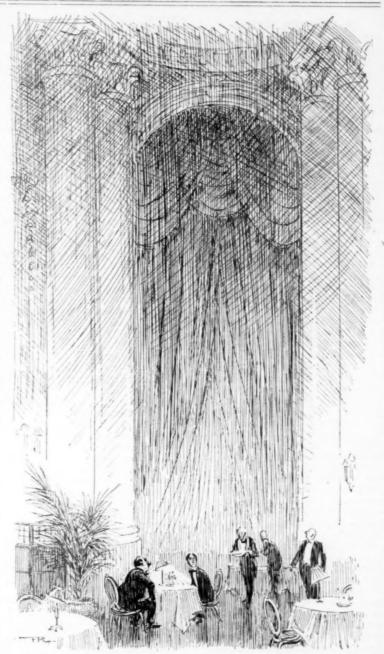
A MODERN WOOER.

I DID not sing her stately grace, The thousand beauties of her face; Not that I did, and do, not feel Their singularly strong appeal; But that I felt 'twas not the way To tackle maidens of to-day. So, when I spoke about her eyes, I said that one must recognise Their sterling look of common sense, Their heam of high intelligence; And yet, however I extolled Those priceless gifts, it left her cold. As for her lips, I did not glow With rapture for their perfect bow; A mouth, I urged, that could express Her views in seven tongues (no less) Was worth a dozen rosebuds; that, I may say, fell extremely flat.

'Twas idle to describe her mind As pure, and innocent, and kind; She has a turn—I told her this— For clear and cool analysis Which is a pleasure to recall; This did not warm her up at all.

Her shape—her hands—I held with force

Were admirable upon a horse, Also at tennis, while at golf I vowed she knocked my head clean off



American Guest (much impressed by the atmosphere of famous Club). "Say, host, when does the hidden choir start?"

(Which, I submit, has not been proved); But still she neither spoke nor moved.

And so at last I said that she
Was dainty as a maid could be,
A gem of purest ray serene,
The prettiest girl I'd ever seen;
So spoke I in my strong despair;
I got her there—I got her there.

DUM-DUM.

The Sacrifice.

"Mr. — has seemingly burnt his boots so far as the Coalition is concerned." Provincial Paper.

"The couple left the Church for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. —, where a deception was held."—West Indian Paper.

We fear the champagne was not above suspicion.

A CONSCIENCE PASTILLE.

My one and only lapse from honesty took place in a chemist's shop. It is many years ago, but even now, should a chance word or flower or scent recall the incident to me, I send a postalorder to some society for the redemption of criminals.

I was not a regular customer of the chemist. I merely called in passing and inquired for a "Busy Bee" Safety Razor, and he retired to some inner chamber at the back to search for one. There was nobody else in the shop and my eyes roved over the sponges and tooth-brushes and liquorice-sticks, the tablets of soap and powder-puffs, the nail-scissors and scent-sprinklers and smelling-salts, and came to rest on a box of "Mentholated Bronchial Pastilles' lying open in the centre of the counter.

They "cured bronchitis, whether in the advanced or elementary stage." They "were of a sweet and pleasant flavour." They "were absolutely harmless to the most delicate constitution.' I may add that they had the peculiarly soft seductive appearance of jujubes. They were of a luscious shade of purply crimson. My mouth watered for one.

Sounds of routing about came from the inner chamber, but the chemist did not appear. I longed impatiently for his return. I meant to say to hin. jocosely, "I am going to steal one of your goodies." Of course he would reply heartily, "By all means, Sir, and welcome." He could afford to do so since I was making an expensive purchase. My mouth watered more and more. To wait was torture. I decided to take one and mention it to him on his entrance. My breath came quickly. I cast a furtive glance round the shop. And then I took a "Mentholated Bronchial Pastille."

Even before it began to dissolve on my tongue I repented of the deed, and, after I had had one suck at it, I would have given worlds to replace it in the box and go forth once more an honest man. I snatched it out of my mouth. but it was too late. At a glance I saw that it could never mix with its fellows again without detection. The rich shade of purply crimson had departed from it : it was now a sickly pink, and the in-scribed letters, "M.B.P.," were running into one another. I crammed it back into the hollow of my cheek just as the chemist emerged from the inner chamber and regretted that he could not put his hand on a "Busy Bee."

In muffled tones I bade him "Good evening," and, once in the street, ran for

following. Evidently he had not yet Habitually displays missed the pastille. Perhaps he never would miss it. There was relief in the thought; but somehow I could not bear to have the thing hanging over me.

I found myself stealing back to the shop. I meant to make a clean breast of it. As I went along I rehearsed what I would say. "Sir, when your back was turned just now I stole one of your pastilles. It is my first offence of the kind and I trust you will deal. The plumes of my perorations. leniently with me. I will gladly pay the value of the pastille, or treble its value, if you will refrain from giving Of the mid-Victorian minstrel. me in charge.

But when I got into the shop there were two customers and I ran out again.

That very night I was smitten down with bronchitis. I cannot explain this phenomenon; psycho-analysis, autosubconscious suggestion or something or other was, I suppose, at the bottom of it. Anyway I was very ill; but I should have retained my reason had not the doctor, after examining my tongue, recommended "Mentholated Bronchial Pastilles." That brought on delirium and for days I knew nobody.

I woke at last to find a hospital nurse beside me. I laid a feverish hand upon her arm. "Nurse," I said, "are there any of those damned pastilles left?'

"Just one," she said, and was about to pop it into my mouth. But I snapped my teeth together. "Put it into an envelope, address it to the chemist in the Square, write 'Conscience Pastille on the flap, and go and post it," I said.

She was a trained nurse. She asked no questions. She did just as I told her, and, as the door closed behind her, I fell into the sleep of a little child. 1 have never stolen anything since.

MONOLOGUE OF A MESO-GEORGIAN.

(On the eve of his departure for America.) THE peewit wheeling aloft Utters her whimpering cry, Ever more petulantly insistent As the human intruder approaches The nest of her helpless brood. The peacock upon the terraces Of the stately homes of England Struts, and as he expands The fan of his gorgeous tail Intermittently shrieks his pæan In strains of piercing falsetto, Exulting in caudal pomp.

I too resemble these birds: For, as Aristotle remarks (This I owe to compulsory Greek And the days when with towelled brow I studied, long after midnight, The Nicomachean Ethics, my life. Every moment I expected to And subsequently squeaked feel his hand upon my collar; but when Into the Third Class in "Greats"), I looked back I found he was not The poet towards his works

The same paternal devotion That inspires the human parent And also the plaintive peewit. Nor is the parallel lacking That links me up with the peacock; For my voice, like his, is piercing, And my motto is Sursum cauda ! Witness the dazzling spots And blobs of unearthly radiance With which I am wont to besprinkle

But still, in the deathless phrase Believe me, "I am not happy;" For, though I still can sling The purple ink with the best of them, And rarely if ever deviate Into the ditch of rhyme-The last ditch of the destitute-Small solace can I derive From the company of my brethren, The habitues of the Tea-shop. For they look at me askance, They hold me the slave of clickes, And almost as great a back-number AS RUPERT BROOKE OF TENNYSON. Nor do I stand well with the SITWELLS, Who in rude heroic couplets-Such as DRYDEN might haply have written

When suffering from neurasthenia-Denounce me inferentially As the sycophant of Squire And his servile henchmen, the Big Five, Whose exploits rouse to fury The apostles of Rotary diction. All this I could stand: but more Remains behind, for verse-And when I say "verse" I mean The verse I excel in producing-Is no longer a lucrative product. The novel is now played out (According to CICELY HAMILTON) And the hideous cost of production Is playing the devil with poetry. And yet a gleam of hope Dawns on the bleak horizon: SAM BUTLER, you may remember, In "O God, O Montreal! Denounced the Philistinism Of Transatlantic culture. But he was unjust and unkind In view of the generous treatment Accorded so amply of late To our suffering minor poets By the eager American audience. Wherefore on the morrow's morning I am off to Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and Pittsburg. To rake in thousands of dollars. The jingling tingling dollars, By lectures and giving readings From my unpublished poems, And claiming-who knows?-the mantle, As yet unappropriated, Worn by the late lamented Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

Jungassen



"H'm, yes—I fear we must knock off tobacco." "Certainly. I never smoke."



"AND ALCOHOL ALSO, I'M AFRAID."

"BY ALL MEANS. I'M A TEETOTALER."



"Strong tea and coffee are equally poisonous, bear in mind." $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right)$





"No sugar or sweet things, remember!"

"EXCELLENT! I DETEST 'EM,"



"A MEAT DIET STRICTLY FORBIDDEN!!"

"SPLENDID. I'M A VEGETARIAN."



"A COLD BATH EVERY MORNING!!!"

"GLORIOUS. I ALWAYS HAVE ONE."



"AND G-GO AWAY FOR A LONG ERACING CHANGE TO THE B-BLEAKEST PART OF THE EAST COAST!!!!"

"PRICELESS! WHY, MY DEAR OLD FELLOW-



"I LIVE THERE!"

THE ALTERNATIVES.

ADVICE TO A NEPHEW ON OBTAINING A VOTE.

YES, my boy, you have now a vote, and in a month or two you may have to exercise it. A year or two ago this would have been easy. You would have voted (a) for the Coalition, or (b) for Bolshevism, Anarchy and the Breaking up of Classes. Now, alas, they have complicated things by reviving or, at Perhaps to day you realise what you did. any rate, administering artificial respiragiven tongue at high pressure for some science.

The points which still remain obscure are, what exactly are the Parties, and who exactly are the Leaders? Unhappily these jolly old gentlemen will make speeches which are only intelligible to uncles like me who heard the same speeches in prewardays; they seem to forget that a new race of nephews has since been condemned to the suffrage and that the whole thing is Greek to them. Let me therefore explain it all.

The Coalition you know about already. (a) It is the worst Administration that ever was in any country at any time, and (b) it has saved the world.

Clackmannan and Kinross, like you and me, failed to grasp the full significance of Sir George Younger. Four years went by and we find Sir George YOUNGER, still game, still contesting, still contesting (U.), but, alas, contesting Ayr Burghs, 1904. O Clackmannan! O Kinross! what were you about?

Thus did eleven gallant years pass tion to, Party Politics. You may have under the bridge, and then-and then noticed that the Party Leaders have . . . ah, my boy, do you remember how

rude to all of them with a good con- George Younger is M.P. (U.), Ayr he did not elaborate that, so we must

THE RAILWAY COMPANIES ADOPT ANTI-WASTE. COLLECTING TICKET-CLIPPINGS FOR SUBSEQUENT RETAIL AS CONFETTI.

Then there is a man called Sir George Burghs, 1906!"? Perhaps you have away the most righteous man in politics thing in the British Constitution, and, it ever since. like everything else connected with that Constitution, he is very, very mysteri- there is a man called Mr. Asquith, ous. But it is generally agreed that, if who dislikes the Coalition. This great you see his name being bandied about, statesman holds the record for the somewhere. And, thank Heaven, we the entire world. His speeches set themhave our Who's Who. You are too selves naturally to Gregorian music,

Younges. You cannot possibly use the forgotten it, but I remember to this to-day. Everyone agrees that he is a vote until you have grasped the full day how you murmured shyly in my man of very high character indeed, and significance of Sir George Younger. ear, "Well done, Ayr!" Well done, This great man is perhaps the central indeed. Ayr Burghs have been doing

So now you know about him. Then the united Counties of Clackmannan famous as a constructor of phrases; even now as I think of the desperate guarding of Industries Bill, he is re- want.

fight in which Sir George Younger ported to have said that "this measure, contested (U.) the united Counties of which began its career with certain Clackmannan and Kinross, 1900. Alas, congenital defects, has emerged through all its stages to a large extent emasculated and devitalised."

That will show you the calibre of the Independent Liberals (who have taken a flat together near Westminster, I understand). What imagery! What beauty of language! You notice the words, "to a large extent"? Nobody but Mr. Asquire could have thought of that.

Well, Mr. Asquith said at Bolton that "there are half-a-dozen alternayour uncle burst into the nursery and tive governments which I honestly beweeks, and they have all been so rude lifted you upon his shoulder and cried lieve the people of this country would to each other that you and I can be aloud, "Sir George is elected! Sir prefer to the present Coalition." Alas.

make our own list. The Independent Liberals are to such a large extent emasculated and devitalised that I am afraid it is idle to hope that they can form a Government by themselves. It is clear therefore that some sort of Coalition is proposedonly, of course, a much more gentlemanly one. Frankly even then I cannot imagine the six alternatives; I can only suppose that Mr. As-QUITH is contemplating a union with Lord ROBERT CECIL and Sir GEORGE YOUNGER, with perhaps Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMS to make a quorum.

Lord ROBERT CECIL you ought to know about. He is far and

the marvel is that he can consent to remain a moment longer among the liars, thieves, assassins and general doubledealers whom he detects about him in the House of Commons. But character, after all, is what we want in Parliament, and Lord Robert's speeches are so something pretty exciting is going on most academic and orotund sentences in packed with character that his hearers no longer bother to inquire exactly what he thinks about the subject he is disyoung to remember it, my boy-in fact and to be properly appreciated should cussing-which is just as well. They you were minus seven at the time—but be chanted by a choir of Druids in sit back happily and feel righteous in I remember well the stirring days when white robes at an old ruin in the heart a vague way. The value of such a man Sir George Younger contested (U.) of a wood, where it is raining. He is cannot be over-estimated; and if only and Kinross, 1895. I remember the though I cannot recall anything else that days when Sir George Younger con- he has constructed—except, curiously Administration under which nothing tested (U.) the united Counties of Clack- enough, the Coalition. For example, happened at all. And that, as you will mannan and Kinross, 1899. I thrill in moving the rejection of the Safe-soon discover, my boy, is what we all



Comedian (after signing contract), "I stose you understand I'll have to be serious—perhaps dull—in your show? I'm under contract not to be funny in any theatre except the Colladium,"

As for the policy of the new Administration, Mr. Asquith has announced it at Bolton in no uncertain terms. He said that "the simple maxim he would give them was that they should save in the right way." (Cheers.) No wonder they cheered. Could anything be clearer? What a trumpet-call!

He also said that neither by penalising Capital should you drain away the sources of employment, nor by enslaving Labour make it an automatic wage-receiving instrument in the industrial machine. There must be neither anarchy on the one side nor industrial despotism on the other. The function of Liberalism seemed to provide a more excellent way than either of those.

And you, my boy, must neither incline too much towards the mad bull which you observe in the field to the north on the one hand, nor to the infuriated cow to southward upon the other; but, clinging firmly to the fence, cast your vote for the safe and happy mean. A. P. H.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

When first the empty house next door Aloft in pride the legend bore:— "Sold" (think of it!) "by Messrs. X."

We set about our souls to vex With fears of what might wait in store.

We dreamed of neighbours who would own

own
A pianette of tinkling tone,
A yelping pom for Pasht to fight,

An infant crying in the night, And probably a gramophone.

We shuddered lest they'd prove the sort

That leans the garden wall athwart
And borrows for its metre slot
The only shilling that you've got;

The only shilling that you've got; Whose milk is always running short.

And with the morrow's noonday sun Came Phyllis, sweet and twenty-one, And John, who might have come of

ur vote for A. P. H. And then there followed, one by one,

A pianette of tinkling tone,

An Irish, and a gramophone;
And ere the sunset tinged the sky
They'd horrowed for their gas supply

They'd borrowed for their gas supply The shilling needed for our own.

Yet when the evening came, serene We sat at ease in Fossildene,

Our hearts at rest, the menace o'er, 'And gently praised the folk next door 'Twixt Paddy's bark and Peter's keen.

A Non-Co-operator.

"When the news of the arrest of his wife and sister was communicated to Sj Das at the Congress Office he received it coolly and calmly. Some one made a remark that they would be released to which Sj Das replied that he would be very sorry to see them back at home."

Indian Paper.

"It is just as important to take your stockings off in the right way as it is to put them on correctly. Stand with your feet firmly on the ground and roll them off with both hands."

Daily Paper.

We must, however, warn our readers that this is not so easy as it sounds.



Jones. "ISN'T YOUR MOTHER GOING TO SKI THIS AFTERNOON, JOYCE?"

JOHCE, "NO, MUMMY'E GONE TO TELL MRS. COOK THAT MR. COOK BROKE HIS POOR LEG THIS MORNING,"

Jones, "BUT WHY SHOULD SHE HAVE TO DO THAT? SHE DOESN'T KNOW THE COOKS, DOES SHE?"

Joyce, "No, BUT YOU BEE MUMMY'S ON THE AMUSEMENT COMMITTEE."

FORESIGHT.

"HERE," I said, laying the plan before Janet, "is where I propose putting the tennis-court, at right angles to the back of the house."

asked.

"No, it's east and west."

"Oughtn't it to be north and south?"

"Why?

"Because as the sun rises in the west and sets in the east-No, that's in the Southern hemisphere, of course. But it makes no difference;" and she turned the plan upside down.

"As the sun rises in the east and sets in the west," she continued, "it shines in the eyes of the server facing

west. "That depends upon the time of day," I replied. "It is only in his eyes at six in the evening or thereabouts."

"But that is just when young men

"Young men?"

" To see Edith." "What on earth for?"

"Why, to make love and marry her, of course."

"All of them simultaneously? And why must they come at six?

"I should have thought that was obvious. They 're all day in the City, "Is that north and south?" she and can't play tennis with her till

> " Might they not be too rich to go to the City? Then they could play at twelve or half-past two.

"Not at all. If they didn't go to the City they would probably be artists or literary men with no money at all.'

"Well, anyhow," I said, "it will cost much less east and west than north and south. There'd be nothing like so much digging and banking to be done."

"Surely that's a ridiculously shortsighted view to take-

Suddenly she broke off. A thin wailing was audible from above. Janet sprang to her feet. "Nurse is out!" she flung at me and rushed to the door.

From the staircase resounding under her hurrying feet I heard her call:-

"All right, Edith dear; mother's coming.

AN IMMINENT SURRENDER.

["Hair-bands, with the help of which any woman can make herself look like a Cleopatra, can be picked up for two shillings."

TILL now I have clung to a bachelor's part,

Though others were yielding and weak; To Beauty I've offered an adamant heart

Encased in a bosom of teak; To Love, when it threatened a celibate bard.

I've quoted the cynical rune,

"A gentleman married's a gentleman marred,

To aid me in keeping immune.

But now that Hermione, Jane and the

May shortly (I gather) be seen

Displaying the charming appearance possessed

By Egypt's all-conquering Queen,

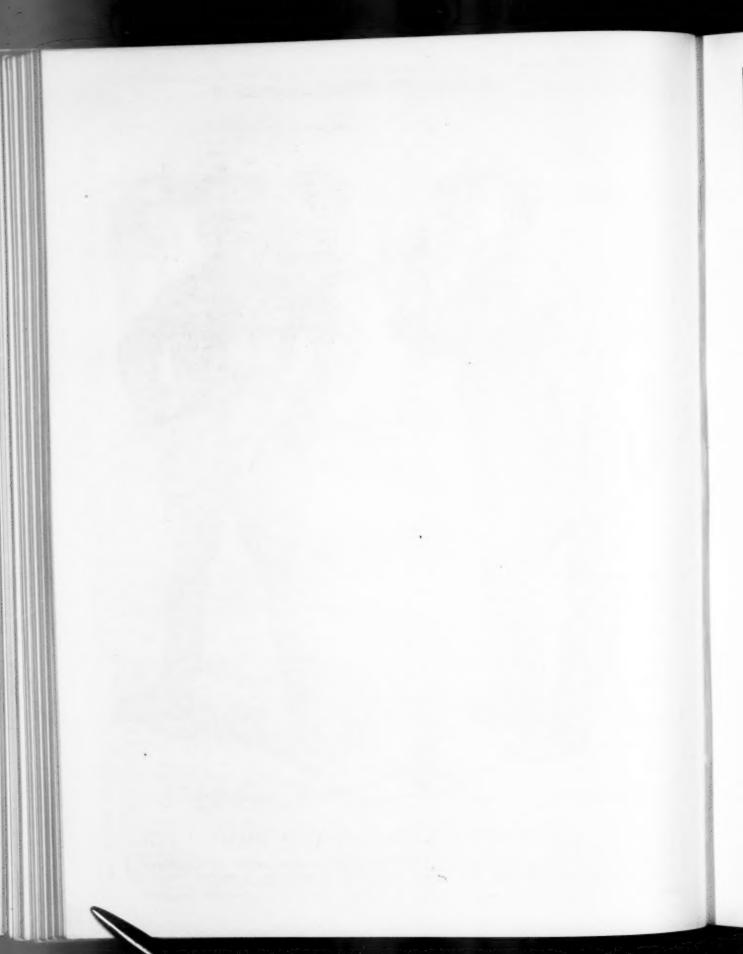
I feel it were vain any longer to strive; I'm bound to come under the spell; Twere merely presumption to hope to

survivo Where CESAR and ANTONY fell.



ANOTHER "SERPENT OF OLD NILE."

LORD ALLENBY (to Lord Curzon). "PERHAPS I'D BETTER KEEP BOTH MY FEET DOWN TILL YOU'VE THOUGHT OF THE RIGHT TUNE TO CHARM HIM WITH."





"I'M GIVING A LITTLE PARTY ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON. HOPE TO GET SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE TOGETHER. OF COURSE DON'T BOTHER TO DRESS-ER-JUST WEAR WHATEVER YOU FEEL LIKE."

PSYCHO-SHOCK FOR RATS.

GEORGE keeps chickens for profit and rats for his sins. He is also an amateur psycho-analyst. When I first visited him he was trying to analyse the emotions provoked by a rat-raid which had almost sterilised his chicken-run on the previous night. I had soon to steal away on tip-toe; George was analysing in terms which FREUD would not have understood unless he had been to sea

Some months later I visited George again. In answer to a cautious reference to the affinity of rodents for chickens he smiled broadly. "Bless your soul," he murmured, "I haven't seen a rat for months." The fact is, we don't fully reap the benefits of FREUD's teachings until we have learnt how to evoke and regulate for our own benefit the class of psychic trauma which the psychoanalyst analyses away. As you evidently are an infant in these matters I will explain.

"One night a wicked old brute of a dog rat, which I recognised as the ring-

seized his tail. For a minute or more a state of equilibrium was established; the hole was small, the rat big. In his efforts to adhere to the walls of the hole he bulged and bloated himself out. But dim light of dawn, I encountered thouthere are limits even to the bulgibility of a dog rat, and I soon had him out, killing him before he could turn on me.

"As his wicked old eyes were glazing in death an idea occurred to me. Here was the old man of the tribe in my know of his fate; he had been and was not. Spirited away, he must leave a up to me, whined piteously till the reartrail of unfathomable mystery behind him. And to mystification would be peared through a neighbouring hedge. added a haunting terror if a wraith of him could be conjured up. This was my chance to inflict on the whole family of the departed a psychic trauma which no one would be in a hurry to apply my coops at night."

" In a trice that rat was skinned and to show his contempt for me, left his the other was held aloft in a minatory analyst, but I fear he is not truthful.

tail outside after slipping into a hole. I posture. I do not know exactly what happened that night after the spiritualised edition of the patriarch had been left on guard near the rat-hole, but, as I approached the chicken farm in the sands of rats of all sizes and ages, the youngest on the backs of the oldest, streaming away as from Terror itself. They did not heed me, sweeping past with the indifference bred of a horror compared with which any fear I might hands. None of his followers could have aroused was negligible. The panic spread even to my dog, who, cowering guard of the retreating army disap-

"From that day my farm has been shunned by rats; not one has dared to approach the haunted spot. I have parted with all my poisons and other only psycho-analysis could cure. And devices, and never trouble to shut up

George did not seem anxious to be cross-examined, so I bade him good-bye. stuffed. Two points of luminous paint as I crossed the yard there was a savgleamed between his eyelids, and while age snap under one of my boots, and I one paw clutched at his heart with an saw I had sprung a brand-new steel leader, ran between my legs and, further, ominous suggestion of angina pectoris, trap. George may be a good psycho-

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I .- THRIFT.

When I met my old journalistic colleague in Fleet Street on Friday last he was looking the picture of despair.

Leading him towards comfort, and placing it before him, I asked the trouble.

"I'm done," he said. "That's all. On the shelf. Ready for the scrap-heap."

"But why? You look very well. You're not bald. You're vigorous. You play that game with clubs every Saturday. Tell me more about it."

Saturday. Tell me more about it."

"My memory's going," he said, "and that's fatal. More than going; gone. Look at this."

He proffered a type-written paragraph which ran as follows:—

"Thursday next, February the Second, will have a special cards stating that one novel was "Really Fine," another another

significance in being the only day on which anyone now living (except possibly Mr. Frederic Harrison) will be able to date a letter 2/2/22."

"How interesting!" I said.
"I should never have thought of that."

He smiled proudly—his first smile.

"No," he said. "It came to me in a flash quite a long time ago and I got it all ready for the proper day."

proper day." "Well?"

"Well, I've only just found it. Ten minutes ago, in my pocket. And it's useless. If I'd found it yesterday I might still have turned a few shillings by getting it into an evening paper, but now it's wasted utterly."

He relapsed into melancholy.

"Not utterly," I said. "How old are you?"

"I'm sixty-one," he replied.

"Well, you 've only got to put it away in cold storage for eleven years," I said. "Till you're seventy-two. And what's seventy-two? Nothing.

"Yes?" he said, all eagerness.

"Well, on March the Third, 1933, they'll be able to write 3/3/33."

"By George!" he exclaimed; "so they will. Thanks awfully. But how elever of you to work that out!"

"I couldn't have done it if you hadn't shown me the way," I said.

II .- MUSA THE BENEFACTOR.

From Honolulu comes an advertisement, cut from a local paper, of a friend of woman. Honolulu is a windy place—there is a gap in the mountain-pass just above it where a tornado is always blowing, no matter what the weather—and Musa no doubt had this in mind as well as the abbreviating influence of the mode.

"MUSA-SHIYA THE SHIRTMAKER

(Also some dry goods selling)

BEG TO ANNOUNCE HOSERY SALE.

We have notice repeated times how skirt of lady make upwards tendencies which is natural for follow style. This leave no privacy for hosery. Considering on this view of situation, Musa decide something require to permit lady carry

many spare parts of hosery so not demanded staying within home when invitation is to go out, thus making many people happy in generous spirit. Following is result of meditation:

ONE WEEK ORFERING HOSERY FOR LADY ALSO SOCK FOR MAN

Ten per cent. below other times cost.

If not your fate to finding Musa-shiya shop first time looking for, be not cast down for discouragement. Is there, closely between prominent Fish Market and River, in King Street, makai side. Sign will say when."

III .- THE CRITIC.

We were standing by the railway bookstall, idly reading the titles of new books while waiting for a laggard train. "Those descriptive labels," I asked—referring to the little

"A Good Story," another "Thrilling!" and so forth—
"do you think they are appended with any knowledge or at random?"

"I should think with a certain amount of knowledge," he said.

We strolled to the end of the platform and back. When we reached the bookstall the attendant was tidying it up, replacing novels that had been opened by customers and rejected and generally making it all smart.

We watched him gather up the descriptive labels and distribute them afresh.

"Look," said my friend, "there's a book of yours. Now we shall see." He laughed hopefully with all a friend's malice.

I saw that a modest recent work from this weary pen was under the stall-keeper's consideration. After a few moments' thought be furnished it with the label, "Really Fine."

"So you were right," I said.
"They do discriminate."

We continued to watch, fascinated; reputations are seldom so visibly in the making.

The attendant, having finished, stepped back to get a fresh

and comprehensive view.

Then he advanced to the books again, removed "Really Fine" from my bantling and stack it decisively in an adja-

Fine "from my bantling and stuck it decisively in an adjacent newer work by another hand.

"Yes," my friend murmured, "they do."

E. V. L.

Another Impending Apology.

"SIR A. BOSCAWEN ON THE ROAD TO RUIN."
Morning Paper.

"Ants, so Lord Avebury proved, have a well-developed sense of smell, yet they have no ears."—Daily Paper.

We can't imagine how they do it with such a handicap.

"The effect of great altitudes is to make men extraordinarily lackadaisical and indifferent to anything that happens. They are prone to lie about and snap their fingers at the universe, caring little whether they do or do not reach the supreme summit."

Daily Paper.
In some cases, we fear, they are prone to lie about that too.



Napoleon B. Northcliffe (to his caddie). "From the tops of yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon you; or, as we should say at Carmelite House, a record of over 1,450,000 days—net."



"Saving's all very well for them as is so minded. But I've always made it a bule never to mix one week's "The above case will be reported to the National Savings Committee." MONEY WITH THE NEXT.

AT THE PLAY.

"Money Doesn't Matter" (Aldwych).

if she would underrate mine a little less. (the Berkeleys), who from the very day of their wedding, eighteen months ago, have gone their separate ways, conducting their menage according to a private marriage code which gives them questions asked and makes the connubial bond terminable at the end of two years. The wife (who has the money) nicknames), of whom the choicest he does with his time outside is, by he is busy all day trying to get a job; to Girton?

but how should she know that he isn't enjoying his liberty with other women Miss GERTRUDE JENNINGS wished us so as she enjoys hers with other men?

I should have a larger respect for this caricature of womanhood? Well, Berkeley was to be a brand plucked we are asked to believe (a) that she from the burning. She was to be She introduces me to a young couple under the tutorial guidance of the best tune. Poverty was to prove the disshe wears in the First Act is the last it must be good wood at the core. Her leave to live their own lives with no modern fashion), and therefore being in right. And that is where Girton and a position to marry anybody, she selected the guiding aunt and the rest of that a young officer so ineligible that one can incongruous pre-play past came in. imagine no excuse but love for marryjazzers; she has her own "men" (with in this galley of decadents? Mere lightwith cocaine. As for her husband, when she meets him about the house she treats him as just a decent pal. What was what she called her); but then again one asks how such a pair ever

Of course it was easy to see why naïvely to swallow so much. In her And what is the previous history of scheme the business assigned to Pansy we are asked to believe (a) that she from the burning. She was to be received her moral training at Girton redeemed by a sudden change of forand sanest of aunts: (b) that, being a loyalty of her shallow friends and the Peer's daughter and having heaps of virtues of her admirable husband. And money of her own (the sloppy dress if the brand was to be worth retrieving, -and, I hope, the expiring-cry of heart, against all appearances, must be

But why was it necessary that her belongs to a rotten set of degenerate ing him. How then did she find herself pestilential set should be constituted of titled people only or their near relaheartedness of youth and an innocent tions? Why must" Beetle," the cocainetaste for dancing couldn't have done it. girl, be an Earl's daughter, and "Hug," ("Hug") is a vulgarian wastrel, and her best girl-friend ("Beetle") dopes herself with cocaine. As for her husband, when father (Lord Belton) and a frivolous father (Lord Belton) and a frivolous be allied to a Duke by marriage? Is be allied to a Duke by marriage? Is this the dear old error of confounding Society with the "Smart Set." I recall the code, no affair of hers. Actually conceived the bright idea of sending her how Lord Crewe once referred in public to the latter body, and confessed that the members of that sinister associabe asking for a new edition of Iolanthe to correct this quaint confusion.

Having relieved myself of these amiable strictures I will assume that the author was true enough to life in her picture of Pansy's environment; certainly she handled her criticism of it well. In Miss Cardew, the aunt, late of Girton, to whom, after long absence novelty, we were given the best possible type for exposing their ugliness. Instead of playing the shocked prig and taking a high moral tone she chooses to forget that she has ever been a lecturer, and contents herself with a few quiet comments, very dry and murderously effective. This was, perhaps, the best character in the play, and Miss HEN-RIETTA WATSON, with her knack of getting her home-truths home, and her gift for disguising her gentleness under a brusque manner, was the ene actress for the part.

Most of the talking was done by Miss Doris Lytton (Pansy), and very naturally she did it. No one could better have conveyed the impression of a really nice and lovable girl in a really nasty and hateful set, persuading herself that she was one of them. Lady Belton (the "Stepper"), with her delightful plausibleness, her undefeatable genius for immorality, her fixed and serene determination to live and let die, was cleverly presented by Miss KATE CUTLER. Mr. DONALD CALTHROP'S Philip Berkeley started with having nothing to do, being a negligible figure in a house run by his rich wife; but later on the change to poverty and Battersea made a man of him. He began to ask questions, in defiance of the code, and put in some good work, which included a dust-up with the person whom he of it was always fresh and relevant imagined, as he well might have done and unforced. The restrained and all the time, to be his wife's lover.

to sustain a slight element of farce. Apart from disgracing the Peerage by embezzling his daughter's fortune and defrauding the revenue with faked income-tax returns, he was required to friends except that the doper overdid break chairs and drink a lot of whisky. All this he did without prejudice to the her look like Mrs. Noah." pleasant bed-side manner which we always expect of him.

Finally Miss BETTY WARD, as Mrs. on the ravages of disease, helped to the humour of her morbid reminiscences to make all the difference to everybody. and forebodings.

The play was a little deficient in nor the Berkeleys with it. action. From the quarrel between

he had never succeeded in "identifying relief when the former took off his coat and waistcoat; but what threatened to tion." If GILBERT were alive, we should be an affair of fists resolved itself into a mere bout of wrestling (in the Græco-Westmorland style?) which ought to have damaged nobody. That the author was conscious of the need of movement was evident in the fact that she was reduced to making Lord Belton have no fewer than three accidents (two of them identical) with the chairs that he sat on. I have since heard that the abroad, the manners of to-day came as a management, and not Miss GERTRUDE JENNINGS, was responsible for this series of diversions.

The dialogue, I thought, was not always sufficiently dispersed, many of the company being left pendent too long, especially when Lady Belton took the



THE BATTERSEA PET. Philip Berkeley . MR. DONALD CALTHROP. Sir Hugh Chiswick MB. EVAN THOMAS. ("Hug") . .

centre of the stage. But the humour economical irony of Miss Cardew, who Mr. Eric Lewis, as Lord Belton, had feared that she was a little "fussy" in her preference for decency, offered an admirable contrast to the flippant garrulity of Lady Belton, who had no fault to find with the moral standards of her the rouge on her lips, which "made

The promise of the First Act was hardly fulfilled. And I am not sure that the author proved the truth of her Piper, a charwoman and an authority title. On the contrary, I came to the conclusion that money mattered a good one last night. It is at that point that lighten the Second and Third Acts with | deal. Wealth, or the lack of it, seemed The Beltons were no good without it,

On the whole a good play, as plays go Philip and "Hug" we anticipated some now, but not very good. O. S.

"THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).

Mr. James Bernard Fagan's new play, perhaps occasionally just a little overweighted with the seriousness of his intentions, was interesting to the end; struggled with and definitely conquered the seasonal cough-a very fair test. I was just a little dismayed, when the scene rose upon "Colonel Dangan's Bungalow at Jagpur, in the Plains," to see a waving punkah, as I was already near a punkah-like door, and it wasn't precisely a punkah night. I had also time to perceive, before settling down to serious business, that, to solve an old problem, a new comb has been invented in the Spanish mode (but larger) of tortoiseshell, pierced indeed, but not sufficiently to admit of any really satisfactory view of the stage through its inconsiderable interstices. baulked stallite who murmurs "Would you be so kind, Madam, as to remove your comb?" has my sympathy.

Colonel Dangan is entertaining his sister and brother-in-law, Faraker, an ex-M.P. with Wee Free views of how India should be governed. A couple of subalterns turn in, to be chaffed or mothered by the Colonel's young wife. But where is Tim (Captain Yeullat), Dangan's best officer and the darling of the regiment? A shadow crosses the Memsahib's face, which gives you the

But Tim is a sportsman. He can't help falling in love, but he can exchange into the Ghurkas. And he will do the difficult thing, go away before, not after, betraying his secret to Ruth Dangan. Ruth, however, knowing what every woman knows, but also wanting to hear what every woman wants to hear, extorts the truth from him. They part on that declaration-to meet two years later in a tight corner. Faraker's researches have taken him (and with him his wife and Ruth) to a "Buddhist monastery in the Himalaya of Bhutan," which is beleaguered by some rampagious tribes. Yeullat has managed to get in with twelve of his Ghurkas. But there's no hope of getting out; there are thirty rounds of ammunition, a little food, and the relief force comes not. Indeed circumstantial rumour has it that it has been cut up. It will be death for all at dawn and an end to all desperate problems. But for Tim and Ruth, Ruth suggesting, there is at least this the printer usually puts those discrect little stars.

Naturally, as you or I could have told the poor dears, rumour is ill-informed. Relief, not death, comes with the dawn, and Colonel Dangan is in the advance



Very affectionate little girl. "My DARLIN' MUMMY-MY SWEETHEART-MY PET AVERSION."

And it is here that the old Lama comes in to point out to the girl that all desires are illusion and to follow after them is to be bound to The Wheel of Life and to perpetual Sorrow; to renounce them is to be free and at peace. All of which is easier, I think, for a celibate Lama in the hills of Bhutan to believe and practise than for a Colonel's lady in Jagpur -where the Ghurkas are not stationed. As a matter of fact the old Lama's doctrine had less to do with the lovers' heroic decision of renunciation than was necessary to make a symmetrical pattern of Mr. Fagan's play. Neither Ruth nor Tim could face hurting the man who has been such a devoted husband to the one, such a close friend to the other. So that it was the Western ethics of decent sportsmanship that in reality prevailed.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry (Ruth) received an affectionate and flattering welcome after her long absence. She has developed reserves of power and her work is technically much more finished and resourceful. She seems to follow a famous and a dangerous model This equals "W. G.'s" legendary feat -put, as it were, too much into Ruth Dangan, more than could have been own bowling.

guard. The problem is still unsolved, expected to develop from the grave restrained young wife of the First Act. But this is perhaps hypercriticism. It Was an excellent performance. Mr. Philip Merivale (Tim), Mr. Robert HORTON (the Colonel), Mr. FRANK DEN-TON (the Ex-M.P.), and Mr. RANDLE AYRTON (the Lama) all played com-mendably. The production and setting were more than ordinarily creditable.

> A Special Matinée will be given at the Aldwych Theatre on Tuesday, February 14th, at 2.30 P.M., under the patronage of QUEEN ALEXANDRA and PRINCESS ALICE, in aid of the Fulham Babies' Hospital. Miss ELLEN TERRY, Miss Gladys Cooper and Miss Athene SEYLER will appear.

From a cricket-report :-

"The Transvaal met with disaster after lunch when Susskind was cleverly caught behind the wicket for 56."

From the score :-

"Susskind, c and b Alexander . South African Paper.

of catching a man at square-leg off his

"FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.

OUTBREAK IN PORKSHIRE." Provincial Paper.

Oh! my chaps and trotters!

" As I am writing for a popular newspaper, I, like Ajax, have to walk delicately."

Evening Paper. Otherwise he might be caught, like AGAG, defying the lightning.

"Correction.—Through an oversight a Hyde Chapel paragraph was headed 'Me-morial Service,' instead of 'Musical Service.' We regret our infallibility, -Ep.

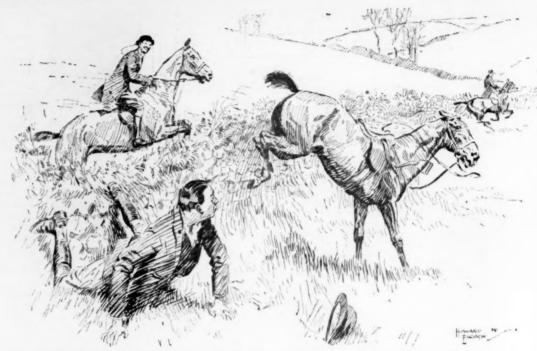
Local Paper, He really needn't worry about it.

"The Master of the British s.s. H.H. Asquith informs that he will not be responsible for debts that his crew incur in this port." Egyptian Paper (Alexandera).

No political significance should be attached to this statement.

"Sydney, November 7.
Another plague-infected hat has been found in —'s premises. This is the seventh to date."—New Zealand Paper.

We understand Mr. Churchill has had all his hats inoculated with anti-plague



Sportsman (who has been mounted by a friend-after the second toss). "What must the horse think of me?"

THE ECCENTRIC FOOTBALL PATRIOT.

Up to the time when my story begins no one had suspected Ernest of eccentricity. The bowler hat a little small for the head; the worn despatch-case (with the initials "E. H. W.") into which the much-folded copy of Snick-Snacks disappeared at the journey's end; the cold in the head throughout the winter; the mackintosh on fine days-all was perfectly normal. And yet behind that soft face and pale moustache lurked, all unknown, the iconoclast, the revolutionary, the human volcano.

Ernest first became a supporter of that very famous football team, the Hounds-ditch Wanderers. Why they are called Wanderers it is difficult to say, for even when they are playing away from home they do not wander; they are carefully escorted by their trainer. Perhaps it is because the manager wanders about the country picking up likely players from other clubs. Anyway it doesn't matter much, for they are always known as the " Hounds."

the Hounds were remarkably successful. porting the rotters. So they smashed Ernest stood among the supporters and | his small bowler hat and jumped on the shouted with the rest as the Hounds went from victory to victory, and no Ernest's eccentricity was not to be supone noticed his eccentricity. In fact pressed. He bought a leather cap that

unaccountable reason struck a bad patch and went all to pieces. They lost five matches running on their own ground. Their supporters stood it for three matches pretty well; but the fourth time they turned. Who wouldn't?

Who wouldn't, did I ask? Why, Ernest wouldn't! When Charlie Tracey missed an open goal against Hackwell Hoppers and a mighty shout of " Ugh! go 'ome and play marbles "rose from the Hounds" supporters, Ernest cried, "Never mind, Charlie; try again." When Ben Cuffbury, the Hounds' goal-keeper, let the It was during the season 1919-20 that fifth one through, and "'Oof 'im out!" and "'E's blind, pore feller!" rent the air, Ernest shouted, "Bad luck!" as loud as ever he could.

Is it matter for surprise that the other supporters turned on him? "What do you mean, 'bad luck'?" they asked bitterly. "A clumsy fool, that's what

And Ernest actually defended him. "It was a snorter," said he stoutly "I'd 'a' liked to see you stoppin' it."

This fairly put the lid on, as they say During the first half of the season in the vernacular. Here was a man supfew noticed him at all. Then, after the could not be torn and went on cheering almost to mania.

turn of the year, the Hounds for some the Hounds right through the run of their defeats.

> At the sixth match the Hounds suddenly recovered their form, and even improved upon it, for they won handsomely against a side unbeaten since the previous August (or was it July?).

> The following week those supporters who had been sickened by the continual defeats and had drifted away to support other clubs rallied round once more.

> As you will easily understand, they did not let Ernest off.

> "If there was many like you," they said, "the Hounds wouldn't never have won another match in their lives. It's just encouragin' them to lose, that's what you've been doin', stickin' to them like that. It's us goin' off that's brought 'em to their senses. 'No goals, no gate'; that's the stuff to give 'em."

> But would you believe that the ridiculous Ernest couldn't see it? He seemed to think that in some unaccountable way his encouragement had helped to bring them round. He even hinted that there was some slight shadow of doubt as to whether the desertion of your own side when they were out of luck was the most sporting thing in the world. This shows that Ernest's eccentricity had by this time amounted



Rural J.P. (first time in Chair, to farmer). "Yew be fined twenty shillin' for the offence; six shillin' costs makes twenty-six; an' one pound seventeen yew owes me for oil-cake will be just three guineas—or a month."

HEDGE-SPARROWS' EGGS.

I saw a young maiden come down through the copse In kirtle of brown fringed with green o' the elves; Her long slender fingers held slender snowdrops,

And her cheeks were as pale as the blossoms themselves; But soft shone her hair as she sped through the segs, And her eyes were the colour of hedge-sparrows' eggs.

Quoth I, "Sure, 'tis April before she is due, With her white tripping foot that old Winter o'erwhelms,

With eyes of a promise, so Springlike and blue,
Of fly on the river, of rooks in the elms,"
And "What are you doing here, April," I said,
"When by all of the clocks you should still be abed?"

She tossed up her head and said she with a grace, "I'm Miss February, the General's child; Since father's grown gouty I come in his place; That cry-baby April!" she scornfully smiled; "I pack the wild snowdrifts, I fill the deep dyke, But sometimes get days off to do as I like.

"Then, just for the nonce, I pretend to be May And rogue in the lanes with a holiday sun, Awaken smug dormice, set jack hares to play, Or call up a violet, purely for fun; And just let me whisper one thought in your ear: I'm first with the promise, the sweet of the year."

She swung down the wood with a smile on her mouth, She flashed in the golden, dark bracken beds' throng, And the bare branches stirred to the vagabond South, And a thrush on the hazel burst high into song;

For her feet were the snowdrops, were stars in the segs, And her eyes held the Springtime and hedge-sparrows' eggs

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WISH I had read Coggin and The Hare for two reasons. In the first place I am quite sufficiently enchanted with Wildfang (GRANT RICHARDS), the third novel of Mr. ERNEST OLDMEADOW'S trilogy, to regret having missed its forerunners. In the second, I feel that something in the whole scheme might justify the apparently superfluous grandson, whose life comes as an unnecessary coda to the career of Professor Henry Wildfang, otherwise Coggin. This career, from its resumption in England after the Wanderjahre of The Hare up to its catastrophe on the Biscayan coast in 1873, is amply justified in itself. The legend of Coggin's settlement at Crumper (the yellow-bricked and blue-slated scene of his musical apostolate), of his German name, of his patrician marriage, of his agonising reverses and of his early death, is as satisfactory as a sane philosophy, a whimsical fancy and a rare observation of men and things can make it. I might suggest, however, that the legitimate supernaturalism of the book suffers badly from its pseudo-mystical machinery, and that far too much eating and drinking are done by the principal mystics. A man might attain to heroic sanctity on "biscuit-coloured velvety soup" and rable de lièvre; but it is not likely. If Mr. OLD-MEADOW could exercise self-denial in the matter of miracles and menus, his work would gain in form and he would do more unquestionable service to the verities he has at heart.

A not unpleasant mystification is the effect left upon me by Figures of Earth (Lane), of James Branch Cabell (author of Jurgen). This purports to be an amplification, in a very modernist mood, of the legend of Manuel, lord of Poictesme, who had been a swineherd, and was (I think, but very whole-heartedly, a philanderer. The author has a conjectured that it is because Mr. CABELL, whose subjective visions are evidently exciting enough to commit him to the labour of highly-wrought and sometimes exquisite writing, is too allusive, too obscure, to give these visions or his characters adequate definition. So that one has an impression of wandering in a sort of dream pantomime with endlessly shifting transformations, a not altogether satisfactory entertainment, I submit. To put it another way, the structure seems needlessly elaborate to carry the filmy complex of vague allegory; a not very coherent, because necessarily very fragmentary, philosophy; and a satire rather thin and peevish, with occasional flashes of malicious wit or faintly naughty innuendo. Manuel himself escapes somewhat this charge of shadowiness and has a droll humour which is disconcerting to his strange acquaintances and very useful in his dealings with his adoring but not too intelligent wife.

If only Mr. H. C. DUFFIN had been as well up in ARIS- little time ago he tried to strike a humorous note in The

TOTLE'S Ethics as he is in his Poetics, what a fine little volume he would have made of Thomas Hardy (MAN-CHESTER UNIVERSITY PRESS). As it is, the Stagirite's views are allowed (and very usefully) to dominate the seventy odd pages on "The Art of Hardy": but in the hundred or so devoted to HABDY's philosophy the critic throws his Greek pilot overboard and invents a moral system of his own which is very flattering to the author of Tess, but would have made Aristotle turn in his grave-or should it be urn? However.

no amateur of Hardy can afford to leave Mr. Duffin | There was a moment when I had faint hopes about a footunread. Not only does his Appendix on the Poems and mellowing of style and judgment, but his appreciation of Hardy's dealings with Nature, backed up as it is by a wealth of happy quotation, is worthy of a disciple of that consummate Wordsworthian, Professor Herford. I was amused, by the way, to find Mr. DUFFIN fathering friends who survive us" on SAMUEL BUTLER. You will find it-"an unweighed utterance rather than a grave avowal," as its repentant originator subsequently said-in the fourth book of Sr. Augustine's Confessions.

In Physic and Fiction (Hodder and Stoughton) Sir S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE has collected a number of essays that all have in common a connection, near or distant, with the practice of medicine, though the majority have little enough to do with works of romance. Of several of them it may title might suggest. For one thing the writer, who for

am by no means sure) an artist, as certainly he was, if not be taken with unlimited Dickens, but with none of your flashy moderns, so lovingly sets forth and analyses his pretty taste for sorceries and devilments, and, trying to favourite author's views on questions like the influence of make up my mind as to why these leave me so cold, I have physique on character, or the social status of the medical profession, that his affection is a very pleasant thing even when the matter dealt with is not particularly intriguing. In the chapters about other themes, "Medical Priestcraft. for instance, or "The Pathologist in The Street," there is not a little vain repetition and many a prosy paragraph. It does clearly appear, all the same, through many words, that the author is deeply concerned for the physical well-being of his country. Discussing the clamour of the eugenists, who would make haste to eradicate disease, and the demands of a public urgent to be cured, he stands for a hopeful forbearance. "Make haste slowly" is no bad motto for a science so tentative as medicine; but the expansion of the idea makes rather slow reading for any but the expert.

> When I saw that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, in The Grey Room (HURST AND BLACKETT), was "striking an entirely new note" I felt anxious. For I was reminded that some

Bronze Venus, and missed it. Here he gives us a mystery story, and on the whole it is a respectable performance for an author who is not an experienced craftsman in this genre of fiction. There is, for instance, no possible doubt about the mystery, but whether you will be altogether satisfied by the solution of it is perhaps another matter. I think Mr. Phillpotts falls short of complete success, because his characters are inclined to be too loquacious and because it is almost impossible to entertain suspicion about any one of them.



BEAUTIFYING LONDON.

"IT IS BY INDIVIDUAL EFFORT THAT WE HOPE TO MAKE OUR CITY WORTHY OF ADMIRATION. LET EACH OF US DO ALL HE AND SHE CAN, BY PERSONAL EXAMPLE, TO RAISE THE STANDARD OF BEAUTY IN OUR MIDST."

man, but I could not maintain them. On the other hand The Dynasts, added in this recasting of the volume of it is to the author's credit that the secret is kept until the 1916, which dealt only with the Novels, show a notable end of the story and that you get a long run for your

After studying the paper-cover of Wishes Limited (JEN-KINS), I feel overwhelmed by numbers. I see that Mr. W. A. Darlington's previous work-Alf's Button-has "the conception of an after-life only in the memory of our been read by tens of thousands and seen on the films by millions, and, although I believe every naught of it, I've no head for figures and may be excused for feeling a little dizzy. If, however, you haven't an unconquerable distaste for extravaganza you'll find that Mr. DARLINGTON is expert in devising genuinely laughable situations. Unfortunately he is at present less clever in his presentation of character, and it is no exaggeration to say that I felt on more intimate terms with Mr. Spalding, who became a black-beetle and was dismally interned in a cigar-box (a very unusual experience for a human being), than with any be said at once that they are nothing like so dull as the of his other people. Nevertheless there is much amusement to be got out of these pages, and I hope that a few fiction prescribes a dash of THACKERAY and KINGSLEY to cool billions will be found to enjoy them.

CHARIVARIA.

THE luminous owl is reported to have reappeared in Norfolk. It is not likely, however, that the public will be deluded by such obvious attempts to divert attention from the GEDDES Report.

Practice for the University Boat Race is in full swing, but once again it is noted with regret that this popular event has failed to attract more than two entries.

says Trotsky. In view of this dictumit is no longer de riqueur for reactionaries to raise their hats on being shot.

Parliament assembled again last week, and the campaign for a Brighter London received its first serious setback.

A leading cinema actress has eloped to marry her third husband. But under Los Angeles rules a film star has to be carried off three times running by the same person before becoming the property of the

"The prevailing fashion-note this season," says a contemporary, " will be shapelessness." This ought to be easy.

" Scotchmen," says Admiral Sir CHARLES DUNDAS, "help each other naturally." but to what?

"Mr. William Brightwell, of Stoke Newington," says The Daily Express, "claims that

he is heir to the Austrian throne." We second." Even if you keep that dis-understand he has been told that if he tance away from him it seems that he doesn't really want it he can have nuts gives you very little time for escape. instead.

the Victoria Institute, denied the descent of Man from the Ape. It seems Times. It is understood that in the that the Monkey House insisted on case of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE our conthis dementi.

The L.C.C. is considering the advisability of allowing unsinkable boats on park lakes for children. The idea of permitting only unsinkable children to use the lakes has been abandoned.

"The London and North-Western ful but confident. Railway," says an advertisement, "brings Scotland nearer London."

which led to the proposed amalgamation with the Midland Railway.

"We have a profound admiration for Rugby football," says *The Morning* Post. This should be a comforting last thought to a player when he gets his ear trodden on.

Every year, we are told, many hundreds of elephants go to make piano-keys. But they don't go of their own free will.

"The speed of Carpentier's blow," says Mr. A. Francis Hinton in The "It is not necessary to be polite," Daily Mail, "is eighty-eight feet a

Disgusted Musician (moved on). "This is wot 'appens when a bloke tries to brighten up London!"

The Italian scheme to rename cer-Dr. A. T. Schoffeld, in a lecture at tain Alpine peaks after Allied statesmen does not meet with the approval of The temporary considers a volcano in the last stage of activity more appropriate.

> The Germans are said to be exporting to this country toy motor-cars made from waste material, such as old oilcans, at seven marks a dozen. Mr. FORD is reported to be looking thought-

According to a Sunday paper Prinwas, no doubt, this awful responsibility cess Bibesco, before her marriage to a markable escape.

Roumanian Prince, was an active figure in London life as Miss ELIZABETH ASQUITH. Literary circles, of course. have lately been agitated by the wildest conjectures as to the identity of this authoress.

Mr. A. CLUTTON-BROCK has said that on the Piazza of St. Peter's at Rome he feels that he could jump over the moon. but that he hasn't this feeling in Piccadilly. It is hoped, however, that the Brighter London Society may persuade him to make the attempt.

At a conference in New York Mr. SAMUEL GOMPERS was deputed to go to Washington to arouse the Government to the perils of the English invasion of the American stage. On both sides of the Atlantic the feeling is that a two-power pact is the only remedy for this cut-throat struggle for theatrical supremacy.

> In a lecture to the GILBERT WHITE Fellowship, Sir SYDNEY HARMER stated that eels had formerly been known to issue from water-taps. With reference to this an American correspondent points out that they are still liable to do so in cases of immoderate tectotalism.

> Several hundred thousand gallons of whisky have been transferred from a Leith firm to a Dundee firm. In order to avoid a panic in Scotland the transaction was kept secret until it could be announced that not a drop had been spilt.

> The amateur need never be at a loss for something to do

in the garden now. On one of the milder, brighter days that presage the Spring it is a good plan to take a three-pronged fork and lightly stir the gardener.

"A large number of bricklayers are now at work on the building of houses,' says a daily paper. The demand for sensationalism in the popular Press seems to have got the better of our contemporary.

"CAT ON 70st. TREE TOP.

BOY SCOUT WHO RISKED HIS LIFE.

He reached the ground safely, however, accomplishing the last 30 yards by means of two ladders lashed together."—Daily Paper.

As he seems to have climbed twenty feet into the air, it was indeed a re-

THE DEADLY POWER OF THE PRESS.

(In particular, as it affects a General Election.)

THERE came a moment when I bitterly swore To strike my Coalition tent; To do a scoot to some fresh pitch, and score My vote against the Government; When from my faith of old I fell away All on account of that preposterous Kellaway.

But, just as my resolve was being made, I bought the Northcliffe Evening News, And, having read, in violent terms conveyed, Its anti-Coalition views, I felt a rising in my gorge And took a vow to vote for Mr. George.

And then I chanced upon another sheet Of the "inspired" official kind, Fulsome to every Ministerial feat, And instantly I changed my mind; "This is a bit too thick," I cried, And started crossing to the Wee Free side.

I bought a Westminster to guide my way, Also a Star, for use at night; Each of them held the view that Viscount GREY Had been (like Asquitt) always right;
"Tut! tut!" said I, and then and there
Determined I would give my vote elsewhere.

To the revolting Tories next I turned, Intent to yield my panting ghost Rather than see the honour of England spurned; But when I read The Morning Post, Lyrical on the Old Old Guard, It put me off at once from dying hard.

"Labour" remained. Beneath that ruddy flag I'd curse Economy, I would; And then a single glance at Lansbury's rag Settled my mobile mind for good; The canvassers may call and call-I shall not vote for anyone at all. O. S.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flaneur.)

THE dancing breakfast is undoubtedly a development that has caught firmly on, especially with the younger generation, although there are some of the older and more conservative school who protest that the dancer's day ought not to begin till luncheon-time. As one of the latter sighed the other day, "If a man can't go to bed in the morning when can he go?" All the same, no week-end hostess who knows her duties neglects to provide a drummer and a saxophoneplayer for those early birds that feel like sandwiching a foxtrot between the porridge and the kippers.

The leading restaurants too have been prompt to fall in with this movement, and at one or two of them the band is in attendance as early as eight o'clock for the convenience of the busy ones in these days, when it is quite the thing to be busy. Among the earliest of the fox-trotters at the Fritz the other morning I found Rowena Schnorrer (Sir Lazarus's eldest unmarried daughter) and her regular partner, the indefatigable "Pogo" Corusco of the Illyrian Legation. They laughingly told me that they had only just scrambled into morning clothes after jazzing together all night at Nero's. Others I noticed were Lady Jessica Shylock, shimmy-shaking her breakfast down, as she put it; Sir Contango Bull

dancing as a preliminary to a morning in the City; Mike Donnybrook, the eminent jockey; Balham Gupmore, the novelist, and Dickie Turpin, the famous painter, who had to rush away to keep a portrait appointment with Lord Fulcrum. All the "live" people, in fact.

I hear such glowing accounts of the rehearsals of Ool. the super-revue which Charlie Chockram is to "present' shortly, that it is to be hoped that there will be none of the postponements which are almost inevitable with a production of this stupendous magnitude. Oo! will be the means of introducing to London audiences newcomers in the persons of Carrie Yelp, whose performance in Wow! took America by storm, and Alala, the marvellous Dervish girl, whom the discerning Charles unearthed in the neigh-bourhood of Lake Tchad. It is only necessary to mention that some delightful lyrics by Bertie Pepp and Rube Weslwitz have been fitted with wonderful tunes by Hans Plunck, to prove that Oo!, while worthily upholding the traditions of the British musical stage, is a big advance on the type of show that a captious critic-myself, in point of fact-has summed up in the phrase, "Teeth by Clarkson."

Much sympathy is felt with the Duncan Gallowglasses in their disappointment at the postponement of their divorce through a piffling and irritating technicality. It seems that before Lord "Dunky," as all his pals call him, led Peggy de Veau from the stage door of the Colossodrome to the Registry Office, more than a year ago, they agreed that, in case of eventualities, it would be a good plan for him to file the divorce petition at the time he took out the marriage licence. This was done; but now, when they would like to avail themselves of it, some groping lawyer has discovered that a petition is of no legal use unless it is filed after the marriage ceremony! So now another petition has to be filed in due form, and it will be months before the case comes on. This is one of those absurdities of our musty laws which are responsible for the wretchedness of so many modern marriages.

Nothing is exciting more interest and curiosity in Town just now than the mysterious Walpurgis Club which is in process of formation. I am permitted to mention the two stringent rules already framed, that members and guests shall not assemble except between sunset and sunrise, nor arrive and depart otherwise than by air; but I am bound to secrecy at present with regard to the various schemes for revels and frolics which are under consideration. The chief problem now engaging the attention of the committee is the selection of a site within convenient flying distance of Town and with ample space for hangars, When this initial difficulty is overcome and subscriptions begin to pour in, the Walpurgis Nights will not only make the labours of the Brighter London Society superfluous, but they should provide a strong stimulus to aviation. The names of Major Warlock, Mrs. Broom-Rider, Lady Luna Tickham, Miss Batty and Cavaliere Pipistrello, who are among the most active of the moving spirits, are sufficient guarantee that the Walpurgis promises to make the entertainment offered by the existing type of night-club seem like a wet evening at a manse.

An Easy One.

"I want an experienced Driver for a Daimler car; used to the butchering trade preferred."—Welsh Paper.

"DANISH GIFT TO PREMIER.

Col. —, C.M.G., said the Bench were determined to stop this terrible state of affairs."—Provincial Paper. (late of the Rotten Row liver brigade), a great believer in We hope that he quoted: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."



THE WINDOW-DRESSERS.

OUR MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "I SHOULD PUT THAT ONE IN THE BACKGROUND, MR. AUSTEN. THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY GREAT DEMAND AT PRESENT FOR THAT LINE OF GOODS."



Deck-hand (on tramp sleamer coming up the Medway). "Thank goodness, Charlie, we've done wi' them eternal blue skies an' blinkin' sunshine! The smell o' this 'ere fog puts fresh life in yer."

LORD THANET IN PALESTINE.

(From our Special Correspondent.) JERUSALEM, February 8th.

I am glad to be able to report that so far Lord Thanet's visit to Palestine has surpassed the expectations of those who looked forward to it as the most tion and even profanity among members. momentous event of the century.

With very few exceptions, noted later on, the programme outlined in my prepared to recommend the engagement national pastime.

of a limited number of unemployed Jaffa boys by the North Boreland Golf Club, where grave dissatisfaction had arisen owing to the insubordination of native caddies and their practice of hiccoughing at critical moments of the game, thereby causing much exaspera-

The cavalcade then proceeded to Esdraelon, headed by a specially trained herd of Bulls of Bashan, whose sustained vious letter has been faithfully carried and well-modulated obbligato extorted out. The landing at Jaffa was in- Lord Thanet's unstinted commendation. deed a memorable spectacle. Here Lord At Armageddon, where lunch was served Thanet was welcomed on the quay by in a tasteful pavilion erected for the a serenade from massed bands of the purpose, Lord Thanet sent for the driver Jaffa Orangemen, quaintly garbed in and presented him with a silver-mounted their historic costume. After listen- niblick. In the course of the repast ing reverently to the sumptuous and Lord Thanet was informed by wireless sonorous melodies discoursed by these accomplished minstrels, Lord Thanet in New York. He subsequently played received a deputation of Moslems and Christians, who urged that they were links and congratulated the secretary suffering from the unfair treatment on the fine condition of the greens, meted out to them by the British which reminded him of the thirteenth Government, only Jews being allowed to rank as first-class caddies on the no better way, Lord Thanet remarked, Jaffa links. Lord Thanet promised to of obliterating the painful associations give the matter his most careful attention, and announced that he was pre-

Lord Thanet, who, I cannot too often repeat, is in superb health and spirits and positively bursting with refined bonhomie, then proceeded by aeroplane to the Dead Sea, making a record trip from end to end in a hydroplane, placed at his disposal by the Governor of Jerusalem. The illicit salt-collectors who infest this region being conspicuously absent, the transit was effected without mishap, and Lord Thanet with characteristic magnanimity admitted that the Dead Sea reminded him of nothing he had ever seen before. On landing at the southern end he was met by a deputation of Mormons from Salt Lake City, begging him to use his influence to secure for them permission to establish a colony in the vicinity. Lord Thanet in a brief speech replied that his personal opinion was that the inhabitants of Utah seemed inclined altogether to overestimate the amount of interest taken by the British public in Mormonism, but that he had no desire to dictate to the Arabs, whose views on the subject of polygamy he respected without

sharing them.

Lord Thanet arrived at Gaza for dinner, but declined to receive any deputations until the morning. He was then

waited upon by the editor of The Gaza Gazette and proceeded at once to the offices of this, the newly established and leading Philistine organ, where he addressed the staff and printers in a stimulating address. The development of this historic city, as he pointed out, depends largely on its links, which are renowned for the size of its sand bunkers. Unfortunately the range of sandhills which protects the town from the westerly gales of winter are continually advancing inland, impelled by the winds from the sea. Unless they can be stabilized, Gaza is in danger of sharing the fate of the village now buried beneath the Culbin sands near Nairn. Lord Thanet indicated how this disaster might be averted by erecting a wall, extending for about six miles to the west of the sandhills, about four times the height of the great wall of China, and twice the thickness, but warned his hearers that the cost might be considerable. He promised, however, to impress on the High Commissioner the urgent need of proceeding with the work at once. Golf more than anything else would harmonize the conflicting aspirations of Moslems, Jews and Christians, and he felt sure that the Philistines would not be behindhand in promoting this entente.

Later, Lord Thanet congratulated the Governor of Gaza on the immense improvement in the sanitation of the city since the days of SALADIN. It should be added that throughout his stay he was careful never to mention the name of Samson, out of a delicate regard for the susceptibilities of the inhabitants, and that he has declined to accept the gift of the mandibula asini, the hereditary weapon of the clan, which a descendant of the famous enemy of the Philistines desired to present to him.

For obvious reasons I refrain from describing in detail the period spent in semi-eremitical seclusion by Lord Thanet at Mount Carmel. Here the programme was followed, except in one important particular. The attempt to stock the river Kishon with tarpon proved a failure, as the fish failed to accommodate themselves to fresh-water surroundings, and by their inconsiderate behaviour deprived Lord Thanet of the recreation designed to abate the rigours of his retreat. This disappointment, however, was borne with the same fortitude and serenity which he has dishistoric pilgrimage.

the beneficent effort to arouse the indaily paper; of laying out a golf-course than the improvements in sanitation and Cold Mixture now."



THE DANCING LESSON.

Exasperated Wife. "MY DEAR MAN, YOU LEARNT TO DRILL IN THE ARMY; WHY CAN'T YOU PICK THIS UP? It's a perfectly simple step. Anyone would think you were MENTALLY DEFICIENT."

Husband. "ALMOST THE SERGEANT'S OWN WORDS, DEAR."

worthy of the historic traditions of the which have been introduced since the city, and of starting flour-mills for the supply of standard bread. Much progress has been made in all directions, and Lord Thanet has cordially acknowplayed on so many occasions during his ledged the ready assistance he has received from General STORRS, the mili-Since his arrival in Jerusalem Lord tary governor of Jerusalem, who at Lord to the High Commissioner. Thanet has been mainly occupied in Thanet's special request has resumed the military rank bestowed on him in habitants to the needs of supporting 1917. Nothing in Jerusalem has imand maintaining a really first-class pressed Lord Thanet more profoundly

days of HEROD. But I understand that the high-level aqueduct constructed by that sovereign will, on Lord Thanet's suggestion, be retained as providing a sporting hazard on the new golf-links, the plans of which have been submitted

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a chemist's shop :-"Don't wait to be ill. Take our Influenza

THE WEDDING.

"OH, yes, of course we're very interested in The Wedding," said the Fairy Queen.

She was sitting on a low stool close by the fender in my tiny sitting-room, and her slender wings sparkled and that. It must make you very busy." shone in the dancing firelight.

"I should love to know what you're going to give her, if it's not indiscreet,'

I said.

"Well, as a matter of fact," said the the blaze, "we're really giving her everything. At least," she added, for I suppose my face expressed some astonishment, "we're helping with everything. You see it's like this." She stretched out the other little greenshod foot to the fire and fixed her earnest bright eyes upon mine. "The Mayor of, let us say, Littletown, wakes up one morning and says to his wife, My dear, don't you think it would be nice for Littletown to give the Princess a wedding-present?

"He thinks it's his own idea, but it isn't really. One of us has been sitting on his pillow all night and stroking ideas into his head. It's quite a delicate job. They're so apt to wake up and grab, particularly when they're bald. You have to be nimble, very

nimble.

"Well, that's how it gets started. We do it to all sorts of people. But that's only the beginning. We have to attend all the committee meetings. And they do have so many, it's sometimes rather

trying.

"And then of course we have to suppress the people who will suggest the wrong thing. You see, we know exactly what the Princess would like, and it seems such a pity for her not to have it. And we've been very snecessful. I really believe she'll be most frightfully pleased with everything."

"I do think it's clever of you," I said. "I suppose when you've done all the planning for the people you can

leave the rest to them?

"Oh, no," said the Queen; "oh, no, indeed not. That's just where we come in so tremendously. We help to make everything. It's really most amusing to listen to the people—the goldsmiths and silversmiths and jewellers and and was gone. potters and weavers and all the other workers. 'It's wonderful how easy this is, they say; 'it seems almost to be doing itself. One would say there was magic in it.' How we laugh! And of course it makes it very jolly for them. They love making the things.'

"They will be beautiful presents," I "And what about the beds for hospitals and things like that?'

"Oh, in those cases we should naturally help afterwards," said the Queen. "All the people who lie in those beds will get well. We shall see to that, of course.

"I do think it's interesting," I said, "all of you working and helping like

The Queen nodded. "It does," she said. "And there are all the clothes too, and the cake-we're doing a lot to the cake-and, oh, no end of things! We've always been very fond of prin-Oneen, stretching out a tiny foot to cesses, you know; particularly when they have blue eyes and fair hair. You'll remember in the fairy tales-

"You're going to the wedding, of

course?" I asked.

The Queen smiled. "Oh, yes, the whole Court has been asked," she said. "We didn't get ordinary invitations; we never do; but the PRINCESS just expressed a wish. Nothing more was necessary. They're reserving places for us on all the flowers, both at the ceremony and the reception. We shall all be wearing pink and white. Rather pretty, don't you think?'

The little clock on the mantel-shelf

struck ten.

"Oh, my goodness," said the Queen, "I've promised to be at their new house by ten, to meet some of my people. We're keeping an eye on the lecorations, and of course we've got little jobs of our own there. Blessing the hearths and things like that, you know. I mustn't stay a minute longer."

She jumped up and pulled her swansdown cloak over her shining head and

folded wings.

"There should be a little wind waiting for me outside," she said.

I opened the window. Sure enough I felt a cold touch on my cheek and the curtain fluttered.

"It feels rather like snow." I said a little anxiously. "I don't like the idea of your majesty's being caught in a snow-storm."

The Queen laughed. "But I love it!" she said. "You've no idea what fun it is to sit on a snow-flake. Haven't you seen us dancing on them? Besides, the more snow the more snowdrops, you know."

She waved her hand, settled herself lightly between the wings of the wind R. F.

"MESSAGE FROM LORD NORTHCLIFFE. Ismailia (Egypt).

To the Editor of The Daily Mail. Your telegram containing astounding information as to the number of new readers who have joined our ranks during my absence reached me here, Ismailia, this morning. Evening News.

It was certainly not quite tactful of the

"TINKER, TAILOR . . . " (A Child's Guide to the Professions). THE DIPLOMAT.

THE diplomat is smooth and fair (I like the way he does his hair). But then he's paid for that: You need not hope for high success In Foreign Politics unless You're well worth looking at.

His face is quite expressionless. As if in some huge trouser-press He put it over-night: You see, he has to talk at meals And must not show you what he feels. However impolite.

Observe him, open-mouthed and tall, Revolving at the Palace Ball:

You make a great mistake If you suppose his mind is slow. Or think him drunk, or dreaming-no. The lad is wide-awake.

For look, across the brilliant floor He notes the French Ambassador Conversing with a man. An evil fellow, dark and spare, Who can't have come from anywhere

But Musk or Yenghistan.

And that, of course, means war, or

But does he breathe a muttered curse? He does not turn a hair: He simply takes his arm away

From Lady Angelina Dray And leaves her standing there:

And, iron-lipped, without remark Goes tip-toe to the cloak-room clerk And gets his hat and stick, And tells his man to pack some gin, And put the new revolver in.

And put it pretty quick.

Then, scorning danger, dirt, disease, He takes the midnight train to Sneeze,

Through Tussis and Catarrh, Untiring, dogged, night and day (Provided he can fight his way Into the Pullman car).

He finds the wicked warring king And says, "I WILL NOT HAVE THIS THING"

(A very striking phrase!), And then-but this is rather grim-He simply sits and stares at him For days and days and days.

He looks him squarely in the eyes Until the man goes mad, or dies;

One cannot stand for long A face of that peculiar kind; And then, of course, the human mind Is very, very strong. A. P. H.

"' Morto un papa, fatto un altro'--' One Pope dead, create another,' says the witty Italian proverb."—Daily Paper.

We confess that we are still looking for the joke.



THE CONNOISSEURS.

FILM STUDIES.

I.—THE FILMING OF HISTORY.

THERE has been a good deal of agitation amongst film producers about this. Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC has told them, it seems, that history ought to be filmed. Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, on the other hand, has stated that British producers are incapable of screening history. I see no reason why there should be any difficulty.

We must clear our minds however at once of the notion that history consists in stories like ALFRED and the Little PRINCES in the Tower, or mere title then :pageant stuff and strong situations as in the plays of Shakspeare or of Mr. John DRINKWATER. There may be drama in

these things, but drama is not history. Anybody who has ever started at 1066 three times in a year, owing to stopping in the same form or moving up into a different one, will remember that. If it were merely a matter of presenting baronsandtournaments and castles and swineherds we should only have to put some good scenes out of Ivanhoe or The Talisman on the screen, which has been done already, and call it The Earl and the Ceorl. and there we should be. But history goes deeper than that.

The first thing is the system of land tenure.

fashion :-

Sir Ranulph FitzOdo, a brave but slightly impoverished Knight, entirely understood livery of seisin, sac, soc and frankalmoign. So did Thomas, his clerk.

You don't know how that is to be filmed? Quite simply, and far more easily than it could, for instance, be staged. On the stage we should have to make Sir Ranulph and Thomas dance round the room hand-in-hand singing something like this :-

Oh, sac and soc Are a regular joke, Frankalmoign is nothing to us; We feel quite at ease in A livery of seisin; Why do people make such a fuss?

And the following lines would explain in equally pellucid English that frankalmoign and so on are-well, whatever of land held in chivalry of a mesne it is that they are.

But on the screen we simply have cheaper seats. Wards were the deuce in Sir Ranulph and Thomas sitting in the feudal days. armoury of a Norman castle and studying a huge book marked "Domesday Made Easy." Suddenly they look up, turn to the audience and give a sweet wide smile of comprehension, lifting their eyelids right up to the top and then blinking them a little. After that we have a page of the book, enormously enlarged, flashed on to the screen. On the page in a very big print is a short historical note: "Frankalmoign means" -precisely. That is what is called the technique of the film. You understand Cakes, and FAIR ROSAMUND, and The now. Let us get on to the next sub-

burgage and gavelkind.

Sir Hubert, of course, is simply hated

by Eleanor, but he has a hold over her father because he knows that the old man has made a false return in Domesday Book. That gives us a chance for some very dramatic pictures flashing in memory through Sir Ranulph's brain, I mean the compilation of Domesday Book by the commissioners of WILLIAM I. We see them receiving the oaths of the sheriffs, the barons and their Norman retainers, the parish priests, the reeves and six ceorls of each township. I think this had better be under the shire oak shire oaks always film well. Sir But they were totally puzzled by Ranulph, white and despairing, with furtive glances this way and that, I think it will be better to make Sir pledges his word to a fearful lie for the

purpose of evading the Conqueror's incometax. The branches of the shire oak shiver in a mighty cinema wind. Pigs crush acorns. The scene fades.

We cannot, of course. escape a hero, and I think it is a good thing that he should be a nithing. At any rate he ought to be running wild in the woods, where he has killed a hart or hind. That will enable us to flash WILLIAM I. on the screen, coupled with the fine caption, "He loved the tall deer as if he were their father, with a "close up" of one of the tall deer and,

Yes. We should have to start our Ranulph and Thomas puzzled about if it is desired, a few further pictures illustrating the more modern development of the Game Laws.

The hero's name will be either Cedric or Eegfrith, and he will pick Sir Ranulph up after the old man has taken a bad toss from his Flemish thoroughbred. Sir Ranulph will thank the young man and ask who he is.

" Are you a tenant in free socage?" he will say, and " That I ne wis I ne am," will be Eegfrith's-yes, I think, Eegfrith's-snappy answer projected on the screen. And then on further questions the knight will discover to his horror and disgust that Eegfrith is not even a villein (page from the book here), neither a pure nor a privileged villein, but a lordless man in outlawry. This will call for a lot of face-working, and it will be rather a nice point for the audience to and not a ward, otherwise we should take that the hero is not even a villein,

However, it is not so bad as it seems, lord, and there might be trouble in the for shortly afterwards Sir Hubert carries



Father Time. "Dash it all, Maria, we've missed the last Tube! My watch must have stopped."

I think, somewhat after this burgage and gavelkind, otherwise we shall be getting the audience on too fast. Let them be puzzled then. Sir Ranulph will think burgage and gavelkind are some sort of pain in the back (gesture here); Thomas, that they are agricultural implements (gesture again). They will show how puzzled they are by pushing the documents away with wrinkled foreheads, and we shall notice how their lips frame, half in contempt and half in consternation, the words

Burgage! Gavelkind!

After that I think we might bring the wicked Sir Hubert de Broc on. He desires, of course, the hand of the beautiful Eleanor, Sir Ranulph's only daughter. It would be better, as this is a first film, to make Eleanor a daughter be compelled to deal with the wardship either privileged or pure.



Mother. "AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH YOUR AUNTIE?" Son. "I DON'T KNOW. SHE GOT A BIT STALE, SO WE LEFT HER."

off the lovely Eleanor, and Ecgfrith, who of course has loved her for a long time and had his love returned, will pursue them briskly down the glades of the forest and kill the false knight, using only a cudgel against Sir Hubert's entire set of plate. It will be found that Sir Hubert was concocting a plot to overthrow the KING, and WILLIAM will pardon Eegfrith and invite him to be his falconer. This would involve a mere fief in petit sergeanty (page from the big book once more), and Ecgfrith has higher ambitions.

" As that to wit I would not so lief, my liege, but that I had far liefer do thee service in battle as thy man's man,' he will say, or words to that effect. That was the way the Anglo-Saxons always talked. As long as pretty nearly all the words were of one syllable they did not seem to care how many they used at a time nor what they meant.

The Conqueror, stern but kind, will thereupon take Ecgfrith's homage as Champion or Lance-bearer to the King, a post involving a species of tenancyin-chief by grand sergeanty (big book again).

Eggfrith will, of course, turn out to be of noble birth (English), and there will be a pretty Saxo-Norman wedding. The happy pair will live in Kent, the only county where gavelkind existed; and in the last scene of all Ecgfrith will be seen explaining to old Sir Ranulph exactly what gavelkind was.
"And burgage?" Eleanor will in-

quire: "that used to worry Dad too."

" Why, burgage is nothing but townsocage, my dear." (Fade out.)

As for the title of this film, I think it had better be simply "Sac and Soc." A good many of the audience will, of course, arrive under the impression that these are the names of two comedians who are going to throw cream-tarts at each other and fall into barrels of flour. But how pleasantly disappointed they

We shall be ready in the next film to get on to scutage.

From the specimen-page of a new dictionary :-

Sublime Porte?

Our Unconscious Humorists.

"Not everyone realises, perhaps, 'that omnibus' is really a French word, although most of us know that it is derived from two Latin words, meaning 'for all." - "C. K. S." in his "Literary Letter" in "The Sphere," February 11th.

The two Latin words referred to are, of course, "omni" meaning "for," and "bus" meaning "two."

- said it was no use acting like a " Mr. camel and bury their heads in the sand. Provincial Paner.

Or, we may add, to act like an ostrich and be a ship of the desert.

"UNSPARING INFLUENZA. DUKE AND DUCHESS BOTH ATTACKED," Daily Paper.

It is only fair to the germ to state that neither the Duke nor the Duchess was wearing strawberry leaves at the time of infection.

"Doctors in parts of London are entering 'flu patients' homes by latch-key. Provincial Paper.

"Port, n, a harbour; harem."

This is certainly more dignified and less conspicuous than entering by the chimney or coal-shoot.



Young Person, "HAVING SPOTTED YOUR ADVERT, I JUST BLEW IN TO SEE IF THERE WAS ANYTHING DOING."

THE OLD ORDER.

"Music-hall comedians must scrap their old jokes and introduce new business," says a theatrical manager in a daily paper. While some persons may read this and pass on as if nothing really serious had happened, others, having recovered from the shock of the audacious demand, will probably call for an armistice and suggest that the matter be referred to the League of Jokes.

The sad blow has fallen, however, and we call the following items from the papers of the future and leave them to tell the painful story of our fallen stars those dear old jokes of yesteryear:—

Music-hall comedian breaking up his collection offers a few choice kipper jokes. 1870 vintage. These jokes only need to be seen.

Comedian going out of business wishes to dispose of brand-new sausage joke. Cheap to a good home. This joke simply stands up and begs for applause.

Music-hall star is open to sell motherin-law joke. Cheap for cash. Would make suitable pet for a barber's shop.

Rube E. Boko, the well-known slapstick comedian, is open to purchase a nice man.

pair of Prohibition jokes. Good price paid or would exchange for "Boiled Beef and Carrots" joke, with small cash adjustment.

High Court Usher offers to supply up-to-date jokes. Wholesale and retail. Fresh supply daily direct from the breeding pens. Advertiser has had many years' experience in Mr. Justice Daraino's training stables.

Lost, on Saturday night, at the first performance at the Collidrome, a brandnew Winston Churchill joke wearing a little hat, the property of Mirthful Mike. Only used once and believed to have been lost on the audience.

The Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries is anxious to get in touch with all music-hall comedians holding part or whole rights in jokes, ancient and modern, with the view of organising a petition protesting against the managerial boycott and of taking proceedings against managers under the Preservation of Ancient British Ruins Act.

From a publisher's announcement :-

"Mona — alone was responsible for sending a man to his death on the gallows. You will be heart and soul with this lovable modern girl,"

We think he cannot have been a very nice man.

A FALLEN SAINT.

Wно is this that trudges slow, Furtive, through our English lanes, Worn so thin and brought so low, Bent with years and cramped with

pains;
All his robes in tatters flying,
Racked with tempest, chilled with

Health and hope together dying. None to aid him, none to rue?

Youth, who should acclaim, forgets him (Youth, that once he called his own); Age, that might remember, lets him Wander through the land alone.

Other times and other ways!
Once as courier he would speed,
Bearing those dear words of praise
Beauty's eyes delight to read;

Pretty maids ran forth to greet him, Some with blushes, some with smiles: Stalwart lads would loud entreat him, "With our ladies use your wiles."

Youth, who should enfold, rejects him (Youth, that held him half divine):
Age, ungrateful Age, neglects him,
Out-at-elbows VALENTINE!

"Private Social Tours. Mystic Wonderland of N. Africa (Algeria-Tunisia, the Dessert)." Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Where the dates come from.



THE MAD BULL.

FARMER CHAIG. "IF YOU CAN'T KEEP THAT BRUTE ON YOUR SIDE OF THE FENCE I SHALL DEAL WITH HIM AS I THINK FIT."

FARMER COLLINS. "WELL, BETWEEN YOU AND ME, I WISH TO GOD YE WOULD."





Parting Guest. "Sorry I made another appointment so early, but I had no idea you were going to have such a PLEASANT PARTY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 7th.—The Speech from the Throne, treating at the outset of the usual important but stodgy subjects, descended at the finish upon a lighter note—the announcement of "a Bill substituting yearly audit for halfyearly audit in the case of Rural Distriet Councils and Boards of Guardians." This furnished several Opposition speakers with their best if not their only joke, and, incidentally, is understood to have given great satisfaction in Poplar, where audits are regarded as very dangerous wildfowl, likely to wreak havoc among the indigenous ducks and drakes.

The absent are not always in the wrong. There was a pleasant if slightly suspicious unanimity in the way the Opposition speakers (from Lord CREWE downwards) gave all the praise for the results of the Washington Conference to Mr. Balfour, to the exclusion of his colleagues in the Cabinet.

Mover and Seconder in the Commons permitted themselves more sprightliness than usual. Captain HACKING got in a little joke about the Geddes "axe" Evans condoled with the Chancellor "Wee Frees" of their best target.

OF THE EXCHEQUER on having to tread the hard road of economy, like Christian, "with a multitude of counsellors but not much companionship," and Chamber by the pressure of the "excongratulated the PRIME MINISTER on tremists." Quite true, replied the the fact that the highway to peace in PRIME MINISTER, and their names were

Ireland passed through Wales.
In the absence of Mr. Asquith, due to a slight accident, Mr. CLYNES led off for the Opposition, and gave the Government some "good hard knocks" of the kind affected by the Rev. Robert Spalding. From his statement that threequarters of the population were quite France. With a reminiscence, perhaps, incapable of saving, it must, I suppose, be inferred that from the remaining quarter come the supporters of all the cinemas, public-houses, football matches and race-meetings, which might therefore be abolished without apprehension of popular clamour.

Mr. CLYNES is not anxious at present to have his theories put to the test at a General Election, whereas Sir DONALD MACLEAN thinks that the sooner the Government go to the country the better-which makes it all the more remarkable that he should urge them first to repeal the Safeguarding of Inand his own patronymic. Captain dustries Act, and thus to deprive the Lord HALDANE was distressed because

The Labour Leader had suggested that the Government had been forced to take up the reform of the Second Asquith, who somewhere in the Middle Ages said that the question "brooked no delay," and GREY, who a year or two later declared that not to deal with it would be "death and damnation."

General Seely was doubtful whether the Government had done enough for of the most famous speech ever made by the present Earl SPENCER he begged the House "to look at the question from the point of view of the French peasant." Colonel JOHN WARD shocked some of his old friends by denouncing 'self-determination" and "democracy as shibboleths quite inapplicable to Oriental peoples; and Mr. JACK JONES, by way of retort to Lord BIRKENHEAD'S recent attack on the Labour Party, called him "a hooligan in a halo."

Wednesday, February 8th .- For an hour or so the debate on the Address in the Lords ambled pleasantly along. neither the Government nor their critics

On the Labour Party's Amendment to the Address, regretting that the Gov.

ernment had failed to deal effectively

with unemployment, Mr. NAYLOR re-

duced the effect of an otherwise promis-

plain principles of administration. More and better education was the only recipe. If all our youth could not go to the Universities, let the Universities be brought to them, "extra-murally," in



MR CLYNES DECLINES.

"We are not particularly anxious to take the task out of the Government's hands at the moment."

the manner of "The Bold Gendarmes."

"Sometimes our duty 'a extra-mural, Then little butterflies we chase We like to gambol in things rural. Commune with Nature face to face."

The sparks only began to fly when Lord Londonderry moved an amend-

apprehensions that her territorial integrity might be infringed by the proposed Boundary Commission. Just in time to give point to these fears came the news of the raids into Ulster and the kidnapping of some scores of Northerners by (presumably) DE VALERA'S braves. By way of preamble Lord CARson begged his friends to keep cool; but from the temperature of his subsequent remarks it was obvious that he personally was not suffering from chill.

The LORD CHANCELLOR seemed slightly less happy in his defence of the Government than he was last December against the same opponent; and he stirred up a still more redoubtable antagonist in Viscount GREY, who signalised his return to the arena by declaring that the Agreement had been reached

seemed to have any idea of laying down by the dangerous road of humiliation. and urging the Government to say at once what sort of boundary-adjustment they had in mind when they signed it.

In the resumed debate on the Address Mr. J. H. THOMAS demonstrated the solidarity of the Labour Party by welcoming the prospect of an election, which Mr. CLYNES had deprecated the day before. Captain CRAIG declared that Ulster had been betrayed over the boundary question, and drew from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN a defence of the PRIME MINISTER's conduct of the Irish negotiations which won frequent applause from its subject.

The evening ended with a lively duel. Young Mr. Mosley attacked what he conceived to be the Egyptian policy of Mr. Churchill in a style so reminiscent of that statesman's early efforts that it caused the Colonial Secretary to drop for the moment his modern "heavy father" style and answer his opponent in kind.

Thursday, February 9th. — Mr. CHURCHILL showed less than his usual definiteness in explaining what had been done with the British arms and equipment in Ireland. None had been disposed of to the I.R.A., but some had been given-no, not given, handed over at a valuation-to the Provisional Government in order to furnish forth its new police. Mr. LYND suggested that the equipment had been used by the invaders of the Northern Border, but Mr. Churchill had no information as to that and flatly declined to stop the ment expressive of Northern Ireland's transfer of arms, pending inquiry.

ing maiden speech by urging the Gov.

"Let us look at the question from the point of view of the French peasant.

General Siery.

ernment to buy up the derelict cottonmills and set the unemployed to make cotton-goods for one another; and Mr. CLYNES again flirted rather cautiously with the idea of a capital levy.

In one respect the most effective speech of the afternoon was that of Sir Godfrey Collins, who attributed

most of our industrial ills to the "vindictive" policy of the Government towards Germany; for it roused the PRIME MINISTER to a reply recalling the vigour of his old party-days. The Coalition cheered delightedly as he posed Sir GODFREY with a variant of the old question, "Under which king, Bezonian?" Was his leader Mr. Asquith, who professed to be all for tenderness to Germany, or Viscount GREY, who complained that the Government was not giving greater support to France? The cure for unemployment, he concluded, would not be found in inconsistent criticisms of the Administration.



THE DRIVING FORCE: AN EARLY-GEORGIAN STUDY. (Circ. 1911.)

MR. ASQUITH. MR. LLOYD GEORGE. VISCOUNT GREY.

" A Tortoiseshell Cat, now near-"A Tortoiseal 7/6."
ly extinct: only 7/6."
Irish Paper.

A sacrifice-to save funeral expenses?

ABOUT CHEQUES.

ADVICE TO A NIECE ON OBTAINING A CHEQUE-BOOK.

YES, my dear, you have now a chequebook, and I can well understand the perplexities which beset you: for even now, when cheques of vast proportions have been passing through my hands for many years, there are aspects of finance which baffle me.

For example, I have read that "the relation between a banker and his customer is that of debtor and creditor.' Keep this idea firmly to the front in all your dealings with your banker and no doubt all will be well. There may he difficult moments. You will find that when you actually venture to enter your bank the beautiful man in the glass cage will not conspicuously impress you as a crawling debtor, but that is what he is: and if he writes you a little note, begging to inform you that "your account now stands overdrawn to the amount of £37 10s. 4d.," you have only to reply, "I beg to remind you that you stand to me in the relation of debtor to creditor," and I expect his tone will alter surprisingly.

But about cheques. Let us suppose that you wish to discharge your gambling debts to Cousin Mabel. What do you do? First of all you tear out a cheque. Then you tear out the counterfoil and throw it away (it is a useless contrivance). Then you fill it in :-

"Pay Mabel Gray or Bearer the sum of One million pounds.

£1,000,000/0/0."

How beautiful it looks! Growp-up men, of course, who exhibit their childishness in nothing so much as this cheque business, usually add "only" after the sum, so you might put "One million pounds only," or "One million pounds

and not a penny more."

But you must not leave it like that. Note the word "Bearer." If that stands, the housemaid can walk off with the cheque and acquire the million pounds by simply handing it across the counter. So you must scratch out "Bearer" and write the mystic word "Order" instead. The effect of this is would cause a delay which might very likely lead to her arrest.

Next-and this is the cream of the thing—you must write your initials, "K. J. B.," very tinily under the word "Order." That shows that you scratched out "Bearer," and not somebody else. It does - really.

Personally, I cover my cheques with initials, purely to reassure my banker.



ALENTINE'S DAY: GRANNY GETS ONE.

"Bearer," I gratify Mr. "Order" by alter- all over the world are solemnly doing ing the sum from "Two pounds" to this thing every day of their lives. The "Order" instead. The effect of this is that the housemaid will not be able to cash the cheque until she has written "Mabel Gray" on the back of it. This displayed the banker sees those "c.q.t." when the banker sees those "c.q.t." is thing every day of their lives. The whole fabric of credit is firmly based upon initials. Sometimes (as you will find) one absent-mindedly omits one of one's initials when signing the cheque; heaves a sigh of relief, for he knows that, though any fool could write squeeze in the missing initial and initial "Order," or "Guineas," or "2" in a it, thus : good imitation of my handwriting, the skilfullest forger in the world could never counterfeit those little squiggles of initials, especially as they usually develop into a characteristic inimitable

This surprises you? But I assure When I have blasted the hopes of you that thousands of grown-up men

and then the only thing to do is to

Cyrus Thompson.

That gives the banker an almost overpowering sense of security. Any-body could have forged the "Q," but who, oh who could have done the "C.Q.T."?

But to return to your cheque. Don't

there lies some miraculous virtue which will save you harmless from forgers, thieves, and every kind of monetary misfortune, but having no more idea of the actual significance of these things than the Man-in-the-moon. So does your mother, and so does your aunt, and so does every woman who owns a

book like yours. So, I may add, does your uncle. In fact, even His Majesty's Judges have not finally made up their minds about the things you may do to a cheque, and what they all mean. So that for all you know this cheque of yours may ultimately become the subject of a Leading Case in the Commercial Court, which makes it all the more exciting.

The one thing clear about "crossing" is that, if the Borough Council, in demanding money for electric light, tells you that "all cheques" should be crossed "London and South-West Counties, Smith, Robinson and Jones' Bank a/c Payee," you should take no notice whatever. Let them do their own dirty

"But," you will say, "I never could write a cheque for a million pounds."

That is where you are wrong. I do it constantly. So long as you have a friend who has a small bank account and a large

cheque-book, your life need never be | bank the next morning. I like to think | ing. dull. I have such a friend myself, and other happy and affluent for years.

In this way. I sit down casually and draw a cheque :-

"Pay Jim Rowland, or Bearer, or Order, as the case may be, the sum of ONE MILLION POUNDS.

I have great fun doing this. I cross it gaily, I initial it all over and I send is proudly writing: "To Cn. By cheque, it off, carefully registered.

You laugh? You think I don't possess a million pounds. You err. For far, far away in Walthamstow Jim Rowland is writing:

"Pay C. Q. Thompson the sum of ONE MILLION POUNDS.

You can imagine how one enjoys arrives. And that is only the begin- careful handling.

imagine that you have done with it. ning. For days it lies about on my You have scarcely begun. The dread-ful problems of "crossing" now arise; for I presume that you too will join the comes to tea, and I remark casually noble army of faithful crossers. You will during the meal, "I wonder if you could go on and on through life drawing those tedious tram-lines across your cheques, scribbling "& Co." all sideways on the duns arrive at the door, I simply wave north side, sturdily convinced that in the cheque at them and they flee away, those tram-lines and in that scribble vowing eternal credit. As the days pass I begin to believe in it myself and launch out into reckless extravagance. And at last, on a pre-arranged date, each of us (Rowland and I) sends his cheque into his bank and curtly requests the manager to be so good as to or would not have taken one and the " collect " it.



Taxi-driver (dissatisfied). "Spent orl 'Is money in the JANUARY BARGAIN-SALES, I S'POSE."

of the beaming manager and the beamwith these resources we have kept each other happy and affluent for years. "this fellow's doing well. Who is he exactly? Must be a brilliant man of business." Then, I suppose, they ring up the Stock Exchange and invest the whole million in Oil.

And meanwhile, in the back-room, the jolly little man who manages my ledger £1,000,000-Balance, £999,961 17s. 3d."

And if, a little later, he is writing: "To DEB. Cheque, £1,000,000-Overdrawn, £38 2s. 9d."—what matter? He has had his hour.

But, of course, one of these days I know that Rowland will forget to send | Christmas or after Christmas? me his cheque at all. A situation will breakfast the morning that cheque then arise which will require some very A. P. H.

THE PARADOX.

Some day probably there will be a tax on speech, but at the moment very simple remarks can lead to complicated and futile discussions.

The particular remark that I have in mind was this from a hostess to a guest who had allowed a certain dish to pass him: "Oh, Mr. Plyte, surely you're not going to refuse one of our mincepies?"

Had the hostess said this on or about Christmas Day there would have been no verbal consequences; Mr. Plyte would matter would have closed. But by its You can just imagine the joy at my utterance on January 23rd the whole

situation was altered, and this is what happened.

"If I may change my mind," said Mr. Plyte, and the dish returned to him.

"Besides," said his neighbour,

"it's lucky."
"Lucky? I don't see how," said Mr. Plyte.

"Why, every mince-pie eaten before Christmas, you know, en-

sures a happy month."
"But," Mr. Plyte objected, "this is after Christmas.

"True, and it's before Christmas too.

"But to call January before Christmas' is outrageous. I appeal to our hostess. Don't you think so? It may be before Christmas in fact, but one would be straining the point to call it so."

The hostess was tactful. "It is of course both," she said. 'It is after; but also it is before, since January comes before December."

"I admit that," said Mr. Plyte; "but only pedantically speak-

ing. Speaking with ordinary reasonable looseness January is not before Christmas, but after it.

By this time other of the guests had abandoned their own private conversational activities, which were chiefly concerned with new plays, new books, The Glorious Adventure and winter sports, and were preparing to join in

the mince-pie symposium.
"Sir George," said the hostess, addressing a prominent K.C., "what do you say? Will a mince-pie eaten on January 23rd bring luck or not?

"It depends on the cook," said Sir George judiciously.

"No, I mean is one eating it before

"Both," said Sir George. "And," he continued, "whatever the date is, except on December 25th, the answer will



be the same. On every other day Christmas has passed and is also coming.'

"Then one can never have unalloyed luck by eating one?

"Never," said Sir George emphati-

"If I might venture to intervene," said the Canon, who was sitting on the hostess's left, " I think there ought to be a ruling on the question. No doubt Sir George is right in the abstract, but in the concrete-

"Oh, I hope our mince-pies are not so bad as that!" said the hostess.

"Ha, ha!" said the Canon. "Very good. Let me alter the phrase to that very useful one, 'for all practical purposes.' I think that for all practical purposes the period in which the consumption of a mince-pie tends to good fortune in the consumer should be considered as embracing only a few weeks anterior to Christmas Day itself. Say from November the 1st. Similarly the period when the consumption of a mince-pie is merely its own reward might be made to extend from Christmas Day until, say, the 25th of the January following. This being the 23rd, Mr. Plyte may look forward to no external blessing.

"Oh, I think that's a shame!" said one of the ladies. "Mr. Plyte didn't want to eat it at all. He only took it to get some good luck, and now you've taken that from him.

"I am sorry," said the Canon; "but I am sure he enjoyed it. I should like another, myself.

"Speaking without offence to our hostess," said Mr. Plyte, "your digestion must be better than mine. It was only out of deference to her"-he bowed "that I took one at all. It was my wretched digestion that forced me to become a vegetarian."

At this point Sir George began to laugh loudly.

"What is the joke?" his neighbour inquired.

"I was amused at the idea of a vegetarian eating mince-pies. Don't you know, Sir," he went on, addressing Mr. Plyte, "that a good mince-pie has not only suet in it but very often red beef put through a sieve? Hence the word twelve mince-pies before Christmas, mince.'

Mr. Plyte turned pale. "No, I had no notion," he faltered.

"As to luck," said someone hastily, "I can assure you that it is possible to eat a mince-pie only a day before Christ-1

mas and have nothing but immediate misfortune, for I broke a tooth,'

"But you may still have a happy month none the less," Mr. Plyte's neighbour suggested. "That is all that the premature eating of a mince-pie

"Yes," said Sir George. "But Mr. Plyte will have to wait a long time for his, for it is obviously the year after the next Christmas that is implicated. Every mince-pie eaten before Christmas ensures a happy month in the New Year. That is the old saying. Christ-mas having just passed, the New Year in which the good fortune involved in the consumption of the mince-pie in question is to result will not be 1922 but 1923.'

"If I last so long," Mr. Plyte mur-

"There might still be happiness," said the Canon gently.

"And, supposing one eats more than what then?" someone inquires. "Because there are only twelve months in the New Year, even in Leap Year.'

But this was too much, and the hostess caught the other ladies' eyes. Quite time too.

THE BONUS.

"John," I said across the breakfast-table, "I am surprised at your continued existence. It's sheer effrontery on your part."

"Must be something of that sort," said John cheerfully. "Something pretty strong, anyway, else you'd have had me bored to death years ago. But he's improved greatly since he married you," he added, turning to his hostess. "He used to talk one's head off."

"If you mean that my conversational opportunities became suddenly restricted by marriage it may be true, but I doubt if it's tactful of you to say so."

Margaret laughed. "Of course it's true, James. But why do you wonder at Johnny's 'continued existence,' as you call it? It wouldn't be existence if it weren't continued, would it?

"I never take metaphysics for breakfast," I replied.

"Pass the marmalade, please."
"I know the reason," said Johnny. "He thinks I ought to have died of shame for having beaten him yesterday by

only three and two instead of ten and eight." "An ill-timed jest, as you will realise before you are many hours older. Read that," I said as I passed him the Sunday

paper. "Read that, you wretched creature, you abandoned Civil Servant, and hide your face for ever from your fellow-

"And then your fellow-women will get it all to themselves," said Margaret graciously. "You'll shave off that absurd moustache then, won't you?"

Johnny glanced idly at the article, which proved conclusively that the British Empire was rapidly being driven to ruin and chaos by an overgrown, inefficient and bloated Civil Service; the particular bloat to which most of the rhetoric was devoted being something called the Bonus, which apparently enabled each Civil Servant to keep expensive fleets of motor-cars and steam yachts, and to nourish himself with the costliest foods and the rarest vintages.

"The usual thing," said Johnny. "It says I'm a parasite, battening on the public—that's you, James. Good idea. Make it five bob a hole and I'll do some more battening this morning.'

"Half-a-crown," I said firmly.

"Anyway, it isn't my fault. The public gets the Government it deserves. That's an axiom. You represent the public, though you don't seem to recognise your responsibility. I represent the official, that is to say the governing, class." He stuck his thumb offensively in his waistcoat. "Clearly, therefore, you must have done something to deserve me.

"Inconceivable!" I protested.

" Nay, nay, be not thus modest, my James. Somewhere in your dark and chequered past some bright deed, some virtuous action must have flashed athwart the gloom. And behold I, the official I, am the result.

"This levity disgusts me, coming as it does from a pampered and swollen bureaucrat who is robbing the State, strangling commerce, inhibiting initiative and treading underfoot the virile individualism that has made this coun-

try what it might have been."
"Splendid, James!" cried Margaret. "Which do we sing _ 'Rule, Britannia' or 'The Red Flag'?"

Johnny grinned. "If you'd only follow through like that with your wooden clubs, old man, you'd come on like

"That," I said, "is a red herring which will not turn me aside from exploring the avenue to which I have put my hand.

"What a statesman the fellow would make!" said John. 44, Drury Lane, W.C.

"The subject of discussion is the Bonus. Let's stick to

"I concur," said John heartily.

"You daren't after reading the article. What are you

going to do about it?"

"What you suggest-play you for half-a-crown. And I'll tell you what I'll do besides. I'll give you four bisques as a bonus to assist you in facing the high cost of playing golf with me. As I am strong so will I be generous.

"James, dear, you can't possibly accept that, can you?" said Margaret. "The principle of the thing, you know."

"Hang the principle!" I replied cheerfully. "Come on, Johnny.

AT THE FLY FISHERS'.

Et ego in-Deeside, and hate Spring's miracle When set to wintry winds, great hillsides haunting; Let the young angler, ardent, now grow lyrical

On opening joys, the first spring salmon vaunting; Drifts in the dyke-sides where the storms have blown them, Chill buds upon the birk-I too have known them.

I too have stood in Dee and Don and Deveron,

When kelts came regular and "springers" seldom; To-night 'twould seem the latter fish were never on,

Or, if they were, my tackle never held 'em; As mad a ploy as any in the planet,

The gold in it the gold that's torn from granite.

Give me a punt where summer Thames religiously Lures, with a rumoured trout whereby to anchor, Some gallant morn when May has come prodigiously

With lilac and soft skies, and all things thank her, And skylarks sing for joy at Heaven's portal, Till I forget the trout and that I'm mortal.

Or else an evening, sweet with Junetide symphonies, Where Hampshire's loveliest flood is gently flowing. When the tactician, knotting fly or nymph on his

Fair double X, gets craftily a-going, Till a warm moon stands high above the willows And sends us home to dream on country pillows.

Yet sometimes, in the rosy after-dinner hour. I still depict the night express departing In former Februarys, and within her our

Then youthful selves (what fun it was that starting!), Called by the cold pipes of a Highland Pan again North through the night, a rod-box in the van again.

MASSINGER AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

PERFORMANCES of PHILIP MASSINGER'S The Great Duke of Florence will be given, in the Middle Temple Hall, on February 23rd and 24th, at 8.15, and on February 25th at 2.30. The play will be produced by Miss KITTY ASHTON with some of the same company that last year gave Ralph Roister Doister for the Westminster Abbey Fund, and the cast will include Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Miss Eliza-BETH POLLOCK. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Inns of Court Mission Club, which has a membership of between four and five hundred, drawn mainly from the artisan class in the Drury Lane district. The particular object of the performances is to raise a fund for the purchase of playing-fields as a memorial to the late Lord HALSBURY, who was a constant supporter of the Mission.

Seats may be booked at the offices of Messrs. LACON AND OLLIER, 2, Burlington Gardens, W., or through Mr. Shea-WELL COOPER, 5, Paper Buildings, Temple, E.C. Subscriptions to the Halsbury Memorial Fund will be gratefully received by the Rev. W. E. Bristow, Inns of Court Mission,

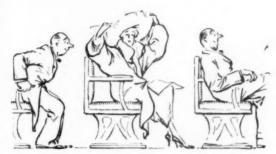
FORE AND AFT.



"WILL I TAKE MY HAT OFF?



CERTAINLY-



I'M SURE-



I DON'T WANT-



TO BE A NUISANCE-



TO ANYBODY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF Providence had cut me out for a "Religious Personality" of sufficient importance to be featured in Painted Windows (Mills and Boon), I am certain I should have prayed far more fervently to be defended from the tender- than he does, and a real hindrance to those who know less. ness of its author, "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER," than from his disapprobation. For while I am pretty confident that Bishop Gore, Father Knox and Dr. Orchard—perhaps the most disfigured of his twelve victims-will be none the worse for their not very tasteof Miss Maude Royden and Dean Inge, who come in for delightfully to the tune of The Colonel's song in Patience method of reaction to "Downs," "Harbours," "The Sea,

that I can imagine an ecclesiastical variant-with " and a Dean of St. Paul's is the re-si-du-um" as its inevitable refrain-ousting The Heavy Dragoon from all but the most militarist drawing-rooms. For the rest, there is enough half-submerged truth in the welter of the "GENTLEMAN'S" opinions to make him a real help to those who know more

To see Mr. LEONARD RICE-OXLEY, Tutor of Keble, In a Mantle Blue (PALMER) is to see one professionally dedicated to "the black gown of an academic life" abandoning himself, as far as in him lies, to "a love of things outside of ful mishandling, I should hardly like to assert the same books and walls." Unluckily this abandonment, as delineated in the sixteen short essays and half as many lyrics of an intimacy and extravagance of adulation which it will the present volume, is hardly complete enough to transmute take them all their dignity and humour to live down. Dean Mr. RICE-OXLEY into a true Child of Nature; nor is his INGE, for example, is credited with the intellect of Lord scholarship, despite the Miltonic implications of the title, ACTON, the "forthrightness" of Dr. Johnson, the wit of sufficient to inform his images of the countryside with VOLTAIRE and the illumination of Socrates; and the list studious reverie. This latter aim, indeed, he expressly disof his perfections, put into rhymed anapaests, goes so avows, so that all that remains to be considered is his of the open road. Of what he encountered on a motorparticular form of enjoyment is not communicable, either actually or in retrospect, to the onlooker. Of what he met with on foot-the Forest of Dean, with its Roman pits and slag-heaps; the Fens, "unmitigated in their loneliness;" the nocturnal Thames, whose stars "bobbed on the surface like golden floats"-enough remains to show what a less facile attitude of exploration might bring to this kindly and perceptive observer-and to his readers.

Tract-novels are notoriously hazardous art-forms, and Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU'S passionate tract on the divorce laws, The Love Story of Aliette Brunton (HUTCHINSON), suffers from a violence which lessens its persuasiveness. Aliette is the wife of Hector Brunton, a brilliant but un-

cally cruel. When Aliette and Ronnie Cavendish, also a barrister but very nice, fall desperately in love, and she, by way of doing the square thing, tells her husband that she proposes leaving him, Hector will not set her free. In vain does his father, an Admiral with the gift of tongues, call him a cad, with variations. In vain does Society endorse this verdict. Hector goes on snapping his fingers and winning his cases - all except the great murder case, when the brilliant young counsel for the defence is-yes, our Ronnie. Defeat softens him. He does the right thing and even wangles a speedingup of legal processes so that young Master Cavendish is born in the pleasant odour of legitimacy.

But it was a near thing. tract left me lukewarm. Hector needn't have been a cad remedied, but this doesn't appear to be one of them. I very much doubt, too, whether the outlawry of Ronnie and Aliette would have been anything like so complete as our author suggests, especially as no one approved of bulldog Hector. But even so, ought it to have mattered so much to such impassioned friends?

In his title Major HARDING Cox has scarcely done justice to his book, for Chasing and Racing; Some Sporting Reminiscences (LANE) deals extensively with several other sports and pastimes. Under the two heads specified the author has filled a good half of the volume with his early

"The Ferry" and other admirably-chosen halts and termini this connection he has much that is entertaining to relate of the days when the central figure of the Turf was King bicycle he might sing with another Excursionist, "Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired." Unfortunately this of a lady of note, as "His Nibs." In this much-tilled field it is not surprising that some familiar anecdotes crop up -notably the one about "RODDY" OWEN on the parade ground-and Major Harding Cox breaks more virginal soil with his own amusing experiences as a Master of Harriers and of Foxhounds (the Old Berkeley). But not every branch of the chase has attracted him. "Personally, I hold no brief for stag-hunting in any shape or form," he says; "least of all for the hunting of the so-called 'wild' beast by the Devon and Somerset." Exmoor enthusiasts, however, will be relieved to learn that this pronouncement is based upon three not very happy days; and, on the other hand, there will probably be readers at least as well qualified to endorse Jorrocks's poor opinion of hare-hunting in general and of Major Harding Cox's special fancy, coursing, in particular. pleasant barrister and unfaithful husband, yet not techni- Pigeon-shooting from traps also receives the author's con-

demnation, not from the humanitarian feeling which existed among t amounts to "trick"

sportsmen long before it was stimulated by a newspaper stunt, but because shooting. By way of comparison, on the question of cruelty, he draws a picture of a pheasant with both legs shattered by a bungling shot and yet able to fly beyond the rounds of the keepers and their dogs. The note of good sportsmanship ringstrue enough throughout this sprightly and very readable book.

Captain C. A. W. MONCK-TON had already given us some of his experiences as a New Guinea Resident Magistrate, and Last Days in New Guinea (LANE) brings them, I fear, to an end. His frankness is

The story was interesting most engaging, but some of the officials with whom he enough to keep me reading past the small hours. But the waxes so indignant would have to be peculiarly pachydermatous to agree with this opinion. The valuable part of and still Aliette and Ronnie might have fallen in love; and his narrative, however, is not that in which he tells us surely no conceivable reform of the law could compel a just what he thought of the officials at Port Moresby. man to divorce his wife. Or, again, he might have been a strict Catholic, Roman or English. There are, of course, and in the accounts of his exploratory work. In rather a plenty of anomalies in the law of divorce which could be happy go lucky style he has succeeded in writing a book that is at once an excellent tale of adventure and a rich storehouse of instruction. Here is an opportunity to fill a vacuum, as common, I imagine, as it is deplorable, in our education, and to read of brave and loyal men and of a country which gives them endless scope to show their qualities. I am in debt to the author for much information and amusement, and, if he had not peppered his pages quite so lavishly with notes of exclamation, I should be without the smallest grievance against him.



Helpful Small Boy. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOUR CAR WAS STOLEN ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO."

Car Owner. "WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU RAISE AN ALARM AND STOP THE THIEVES?"

Boy. "I never thought of that, Sir; but it's all right—I took the number of the car."

The Truth about Browning?

"leather-flapping" adventures with ponies and galloways, and later as an owner and rider of full-sized race-horses. In

CHARIVARIA.

"THE removal of the Government huts in the Embankment Gardens, says The Westminster Gazette," restore: to sight some of our statues." The Government, it seems, can do nothing right.

"Where is the demand for cat-skins mostly felt?" was one of the questions recently set in a Surrey secondary school. The answer is "Among cats."

"One of the lions at the Zoo," says a zoologist in a contemporary, "lost its temper and killed a mouse with its paw." We expect, if the truth were known, it was the mouse that started it.

representative, has won the draughts useful for striking matches on.

championship of the world. It is good to know that we are still producing boys of the bull-dog breed.

In Poplar a portable ozone-machine is being used to fight the whooping-cough. This contrivance should not be confused with Mr. LANS-BURY.

An American engineer who has been on strike for thirty - four years has just started work again. It is said that his colleagues have insisted that in the next strike he must be handicapped.

"If all the spectators at last year's Cup Tie matches were formed up in single column," says a weekly paper, "they would reach from Edinburgh to London and back." They might reach to London, but would the Scotsmen among them ever go back?

According to Men's Wear, a big effort is to be made to popularise the straw hat for men this summer. It is said that Carmelite House is considering the advisability of cancelling the invention of the Sandringham hat.

"French football," says a sporting writer, "is in danger of being spoiled by courtesy." It is doubtful whether any British football spectator could stand

Under the Anti-Lynching laws of America any State permitting lynch- be among the assets of a recent bank- solicited.

if the kill-joy spirit is eating its way into the pastimes of America.

In view of the possible return of gold coins to circulation, a tailor who is largely patronised by the New Rich inhaving their trouser-pockets strength-

A Balham man, we read, has a mule which insists on walking backwards. It is said that this is due to the fact that it was stung by a Ford car when it was quite young.

In order to obtain eigarettes in a night one must purchase a sandwich. Mr. ROBERT STEWART, the British The sandwich, of course, comes in very to grow beards. The criminal classes,

Shipwrecked Passenger (from force of habit, as the ration of water, six drops, is doled out). "Don't drown it, Miss."

to the laundry to be cleaned," says an widow of a former Mikado and mother evening paper. We shall continue to of HACHIMAN, god of war. It is feared send ours there to be sharpened.

Two natives of Nairobi are reported to have saved their father from a lion by pulling its tail. It looks as if the Brighter Nairobi movement is catching on.

With reference to the music-hall ban on old jokes it is said that Mr. D. W. GRIFFITHS is already at work on a stupendous film masterpiece entitled "The Birth of a New Joke."

Professor John H. GEROULD, of Dartmouth College, U.S.A., reports the discovery of a blue caterpillar. If this is an attempt to divert attention from and watch a visiting team kissing the the presence of Mrs. Asquith, we regard it as regrettable.

ings will be heavily fined. It looks as rupt. With this precedent before us we are thinking of asking the tax-collector to take it out in blackbeetles.

"In order to live long," says Dr. STEPHEN SMITH, a New York centenarian, "give up tobacco, alcohol, meat forms us that many of his clients are and easy-chairs." Those who continue to live after that will only have themselves to blame.

> Attention has been drawn to the arrival of a wild gadwall drake on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. Locally it is regarded as a portent of a General Election.

"Beau Brummel Convicts" is a Daily railway buffet after eight o'clock at Express heading referring to the permission granted to Parkhurst prisoners of course, are notoriously faithful to

the hairy faced fashions of the Regency period.

We are reminded that the new Pope, when librarian at the Vatican, attended the unveiling of the BACON statue at Oxford, and at the banquet occupied the seat of honour between the VICE-CHANCELLOR and Lord Cunzon. It is greatly to his credit that he seems to be settling down in his present position. * *

The EMPRESS OF Japan is said to be about to start on a pilgrimage

"There is now no need to send collars to the shrine of Jingo, the warlike that the only course now open to Lord NORTHCLIFFE, who has already expressed his disapproval of the Jingo spirit in the Far East, is to recall his representative at Tokio.

> The recent practical joke played upon the VICE-CHANCELLOR of Oxford University is now locally known as "The Gumpowder Plot.'

> "A novel feature of the Fancy Dress Competition was that no costume should exceed 3s. to produce. The prize winners were as follows: -Miss - (Eve) . . "-Local Paper. Almost too easy, in our judgment.

From a trade circular :-

"Copy of Unsolicited Testimonials: 'It is not the colours that count, but the Quality, which in your material is next to none." A collection of insects was stated to This certainly has the air of being un-

THE PASSING OF THE EMBANKMENT HUTS.

LET me die happy, who have seen the day Hopelessly prayed-for all these weary years! Stripped are the huts that screened the river way And through the naked timbers Thames appears! These eyes, with grateful moisture dim, have viewed Their loathsome frames collapsing by the acre Before the leisurely onset of the rude

No longer in an atmosphere of peace Here shall our Cuthberts keep the War alive; For ever now those bonus-wages cease For which they toiled so hard from ten to five; No more the flapper, flaunting half-silk hose, Shall seize the generous interludes allowed her To cook her crumpet or repair her nose

With powder.

House-breaker.

I was a young man when the huts were made, And now am old: but on the verge of night The curse is gone which cast that dreadful shade, And lo! at eventime there shall be light; And near the open casement I shall lie Watching the low sun gild the tide-way's marges And hear unearthly music floating by On barges.

As for the Minister whose gracious word Restores my ancient lights from out the dark, And to the pelican, that jocund bird, His ravished freedom of St. James's Park-'ll bid the remnant of my lungs expand With what of vocal breath inside 'em tarries To hymn the noble Earl of CRAWFORD AND O. S. BALCABRES.

EYES AND EARS.

THE other night I went to a charity entertainment to play Gilbey's accompaniment. His name is not Gilbey really, but Gilbey under any other name would sing as badly, so it doesn't matter. Gilbey always sings at charity entertainments. In fact, they are the only occasions on which he is ever allowed to sing in public. Only charitable people will listen to Gilbey.

Gilbey's voice is peculiar. It is the sort of voice which could easily still hurricanes and bestride whirlwinds. Put to some such useful work there might yet be a welcome in the world for it. But on calm days it is apt to be a little overwhelming. Gilbey has top notes which make bits of plaster fall from the ceiling, and his more tender passages have been known seriously to affect the gas-meter in the basement. There is nothing mean about Gilbey's voice. It is a generous voice. And there is nothing mean about Gilbey. He does his best; he gives you all he knows.

That the expedition ended in what was practically a fiasco was not our fault. Gilbey said, "The Orphanage where the concert is," quite clearly to the taxi-man at the station, and in due time we were deposited in front of a large building that looked exactly like an orphan. I mean, it looked as though no one would have owned it if he could have helped it.

We knew we were late, so Gilbey simply said to the attendant at the door, "Performing at the concert," and in a couple of minutes we found ourselves on a platform with the usual galaxy of talent. A solemn conjurer held the floor, doing impossible things with rabbits and little coloured handkerchiefs, amid a dead silence. We had a sort of feeling

that he wasn't going well, and we looked at the audience anxiously.

"I say, pretty ripe old orphans, aren't they?" whispered Gilbey, indicating the bald-headed old men and white-haired old dames who sat in silent rows.

"If it comes to that, I don't see how they could expect to be anything else at their age," I whispered back.

But there certainly did seem to be a remarkable absence of bond-fide orphans about. Of course they were orphans all right, anyone could see that, but not in the charitable

All at once the conjurer finished amid faint applause. Gilbey jumped to his feet, thrusting a piece of music into my hand. It was "Two Eyes of Grey.

This 'll wake 'em up a bit, orphans or no orphans," he

Now, if there is one song which Gilbey ought not to be lowed to sing, it is "Two Eyes of Grey." I am saying allowed to sing, it is "Two Eyes of Grey." nothing against the song itself, only it doesn't suit Gilbey. He requires something with a barrage in it, the drumming of hoofs and the rumbling of adjacent thunder. He likes, as he says, a song with "meat" in it. However you look at it, there is really very little "meat" in "Two Eyes of Grey." It needs handling with care. It needs sympathy and a broken heart. It needs a tremor, a vibrant under-current of melancholy, a longing, a-oh, it needs lots of things!

I have in the past heard sergeant-majors apostrophise eyes (colour unstated), and Gilbey began on those two eyes of grey as though they belonged to an awkward recruit. He flung them to the zenith with a roar and caught them as they fell. He hurled them to right and left, trampled on them, smashed and pulverised them. He shouted them down and dared them to come on again. He bullied them and man-handled them and flattened them out. And then, with a final effort, he gathered the tattered shreds together and buried them under a volume of sound that would have pulverised a pyramid.

It was immense. Everybody on the platform agreed that it was immense. Gilbey himself said that he thought he'd got hold of it pretty well for a song with no "meat" in it.

But nobody applauded at all.

Then the Matron came on to the platform. "It's so kind of you to come and sing to them," she

said, "but I'm afraid they couldn't hear you."
"Not—not hear me!" stammered Gilbey,
His world reeled. He looked round feebly and clung to a chair. In his time he had heard lots of hard things said about his singing, but never that.

"Mr. Chadderwick ought to have warned you."

"Mr. Chadderwick?"

"He arranged the entertainment."

"But I don't know him. Isn't-isn't this the Orphan-

"Oh, no. The Orphanage is a mile further down the road. This is the Home for the Aged Deaf and Dumb.'

"And to think," groaned Gilbey as we left, "that all that

But it wasn't wasted. When I got home and tapped the barometer I realised that.

The Geddes Axe.

- "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-typing, Sir," she said.
- "Where are you doing it, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm typing in Whitehall, Sir," she said.
- "Why aren't you flitting, my pretty maid?" "Nobody axed me, Sir," she said.



THE RESPONSIBLES.

Mr. Montagu (to Mr. Gandhi), "IT LOOKS AS IF ONE OF US WOULD HAVE TO GO," John Bull, "WHY NOT BOTH?"



Lady Sybil. "HAD ANY DECENT HUNTING, SIR THOMAS?" Sir Thomas (K.B.E.). "AH, NO. I'VE PRACTICALLY GIVEN IT UP. BECOMING TOO MUCH A PASTIME OF THE PEOPLE."

FILM STUDIES.

II .- TECHNIQUE.

It is very important that the phrase, "the technique of the film," should be understood. We can explain it best by choosing some central situation in a plot, like the plucking of a rose, the hurling of a lump of dough, or the arrival of a love-letter, and see how the film-producer deals with it. Let us suppose, then, the following case:

Lady Eileen Lutham, married to a drunken husband, receives a letter from her childhood's friend, Captain George Blimph.

A stranger to the pictures might imagine that in a big house, full of tigerskins and gilt pillars and palms, the arrival of the post would be a quite ordinary affair. He might think that circulars would arrive and catalogues and income-tax forms and notes beginning, "Dear Sir, Madam, or Occupier," all mixed up together with letters from personal friends. In thinking this the stranger at the pictures would show his complete ignorance of the technique of the film.

of the room about a quarter-of-a-mile is going to open it. She has opened it. away, carried by a stately man in kneebreeches, with powder on his hair. Will it be an important letter? It will. You can see from the way that Lady Eileen nervously snatches at it without looking at the handwriting on the envelope that every letter she ever receives has about the same effect on her as a bucketful of boiling tar.

But look! Who lurks there? Though she does not know it, Lady Eileen is observed. By the footman, of course; but he is quite impassive, heroically calm. He has probably been chosen from amongst the other footmen for his courage in meeting the village postman on the doorstep without palpita-tions of the heart. He doesn't notice the lurker either; but a lurker there is. Hiding behind a pillar stands Daventry. the would-be blackmailing lover, Lady Eileen's bête noire, the man whom we know by his leer. The dramatic moment he has waited for so long has arrived at last.

Lady Eileen has received a letter.

Just as he expected. A real letter. The letter comes (one lonely letter) A letter with a stamp on it. He pre-

He leers.

Lady Eileen now reads the letter, and so do we. We do not want to read her private correspondence, but we have to. It is flashed upon the screen. It is very badly written. There are two mistakes in the spelling :-

"Dearest" (it runs),-" Let us make an end of this pittiable pretence once for all. I am leaving for Honolulu in a few days. My car will be at the end of the shrubery at 10 P.M. on Wednesday. Come with me .- GEORGE."

Lady Eileen chokes and gasps for breath. She thrusts the letter and envelope down the front of her dress. She has to put it there. It is the only receptacle for important letters that film ladies ever use. She puts her hand to her throat. She must have air. Where can she get it? Out in the garden. She goes out into the garden, the place where the air is. But before she goes we have another "close-up" picture of Daventry's leer. He has not read the letter, but something, some sinister intuition, has told him that it is not a grocer's bill. He follows. Stealthily on a silver salver from the far-off end pares to leer. She has taken it. She lurking behind trees and pausing every

now and then to practise enlarging his leer, he follows.

Lady Eileen sits down at last on a garden-bench near the fountain, the same bench on which she sat with George and confessed how grey life was, the same bench on which she sat when her husband, returning from a carouse, brutally explained to her that his affection was now dead. It could tell strange stories of the past if it could only talk, that silent old garden bench. As it is, it has to rely on pictures. Lady Eileen cannot sit down on this bench without seeing visions. We cannot see her sitting down without seeing them too.

Seated on this bench, then, Lady Eileen plucks the letter out again and reads it. She sobs. Quite slowly, so that you can see her face pucker and wrinkle up gradually, and big drops begin to well under her eyes. She sobs. She clasps the letter to her breast. She does this with her left hand. Why? Because we are now going to have a large picture of her left hand with a large letter in it. On the third finger of that hand there is a large ring. Lady Eileen, you see, is married, and she has received a love-letter from a man who is not her husband. The ring on that finger is a wedding-ring.

She sobs some more. Then she thrusts the letter back, back into the place where she keeps her letters. She thinks she does, at least, but she is careless. Only the envelope goes back. The letter falls fluttering to the ground.

And now Daventry steals up behind the bench, rosebush by rosebush, leer after leer. He comes round to the front of the bench and bends down slowly. He picks the letter up. In case you should think he is only tying up his bootlace, we now have a special picture of a big hand, a big unpleasant clawing hand, picking up a big piece of paper out of a tuft of big grass. He smooths out the letter and reads it. So do we. It comes on the screen again. It is just the same letter. Not a word has been altered. It is not even crumpled. Nobody has corrected the spelling. Daventry is just going to put it in his pocket when Lady Eileen turns round with a start of surprise. She has not seen him before. She was too busy sobbing to us. Darentry bows low and ever, in case we have forgotten what holds the letter towards her.

"Excuse me, but I think you dropped this."

"Thank you," she quavers.

Daventry's face gets into the leering position again.

"What answer do you propose to make to that letter?

She snatches it from him and tears it into tiny bits that flutter down among the rose-petals on the grass.



Tommy (watching delicacies being taken to invalid). "Mummy, may I have the measles when Violet's finished with them?"

Good-bye, little letter! You have gone. But we are certain to see you again if we only wait till to-morrow morning, when Lady Eileen will have to sit down and write an answer to you. For then you will flash through Lady Eileen's film mind, just the same as you said. Or through Daventry's film mind whenever he feels compelled to leer again. Au revoir, little letter-we shall always be glad to read you.

That is what one means by "the technique of the film." EVOE.

> "IRISH IRISHMEN'S MOVE." Headline in Liverpool Paper.

A pleasant change after the Spanish-American variety.

Our Linguists.

"The death of Arthur Nikisch, the great conductor, which occurred in Leipsic last week, removes the greatest prima donna of the baton the musical world has ever known.' Weekly Paper.

"At a private conference on unemployment - Town Hall the relief works suggested including the clearing of slump areas. Provincial Paper.

Our broker says they might make a start with the Stock Exchange.

> "SAVINGS ON THE NAVY. REDUCTION OF £35,000 MEN."
>
> Headlines in Daily Paper.

Even if they can only get rid of a hundred or so of these expensive sailors the GEDDES Committee will be amply jus-

THE ART OF THE SUNDAY ORACLE.

Ir the British Sunday is dull it is no fault of the modern oracles, who never withdraw behind a curtain of silence, and whose forcible messages, if less enigmatical, are certainly not so brief as those of the oracles of ancient times. The modern style, with a little practice, is not difficult to acquire, and I shall now show how it is done, illustrating my remarks with devices favoured by the most persevering of our priesthood.

From the beginning of his article the oracle is consumed with anxiety lest you (as the reader) should allow your attention to wander and

therefore it is not unusual for him to stimulate your interest by arranging a few lines in this manner as if they embodied some specially striking thought; and perhaps, if he has a strong suspicion that you are becoming heavy-lidded, he may, figuratively speaking, shout in your ear in this heavy type.

In this way you will be lured or

bullied from paragraph to paragraph through the succeeding columns; or again your interest will be maintained at fever-pitch mainly with the use of italies, which, you must admit, give a screaming emphasis to commonplace ideas.

There are those stars again. Few oracles dispense with these. Mr. Bot-TOMLEY favours three in a row; Mr. LOVAT FRASER does his work with four -it is purely a question of taste. It is cheap cynicism to say that the use of these stars is a device for filling up space without wasting words. A few thousand words more or less is nothing to an oracle, and the stars more probably indicate that something has been left out. My own opinion is that they act as a warning that the oracle is about to switch on to a fresh aspect of his subject, an occurrence which otherwise might easily escape your notice.

Very often you will find that the oracle inserts a photograph of himself in the middle of the letterpress, thus giving you a delightful sense of being in personal touch with him.

The portrait is designed to harmonise with his message, and therefore varies according to whether his line is moral or political. The Great Lay Preacher or Expounder of Sublime Truths will an accentuated brow; whereas the forceful face and a good expanse of jaw. reserved by the authors.

A notable exception to this generalisation is Lord ROTHERMERE, who, keeping himself in the background, often illustrates an article with the portrait of the unfortunate human being who has inspired his pen. For instance, after the manner of the Chinese torture of

a thousand cuts, his Lordship has condemned Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to political death by a thousand powerful articles and at every stage holds before our eyes the latest portrait of the lingering victim.

There is no lack of scoffers who say that photographs, like the stars, are used for occupying space which otherwise would have to be filled in with words, but if that were so why do the oracles content themselves with vignettes when a cabinet size would be so much better adapted to this purpose?

The Wind-up,

This time instead of stars I am using a sub-title-a device of the oracle to give you a clue to the underlying meaning of the verbiage which follows it. Hence I have labelled this final paragraph "The wind-up" (meaning, of course, the finish, not the vertical gust),

because it shows how the oracle finishes up when he gets to the

It is hard to say whether the Sunday Oracle is an improvement on the ancient institution, but it is safe to assert that if he is more reliable than a weather prophet he is rarely as trustworthy as Old Moore, and in a final frenzy of italics I will say of his message that "it ain't so much wot 'e sez as the way 'e sez it."

Another powerfully-printed article like the above will NOT appear in any succeeding issue.-ED.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From the notice of a musical recital: "Truly an outstanding performance which had to be heard to be appreciated fully."

New Zealand Paper.

"GOVERNMENT SURPLUS.

New Army Officers' Trench Coats, Tripeproof Gabardine." - Advt. in Provincial Paper.

No reader of the sensational Press should be without one.

"One bright spot there was in the casis of dulness, and it came last with the February Hurdle Handicap."—Daily Paper.

We always think that a bit of desert in the middle of a howling oasis makes the best kind of race-course.

We are asked to announce that the reveal himself with soulful eyes and GEDDES Report may be sung in public without fee or licence at the performer's Political Oracle will usually show you a own risk. The film rights, however, are It is only fair to say that in the picture

INFLUENZA.

BY AN ALTRUIST.

THEY bring me dainty things to eat. They put hot bottles to my feet. They keep the room a certain heat,

They try to do their part; They read aloud about the POPE. They tell me not to give up hope, The doctor stabs his stethoscope Upon my halting heart.

My room is full of bulbs in bowls Donated by well-meaning souls, It scintillates with shining shoals Of golden daffodils, The firstlings of the early year; But oh, when shall I make it clear That all I wish for is to hear

I want to know if Mr. P. Has horrid piercing pains like me, And if he bears them cheerfully

About my neighbours' ills?

Or murmurs in his bed; And if his bones are really racked, And if his ribs seem tightly tacked Together (after being cracked) With needle and with thread.

I love my nurse to come and say, "A lot more people down to-day; And Captain C., across the way, Has got the gastric kind;

They say he cannot touch his meals, And if they ask him how he feels He mutters, 'Bad from head to heels, In body and in mind."

Nay, do not think my heart is stone-Each tweaking twinge, each aching bone.

Each painful pang, each gastric groan, Ah, would that I might heal! And yet I know that I was glad, After that awful head I had, To learn that Brown's was just as bad And had that giddy feel.

"Je prend mon bien," said old Mon-TAIGNE,

"Où je le trouve." O worthy brain! I'll share his wisdom once again; So take that horrid toast And stuffy chicken-broth away, And go to Mr. P. and say, I wonder how he is to-day,

And where it hurts him most.

"The high that proved too high."

"Joints of meat which sold readily in 1914 are now seldom asked for."-Provincial Paper.

Beneath a portrait in an Indian paper :-

"Mr. Bliss Carman, crowned with a wreath of maple leaves, which the Montreal branch of the Canadian Authors' Association recently laid at his feet, by putting on his head."

Mr. CARMAN is right side up again.



THE COLONEL ENTERTAINS.

BELATED GUESTS INTERRUPT THEIR HOST'S DISCOURSE ON THE SUBJECT OF UNPUNCTUALITY.

THE WEE FLUTTERER.

PATIENT though I am-I say, patient and indulgent to a degree though I am -I admit that when Mollie kept on returning persistently to the subject of the antique Welsh dresser, I realised one who knows." that the time had come when I must put my foot down once and for all. So semblance of enthusiasm. down it went.

"No," I barked-"no; we cannot afford twenty-five pounds for a Welsh dresser. That is final."

As soon as I had said this I went out up again.

what I expected (and what I had armed arranged it all between us." And she flutterer's sudden descent. But it wasn't

myself against by the purchase of half-adozen daffodils at sixpence a petal) when I returned home that evening. The happily married man will be in the wrong once again. Mollie, radiant, embraced me even before she had seen the daffodils.

" It's all right about the Welsh dresser," she assured me eagerly. "Don't bother your old head any more about it. I've arranged everything. Oh, what darling daffs. !

I surrendered the flowers with a self-conscious smirk. She took and chucked them-I mean chucked, in the most casual sense of the word-on to the table.

"Yes," she went on, "I've solved that difficulty. I'm going to buy it myself. Or rather Duds are

going to buy it for me."
"Duds?" I repeated soddenly.

"Dodge's United Diamonds," she explained brightly. "It's Lady Vi's tip, you know.

I made an heroic effort to grasp her meaning; but I was a little tired and, after swaying to and fro for a bit and holding my forehead (a high one) with interlocked hands, I collapsed with a moan upon the settee.

Mollie's laugh roused me from what was, I veritably believe, a state of incipient catalepsy

"I read it in Weekly Posh," she was chuckling; "in the 'Smart Woman's Page,' run by Lady Vi."

My eyebrows (for I had momentarily lost the power of speech) demanded details. Mollie instantly supplied them. Snatching up a copy of Weekly Posh-

bit of extra pin-money," she read, "'might do worse than have a wee flutter in Dodge's United Diamonds-

"And so?" I prompted without the

"And so," said Mollie complacently, "I had one.

Again my eloquent eyebrows spoke. "A wee flutter," she explained giggling. "Cousin George helped meswiftly, for fear my foot should come he's a job-master on the Stock Exagain.

The happily married man will know office in Throgmorton Avenue and we

Mistress. "How BEAUTIFULLY THESE THINGS ARE IRONED, JANE!" Maid. "YES, MUM. THEM'S MINE-AND I'LL DO YOURS THE SAME IF I HAVE TIME."

sighed luxuriously as though conscious | twenty-five pounds instead of losing it." of all-rightness with the world.

I forced myself to ask my wife (poor wretch!) how high she had fluttered.

"In how many-ah-Duds have you become interested?" I asked coldly.

"Just a hundred. George said a hundred was a convenient number. Because a profit of five shillings a share will buy the Welsh dresser."

"And supposing," I asked harshly, "you make a loss of five shillings a share-what then?"

For a moment Mollie looked scared. Then, her eye falling upon Weekly Posh, she recovered her equanimity. "Lady Vi has had the tip from one who knows," she said serenely.

Now, I suppose you poor dear sentimental readers, full to the brim with Americanhumorous-sentimental stories, have already guessed the dénouement of this human document? You have We wouldn't.

"'Those of you who could do with a guessed, no doubt, that, despite my misgivings, Duds went up and up and up. Well, you are in error. Duds went down anddown anddown. And when they had dropped five shillings I steeled myself to break the news to Mollie. I hated doing it, because by each post she was expecting a cheque from Cousin George. Poor wee flutterer! A dove with a broken wing amongst the birds of prey

in Posh and Throgmorton Avenue!
"Mollie," I said, looking up from the evening paper-" Mollie, you know those Duds you bought? Well, I'm sorry to tell you that they've slumped. Already you've lost twenty-five pounds."

It was pitiable to watch the wee

a crash. Her poor wing trailed pathetically, but she showed pluck.

"Well," she said with a gulp and a wry smile, "I—I suppose it can't be helped. But—not that it makes any difference, of course - I didn't buy Duds; I sold them.'

"You sold them?" I echoed stupidly.

"Yes. Cousin George said, 'D' you want to buy or sell?' And so, as I hadn't the money to pay for them and wouldn't have known where to put them if I'd got them, I said 'Sell.' Not that it matters now either way.'

"Of course not," I said bitterly (bitterly, because of my wasted compassion); "except that you've made

Mollie's wing was mended in a flash; in another flash she was soaring.

"I thought you must be making a mistake," she laughed. "You're a dear, of course, but you're no business man.'

Her smile became beatific, her eyes rapt; she seemed to be looking right through me at the wall beyond. It was uncanny. I grew uneasy.

"Mollie," I said sharply, "what are you staring at?'

"That's where it'll go," she murmured dreamily. "It'll look perfect against that wall."

And it does.

From "Answers to Correspondents:

"The snares were not included in the list, because no bargains were recorded. We would hold."-Financial Paper.



Keen Dancing Man (on his way to the Assembly Rooms). "I BAY, CAN'T WE GO A BIT FASTER?" Growler, "IT AIN'T NO GOOD BUSTLING THIS 'ORSE, 'E KNOWS WHERE WE'RE GOIN', AND THAT MEANS FOX TROT OR NOTHING WITH 'IM."

"THE WEAKER SEX."

THE studied indifference of women wonder of the world.

As soon as the first suggestion of "nip" appeared in the autumnal atmosphere every male was filled with a stern spirit of self-preservation. Personally, I disinterred my stoutest "underneaths," de-mothed the fur coat bequeathed to me by Uncle James (who acquired it in the Pre-Coney Period), bought goloshes and snow-boots and prepared for the worst. Celia, however, took none of these precautions. Apparently the rigours of a British winter have no terrors for her. Refusing to be bound by the seasons she flaunts her furs in August and carries on in crêpe de chine in December. Why? Because fashion has so dewardrobe she tolerates Winter; but as a reason for wearing warm unfashionable woollen garments she scorns it.

trary, reinforces his defences with all relative pallor, supposed to be so inter-

my life with double thicknesses of applies powder to give the effect of everything. Celia trips about with a considerable acreage of throat and chest to exposure in cold weather is the final exposed to the Arctic blast. I say nothing here of her legs.

In prehistoric times, I imagine, at the first hint of frost Mr. Caveman appropriated the ancestral brontosaurus skins, leaving Mrs. Caveman to warm herself with memories of recent heatwaves. There was no doubt in Mr. Caveman's mind as to which sex ought to survive, and he took no avoidable chances. But the winters spent by Mrs. Caveman in the family grotto, rubbing her hands and saying what seasonable weather it was, were not wasted. Nature took pity on woman and toughened her epidermis; in a word she became thick-skinned.

On the other hand, in a moral sense, she would seem to be strangely thincreed! As an excuse for replenishing her skinned and sensitive. A man does not mind looking comic so long as be is comfortable; but a woman would rather be half-clothed and in the mode The male of the species, on the con- than weatherproof and a frump. Her kinds of cold-resisting raiment, from esting, is a further proof of this. Her noony-belts to night-caps (both external skin is too thick for the blood to show and internal). But while I am saving through. And, if it isn't, then she Buster.' "—Advt. in Scotch Paper."

thickness.

As I reached this stage in my reflections Celia drifted in.

"I'm going out," she announced,

pulling on her gloves.

I shivered. Celia smiled with the insolence born of comparative youth allied to a knowledge that her clothes were "all right."

"Can I get you anything?" she murmured; "a rug or-

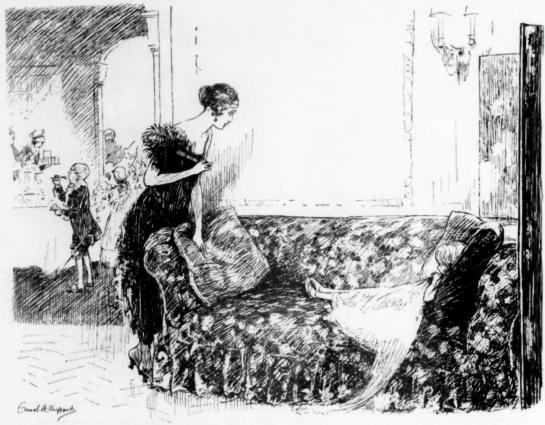
"Yes," I told her, "you can get me a gallon of eucalyptus, a hogshead of quinine and as many hot-water bottles as you can find."

"Poor old thing," she remarked airily, "why don't you harden yourself?

Then she went off, humming a tune, in a costume that made my teeth chatter.

Woman's most amazing achievement, of course, is her success in persuading man that she is the weaker sex, when as a matter of fact she is as tough as a pachyderm.

The Iconoclast.



Hostess. "What's the matter, dear? Aren't you feeling well?"

Peggy. "Thankyou, I can't answer you. I mustn't wake up till Bobby comes for me; you see, I'm the Sleeping Beauty."

[Bobby (Prince Charming) is seen preoccupied in the background.]

SOU' SPAIN.

Are you coming, Johnnie Bowline, have you had your fill of fun?

Are you ready, Johnnie Bowline, now your pay-roll's spent and done,

And your welcome's growing stale And your pals begin to fail,

And there's something seems to whisper that it's time to sail again;

Time to hit the trail, you know, Time to pay your shot and go,

Time to heave your donkey's breakfast in and sail Sou' Spain?

Are you coming, Johnnie Bowline, have you kissed your girl adieu?

There's a lofty skysail clipper and I think she waits for you,

And she's ready for the sea

And the Peter's flying free,

And the wind goes through her rigging like a ranting old refrain:

"Time to find a ship once more, You've been over-long ashore—

Time to hump your old sea-chest aboard and sail Sou' Spain."

Hurry up now, Johnnie Bowline, for she hasn't long to stay; Most di Get a move on, Johnnie Bowline, if you mean to come away, a prize.

For the tide is at the flood And the anchor's off the mud,

And they're tramping round the capstan in the darkness and the rain;

And, when oilskins and sea-chest Go the way of all the rest,

Oh, it 's time to take the pierhead jump and sail Sou' Spain.

Sou' Spain, Sou' Spain, in the grey dawn breaking chill! Sou' Spain, Sou' Spain, give it lip, lads, with a will! Oh; don't you weep for me, for me, my lovely Liza Jane; You'll soon forget your sailorman that's sailed Sou' Spain.

C. F. S.

From a steamship advertisement:-

A merciful provision in the circumstances.

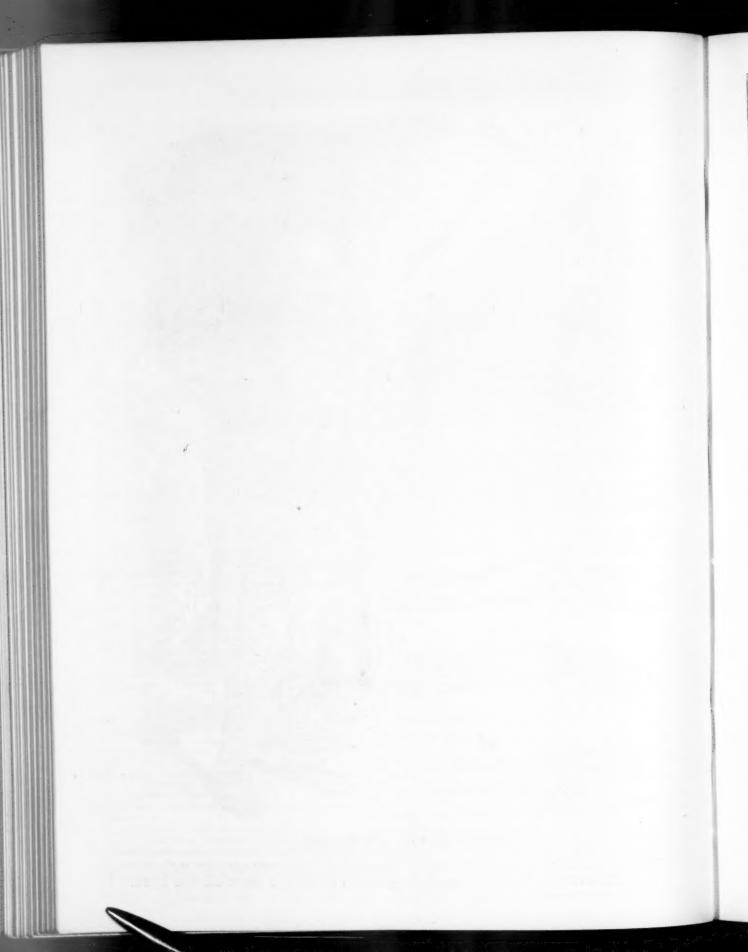
Extract from the synopsis of a "Photo-play":-

"Romance comes to her in the form of a young explorer, whom she finds in her home suffering from fever. He is too ill to be removed and she nurses him back to health. His mind leaves, but forgets his way back. He is, however, a blank."—Previncial Paper. Most disappointing! We quite hoped he was going to be



"INFIRM OF PURPOSE?"

Mr. Lloyd George (as Macbeth). "IS THIS A HATCHET WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME, THE HANDLE TOWARD MY HAND?—WELL, I SUPPOSE I MUST CLUTCH THEE."





LONDON LIFE.

A WELL-KNOWN GOURMET IN A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT MAKES A COMPLAINT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

nobly to the Provisional Government's plea of "Trust me not at all, or all in all." But the economists became all attention when the LEADER OF THE HOUSE announced that one of the two Patronage Secretaries deemed indispensable to the well-being of a Coalition Government had declared his willingness to continue his work but to forgo his salary. There was a chorus of "Which one?" "The other," replied Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; and Members, observing that the smile on the face of Colonel LESLIE Wilson in no wise resembled "a minus £1,000 look," correctly assumed that it was

Mr. McCurdy who had voluntarily | The Admiralty Memorandum, he said, | submitted to the dreaded axe. Of him, as of another temporary sojourner in Whitehall, it may be written-

"He nothing common did nor mean Upon that memorable scene.

Mr. Chamberlain's next announce-Monday, February 13th.—Members ment. He had been invited by Sir T. listened languidly while Mr. Churchill Polson to curse the Admiralty for answered a number of inquiries as to issuing its counterblast to the GEDDES indication of sympathy with their what the Government proposed to do Report without first obtaining the im- leader's temporary affliction, but also to end the present anarchy in Ireland.

**Primatur* of the Cabinet. Instead of as a warning to the wastrels on the Which, like another Balaam—though to find out why Mr. Gladstone used to find out why Mr. Gladstone used Mr. Collins' Vivien and is responding inspiration—he blessed it altogether, to call him "the sledgehammer."



THE FIRST MARTYR. MR. McCURDY, PATRONAGE SECRETARY.

had been issued in pursuance of a gen- resist the temptation to diverge from eral decision of the Government, and it other documents of a similar kind.

Even more surprise was evinced at Asquith limped painfully into the House, and was greeted by his followers with enthusiastic cheers. These were intended, I imagine, not merely as an

> At first their expectations were justified. Mr. Asquith, always at his best as a financial critic, led off with some excellent points. The Government, he declared, had admitted the possibility of saving a sum equivalent to three shillings and fourpeace off the income - tax (here our mouths watered), but they had completely failed to get economy from the Departments, and, after calling in the GEDDES Committee to do their work for them, were allowing the said Departments to make hay of its reports-reports "strewn with the wreckage of the New Jerusalem."

Unfortunately Mr. Asquith could not his attack upon the Government in order would not improbably be followed by to criticise the Reports themselves (I fancy the Tactician of Downing Street Shortly after this bombshell, Mr. must have foreseen this development and thereafter his indictment lost its the ball.

Mr. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, while handsomely admitting that education was desirable, considered that it was over-costly. Eventually, in spite of a



"He agreed with the desirability of education." HARMSWORTH MINOR.

painfully feebledefence by the CHANCEL-LOR OF THE EXCHEQUER-I am still puzzling over his plea that the taxpayer does not really pay for the interest on War Stocks, because it comes back to him in the form of dividends-the Government secured a substantial majority, 241 to 92.

BURNHOLME called attention to the delay in awarding battlehonours to the county regiments, and received a strictly official reply from Lord PEEL. It is confidently hoped, however, that these questions will be settled more quickly than in the case of the MARLBOROUGH campaigns in Flanders, when they took the best part of two centuries.

Recent incidents in Ireland were brought to the notice of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who was good enough to say that he had no desire to criticise the Northern Government for arresting a football team discovered in Ulster with arms in their possession. At the same time he appeared to think that there was some ground for the resentment created in Monaghan, where the Northerners are held to have missed the spirit of the local football regu-

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks declared that by his Indian policy Mr. MONTAGU "had broken the heart of the Civil Service," and Mr. RUPERT GWYNNE compared him alternatively to a mole and a hippopotamus. Considering this provocation Mr. MONTAGU was astonishingly mild; but he gave a useful warning to the Gandhists not to challenge "the most determined people in the world," by which I understand him to mean the British nation at large, not its temporary representatives on the Treasury Bench.

The warning was endorsed by the PRIME MINISTER in still more emphatic language. He has now apparently discovered the danger of putting "the finer and often coarser wines of the West into the older bottles of the East." Does this presage a change of butlers?

Wednesday, February 15th.—The Lords learned from the Lord Chan-CELLOR the steps that the Government were taking, in consultation with Sir JAMES CRAIG and Mr. COLLINS, to restore peace on the Ulster frontier, and approved an order "limiting the proportion of carbon monoxide which may be supplied in gas used for domestic purposes." Then, with the comfortable feeling that their duty had been done, they adjourned till Tuesday.

An inquiry by Viscount Curzon as to whether the High Commissioner of Palestine had exempted "apiaries and incubators" from the payment of customs-duties, recalled vague memories of "it-hurts-me-more - than-it-does-you" Tuesday, February 14th .- Lord Nux another ruler of the Holy Land who fashion of the pedagogue, professed his

when he permitted their publication); lation, "If you can't kick the man, kick encouraged the importation of "ivory and apes and peacocks." Unfortunately the Colonial Secretary had no information on the subject, so I am still wondering if the apiaries are required for the safe housing of the



There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. COLONEL AMERY.

bees in the Zionists' bonnets, and the incubators for the hatching of their schemes.

The Government motion to take all the time of the House till March 31st produced the usual crop of stereotyped insincerities. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in the

> regret at having to make the proposal; Mr. CLYNES, leader of a party which is generally conspicuous by its absence from the House, declared that the Government were robbing private Members of their right; and Sir DONALD MACLEAN, who is longing for the time when he shall stand where AUSTEN stands and give him a taste of his own medicine, could see no justification for this unseemly haste in the Government's programme, unless it were the Bill dealing with the audits of Boards of Guardians (I gather that Sir DONALD, like all the best humourists, considers that you cannot use a good joke too often).

Thursday, February 16th .-Bachelor "Black and Tans" are being invited to join the new Palestine Police, but Mr. CHURCHILL is unable to extend the invitation to Benedicts, on



NEW WINES OF THE WEST IN OLD BOTTLES OF THE EAST. MR. MONTAGU.



Sandy (to February salmon-fisher). "It's a guid thing ye didna come last week. It was awfu' bad weather."

the ground that "there is no accommodation for wives in Palestine." Which only shows what a lot of difference there is between Samuel and Solomon.

Question-time was interrupted by the tumultuous cheers that greeted the reappearance of Mr. Balfour, who was looking remarkably well considering the shock that he must have felt when an American admirer recently dubbed him "The Grand Old Man."

In moving the Second Reading of the Irish Free State (Agreement) Bill the COLONIAL SECRETARY managed to avoid most of the pitfalls that lay in his path. Over the Ulster boundary "divide" he walked, of course, with extreme delieacy, but even here he did not actually come to grief. His final prophecy, that England might yet find at her side "Ireland, United, a Nation and her Friend," did not seem to many Members of the House unduly fantastic. But the Ulstermen were not in a mood to be placated, and Mr. Charles Craig courteously but uncompromisingly expressed the view that over the boundary question they had been betrayed. A somewhat flippantly-worded refusal by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to elucidate the vexed article in the Agreement did nothing to relieve, but rather intensified, their apprehensions.

THE EARTH-SHAKER.

Why are the pelicans wildly dancing? Why are the psycho-analysts prancing? Why are the homes of Scoop and Stunting

Bright with banners and gay with bunting?

Why are all people within a mile Of Whitefriars wearing a ten-pound smile?

What makes the crocus burst from its calyx

And Lovat Fraser into italies? Why does the famous "Street of Ink" Turn from black to a roseate pink? Why has the "Gentleman with a Duster" Recently gone another buster? Why does the wife of the Prince Bibesco Indite quæ referens horresco?

Why does Lord Squandermere look

Why do we hear a ceaseless hum
From every bonnet that harbours a bee—
Labour, Conservative or "Wee Free"?
Why is that ghastly game Ping-Pong
Resurrected and going strong?
Why do the golfers miss their putts?
Why do the flappers flout the "nuts"?
Why do the Jeffs insult the Mutts?
Why do the fiddlers misread their clefs?
Why do the scullions defy their chefs?
Why do the Mutts abuse the Jeffs?

Why is the sun becoming spotty?
Why is the Dean becoming dotty?
Why is the Reverend Buncombe Blair
Composing a brand-new megaphone
prayer?

Why—but why go on with our why When there is only one reply? The answer is clear, the answer is plain: Lord Thanet is coming home again—Home from his wonderful Periplus, Home from the land of the Platypus, The arch-Napoleon of our times, The arch-inspirer of our rhymes, The only man who knows what matters, The patron of all the Sandringham hatters,

The man who takes the cosmic bun, King, Dictator and Pope in one, Terror of Inchcape, Geddes and Graner,

Brain and core and hub of the planet, Lord of our isles—and the isle of Thanet.

Another Impending Apology.

"A well-attended 'Baboon' dance was held in the —— Tea Rooms."—Provincial Paper,

From a theatre-notice :-

"As this poignant play is unfolded, its grip on one tightens more and more, and so powerfully, that, at the fall of each curtain, one is eager for the next."—Provincial Paper. Evidently the critic could not stand the



Luncher (to man commandeering his overcoat). "PARDON ME, SIR-WOULD YOU ALLOW ME TO GET ANOTHER CIGAR FROM MY POCKET IN CASE WE DON'T MEET AGAIN?

AUTO-SUGGESTION.

Charles and I were sitting in the Park thanking Heaven for a warm day, when we noticed Peter approaching. He was looking extremely self-satisfied in an obviously new suit.

"Isn't he wonderful?" said Charles and let the gentleman see you.'

"Ah, you've noticed it then?" said Peter complacently.

"Noticed it!" Charles exclaimed; "I should think I have. It grips one by the throat. But can you sit down? I mean, will it bend?"

Peter picked up an over-turned chair and seated himself with much careful

hitching of trousers.

"I have always thought," he observed, ignoring Charles's remarks, "that we for instance. What is there in them to it's just the same with everybody else. No artistry, no vision. I've thought of many plans for brightening our clothes, but none of them was any use till I but none of them was any use till I tried auto-suggestion. I said to myself, coloured. They represent the cherry

'Every day I dress better and better,' and almost at once the idea came to me. Each suit of clothes must have its own special meaning-in fact, some subtle pleasing suggestion."

"H'm," said Charles reflectively; "I don't think your present colour scheme suggests anything subtle or pleasing to as he came to us. "Turn round, Peter, me. Somehow it makes me think of murder. What is it meant to be?"

"You've been reading the newspapers too much," commented Peter; but just use your common sense. Think of the most subtle and pleasing combination that you know. A cocktail, obviously. My present colour-scheme is intended to convey a 'horse's neck.''' "It looks more like an 'egg-flip,'"

said Charles.

"The foundation of a 'horse's neck," ignoring Charles's remarks, "that we continued Peter, "is brandy; hence a Englishmen are too conventional about light-brown suit. Into the brandy you our clothes. Look at those mouldy pour gin; in other words, a very paledog-robber suits you two are wearing, grey shirt-it is not quite the colour of for instance. What is there in them to gin, but the shops are not educated up warm the heart or delight the eye? And to me yet. Then a dash of Angostura Bitters, which you will notice in my tie."

"But the socks," said Charles, "the red socks, where do they come in?"

in the bottom of the glass. notion, don't you think?

"And what about the Green Chartreuse? Every self-respecting 'horse's neck' has some Green Chartreuse in it, and green seems to be the only colour you aren't using."

"Good Heavens!" cried Peter, aghast,
"I forgot all about it. I ought to have a green line in my suit or something. What on earth am I to do about it?

"Well, you might try auto-suggestion again," suggested Charles. "'Every day I get greener and greener.' How would that do?'

"'Every day I get greener and greener," murmured Peter absently. "It doesn't sound quite what I want,

"Pull yourself together," interrupted Charles hastily; "here's the chair-man coming for his money.

Peter produced his penny, but the man was not appeased. "That there chair you're sitting on, Sir," he said to him severely, "is wet paint."

A New Guide to Religion.

From a "Catalogue of Theology":-"RABELAIS .- The works of Francis Rabelais, completely translated into English.

"TINKER, TAILOR . . . "

(1 Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE FUNNY MAN.

BE gentle to the funny man, And if his jokes are cheap Just laugh a little when you can, And if you can't-just weep.

For he is not, as you suppose, A sort of marmoset (A thing of joy), but full of woes, And very much in debt.

The jest you thought so little worth Fatigued him much, much more, For at the moment of its birth A dun was at the door.

The fire was out, the lamp was dim, It never ceased to rain, The telephone kept ringing him And ringing off again.

His head was twice the proper size, He had the strangest pains, And all the time, with awful cries, His sons were playing trains.

And in that wild distracting din You might have seen, my son, That melancholy man begin His daily search for fun.

You should have seen him mop his brow

And tear his hair and shout, "I will be funny, here and now, But what, oh, WHAT about?"

Be gentle to the funny man, And if his jokes are bad Just laugh a little when you can, Because he is so sad.

22 2 22.

Some mistakes are unfortunate; others lead to happy results.

When I was writing, the other week. about my poor journalistic friend who had missed the critical moment for selling his paragraph about the 2nd of February, "2/2/22," I did my best to console him by saying that in eleven years' time he could write early in March, 3/3/33; completely neglecting the fact that this very month and this very day offer the chance of recording 22/2/22. It was culpable of me not to have thought the thing out properly; but no harm was done: rather the reverse, for every post brings me letters of correction; and, since to write a letter of correction is one of human nature's purest pleasures, I am glad to have been the means of adding so much to the sum-total of content. Mr. KEL-LAWAY should be grateful to me too for indirectly contributing to the enrichment of his impoverished exchequer.



Officer (with sextant). "BIT BOUGH FOR SHOOTING THE SUN." Deck-hand (a little shaky on Scriptural history). "PITY WE HAVEN'T ONE OF THEM JONAHS ABOARD, SIR, TO MAKE IT STAND STILL."

Some of my critics are shocked at my want of perception; others are possibly have overlooked anything so obvious. If he knew me better he would know that where figures are concerned I am almost an idiot. A gentleman in the Midlands tells me that he had been interested in these symwas exciting enough, but the greatest thrill of his arithmetical life arrived ten | no.

years later, when, on that day in November which came betwixt the 10th and merely amused. A gentleman in the 12th, he was able to write "11/11/11." North cannot understand how I could Only once in every century can one have the felicity of employing such a sequence as that. The experience is, would understand only too well, for he as he says, of a rarity and distinction comparable only to the flowering of the aloe and the laying of the Phœnix's egg.

Well, I shall never enjoy it again. All my hopes now centre in survival metrical dates ever since the 8th of until March 3rd, 1933. And the next August, 1888. New Year's Day, 1901, star on the horizon will be April 4th, eleven years later. Beyond that

BRIDGE CALLS.

"One heart," says the dealer, announcing his bid like the auctioneer he is. The doctor, whose profession is written all over his face, repeats it. "One heart. One heart, eh?" "Yes," says the patient—dealer, that is. "One heart, ch?" again says the doctor, and his eyes turn round with a well-I-must-do-something-for-you gaze. "And I say two clubs," he murmurs as if he had tried that treatment on a previous occasion and found it eminently satisfactory.

"Two hearts," says the next man, who is something in the City. He says it clearly and unhesitatingly, almost suggesting that they beat as one.

"No," says the doctor's partner. "No," says the dealer.

The doctor looks at the man on his left and then at his cards. "Two hearts, eh?"

"Two hearts," replies the City man, in the tone of one repeating a firm offer.

"Quite so," says the doctor, almost solicitously, as if he did not wish to disturb the patient. "Two hearts. This is rather a problem, partner." He looks up at his opponents. "Two hearts you've gone, haven't you?"

The City man, who has apparently filed his cards, says quickly, "Yes," and almost makes the doctor jump. He looks at his partner, wanting, of course, to diagnose his hand. Then he murmurs gently, "This is a delicate case. It's very difficult, partner—it's very difficult."

What he wants is, of course, a consultation with his partner. However, he says, as if something must be done, "Three clubs."

The man of business did not expect it. He pulls his face. "No," he says. "No," says the doctor's partner. "Three hearts," says the dealer, who, being an auctioneer, never can resist an extra bid.

"Three hearts." The doctor's voice has almost pain in it. He looks at his partner with pleading eyes. "Oh, what have you got in your hand?" is his unspoken thought. "Three hearts?" he says in his best bedside manner.

"Three hearts," repeats the dealer, with a note that indicates clearly, "It's going at three, and if you don't jump in quickly three it will be."

Perhaps the doctor observed the symptom. "Yes," he says quickly, as if he does not wish the patient to disturb himself unduly, and he looks at the dealer, at his partner, at his cards, which he puts together with decision as if he had decided on the operation. "Four clubs." He has evidently gone through crises like these before and some have issued successfully and some not. It's a risk, but there it is.

"No," says the business man, who knows the value of reticence and the price of income-tax. "No," says the doctor's partner.

The auctioneer, genial, alert and ready to rise to occasions, lets his glance go round the table as if he were taking a note of probable future bids. He goes through his cards as if he were counting them to see if there has been a misdeal. The doctor restrains his emotions, not wishing to disturb the patient's circulation. The City man is merely saying to himself, "Surely he's not going on. We shall be down three hundred at least if he's doubled." He wants to hammer on the table as a hint, but feels that wouldn't be quite fair. The dealer, yielding to his bidding nature, says, "Four hearts."

The doctor jumps. "Four hearts?" "Four hearts," repeats the auctioneer. "Four hearts?" "Four hearts." They all say it; but with what varying accents! It is bridge counterpoint or the Shorter Catechism.

The doctor is baffled. But he always realises the danger

line. He hesitates and looks; he puts his foot in the water to feel the temperature, so to speak; but he isn't a believer in cold plunges if your hearts are weak.

"No," he says. "No," says the dealer's partner, thinking of bankruptcy and wondering if there's any chance of the last man going on with the clubs or switching. There isn't. The last man, a parson, who smokes quietly and plays correctly, says, in the voice of one dispensing charity, "Double."

The dealer is content. He is accustomed to sell at other people's risk, "with all faults." The doctor beams. You can see the patient sitting up and taking nourishment.

"Three hundred to us, partner," says the parson in an Amen voice when the last trick is gathered.

"Three hundred. Good," says the doctor. An excellent

The dealer is undisturbed. The City man nods. "Hadn't a dog's chance," says he; but he doesn't mind. He holds a lot of rubber shares and is used to going down.

TRENCH OR TRENCHER ?

["Fregs and snails have just been put on the bill of fare at the Hotel. This exciting news is accompanied by the explanation that English and American officers who have served in France have acquired a taste for them and want to be able to get them here."

When we were in the trenches, boys, we lived in slap-up

Our menus would have merited a welcome and a smile From even that instructed gent, Lucullus born anew, Who samples little dinners for The Saturday Review.

You mustn't think our rations were confined to frogs and

Oh, no, we gobbled everything from ortolans to quails; And many is the batman who along the duckboard track Has borne a load of caviare upon his patient back.

Unworried by the advent of a whizz-bang or a bomb, We lived like little gourmets in a dug-out on the Somme; No wonder now we're home again we very often pine For dishes that remind us of our sojourn in the Line.

Alas! the vision fades and we remember to our grief. The everlasting bully and the joint of ration beef, Which stand in painful contrast to the enviable way. The War was fought "chez Voisin" or the "Café de la Paix."

For, candidly, if frogs and snails are what we now recall I fancy we were never very near the War at all, But gained our somewhat cultivated appetite by grace Of a comfortable office job in Paris or the base.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"'Floating spots before the eyes' is the description given an annoying symptom complained of by lots of folks. This peculiarity has given to the condition the name 'muscae volitantes,' meaning, 'running mice.'"—Canadian Paper.

u · Gordon-Bleu · Lady Cook ; wants London or near."

Advt. in Morning Paper.

One of the "Gay Gordons," we suppose. It is comforting to think that London may obtain some consolation for the loss of "The Blue Boy."

"Mr. Kellaway says that anything that tends to the elimination of the human element tends to the smooth working of the telephone system."

He certainly seems to be doing his best to eliminate his human customers.



Little Girl (describing the party). "AND OH, MOTHER, WARN'T IT DREADFUL? JUST AS I GOT TO THE MIDDLE OF THE DRAWING-ROOM I REMEMBERED THAT NURSE HAD PORGOTTEN TO BRUSH MY EVEBROWS!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Ir you want the most scholarly of small books on a notoriously enchanting subject, you will buy, not borrow, A Letter Book (Bell), by Professor Saintsbury. There are two hundred pages of letters in it, with a hundred pages of illuminating introduction; or a hundred pages of introduction with two hundred pages of illuminating letters. It does not matter which way you put it, for I defy the most sagacious criticism to determine which pages shed the charming prattle from the neo-platonic Bishop Synesius to his "dear HYPATIA," and end with a hitherto unpublished quip of Stevenson's involving an umbrella, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING and Professor SAINTSBURY himself. When I declare that, yielding to none in my zeal for R. L. S., I read every line of the introductory essay before looking up that ultimate tit-bit, you will realise how utterly absorbing "The History and Art of Letter Writing" has been made. As for the letters thomselves, the THACKERAY contingent held easily the greatest revelations for my ignorance, and the solitary FITZGERALD did most to confirm my predilections. I should like-against a second edition-to put in a plea for the whole chronicle of Firz's Boulge Sunday as glanced at in the foreword; and for the inclusion of that inimitable epistle to FREDERIC TENNYSON, which ends, "So Good-night. I suppose the violets will be going off in the Papal dominions by the time this reaches you.'

The Search (CHATTO AND WINDUS) of which Miss MAR-GARET RIVERS LARMINIE writes is undertaken by Jim right enough when she called herself "a domestic drudge," Stonehouse. He is looking for happiness in love and, Dissatisfaction led to bickerings, bickerings to real quarrels,

being very human and an idealist, he has some difficulty in finding it. In his first love he finds passion, very graciously expressed, and little more. Miss LARMINIE, by the way, has made him strangely sophisticated, for his comparatively tender years, in his conduct of such a deli-cate intrigue. In his marriage with Alice Channing neither body nor soul is satisfied. Disillusioned, growing old, struggling against the fear that his dream is better than the reality, he finds in his wife's little sister, Sophy, the infinite kindness and perfect intimacy which he has been seeking and missing all his life. It is a painful situation, but happier light on the others. The letters lead off with some Miss Larminie has made her study of Jim so true to life; she has, without heroics, so finely shown him, for all his weakness, as subordinating the happiness he might have snatched to the ideal which its taking would have ruined, that I for one should have been sorry if she had spared us its discomforts. In the end life does not give him what he asks, but it vindicates his hope and that suffices him for happiness. This is a novel of which, if you happen to prefer the mysteries of the ordinary human heart to those of Scotland Yard, you will very much approve. But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the book, when you consider Miss LARMINIE's identity with Mrs. R. C. TRAGETT, is the fact that she has not written in it a single word concerning Badminton.

> If there is a surfeit of quarrelling in Fay and Finance COLLINS) there is also sound and true analysis of character. Miss CHERRY VEHEYNE'S hero and heroine belonged to the profession and were more successful in it than in their married life. He was extravagant and selfish, and she was

thought of him. I doubt if a husband has ever been more completely changed by such plain speaking. Clive at once decided to leave his profession and to go into business. In this he made so great a success that he established Fay and himself in a suburban home and thought that all was well in the best possible of worlds. But he was wrong. Fay soon began to be bored by her husband and her home. In the old days she had been righteously angry because she had to support him; now she chafed because he too completely supported her. I think it must be granted that she was a little difficult. Nevertheless I can understand her desire to return to the stage, and to earn some money of her own and some independence. It is a at some commonplace employment. He begins as a railway-

clever study of married life, carefully thought out and written. At present Miss VEHEYNE is inclined to make too heavy weather of trifles. but she has real ability and when she has acquired a sense of proportion her supply of literary gifts should be equal to any reasonable

demand.

Life would be a very exhausting affair if every one had to keep pace with the ultra-moderns. Here is Mr. HAMILTON FYFE, who only a few months ago, in The Making of an Optimist, dis-posed of such trifles as the national honour and Parliamentary government, now apparently inclined, in The Fruit of the Tree (PARSONS), to deal no more ceremoniously with the marriage laws. This time his thesis is disguised as a novel, but the story is so little complicated with non-essential characters, thrilling or amusing incidents, or any other old-fashioned embroidery, that there is ample space in it for those solemn discussions of self-consciously "advanced" and generally imaginary problems that are

are two women and one man, and the menage a trois to which they contentedly settle down in the last chapter. apparently with the author's blessing, certainly cannot be commended as an example of modern civilisation. My sympathies are all with the member for the old school, who, to do the author justice, is allowed to state at least some part of his case. This gentleman, a bishop from Patagonia, finding himself dropped into Mr. Fyre's too modern circle, promptly returns to his exotic diocese. No one will deny that the author can write, but this book shows most glaringly the tendency of a certain school, for lack of a sense of perspective, to mistake temporary and partial eccentricities for genuine movements.

In the story, An Honest Living (Cassell), which Mr. Who says we take our pleasures sadly?

and presently Fau told him fairly and squarely what she George Robey, the music-hall comedian, has written there is more entertainment for the author's music-hall following than for the ordinary reader. Indeed, read aloud by Mr. Robey, with the proper accompaniment of pained expression, minatory gesture and verbal inflection, it might be in the language of one of the characters, "a vell:" but taken even in small doses in the arm-chair it is a little overpowering, the effect so largely depending upon the propositions (which have yet to be proved) that strong language, tumbles and the exchange of abusive personalities constitute humour. The parrative tells how Mr. Robey, being taunted by two variety agents with a career of comparative idleness and too easy affluence, backs himself to earn his living for a week

porter, continues as a ragand-bone man and a hotel doorkeeper, and finishes as a waiter, and through a series of stupidities, which are not consistent with his success in his true rôle, he loses. The whole is farce, wildly exaggerated and not infrequently rather coarse. One lays the book aside with the reflection that eyebrows can be mightier than the pen.

Mr. RIDGWELL CULLUM'S work is bound to have a goodly number of constant admirers, and I am prepared to say that it deserves them. He does not pretend to concern himself with any subtle delineation of character in The Man in the Twilight (PALMER), but he knows how to construct a story and how to tell it. Here he lays his scene in Canada, and his tale of a great struggle between rivals in the Canadian wood-pulp industry is always exciting and sometimes really impressive. I think that the Teutonic villain, luridly called Nathaniel Hellbeam, is unnecessarily loathsome. But, if I was even more nauseated by Nathaniel than Mr. Cul-



Fond Wife. "It's DREADFUL WHEN YOU COME TO THINK ABOUT THAT SHOCKING AFFAIR IN OUR STREET, WHERE THE BURGLAR SHOT THE BRAVE MAN WHO TRIED TO STOP HIM. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU, DEAR."

beloved of the cardboard people usually found in this LUM intended me to be, I can also say that I did not find kind of work. The principal "types" in the present case his heroes so impossibly perfect as those I often meet in novels that are proclaimed to be of "intense human interest." Mr. Cullum may not be a great writer, but as a teller of tales he is hard to beat.

> "Society seems much interested in the appointment of Count Lazzio Szechenyi as Hungarian Minister to the United States. Countess Szetcetera was formerly Gladys M. Vanderbilt."—Evening Paper. We do not wish to be personal, but we think the lady ought to have had the courage to take her husband's full name.

[&]quot;The enterprising proprietor of the ——Stables and motor garage has just added to his stables a beautiful motor hearse. It was unveiled on Saturday afternoon last in the presence of a large gathering of friends. of friends. Soveral congratulatory speeches were delivered and the success of the venture was afterwards drunk."—West Indian Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

A PLOT to kill TROTSKY has just been discovered. It is said that the ringleader was told that he must not do it. as Trotsky was already two assassinations ahead of LENIN and jealousy would be caused.

It is understood to be Lord North-CLIFFE's desire that his world-tour of nearly fifty thousand miles in seven months shall be recognised as Bogev for the course.

A continued falling off of Underground passengers is announced. We can only say that most of those we travel with seem to be hanging on tight enough.

"I never saw Prince Napoleon," says Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. And vet there is a legend that the PRINCE used often to hang about Fleet Street on the offchance.

The Italian Cabinet has resigned twice in three weeks. An Anti-Coalitionist suggests that we might borrow it as a decoy for our own Cabinet.

Nothing has lately been heard of the Spanish-Morocco War, and the general impression is that it has been purposely mislaid.

An American writer compares the British profiteer with DICK TURPIN. Every effort is being made to keep this slanderous statement from the surviving relatives of RICHARD.

We understand that in view of the necessity for economy the old superstition that it is unlucky to light three cigarettes with one match is to be cancelled. The unlucky number in future will be six.

"Many of the gulls in St. James's Park," says Mr. W. M. Скоок, "are assuming their black caps." The Government should have been first asked if it had any reason to give why it shouldn't be sentenced to death.

During excavations at Bearsted, workmen have unearthed a quaint glazed vessel, date 1672, bearing the inscription, "Don't Hurry." It is believed to be the christening mug of a plumber.

have rather a vivid recollection of a one evening when we told it that singing was not allowed.

A correspondent in The Times suggests the formation of a Parents' Association. We have felt for a long time that something of the sort must be started if parents are not to die out altogether.

The Ashton-under-Lyne District Infirmary has decided not to treat cases of attempted suicide. In future persons in the locality who try to commit suicide will do so at their own risk.

"WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE OFF MY HAT?

The Canton of Neuchâtel is making bands. arrangements to hold a Chronometer Competition next year, to commemorate the centenary of Abraham Bre-GUET, the famous watchmaker. As our old watch, when really wound up, can give the station clock about five seconds in a hundred, we are thinking of entering it for one of the shorter events.

Before competing in a sprinting race at Doorn an American journalist asked the Ex-Crown Prince to hold his watch. I.O.U. for it. It sounds rather trustful.

"Vacherin cheese," says The Daily Express, "was discovered on the Jura Mountains, four thousand feet above sea level." That ought to be high enough for any cheese.

With reference to the two Germans who were refused permission to box in And Shakspeare retorts, "The proper this country it is argued that it is absurd study of mankind is man."

"Can a fish learn tricks?" asks a to draw a distinction between pugilists Bristol Evening Times' article. We and musicians. As an outcome of this we hear that a well-known promoter has restaurant fish that answered us back offered to put up a purse for a contest between CARPENTIER and BATTLING STRAVINSKY.

> A patient who was recently removed to Christ's Hospital was found to contain a put-and-take top. The attendant surgeon held the opinion that the words "Take one" were clearly indicated by the prognosis.

> An All-England Ping-Pong Club has been established in London premises. This supplies the long-felt want of something to keep our boys away from home in the evening.

> > "Vigorous political life," says Mr. Winston CHURCHILL, "depends on a harmonious con-nection of Parliament, Press and Platform. Wood, brass and wind, in fact.

> > Owing to the action of the sea the western corner of the Isle of Wight is said to be in danger of severance from the rest of the island. We are confident that every effort will be made to retain it within the Empire.

A woman at Cleveland, Ohio, after attending a revival meeting. admitted that she had divorced eight hus-

There is some talk of her being elected an honorary cinema star.

A new golf course for Oxford University is projected. It is hoped that Lord RIDDELL will endow a chair.

In consequence of the Transport Workers' Beer Boycott a Glasgow docker, upon being asked by a blackleg to have a drink, gallantly refused, but said he would accept his comrade's

"Mrs. — pointed to a door and replied in one syllable, 'Bathroom.' "-Feuilleton. Much smarter than making two syllables of "Tub."

" Pope declares the impossibility of 'holding a fire in one's hand, by thinking on the frosty Caucasus.' "-Ladies' Paper.

A NATION OF BARDS.

On Thursday of last week there appeared in The Times an article by Gonnoské Komai, giving an account of the annual competition in Japan for the New Year's Poem. The subject for 1922, set by the Empeaor, was "Rising Sun Shining upon the Waves" ("Kyokkoh-Shoh-Ha"). No fewer than twenty-six thousand competitors, representing every age and class, submitted poems to the "Poetry Department of the Tokyo Court."

From these the Court officials selected two hundred and eighty, and this number was reduced to thirteen by the Minister of the Imperial Household. Their achievements were proclaimed at the great Poetry celebration in the Phænix Hall, together with "thirty-three poems on the same subject composed by different Princes and Princesses and other dignitaries," whose creations I assume to have been hors concours.

The writer of the article presents a translation of the original poems of the EMPRESS and the CROWN PRINCE. The EMPRESS wrote as follows:—

"O I rejoice to see
How the peoples love each other,
As they gaze at the rising sun
Gilding the azure sea—
While all its waves are stilled
In a golden screnity!"

And this is the composition of the Crown Prince:

"How vast is the boundless Main Perfumed by the morning sun,— Fresh as primeval Dawn And still as the new-born Earth! O would that men, too, were at peace!"

It will be observed that these two members of the Imperial House differ in their views of the present condition of the world; one of them rejoicing in the actual existence of universal peace, the other merely expressing a desire for that happy consummation. In this connection it should be recalled that the Crown Prince has lately returned from a tour round the globe.

The author of the following alternative stanzas is well aware that they are too late for the competition. He also fully recognises that, as the work of an exotic, their entry would in any case have been declined. Nevertheless he is venturing to forward them to the Minister of the Japanese Imperial Household with a request that he will deign to pronounce an expert opinion upon their merits as compared with those of the home-grown article.

What would our vessels do without the sea?
Suppose the Ocean underwent dry-rot!
What if the sun forgot to rise
As usual in the azure skies?
It would occasion—so it seems to me—
The greatest inconvenience, would it not?

11.

Twas from the waves that Britain first arose,
And thus we owe the deep a heavy debt;
And much we owe the rising sun,
But even more the sinking one,
Because, however anxious for repose,
Upon our Empire it declines to set.

England is situated on the brine
(This is the case with every sea-girt isle);
Over the waters' level way
The sun emerges every day,
And, though we only see it once in nine,
The thing is there, I take it, all the while.

IV.

The sun gets out of bed at morning's prime
And plunges in his bath of Ocean dew;
However wet it is or cold,
He dashes at it, bright and bold,
Precisely to the tick by Greenwich time.
O what a lesson there for me and you!

V.

You have, of course, in certain kinds of place,
Horizons made of hill or plain or wood,
Where Phœbus finds no sea at hand
But does his rising over land,
And never gets a chance to wash his face.
O how I pity such a neighbourhood!

VI.

In happier regions, with the punctual dawn Ocean and rising sun exchange a kiss; So may the nations of the earth Appreciate each other's worth, And similarly feel together drawn (How rare and beautiful a thought is this!).

Envoi (Vers libre).

To Honourable Adjudicator:—
I invite your noble attention
To the above stanzas
Embodying certain effects that I have observed,
And certain symbolic deductions that I have
adumbrated,
When engaged in contemplation of
Rising sun shining upon waves,

Being the subject of His Majesty the MIKADO'S Gracious competition.

I humbly trust that the fact that

They make pitiful pretence to rhyme and scan Will not hopelessly militate

Against their chance of receiving your august approval. Be pleased to take Your illustrious pick of them;

O. S.

And accept my grovelling assurance That I am

Your obedient and contemptible worm,

"Betcher.—Young Man Wanted; assist sausage-making; good searcher."—Scotch Paper,

One who can unravel the meat from the mystery.

"The Town Council has declared its neutrality in this strike, and in the Mayor's opinion it must be neutral on both sides."

South African Paper.

We always think that is the safest way.

"P. —, Marine Stores Dealer, is giving 4d. each for Rabbit Skins, and an orange for each child."—Advt. in Local Paper. Problem: At the present price of oranges how many children go to one rabbit-skin?

"Mr. Bransby Williams brings his new 'David Copperfield' play, in which he 'doubles' Peggotty and Mr. Pickwick, to the Brixton Theatre on Monday,"—Evening Paper.

We are now looking forward to the "Pickwick" play in which he will double Mr. Jingle and Harold Skimpole.

"It is in the fourth section of the bye-laws that the hardship will arise, paragraph four stating that a child under the age of twelve shall not be employed between the ages of twelve and fourteen."

Welsh Paper.

This may conceivably be more lucid when translated into the Welsh vernacular.



COALITION: THE NAME AND THE THING.

Juliet. Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Romeo, A Conservative Coalitionist.

Juliet. "THEN WHY NOT CHANGE YOUR NAME? AS SHAKSPEARE SAYS,

WHAT'S IN A NAME? THAT WHICH WE CALL—""
Romeo. "AN ONION

BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET."



THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Lady. "OFFICER, COULD YOU FIND MY SMALL BOY A PLACE ON THE KERB?" P. C. "KERB, KERB! THERE AIN'T BEEN NO KERB SINCE NINE O'CLOCK, MUM."

FILM STUDIES.

III.—THE FILMING OF POETRY.

IF the filming of history is easy the filming of poetry is easier still. In the case of a long narrative poem, such as The Ring and the Book or John Gilpin, this of course is fairly plain. But even songs and short lyrical poems only need a little of the film-producer's imagination to bring their beauty home to the audience and render them thoroughly popular.

Let us take Mr. John Masefield's Sea Fever-the lines beginning:

" I must go down to the sea again."

I reckon that, properly handled, the three stanzas of this simple poem should play for about forty or forty-five minutes. We shall begin by presenting, let us say, Roy Harrison, tapioca expert, at work in his office. Roy is worried. You can tell that he is worried because it says so in a sub-title, People keep coming in. Brisk business

their hats off. They are frightened of the pier at Southend, himself rounding the draught. The trouble is that the Cape Horn in a coaster, himself hartapioca business is going from bad to worse. Roy throws papers about and knows what he wants. His face lights curses his stenographer. She flounces up. He smiles. He brings his fist out. The telephone-bell rings. You crashing down on the table. can tell that the bell has rung because of the fearful start that Roy gives before he picks up the receiver. That is the way of business men. There is bad news. Wire-worm is ravaging the tapioca fields (picture here), and an official communiqué is flashed on the screen:—

The public is warned against eating tapioca pudding until further

This is dreadful for Roy, because he is either bulling or wolfing tapioca. I forget which, probably both. He becomes desperate. He pushes his fingers through his hair, looks haggard, lights a cigarette (failing with the first two matches), rises and walks about the and because he looks worried in the room. Suddenly he sees a small picture picture, and still more worried in the on the wall. The picture, enlarged, special large picture of his face worrying. is flashed upon the screen. It is a seascape. Memories, visions of seascapes men. They do not take their hats off. throng through Roy Harrison's brain. That does not worry Roy Harrison, be- You see them thronging. Himself on to tackle the telephone again. He rings

cause film-men in offices never do take the deck of a liner, himself fishing off pooning a whale. Roy Harrison now

> " I must go down to the sea again." It is, in fact, the Wanderlust. Confound tapioca!

> > " The lonely sea and the sky."

In filming the lonely sea and the sky it is better to have the former fairly rough and the latter overcast. Heaving billows-a mass of rolling clouds. Birds will wing their way across these. Ducks. Teal. Bitterns. Wild geese. The bitterns boom. The wild geese honk. Honking and booming are done by the orchestra.

Roy now snatches the telephone book from the table and turns over the pages, licking his thumb. He finds a firm of shipowners. But before taking any further steps he gazes with a look of ecstasy at the audience, and you see his lower jaw bone saying quite clearly

" The lonely sea and the sky." After that he feels sufficiently nerved up the shipowners and orders a tall ship. It must be tall.

"And all I ask is a tall ship."
You see him shouting the words "Tall!

Tall!" into the receiver.

And now we have a sight of which the eyes of picture-goers never tire, although it is interminably repeated in film after film. It is a sight that you never see on the stage and its fascination is irresistible. Roy Harrison walks down the steps of his office and out into the street. A motor-car is waiting at the kerb. The chauffeur is standing beside the car. He opens the door of the car. Roy Harrison steps in. "Docks!" he says. The chauf-feur shuts the door. The chauffeur mounts his seat and the car starts. It is a self-starter. It dashes rapidly down the street. It dashes rapidly up another. It dashes through street after street. It arrives at the docks. It is the same car, and has the same Roy Harrison inside it. There is no deception at all. He has travelled from his office to the docks in his own motorcar, driven by his own chauffeur. There is no break in the action. You cannot get this kind of thing anywhere but on the screen.

You will now begin to have a pretty good idea of the way in which the film will interpret and intensify the beauty of the poem. I need not tell you the rest in detail. How Roy Harrison finds his ship, the tallest ship there; how he contemptuously declines the offer of a

compass-

"And all I ask is a tall ship And a star to steer her by:

how he is soon espied well out to sea under a sky in which is one large star (not more than one star is needed, but it must be large), holding tightly to the kicking wheel; how he sees a whale-"The gull's way and the whale's way;" how he is wrecked on a desert island, where his one great rival in the tapioca trade happens to have been wrecked too, how they fight together, not as bull to bull, but as man to man, with marlinspikes; how the enemy is killed and Roy Harrison makes a raft of packing-cases and is picked up by a coaltramp, on which he meets

Todd P. Lumley, "a laughing fellow-rover" (STUART ALASTAIR),

who alone of all men has hit upon a secret invention for combating the ravages of wire-worm in tapioca; how he returns from his trip—

"And the flung spray and the blown spume and the seagulls crying" just in time to prevent his wife's running away with his partner; knocks the partner down and takes Todd P. Lum-



Petty Officer. "No, I ain't goin' in 'ere." Sailor. "Why not?"

Petty Officer. "Well, with all this redoocin' the Navy talk an' me bein' so stout, it ain't good enough. Only larst night in 'ere a bloke sez to me, 'e sez, 'Ah, I've often wondered why our income-tax was six bob in the pound, an' now I know,' 'e sez; 'it's you.'"

ley into the firm. These things I need not tell you. You will have guessed them.

Enough to say that we end with the picture of Roy Harrison taking a peaceful nap in his office-chair while Todd P. Lumley flirts with the stenographer. No more travel. No more wandering. No more toil.

"And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over."

NEXT WEEK
"THE CUTAWAY KID,"
featuring
BABS BUNCOMBE.

EVOE

"GOVERNMENT FINANCE.

Manchester Paper.

This will, we fear, confirm current suspicions as to the position of Government finance.

From a physical-training testimonial:

"Amazing result of a course of —. Measurements; Chest 37 in. (expanded). Neck 413 in."

It sounds a little top-heavy.

"The Scots use of the verb 'to hurl' as a synonym for 'to ride,' 'to wheel,' or 'to drive' always rouses the visibility of the Sassenach."—Glasgov Paper.

And in the opinion of the Scots, we gather, a decidedly "low visibility."

IN THE ABBEY.

FEBRUARY 28TH, 1922.

High above fretted niche and shrine august, Grey as a leafless wood the columns climb, Above lamenting urn and jewelled pane Where Grief and Glory and Pride contend with Time; In every mote stirred by the happy chime It seems as though some faint pulse beat again From hearts long mute in dust.

Ah, happy chime, which whispers that through all The old jangling, jostling centuries that lie About us darkened into marble sleep For many guerdons man would strive and die, Yet only one was worth the winning; ay, Love was the only rose that he might keep And never a petal fall.

Kings glorious and Kings misfortunate dream Here under battered oak and painted gold; And Queens known in fair legends rest beneath The purple dust of pomp. Oblivion cold May dim high deeds, but on the twain who hold Their carven hands still linked by love in death Falls an unfading gleam.

Now in the earth the folded lilies stir. And the grey world wakes from its brooding care; The first, best, loveliest hope shines forth once more, Made manifest as in a vision where Kneels the King's daughter, veiled and very fair, While the King's people at the Abbey door D. M. S. In silence wait for her.

AN INCOME-TAX PROTEST.

Henry ordinarily takes a good deal of flattening out. He is spherical. His outer covering is hard. He has a resilient core. (No, he hasn't any mesh markings, and this is not a golf story.)

But on this occasion I found Henry flattened out, and a little piece of paper had done it.

"Six hundred pounds!" groaned Henry, "Twelve thousand shillings!!—er, millions of pence!!!"

'Yes, yes," I said, as sympathetically as possible—"but

"The Income Tax people," explained Henry, waving his hand towards the paper lying on the desk in front of him.

His wife came into his room at that moment.

"Blanche," he cried, "the Income Tax people want six hundred pounds.'

"Oh, my poor Henry!" she said falteringly.
"Come," I said, "let us look at the thing dispassionately. If it is wrong, then the ATTORNEY-GENERAL says you needn't pay it. I saw that bit in the paper myselfquite recently.

"It's all very well for HEWART to talk," began Henry. (This was a sign of recovery on Henry's part. When he is normal he always refers to Ministers by their unqualified surnames.) "I know these Income Tax people. Leeches, blood-suckers!'

"This won't help you, you know," I remonstrated. Henry started writing fiercely.

"What are you saying?" we asked.

"Listen," said Henry: "'SIR,-I have received your impossible demand. I have not six hundred pence to meet it with, let alone six hundred pounds. Do your worst. Distrain. Send your police."

all help one another to write a polite letter to the Inspector of Taxes. Let us appeal to his better nature. He is probably quite human. Perhaps a father."

"Possibly even a church-goer and a total abstainer," said Henry bitterly. "Well, come on; see what sort of a mess you two can help me to make of it."

Henry is a little ungracious at times.

"First," I said, "you must admit that you did not make a return. You were rather pleased about that at the

time, I remember, Henry. And start 'My dear Sir.'"
"'My dear Sir,'" he read out,—"'There is a serious mistake in the enclosed demand. I grant that I omitted to make a return-er-

"'Our little fair-haired Monica was at the time prostrate in bed with mumps," suggested Blanche.

"Sob-stuff is worse than useless," I said.

"'The Government have been very good to me," tried

"'The Government have been so good to me,'" I corrected, "that I felt that I could not possibly make an adequate return." Henry got that down.

"The thought of an income on which a six-hundred pound tax is payable excites my envy. Mine barely amounts to four hundred in all," he went on.

"Is that true, Henry?" I asked sternly.

"That or thereabouts," he said.

I strongly advised him to over-state his income, if anything, and to avoid round figures. This annoyed him until

I had explained it away. (Henry is spherical, you remember.)
A reminder to him that he should claim allowances for his wife and children led him to write, "I hope you will make allowances for my wife and children;" and this nearly led to an angry scene with Blanche.

In the end we got the thing into fairly brief compass,

"MY DEAR SIR,-There is a serious mistake in the enclosed demand. I unfortunately failed to make a return, owing to illness at the time, but I assure you that, so far from my being liable to pay £600 tax, my whole income is not much more than that amount. I find that it is £723 7s. 2d. I believe I am entitled to an allowance for my wife and two children, who are resident with and dependent upon me. Yours, etc."

There was a short period of suspense, and I was with Henry when the reply came from the Income Tax Inspector.

"Dear Sir," he wrote,-"You are under a misapprehension as to the nature of the paper sent you. It is not a demand-note, but a notice that your income has been assessed at £600. I have no difficulty in accepting your assurance that your income is £723 7s. 2d., and the assessment is being adjusted accordingly. The demand-note will be sent in due course.

The use of the word "adjusted" by the Inspector showed, I thought, great delicacy, but Henry merely blurted out, "I said that you two would make a mess of it.

I have already remarked that Henry is a little ungracious at times.

"Over 3,500 tickets have already been sold for what promises to be the jolliest revel since the war."—Daily Paper.

An entertainment which, of course, for pure gaiety it would hardly be possible to surpass.

"He [Lord Morley] gives, as the most melting and melodious single phrase in the English tongue, 'After life's fitful sleep, he sleeps well' (Macbeth)."—Evening Paper.

It is not for us to attempt to improve on Shakspeare, "Quite the wrong method," I said firmly. "Now let us otherwise we should suggest "fever" instead of "sleep."



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE SPELL OF THE SAXOPHONE.

THE TYRANNY OF THE SUNDAY FACE.

THE Man-who-prefers-to-be-angry flung away the paper with an imprecation that did nothing to increase the peace or holiness of the Sabbath morn.

into the Sunday 'powerful article,' he said. "I rejoiced to read what he powerful photograph at all; and it's photographs, that infuriate me. Hang it article unless he likes, but it is impos- thinking!' one would say. sible to avoid seeing the author's mug. he is again!' you say. 'Another Sun-day marred!' 'I have heard it

photographs? Tell me that. It's bad enough to be preached at and bullied into what they call success; but why their mugs? Not a bit like the ten-pound smilers. I can stand them; they're fresh every day, and they don't wear the constrained high-brow look, half bull-dog breed and half pained patriot, that these peers

"It isn't as if Sunday were such a jolly day, he continued. "If we were allowed to be a little gay on it and things were easier, these

and publicists put on.

faces might be more tolerable. But to | uplifter's portrait with it. In one sense | have a joyless day as well-it is too much.

"Why should Sunday be the day selected for the appearance of these forbidding blocks? That's what I want to know. I'm thankful they don't appear oftener, but why should what ought to be the Day of Rest and gentle thoughts be reserved for them? All these gifted stentorians occasionally put pen to paper on week-days, but never with face attached. The poverful photograph is for Sundays only. What is the Lord's Day Observance Society doing about it?

"Another thing, the portraits are always the same. Sunday after Sunday, year after year, the same physiognomies depress us. Other people have new photographs taken, but these monitors never. Now isn't that a mistake? going on? It is impossible that, won-

beyond change, beyond progress, beyond improvement; fixed for ever in their sullen complacency and guide-post perfection. If they were a little cleverer they would let it be known that they were learning and growing, If we have "I'm gladthat Punch has got his knife to see their features at all we ought to be shown the record of the week's experience. Then their pictures might had to say, but he didn't go half far be interesting. I can see groups of enough. He hardly referred to the people clustered around every copy of the paper discussing the rise or fall of the photographs, the same old powerful The Beloved Phraser's mental barometer as displayed in the current all, no one need read a word of the portrait. 'How he must have been another might exclaim, 'it's a hard

"Why have we got to have their article carries more weight if it has the ordinary publicists. Then, if portraits

AT AN EGYPTIAN FEAST.

Slave Girl (to new assistant). "OH, YES, WE DO THINGS IN STYLE HERE. LUXURIOUS FOOD; EXPENSIVE WINES; THE BEST MUSIC, AND THE SMARTEST UNDERTAKER IN THEBES TO TROT ROUND THE MUMMY,"

have them always staring at us and to that may be true; but some of the world's earlier counsellors were able to drive their message home without this assistance. The Groves of Academe were not less the home of culture because another powerful photo of Plato was lacking. People read SAINTE-BEUVE with no less avidity than if his portrait had graced every causerie. But he was only a Monday man, and so doesn't count.

"It is, I suppose, the Sunday editor who decides whether the article shall be embellished by the mug or not. I seem to hear him giving his instructions, much as the Editor of The Times distributes the different sizes of type for the people who write letters to him. Lord Badgerburn,' I can hear him say, is doing us a series of five hundred and twenty articles on "Delivering the Goods." They will run for the next Ought we not to see their development | ten years. A wonderful scoop. There may be some repetition, of course, but derful fellows as they are, they can be memories, thank Heaven! are short. not come across it.

See that a powerful block accompanies every instalment.

"Or is it possible that Lord Badgerburn will only write at all on condition that his features are serialised too?

"In any case what I want to learn is, how does the editor know whether the portrait is a help to circulation or a hindrance? How can he tell whether more readers are bored to death by these punctual phizzes or look forward with ecstasy to next Sunday because (O rapture!) they are going to see Lord We want some Rathernear again? statistics.

"I think the whole scheme needs to be altered. Let it be taken for granted. It jumps at you across the room. 'There life, pointing out the only way. Look as it might easily be, that by this time we all know exactly what these super-"I have heard it argued that an Sunday men are like, whether peers or

there must be, let us have those of the other and humbler but not negligible toilers in the great Sabbath didactic industry : Lord Badgerburn's typist, for example. Or The Beloved Phraser's stenographer. I am sure he uses one: he is so dictatorial.'

He ceased.

" Have you done?" I asked.

"I think so," he muttered.

"The powerful portraits will continue to appear," I said, "with one possible exception. There is a chance that, since Litigation seems

to have claimed him for her own, one of our leading Sunday moralists may be less vociferous than usual. But the world is not likely to lose the memory of his massive countenance for all that. His are among journalism's 'permanent features.'" E. V. L. manent features."

Misunderstood.

There was a young lady of Staines Who prided herself on her brains; Yet her friends, when she said She had carefully read All Keynes' works, thought the works were HALL CAINE'S.

"CABBAGE IN REPUBLICAN COLOURS.

In the cottage garden of William — is growing a borecole plant, the leaves of which are coloured green, white and yellow." Irish Paper.

We can only hope that the red, white and blue calves to which (as recorded by Mr. Punch on January 18th) an Ulster cow recently gave birth, will



General. "Please 'M, the mution's been kept too long, I think; what had I better do?" Mistress. "OH, YOU'D BETTER MAKE DINNER A LITTLE EARLIER, THEN."

AN UNTAPPED SOURCE OF REVENUE.

According to a daily paper the brisk public demand for the GEDDES' Report almost entitles the blue-book containing it to rank among the season's best sellers. Guided by this hint, a really enterprising Government should be able to see that it has ready to hand a hitherto unsuspected source of revenue.

As everyone knows nowadays, the most important thing about a book is its jacket, that brilliant paper wrapper designed to capture the eye of anyone casually passing the book-stall. At present the cover of Sir Eric's Report is an inconspicuous blue, reminiscent of among the romances of the day. the notoriously modest violet; and there is no picture on it.

Future editions should show the axe in all its glory, slashing off heads (of departments) or casting its ominous shadow over the simple tea-side revels of the Whitehall typist. But, so long as the jacket is showy, it is not essential that it should have any bearing on the subject of the book.

more consideration than seems to have the subject of the Navy the work is Is this what they call the glue-glue eye?

been given it. Committee of National particularly sound."-Martial Mail; or Expenditure may give an idea of the again, since an adverse quotation among contents of the work, but for the purpose of arresting attention it is useless. Eric of the Heavy Hand would appeal to lovers of mediaval romance, or Coming Cuts would ensure a welcome for the book among the large public that lives on the pictorial divertissements of our dailies. Or an effort might be made to catch those who love to get ery Office should not only be able to their sentiment under some such title as Pansy's Progress; or, From War to liquidate the costs of the peace. Work to Superannuation. The fact that this is hardly what the book is about would not make it conspicuous

But it is when succeeding blue-books come to be boomed in their turn that the Government will be able to let itself The actual authorship of such works is generally unknown, and it would be safe to refer to them as "by the Author of Eric of the Heavy Hand, Press notices of which could be quoted on the wrapper: "We are in complete on the wrapper: "We are in complete agreement with this writer's views on past, and, finding Ralph's eyes on hers, clung The question of a title, too, requires the Army."-Naval News; or, "On to them."

eulogies never fails to pique curiosity, "A cheap and chippy chopper."-The Cuthbert Sentinel.

If in addition every blue-book in future carried with it an insurance policy, a football competition and a paper pattern, there is no reason why in the course of a year or so the Stationpay for the War, but even do something

A Sinister Context.

- "Over 20,000 rats have been killed in the
- In the Lothians the price of butcher meat has been reduced by 2d. per 1b."—Scots Paper.
- "While the hounds were hunting a stag in the Beaconsfield district the stag ran into the cellar of a public-house."—Daily Paper.
- By eve, doubtless, he had "drunk his fill."

From a recent novel:-



SCHNE-A Private Dance.

Daughter of the House (in search of her partner), "Hullo, Uncle! Have you seen Puggy?" Old-fashioned Uncle, "I AM NOT SURE THAT I KNON 'PUGGY.' HAVE YOU LOOKED IN THE SALOON BAR?"

NEWSPAPER INSURANCE.

YOU SIGN. WE PAY.

No Taxi Accident is Complete Without One of Our Insurance Policies.

Our Accident Policy Entitles You to a Free Accident.

The Daily Boom Insurance Scheme puts an end to the Old question, "Is Death Worth Dying?"

Sign Now, and Try Your Luck.

The Daily Boom Pays your Rent while you are Signing the Coupon.

OUR ACCIDENTS ARE THE BEST.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"QUARTER DAY." Quite right. We pay for damage by fire over the amount of five pounds. Yes, Nero should have waited.

"Annoyed." We think it is very doubtful whether you could establish a claim for £1,000 from the taxi-driver

who dodged you in Charing Cross Road, He fills a bumper to the brim, on the ground that by so doing he lost you that amount under our insurance

"HOPEFUL." Your corpse is enough. It is not obligatory that a copy of The Daily Boom should be found on it.

"TINKER, TAILOR . . . " (A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE APOTHECARY.

HE looks respectable and mild.

Like someone at the Bar: But then, those bottles-Yes, my

I do know what they are.

He will not give you one.

Those lovely globes of green and red, They are not there for fun. You see? He simply shakes his head;

But, if the truth is what you want, The truth is sweet and short, For one of them is Creme de Menthe. The other one is Port.

At even when he feels like sin He takes them from the shelf, And asks the naughty doctor in And just enjoys himself.

He lights a huge Havana, And bawls the rude barbaric hymn To Ipecacuanha.

The Song of Liquorice, the Song Of Dr. Gregory's Powder; The doctor sings both loud and strong, The chemist sings much louder.

All night they hold those hideous larks And horrify the street With pharmaceutical remarks Which I must not repeat.

They drink the red, they drink the green, Till they can drink no more, Then drain a draught of neat quinine And totter to the floor.

My son, the things you must not be Compose a lengthy list, But at the top I plainly see The wicked pharmacist. A. P. H.

"After a paper by Mrs. ---, on Woman; her power and charm,' an animated discussion followed, which touched on woman's outlook, now and fifty years ago—women preachers,

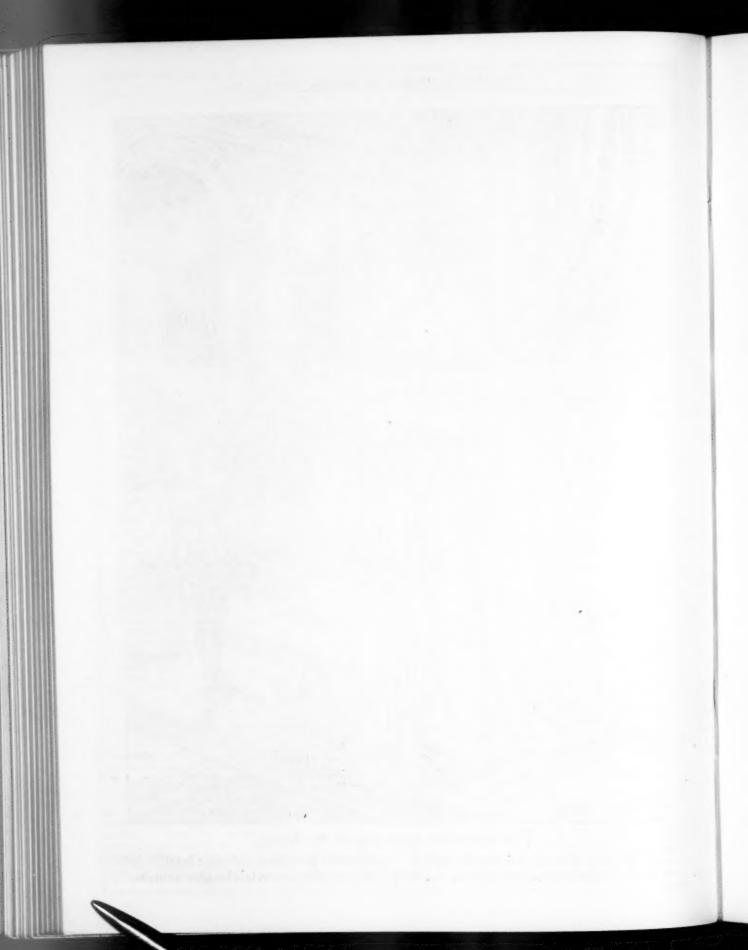
women police, and women architects, etc., etc.
If your boiler, cistern, geyser, roof or bath
leaks, try a practical man."—Local Paper.

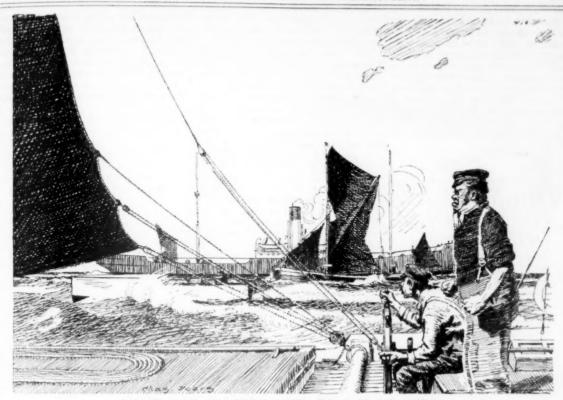
Some sub-editors are very cynical.



The Princess who staged at Home.

"... And so the Princess was happily married. And the little Hunchback made her a beautiful bow and said, Everyone is delighted that the Sea-King's only daughter has not lost her heart overseas."





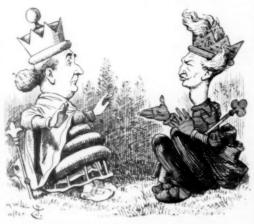
WHAT OUR BARGEES HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Mate, "'E AIN'T 'ALF CHUCKIN' UP A WASH!" Shipper. "I was a-goin' to reproach 'im, but it's no good wastin' yerself on motor-boatmen; they make such a blinkin' row they can't 'ear yer."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Reports again continued to excite the curiosity of the various Oppositions. But, whereas last week they were inveighing against the Admiralty for daring to criticise the recommendations, they were now on quite another tack and egging on the other Departments to do likewise. Captain Wedgwood Benn was particularly grieved at the pusillanimity of the President of the Board of TRADE in omitting to follow the precedent set by Mr. AMERY and approved by the LEADER OF THE House. "I do not always like precedents," said Mr. BALDWIN.

According to Sir J. D. REES' information, eighteen of the States belonging to the League of Nations have not paid their subscriptions up to date and two have not paid at all. He was anxious to know whether England was footing the bill for the defaulters. Mr. FISHER said that it was not; but he did not explain how, in that case, the League was de- | themselves in similar case are believed fraying its not inconsiderable expenses.



FINANCE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.

The Red Queen (Mr. NEIL MACLEAN). "CAN YOU DO SUBTRACTION? TAKE A HALF PER CENT. FROM FIVE PER

The White Queen (Sir ROBERT HORNE). "I CAN DO ADDITION IF YOU GIVE ME TIME, BUT I CAN'T DO SUB-TRACTION UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES."

to be anxiously awaiting a reply.

Monday, February 20th.—The GEDDES' Several club-committees which find Some Members of the House have lately adopted the habit of greeting the CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND with ironical cheers every time he rises. It amuses them and certainly does not hurt Sir Hamar Greenwood. He was as imperturbably dogmatic as usual in introducing a Supplementary Estimate of close on a million-and-a-half for the R.I.C., and was more elated by the thought that this was the last time the British taxpayer would (assuming all goes well) be called upon to pay for maintaining order in Ireland than he was depressed by the obsequies of a Force which, as he truly said, "had for a hundred years served successive Governments in fair weather and foul." To some of us Ireland will never seem the same without the courteous and stalwart "polismen" who were such conspicuous and, on the whole, popular figures throughout the countryside. The task of the new Ireland,

in Mr. Churchill's phrase, is "to reassert the sanctity of human life." Its reassertion might never have been necessary if British statesmen had given the R.I.C. in the twentieth century the same consistent support that they ac-

Tuesday, February 21st.—There is hardly any conceivable subject on which at least one member who speaks with



THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY. MR. AMMON.

authority. Unfortunately there is sometimes more than one, and then there is confusion of counsel. Their Lordships listened with great respect this afternoon while Lord RAGLAN told them from personal knowledge that the Emir ABDULLAH was quite unfitted to be the ruler of Trans-Jordania, and that he, his father, the King of the Heddaz, and his brother, the King of IRAQ, were all unsuited to the positions in which we had placed them at vast expense. But then up jumped Lord LAMINGTON to say that he knew the King of IRAQ very well, and that he was absolutely fitted to govern the country. The Duke of SUTHEBLAND, called upon to give the casting vote, and being apparently unembarrassed by any personal knowledge, gave it for ABDULLAH.

Possibly as the result of an announcement that the axe had fallen at the root of the mahogany tree-or, in other words, that the Treasury meant to discontinue the annual grant of five hundred pounds in aid of the Lords' refreshment-room —their Lordships were in rather per-nickety mood. When the LORD CHAN-CELLOR sought their approval for the proposed judicial inquiry into the shoot-

with varied opposition. But he persisted with his motion and carried it

Mr. Neil Maclean, not hitherto known as a financier, has had a rush of figures to the head. Having learned corded them throughout the nineteenth. from history that Mr. Goschen saved the Exchequer a lot of money by converting the sweet simplicity of the the House of Lords does not contain Three-per-cents. into Two-and-a-half. and having read in the newspapers that the bank-rate has recently fallen from five per cent. to four-and-a-half, he suggested to Sir Robert Horne that he should take his pen and make a similar reduction in the interest payable on War Loan. Sir ROBERT was obviously intrigued by the notion, but regretted that, owing to the unfortunate provisions of the law, he was precluded until 1929 from attempting to follow Lord Goschen's example.

"And he vos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule," observed Mr. Tony Weller on one occasion. As Mr. Ammon, who had just handsomely beaten the Coalition Candidate in North Camberwell, walked up to take his seat amid triumphant cries of "Resign" from the Labour Party, Ministers tried to comfort themselves with the hope

that Mr. Weller, Sen., was right. Wednesday, February 22nd.—Egypt, while waiting for the return of Lord ALLENBY, appears to be enjoying an absolutely ideal form of Government-at least in the opinion of the well-groomed gentlemen who adorn the Treasury Bench at Question-time, Mr. HARMS-WORTH is the authority for the statement that Egypt at the present moment is being administered, not by the British Government, but by the Under-Secre-



Commander HILTON YOUNG, D.S.O. (flooded proposed judicial inquiry into the shooting at Clones railway-station he met "Phew! This is worse than Zeebburge!" first time in its history the House of

taries of State. And I daresay he and Mr. AMERY and Sir P. LLOYD GREAME would be quite ready to administer the affairs of the British Empire if their present chiefs were laid aside, and conduct them not conspicuously worse. And what a saving of official salaries! The GEDDES' Committee should have thought of this.

The House heard without a pang that the Admiralty yacht, Enchantress, was



CEDANT ARMA TOGE. F.M. SIR HENRY WILSON, M.P.

to be laid up, pending her disposal. Just at present our legislators think of nothing but economy in matters that do not immediately interest them.

The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY had again to run the gauntlet of the economists, and did his best to appease them with a new scheme of Civil Service pensions, which are to run up and down in accordance with the cost of living. It is going to be a source of infinite annoyance to the beneficiaries, who will never know from one quarter to another what they have got to live upon. But in the present mood of the House the Government had to yield something to its critics. When, however, it was proposed to make the new system retrospective, and to compel men who had served the State faithfully for thirty or forty years to be dragged periodically from their honourable leisure in order that some youthful successor might go over their pensions with a foot-rule, to see if they conformed with the cost-of-living index of the Board of Trade, Commander HILTON Young's complacency broke down, and he stoutly refused to upset bargains already completed.

Commons welcomed, in the person of Sir HENRY WILSON, a real live Field-Marshal to its fold.

Mr. Balfour, while deprecating the importance attached to the opinions of a French Naval officer, expressly disclaimed by his own Government, has no doubt that in the current controversy on their meaning Lord LEE is substantially right and The Times wrong. As he characteristically put it, "we cannot conclude that he (Captain Cas-TEX) desires the destruction of England. but only that, if he did, unrestricted submarine warfare would be the maritime weapon upon which he would probably rely."

Beer-drinkers, who were hoping to receive some consideration in the next Budget, were depressed on learning from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER that a reduction of a penny a glass would mean a loss of twenty-six millions to the revenue. They fear that there is little prospect of the amari aliquid in the reply being transformed into "a dash of bitter."

THE SINGING FORWARD.

Benjy Byte is a forward keen In the ranks of the famous Buff and Green

And a finer forward never was seen.

Broad in the beam and stout of limb. No one can shove with half his vim, No one can hook or heel like him.

He goes for his man like a ROBERT THE BRUCE,

And, when he is leading a rush in the loose.

Well-the pluckiest half has some exense

If he moves a little to left or right And doesn't go down with sheer delight To save from the feet of Benjy Byte.

No one has ever found him winging Nor failing to push when the scrum was swinging;

Yet Byte has a fault-he is always singing.

Now a ballad may count in a concert-

But it isn't the slightest use at all To a forward chasing a greasy ball.

But Benjy Byte is a cheery soul, And you hear the notes of his rapture roll

From the half-way flag to touch-in-goal.

Blithely the bars of his love-song rise As he charges a drop that the stand-off

With "Drink to me only with thine Till the scrummage hums like a village He will tackle him low with "D'ye ken Eyes!



THE AMATEUR CHESS CHAMPION OF BAYSWATER IS OVERCOME BY LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Loudly and clear do his accents ring As he prays that Heaven may "Save the King!

Then bluffs a centre and downs the wing.

Out of the scrum, from its inmost lair Of muddy jerseys and steaming hair You can hear him carolling "Robin Adair.'

Vainly the Captain vents his ire

choir.

This curious habit of Benjy Byte's Would ruin the chances of lesser lights, But a star performer has certain rights.

And so you may hear him chanting still Bits of "My Queen" or "The Maid of the Mill.

As he follows a kick with a right good

And still when the breaking forwards wheel

As the music mounts from the trampled And the half comes through on a swerving heel

> W. H. O. John Peel?"



Sporteman. "How's that boy I sent you shaping for a hunt servant?"

Huntsman. "Not much use, I'm apraid. You renember the other day, when we had that good fifty minutes spoiled by running to ground in the dark? Well, only next morning I heard that boy whistling as if nothing had happened."

THE MYSTERY OF A MISTER.

At a complimentary luncheon given to Mr. Balfour the other day the Prime Minister revealed the strange fact that not only was he (Mr. Balfour) ready to serve his country in any capacity, however humble, but that "he never made terms for himself—never."

The usual procedure of course is for a Prime Minister to write a note: "My dear X.,—Please state at earliest your lowest terms for succeeding Y. at the Board of Anxiety." On the same day he receives a reply by special messenger: "My dear Prime Minister,—Yours to hand of even date. I beg to quote as follows: Not exceeding six months in office, a K.C.B.; exceeding six months, but not exceeding twelve, a Baronetcy; exceeding twelve months, a Peerage. Trusting to be favoured with your esteemed commands."

That Mr. Balfour, with his conservative tastes, should ignore a time-honoured custom of this kind may perhaps cause wonder. Imagine the shock to any Premier on receiving a note from him saying: "My dear Prime Minister,— Delighted to serve at the Board of Anxiety or in any other useful capacity. There will be no charge."

It is as well that Mr. Balfour is a bachelor. In the absence of ocular proof that he had done valuable warwork, how embarrassing life would have been made for wife and child!

We trust we do not strike a discordant note amid all the praise which Mr. Balfour is receiving on his return from the United States when we say that, with all his great qualities, he sadly lacks the "win-the-war-honour" spirit. Why, he might easily have been a K.B.E. if he had played his cards properly.

COMMERCIALISMS.

(See recent Report of Committee on the Teaching of English.)

Bear up, brave clerklets, though the lights of learning Your quaint commercial English sadly shocks, And even bosses are agreed in spurning Your "inst." and "ult." and "prox."

I like the pleasant jargon: I should miss it
If firms no more ("per pro." before their name)
Should "thank me for past favours and solicit
Continuance of the same."

I like those "special lines" for me you've "quoted,"
That cheering news that mine "of even date"
Has come "to hand and contents duly noted,"
With all you "beg to state."

The thought that you at least "esteem" my "orders,"
"Await the favour of my prompt reply,"
Has power to fill me with a joy that borders
At times on ecstasy.

And, when my "kind attention" is directed To some "account much overdue," I yearn (But not for long) to send off the suggested "Remittance by return."

Well, well! the change may work out for the better, Yet I for one shall take it rather ill When I receive a curtly-worded letter That runs, "Please pay this bill."

THE POETRY OF THE SAUSAGE.

Not only are our Early-Closing regulations stupid in themselves; they are administered by stupid people. They are also administered by unromantic clods. A shopkeeper in the North of England was being tried the other day for the dreadful offence of selling a pound of sausages after eight o'clock in the evening. The unfortunate man's defence was that sausages ought to be exempt, as being perishable goods, and, in endeavouring to establish this fact, he delivered the memorable remark, "The life of a sausage is considerably less than that of a strawberry in summer." "I don't see the analogy, observed the magistrates' clerk coldly, and the culprit was fined.

But what a thought! And what a starting-point for more thought! Why should we be bound down by all the old moth - eaten similes for transitory perfection? Why should we not develop some new ones, just as apposite but more arresting? If the incomparable strawberry has a short enough lease of excellence, the sausage, on the authority of its cultivator, has a still briefer tenure of it. Let us fasten, therefore, upon this new and most effective embodiment of our tragic theme.

Consider one of its worn-out rivals.

"Or, like the snowfall in the river, A moment white-then melts for ever,"

is, I believe, Burns. It cuts no ice. It is too obvious. But

Or, like the sausages men sell, A moment fresh—and then, farewell!

would pull anyone up, even a contributor to Wheels. Byron compares a sunset to the colours displayed in a black eye, and I am sure a sausage is quite as poetical as a black eye. Besides, a comparison of this sort would serve a double purpose. It would warn people to avoid sausages that are falling into the sere and yellow stage-a most valuable piece of advice which should help to restore poetry to favour among the most practically minded readers. Nor have we finished with the sausage even when the fleeting season of its youth has been celebrated. In connection with the operations of the Early-Closing orders it can be used to illustrate the narrow line that oft divides vice from its opposite :-

Or, like the sausage in its prime, At eight a virtue; nine a crime.

It may be objected that the associations of the sausage have too long been exclusively comic. Then more shame to our poets who have neglected the significance of the brief and tragic life cycle of this representative of the Ephe-



Counsel, "The cross-examination did not been to worky you at all. Have YOU HAD ANY PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE? Client. "THREE WIVES."

meridae. The comic associations must be broken; the lachrime rerum must be given a chance. For instance :

The glories of our blood and state Are shadows, not substantial things: A solemn fact that has of late

Been owned by even Sausage Kings; Sausage and pie Too soon get high, And must, when they have had their day, Be taken forth and cast away.

I flatter myself that that excellently preserves the sense of frail perfection and its impending doom.

capable of slightly less lugubrious treatment :-

Shall I compare thee to a saveloy?

Thou art more toothsome, ay, and more enduring:

Polonies past their prime bring little joy, And hams of yesteryear are past all curing; But thy unchanging freshness shall not fade... and so on. It strikes a new note in poetry. Is it any the less acceptable because of its fidelity to plain facts?

"LOCAL AUTHORITIES IN THE RIVER TAME BASIN.—Appointment of Temporary River Inspector,"—Adet, in Weekly Paper.

Of course the same essential idea is To see that they don't fall in again?

BLACK MAGIC.

"And you may believe me or not, as you please, but exactly at noon the headman died of plague. Every soul in the district believes to this day that it was the curse that did it. Thanks. I'll have another—the same as before.'

"Ah." said the Quiet Man, whom nobody knew and who had said nothing

yet. "Ah!

He said it in the tone of one who commands attention, which we bestowed on him with the politeness due to the stranger within our gates. He wasted no time in making use of our

"Sudden death? Well, I don't know that I should call that anything very extraordinary. Sort of risk we all take in coming out to India. No, what I am afraid of myself is a really terrible curse-something really nasty that isn't included in the insurance policy. Ever meet Tuppins?"

We shook our heads.

"Thank your lucky stars. I have. He knew how to curse. Learnt it from an old magic man on the Coast, for he was always rolling round queer places moss. Yes, when he cursed it was a pukka curse. Terrible-ghastly.

"I first ran up against him in the U.S. Club at Simla, through having my matches in my left-hand trousers pocket instead of the right. I never thought of looking in the left-hand pocket for them, so I asked him for a light, and put his box in my pocket after. Just have yourself said that you did not the kind of thing that any man might do. I'd never bear a grudge if anyone did that to me. But he did. He put a curse on me, and for three months wherever I went I never took a box of matches with me that had more than two matches in it, and those two invariably broke or went out. That was the sort of devilry that Tuppins was up to.

"Then there was Mendelson-Smith, the new A.D.C. at Viceregal Lodge. He had to do the invitations, and he left Tuppins out of the first dance. So Tuppins cursed him to drop all his aitches, and he did. Dropped them everywhere. The rest of the Viceroy's staff rallied round Mendelson-Smith and tried to bluff Simla that it was the new fashion in aspiration by doing it themselves. But, after the fuss that Mrs. Halliday-Haxon made, it was no use, and they had to get rid of him.

"All this is simply leading up to what happened to young Bircher of the 45th Lancers. Handsome lad he was, with fair curly hair, and could have think of the further international com-Simla; but in an unhappy moment he fortunate paragraph.

went and chose the very one that Tuppins was after himself-a Miss Ruche. a dark pretty girl, with a father no one had ever seen. Of course Tuppins didn't stand a chance, apart from spells and magic: so he set out to get rid of young Bircher by foul means.

"The boy was a perfect dancer, but his rival cursed him to tread on his partner's toes. He cursed him to overdrink himself at dances when the girl was there. Miss Ruche happened to have a temper of her own and a tongue, and on one famous occasion she was exasperated into telling Bircher exactly what she thought of him, in public, very clearly and distinctly.

"That ended the race, and Tuppins was left alone in the field. But people had begun to talk, and Bircher got an inkling of what was responsible for his misfortunes. So he went round and had it out with the spell-binder. It was a thoroughly enjoyable morning for Bircher, and he gave back all he had got without the aid of any more magic than a moderate amount of skill in punching. He went home feeling

happy, and pink inside.
"Tuppins was furious. He wasn't and gathering an unhealthy sort of used to being retaliated upon-which was a pity, for it might have stopped his games before this. He brooded and brooded till he had worked out his

revenge."

There was a pause, and I asked, "Did he find a worse end than death by

plague?

"Sir," came the instant reply, " you know Tuppins. In the short time that he had that girl to himself he had learnt what she was like; and he cursed Bircher to marry her.

More Glimpses of the Obvious.

From a book-review :-

" 'Japan, after all, is Japanese, 'Mr. Douglas Sladen noted with apparent relief at the beginning of one of his studies of that country some twenty years ago. Now we find an American author making much the same remark. 'The satisfying thing about Japan is that it always looks exactly like Japan. It could not possibly be any other place.' The recurrence of this thought is striking."

Daily Paper.

We understand that Mr. SLADEN, for the sake of the English-Speaking Union, has decided not to launch a charge of plagiarism.

"Newport owe a tremendous amount to the variety of their fixtures—to the fact that they have had at almost all stages of the club's history to meet English teams of various types—Scottish, Irish, French." Welsh Football Paper.

The PRIME MINISTER is trembling to turned the head of almost any girl in plications likely to arise out of this un-

SPRING'S DRAWBACKS.

A TOUCH of Spring is in the air As to the club on foot I fare, And, seated in my favourite nook Embark upon a thrilling book-

In vain, for soon that portent fell. The deadly eucalyptus smell. Betrays in an adjoining chair Our prize malade imaginaire.

Jimson's capacity for food Seems never to be quite subdued: But, well or ill, he looses off A raucous artificial cough.

If it were genuine I should be The last to grudge him sympathy: But coughs like those heard on the stage

Fill me with unrelenting rage.

Besides, his yelping loud and deep Wakes up old Hawker from his sleen; And Hawker, when he clears his throat.

Prompts language that I dare not quote.

Then, when my nerves are fairly set On edge by this condemned duet. I see advancing from the door Boakes, our acknowledged superbore.

"My dear old chap-no, don't come near;

I really oughtn't to be here-They called it 'intestinal flu.' But still I hope to worry through."

And then with stertorous snorts and wheezes, Enlivened by explosive sneezes, He turns with devastating love

The cough duet into a trio.

O Spring, our blessing and our bane, Why can't you banish from your train.

With Turks and infidels and scoffers, The fatal company of coughers?

"DUNDEE JUTE MARKET. More work for the Sacking Section." Scotch Paper.

Presumably labouring on the same lines as the GEDDES' Committee.

"LONDON, Dec. 15. The Dail Eireann sat in the large chamber in the University College, decorated in the Adam style."-New Zealand Paper. Rather a chilly costume for December.

"The 'plane is all metal, 32 feet long, has a wing spread of 40 feet, and can carry 130 tons of petrol; yet with fuel and ammunition for a five-hundred-mile flight, it only weighs two and a half tons."—Provincial Paper,

We suspect Einstein of having a hand in this.



Passenger, "Excuse ME, IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?"

Landog Owner, "IT IS OCCUPIED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT last Mr. JOHN MURRAY has brought out, as Lord Byron's Correspondence (MURRAY), the best of the five hundred unpublished Byron letters left him by Lady Dor-CHESTER. The most characteristic are addressed to their late owner's father, Mr. J. C. Hobhouse, afterwards Lord BROUGHTON, "the high priest of the Byron mystery," as he was dubbed by Lord Rosebery; " ye oldest and indeed ye only friend I have," as he was styled by Byron himself. The Shelley correspondence is chiefly valuable on Shelley's side; but the letters to Lady Melbourne, given in full, though of next to no literary merit, come as an indispensable footnote to the vexed questions of Byron's break with CAROLINE LAMB, his monitress's daughter-in-law, and his marriage to Anne Isabella Milbanke, her niece. "You know I have obeyed you in everything (he writes) in my suit to ye Princess of Parallelograms, in my breach with little Mania . . . you have been my director." Mr. Hobbouse's comment on the marriage thus arranged—"I felt as if I had buried a friend "-has been quoted before; but to my mind it strikes the exact note of earth-to-earthiness dominant in all these posthumous glimpses of Byron and Shelley. Never were poets so docked of their glamour. The ground is thick with the clippings of their wings. Of Mr. MURRAY it can at least be said that he has done nothing gratuitously to make the feathers fly.

card in The Kingfisher (COLLINS). Not that the thrill of circumstance is absent, for the life of Jim Barton, boymurderer, bargee, undergraduate, preacher and Labour leader, is episodic enough; but the real merit of the book lies in its keen and controlled analysis of a score of widely different types and temperaments. Jim's ill-treated mother. the drunken father he kills in her defence; the shrewd nineteen-year-old sister who thrusts into his hand the poker with which the deed is done (and continues to thrust pokers into the hand of humanity all her days); the overworked young parson whose friendly offices establish Jim on the barge of his desires and whose legacy sends him to Cambridge; the "devout and free-thinking" young couple who help him to run his "surprising church" in Poplar; the conventional shipowner whose daughter he reluctantly loves-all are drawn with rare discernment and resolute justice. I am bound to say that the justice does not always get across the footlights when the orthodoxies are "on," and that the discernment is not at its happiest in dealing with society women. Even Viola, the heroine, who first flashes like the blue streak of her titular kingfisher's wings across the colourless path of her hero, is not wholly convincing when she perches at his side.

The Red Shadow (DUCKWORTH), by Mr. W. L. BLENNER-HASSETT, D.S.O., "at one time of the Secret Service in Russia," is a story with a rather horrible air of likelihood. Roman Kaliajev is the son of the man who threw the bomb that killed the Grand Duke SERGE in 1905, and is educated Characterisation is easily Miss Phyllis Bottome's trump by the murdered man's widow. He and his sister Olga are the fruit of an incestuous union, and the taint shows itself again in these two. But the author is not interested in the details of a morbid psychology; he is chiefly concerned to show the development of Roman as a revolutionary forced into prominence in the party as the son of his father, and vainly trying to keep away, and to keep his followers away, from violence. In the end cowardice drives him from Menshevism to Bolshevism and thrusts him into a situation which leads to the murder of his benefactress by his own hand, he himself falling to the rifle of one of his undisciplined men. This is less a novel based on history than a history faintly diluted with fiction. Real personages-KERENSKY, RASPUTIN, LENINA, SPIRIDINOVA - appear in contact with the author's own creatures, and countless others take their place in the direct narrative. There is little description, much of plain reporting and explanation, in the handbook manner, of terms and policies. It is difficult to say whether this is an artless or a conscious method-I suspect the former-but it is unquestionably effective.

The cleverest thing about that most fresh and attractive

tale of mystery, The Secret Adversary (LANE), is that Miss AGATHA CHRISTIE has succeeded in keeping her adversary a secret up to the very end of the book. It rankles, honestly, to have to confess to such fallibility, but the fact is that I made up my mind time after time as to which unlikely character really was the evil Mr. Brown, "the man behind Bolshevism," only to decide, after I had read a few more papers, that I had been wrong in my guess. Tommy and Tuppence, the irresponsible pair of lovers who set out in search of profitable adventure and find themselves on the track of an international secret society of which the elusive Mr. Brown, personally unknown even to his followers,

is the head, are high-spirited young things who dash | serving-maid introduced by Sir James Barrie into Sentithrough life at such a rate, propelled by Miss Christie's able hand, that the reader has no time and no desire to bother about the probability of their adventures. A missing draft treaty, lost since the sinking of the Lusitania, is the pivot on which the story turns. Mr. Brown and his friends are trying to find it, for they wish to use it to light the flame of revolution; while the party of law and order want it in order to foil their nefarious schemes; but, by the end of the book, to decide as to who is in which camp has become an utter impossibility—at least it was to me. I must say for myself, however, that even I never suspected either Tommy or Tuppence, but they were the only characters who remained above suspicion all the time.

When the hero of a novel says " Ecod!" and the heroine protests that she is monstrous lonely I generally know that I am in for a late evening. For the novels of what one may call the Beauty of Bath period are generally tales of pleasant adventure that proceed in a nicely blended milieu of town and country to a happy ending. And, now that every other kind of mental stimulus can be obtained by the simple process of reading the news page of the daily paper, that is approximately what every right-minded novel should do.

The plot of My Lady April (WERNER LAURIE) is laid in Bath, and later in the fair country that lies between Avon and Itchen, where the borders of Wilts and Hants run together. The heroine is a winsome lass and the hero as fine a fellow as you would want to meet in any novel. Such a story might be merely readable, instead of excellent, were it not that John Overton, whom I conclude from certain internal evidences to be a lady, is equally at home in her period and her country. Whether she leads her puppets through the Pump Room or the April woods she brings the scene to life with deft touches that only knowledge and imagination combined can give. And this is the more remarkable because My Lady April is a firstling or something very near it. All the better, for it means another name on the list-none too long-of novelists who neither bore us nor sadden us nor make us think too much.

The publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, admit that they have pleasure in presenting the public with Marrying Madeleine, a novel by a new author who calls herself ELEANOR REID. On the reverse of a jacket that must

thrill every susceptible male heart they say many other nice things about the book. I myself confess to a kindly feeling for the charming young lady who is there displayed; but I think the artist, like the author, has been rather too kind to Miss Madeleine Sangster, who could not really have been so pretty, and certainly should not have been so successful in her matrimonial projects. Miss REID analyses the Sangster family, and their rivals the Fords, with a certain skill. But there is too much analysis and too little of anything else. Marrying Madeleine devotes itself with a really remarkable tenacity of purpose to the subject set forth in its title. It is the sort of novel that should please the Scots



EX-PRIVATE SMITH FINDS THERE IS STILL CONSIDERABLE USE FOR CERTAIN PORTIONS OF HIS FIELD EQUIPMENT WHILST CARRYING FOR THE GENERAL.

mental Tommy, for its whole interest lies in the simple question, "Does she get him?" Well, she does; and I doubt very much if she deserves him, little as I think of Mr. Rodney Dawes. Some of the author's characterisation is clever, but her knowledge of English is not so profound as her insight into the feminine heart.

If I had been asked to guess from its name the author of The Heaven-Kissed Hill (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I should never have selected Mr. J. S. FLETCHER. But if the title doesn't sound much like him I can assure you that the story itself is in the author's happiest vein. The more I read of his work the more delight I draw from the matter-of-fact way in which he relates the most exciting adventures, thus sparing me the difficulty I must otherwise have in believing them. Here a young married couple had a lonely cottage lent to them, and set out to live the simple life; but what they actually lived, almost from the start, was a life of considerable complexity. More than this I shall not disclose, for that is Mr. Fletcher's business and he knows it better than I do. But at least I can honestly say that for two omthree hours his story made me forget that I was on the borderland of influenza.

CHARIVARIA.

THE police warn the public against a man who is continually saying that nobody will give him a chance and that he has no friends. He is believed to be a Coalitionist making for the hills.

We are unable to confirm the rumour current last week that the Government had decided to economise in by elections.

"The Independent Liberals," writes "Coalitionist" in a contemporary, "have one foot in the grave." Incidentally they also have a Foor in the House of Commons, thanks to the electorate of Bodmin.

The Daily Express states that it has

paid more accident insurance claims than its contemporaries. It seems that Lord NORTHCLIFFE has arrived home not a moment too soon.

There is a revival of the idea of transferring the government of golf from St. Andrews to London. It is felt that the headquarters of the Royal and Ancient Game ought to be more accessible to Scotsmen.

The Royal wedding passed off last week without a hitch. There was no poem in The Times by the POET LAUREATE.

An electrical machine for making beds has been invented. All we need

which was cracked before, and the servant problem will be solved.

"Whisky," says an American doctor, "is a good cure for snake-bites." Anti-Prohibitionists should place their orders for snakes with a good dealer, as some unscrupulous fellows have been known to remove the poison-fangs.

There has been no crime of any sort in the borough of Tenterden for ten years, we read. Then we think The Daily Mail ought to tell them why their income-tax is six shillings in the pound.

"Miss Mary Pickford," says a New York message, "has earned £280,000 in the past two years." It is thought that by close attention to her art she may eventually do very well in the film world.

The Soviet Government has just killed a fox in a railway-station waitsome country has ordered another four- its mouth. pennyworth.

Mr. ZARAH PRITCHARD, who wanted to paint a picture, was placed in a of the sea. If we know these artists at of this form of political propaganda. all, we are certain that he broke away and did it after all.

There is to be a show of used motor vehicles at the Crystal Palace at the end of this month. The grounds, of course, are highly suitable for pedestrian-coursing trials,

From a Sunday paper we learn that paper talk about utility poultry of late,



Reveller. "Where do I get a sixteen bus, Constable?" Constable, "THE LAST SIXTEEN HAS GONE, SIR." Reveller, "NEVER MIND; A COUPLE OF EIGHTS WILL DO."

now is a machine for smashing china if the gaze is fixed upon the full moon to make an arrest shortly. for twelve seconds, and then directed upon a star in another part of the sky, the star will appear to dance. So far the Brighter London Society has not suggested a better way of spending a jolly evening.

> A male voice party drawn from the staff of a London bank has entered for the Welsh National Eisteddfod. One of the most poignantly affecting things we have ever listened to is our banker's rendering of "Ask me no more."

> Athens, it seems, is agitated by the question of the proposed restoration of the Parthenon. The growth of local feeling against this sort of thing is ascribed to the unsatisfactory result of restoring KING TINO.

The North Warwickshire hounds Jolly for the poor.

ordered the printing of three million ing-room the other day. It is said to roubles for issue abroad. It looks as if have had an out-of-date dog-ticket in

Among educational films shown to London school-children lately were views of Wales and the evolution of a diver's suit and lowered to the bottom butterfly. We question the propriety

> In a discussion of the question of "The World's Worst Snake," correspondents of The Daily Mail have described incredibly horrible reptiles. Our contemporary, however, sticks to its estimate of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

There has been a great deal of news-

but nothing has been said about the bricklayer who laid a brick a day for eleven days before deciding to sit again.

"At the end of the present year the price of gas in Swansea is to be reduced by approximately 1s. per 1,000 cubic feet, or equivalent to 5s. 9d. per 1,000 cubic feet." Daily Paper.

Our meter never does us a turn like this.

"He padded his feet on entering the first house with a napkin and a woman's overall and left them in the last house he visited."

Evening Paper. This carelessness is likely to be the burglar's undoing. For the police have examined finger - prints found upon his feet, and with the aid of these hope

"The procession proceeded slowly onwards, only breaking into a trot when the last horse of the escort had gone by with eyes fixed to the right."-Daily Paper.

Trust the Life Guards for the last word in horse-mastership.

"The passing of this immense stock of whisky marks another step in the process of absorption of Scotch whisky by a small power-ful financial group."—Evening Paper.

Judging by what we see at certain hours of the day they work very hard and steadily at it.

"CAMPAIGN AGAINST RABBITS. - In six months the Department of Agriculture distributed, free, 600 ounces of strychnine, and one ounce of this poison destroyed 1,329 rab-bits in a single field. There is a movement for winter shipment of frozen rabbits to cities for free distribution among the poor. American Paper.

AN INFORMAL INSPECTION.

The Inspecting General's Staff Officer having misread his map, the car draws up smartly at the wrong entrance to the barracks. The Guard of awkward men, specially stowed away at the back entrance, do their best under trying circumstances, and the awkward bualer, conscious that he ought to sound something, blows "Cookhouse," Wild Regimental Policemen career madly through barracks to warn the C.O. and his supporters that the General has arrived at the wrong gate. There ensues an undiquified scurry, in which the Adjutant outruns the C.O., Second in Command, Quartermaster, Sergeant-Major, Battalion Orderly Seryeant, Ditto Corporal and other indispensable assistants, and arrives first.

General. I have no ear for music, although I used at one time to be able to whistle "Lights Out," but surely I've met that bugle-call in other walks of life?

Adjutant (without a moment's hesitation). Regimental custom, Sir.

General. Really, very interesting. (To C.O., who has arrived short of breath) Good morning. Now, what are you going to show me?

C.O. (suffering from acute inspectionitis). Well, Sir, you said you didn't want a parade, so, if you will walk round, you will just see the men at their ordinary routine.

[The procession heads for the barrack-square, where are discovered two men doing musketry exercises, two men at physical training, two men semaphoring, three men forming fours by numbers, two men gazing at a dismembered Lewis gun and two men edging away from a trench mortar.

C.O. (aside to Adjt.). Hang it all, there's nobody on the assault-course.

The Subaltern in command of the parade, feeling that something is demanded of him on such an occasion, has recourse to the recognised procedure for those in military doubt.

Subaltern (saluting smartly to the Adjutant). All present, Sir.

Adjt. (to C.O.). All present, Sir. C.O. (to General). All present, Sir. General. Thanks, yes; I fancied I heard somebody say so. Not a great many men on parade, are there?

C.O. (struggling with innumerable parade-states, reads hurriedly). "Two Hospital, four Sanitary-men, six Sergeants' Mess-waiters, one Officers' Mess Delf-man—"

General. Never mind that; Paradestates are always so horribly plausible. Now I should like to see a barrack-

room. Have you got one that I could have a look at?

C.O. Yes, Sir: this way, Sir. (Aside to Adjutant) Which Company has prepared a barrack-room?

O/C A Coy. (seeing the procession making for his room). Please, Sir, I'm afraid my room isn't ready. B Company bagged all the eye-wash.

C.O. What?

O/C A Coy. I beg your pardon, Sir, I mean the white-wash.

[A search begins for the prepared room. O/C Coys., the Adjutant and the Regimental Sergt.-Major run agitatedly up and down staircases, while the General, apparently unconscious of any hitch in the proceedings, is engaged in a heart-to-heart talk with the Second in Command on the subject of the particular brand of boot-polish sold in the canteen.

O/C C Coy, (arriving in haste). I've found the room; it's in my Company. I locked it up to keep it clean and I can't find the key.

Adjutant (hopelessly). Can't anyone provide a barrack-room?

O/C D Coy. I've got quite a decent line in barrack-rooms. Bring him along; it'll be all right. He knew my uncle in the South-African war.

The cortege moves to D Coy.'s room. The Sergt .- Major smacks the door viciously with his cane and shouts, "Stantyerbeds" to the single occupant, who, being in the act of shaving, cuts himself, drops his razor and stands to attention with half his face lathered. The Serat. Major surreptitiously kicks a stray banana-skin under a bed, and the Quartermaster fails in an attempt to remove a bayonet which is propping open a window. The General, however, walks quickly to the end of the room and back, talking to O/C D Coy. about his uncle. As they emerge from the room a party passes carrying entrenching tools.

General. I'm glad you train your men in the use of those.

C.O. Yes, Sir; very useful implements. (Aside to Adjutant) What's that party?

Adjutant. C Company, Sir, coming off fatigue. Officers' Mess; opening oysters for the General's lunch.

[In the course of their peregrinations they reach the Institutes. General (approaching the coffee-bar). I hope you don't let your men hang about in here during the morning?

C.O. (trying hard to look through the window). Oh, no, Sir.

[The Adjutant, having already looked through the window and

seen the room full, has dashed to the Guard, and is in earnest conversation with the Bugler. Just as the General is about to enter the coffee - bar the imperative notes of the "Fire alarm" resound across the barrack-square.

Adjutant (shouting). Soldiers' Home, down the road!

[A pandemonium immediately ensues, during which the barracks are deserted, the General and his Staff-Officer being left alone with the C.O.

C.O. (feeling convalescent from his inspectionitis). Will you come in to lunch now, Sir? The Officers will be back shortly.

An hour afterwards the General drives away, and the real Guard presents arms to his batman and luggage in the attendant car.

C.O. Well, I saw that through all right. I always say it's no good to get into a fantigue over these inspections. I think he was pleased with everything he saw, and I'm sure he enjoyed his oysters, though they were a bit mangled. That "Fire alarm" sayed an awkward situation.

General (with a smile of happy reminiscence, to his Staff-Officer). Well, I saw through that all right. Same old eye-wash. I sometimes think people forget that a General has done exactly the same in his youth and knows all about it. That "Fire alarm" was the most venerable chestnut I ever met.

"TINKER, TAILOR . . . "

(A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE EDITOR.

The Editor, the Editor,
I cannot think what he is for;
I do not like his tone:
He simply sits and lights his pipe
With poems much more rich and
ripe
Than any of his own.

To say a man has little heart, To say a man is blind to Art.

To say he has no soul, To say a peg more frankly square Was never planted anywhere

In quite so round a hole— These are not things I care to say Of people in the usual way,

But all of them and more—Yea, here and now, with glowing

Well knowing it is far from wise (One ought to wait until he dies, But then I don't believe he tries), With frantic and malicious cries And curses of an awful size, I utter these appalling lies About the Editor. A. P. H.



THE DOG THAT BROKE HIS LEAD.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "CALL OFF THAT DOG OF YOURS, AUSTEN."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, "I'M NOT QUITE SURE THAT HE'D DESCRIBE HIMSELF AS MY DOG."

Mr. Lloyd George, "WELL, ANYHOW, IF YOU DON'T CALL HIM OFF I'M GOING HOME."



IN THE MUMMY-ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

She, "HULLO, BOBBY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" She. "How frightfully thrilling! Which case?"

Bobby (nephew of a B.M. official), "Come to see a relation,"

THE FLICKER FORCE.

Dream-diary of a Royal Air Force Officer, suggested by the latest report that the control of the Force may once more be changed and put under a Ministry of Defence.

April 1st .- Uniform approved at last! Sky-blue tunic and overalls, ditto mess kit with blue plush revers. Have ordered my outfit in Conduit Street.

April 2nd .- We are under the Air Ministry. WINSTON CHURCHILL to be head with the title of Lord High Sky Pilot. Lower ranks to be entitled Upper and Lower T'gallant, Upper Topsail and Lower Topsail.

April 3rd .- All ranks on duty are to wear swords.

May 1st. - Old uniform abolished. Full dress is now to be cream jumper with puce collar and cuffs, and busby with plume of owls' feathers. Have ordered my new outfit in Savile Row.

May 2nd .- We are now under the Colonial Office. All ranks on duty will

carry a lance.

May 3rd.—Nomenclature of all ranks abolished. Future designations: Lord piece.

High Gale, Heavy Weather, Strong Wind, down to Slight Breeze.

May 4th .- After-order changing the uniform to pink frock-coat braided in magenta; headdress, shako with guillemots' feathers. All ranks on duty to carry a battle-axe.

Just time to race round to Savile Row and cancel the last order. Am getting my new outfit in the Strand.

June 1st .- New semi-final titles issued for all ranks. Chief of the Force to be called Lord Sky-Rocket. Second-in-Command, Chief Roman Candle. Bombdroppers will be known as Jumping Crackers, and so on down to the Learner, whose future name will be Squib. Equipment Officers to be called Devil-amongthe-Tailors.

August 1st. - The Force has now passed under the control of the Department of Woods and Forests. Uniform (this time it is final) to be a swallow-tail coat of Lincoln Green with Tam o' Shanter mounted with a peacock's feather, and all ranks on duty will carry a fowling-

October 3rd .- The Air Minister reinstated with the title of Big Chief

Propeller.

November 12th.—All matters relating to the Air have now been taken over by the Metropolitan Asylums Board. New kit to comprise heliotrope spats and a kilt with sporran of wild cats' brushes. Am ordering my new outfit in Petticoat Lane. All ranks on duty will carry a bow and arrow.

Our Fashion Stylists.

"We again perceive velvet in the offing. Rose pink complexions and olive skinned beauty are also face and hand in glove with it."-Provincial Paper.

Another Impending Apology.

"There will be a special musical service and no sermon at St. - Church on Sunday evening. A good attendance is anticipated." Local Paper.

"At the head walked the minor canons and canons, all wearing magnificently ornamented investments."—Provincial Paper.

These must have been their gilt-edged securities.

A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER.

(Lines on reading the new Bynon Letters.)

Though Byron's poems fail to please Our literary super-Borgians; Though he is scouted at the teas

Frequented by the neo-Georgians; Though modern bards can wail and cry More shrilly, freed from metric fetters, Few modern critics can deny

The charm and frankness of his Letters.

"The pageant of his bleeding heart"
Has lost its freshness—none can
doubt it;

But here, discarding conscious art,
He does not "make a song about it;"
Here, with a candour so intense
That we are forced into forgiving.

In every mood and every tense
He conjugates the joy of living.

Here, too, as in a glass we see
The Regency and all its scandals,
Dandies and dames of high degree,
Poets and Philistines and Vandals;
When Byron, famous for his "pomes,
The champion Cupidon dechaine.

Wrought havor in a hundred homes, For none of all he wooed could say nay.

Freed from the moralizing vein
Of modern "gentlemen with dusters,"
We see his victims mirrored plain—
The GUICCIOLI and MARY MUSTERS;
And watch the juggling amorist

Able at once to sport and dally With all the hearts upon his list— A feat eclipsing Cinquevalla!

Sirens are here and termagants,
Ill-mannered though extremely well
born,

And, cleverest of confidentes,
The most amazing Lady Melbourne;
Unhappy Clare, and wise John Cam,
Advising, warning and consoling,

And Lady Caroline, a Lamb Famed for unlamblike caracoling.

How sane his serious interludes,

How witty are his frequent mockings
Of politicians and of prodes

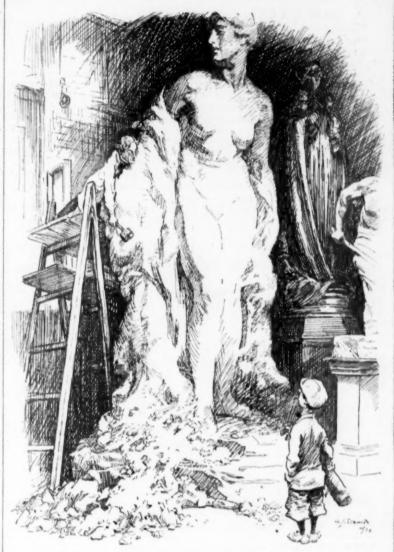
Ot politicians and of prudes
And highly talented blue-stockings!
Madame DE STAEL, whose lips distilled
Ink rather than celestia mella;

And the decorous and well-drilled "Rectangular" Miss Annabella,

Upon his birth no kindly stars
Nor "the sweet influence of the
Pleiades"

Looked down, but Venus' self and Mars Watched o'er this modern Alcibiades, Who drank of pleasure's midmost font, Who loved too madly "beauty's

daughters,"
Strong swimmer of the Hellespont,
Yet overwhelmed in life's dark
waters.



Visiter (to Sculptor), "NEVER PLAY GOLF! THEN WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU DO FOR

Courted and praised on every hand, Then ostracized and execrated; Too swiftly crowned, too harshly

Too swiftly crowned, • too harshly banned,
Much loved yet miserably mated;

Though grievous sins his record taint,
Though lurid mists his name environ.

These self-revealing letters paint
The splendour, not the shame, of
Byron.

From an insurance column:—
"RISKS AT HOME.
Compensation for Four Wives."

Daily Paper.

It looks to us like a case of contributory negligence.

Le Mot Juste.

"TALKING IT OVER.

Once more Mr. Lloyd George has triumphantly shown the advantage in these changed times of the new liplomacy over the old," Daily Paper,

"Thomas ——, butcher, was fined £1 for driving a horse and cat on the highway at 6 p.m. without lights."—Local Paper.

Moral: no butcher ought to keep his eat without lights.

From a feuilleton :-

"They had first met in the milk-white mists of dawn as he returned from an early round of the partridge coverts."—Sunday Paper.

After that, of course, anything might happen.

FILM STUDIES.

IV .- FILMING REMINISCENCES.

In this department of film-production there is, of course, no difficulty about the plot. You may be very sure that the refuses to lend it for your purpose. story of your life will attract plenty of popular enthusiasm when you put it on the screen. Your only trouble will be the practical details of staging the episodes of a somewhat lively past.

Let us take, for example, a typical passage which is pretty sure to occur in the autobiography you are publishing (I hope) this spring with Messrs. Ryot and Bloom :-

scarum young thing, and even after a the film. long day in the hunting-field used often

the moors at Whaups on my piebald pony, Pontefract. Several cousins and friends of my brothers were sure to be staying there also, and used to accompany me on these break-neck expeditions. One by one we would slidedown the drain-pipes in the moonlight, after the grown-ups of the houseparty had gone to bed. When we came back we would ride the ponies up the back-stairs and tie them to the banisters on the landing so that they would be ready for next morning's hunting, and then sit down to a symposium on art or the

meaning of 'good,' and smoke innum- | versity appear in cap and gown and | that is not too easy to film. There erable cigarettes, while the ponies champed chocolates in tune with our remarks.

"Prominent amongst these gather-Bellfry, "my second fiance; Tony Redd; ! Smith.

particular evening, when the then Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, disturbed by the noise we made, came and joined goodhumouredly in our discussion on the Platonic ideal.'

This will make an excellent film-There is not the slightest doubt about that, and it is quite possible, of course, that all will smoothly with the production. It is equally possible, on the other hand,

that the following quite unexpected obstacles may occur :

(1) Whaups is now let to a wealthy soap boiler who has a horror of every kind of dramatic representation and

(2) Although it is comparatively simpleto find American actors and actresses able to ride ponies up-stairs, or even across tight-ropes and up trees, they do not have the same kind of face as you had at fourteen, still less the kind of face which looks as if it would be likely to take part in a symposium on the meaning of "good."

(3) Lord Baupham threatens an in-"At fourteen I was a madcap harum- junction if his name is brought into

(4) The producers insist on making to spend half the night scampering over the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford Uni- tended to make a meal of me. Meanwhile

except for the occasional plop of a buffalo emerging from its wallow, when I saw a black and yellow streak in the undergrowth about fifteen yards ahead of me. Before I had time to take up my rifle, which I had been obliged to lay aside as both my hands were occupied with the concertina, his tawny majesty at one bound leaped straight into the howdah. For several minutes we had an awkward rough-andtumble, and my nephew, Pottie Tubbs. told me afterwards that he had never heard a song so rudely interrupted. Fortunately I never go into the jungle without carrying a spare razor in my pocket, and at the critical moment I managed to slit puggie's throat from ear to ear as his huge jaws were ex-

> my elephant, trumpeting loudly and waving his trunk, had rushed on a mile beyond the rest of the party, and it was more than an hour before the mahout, who had slid rapidly to the ground at an early stage of the conflict, was able to discover us. I had spent the interval in attempting to teach a lemon-crested cockatoo to say 'Rule, Britannia.' I was quite uninjured myself by my little joy-ride, but I fear that the concertina was damaged beyond repair."

Here again we have a very jolly scene for the cinema, yet one

is no trouble about the hero, of course. You will play that yourself, and pleasant indeed it will be to live over again the strenuous moments that have charmed so many a smokingroom. But there is a difficulty about the tiger, and it may need days of careful rehearsing with a tame animal borrowed from the nearest menagerie, using perhaps first an ordinary chair on a table, and afterwards the same chair mounted on a trolley before the two of you get into sufficient training to enact the full scene with the elephant.

Of one thing at least there can be no doubt at all. Whatever pains you may have to spend on filming your reminiscences will be amply rewarded by the result. Vivid they may be on the printed page, but how much more vivid on the screen!

There may be-indeed I am sure



Butler (himself a keen dancer, ushering late arrival into ballroom), "HER LADYSHIP IS CHASSE-ING TOWARDS YOU NOW, SIR."

pyjamas, which is, of course, silly.

It becomes obvious at once that quite a lot of tact and good management will be necessary to smooth away such ings of young philosophers were Battie little frictions as these and obtain a harmonious cast and a suitable setting and my first-cousin, Lettice or Carroty for your film. You will have to point out to all the parties concerned how "I have a vivid recollection of one much a successful production means to the world in general, and how much more to you.

> Or suppose, difficult though it may be, that you are a man; imagine that you are about to tackle one of the more exciting anecdotes of foreign sport that are dotted about in your diplomatic memoirs. The producer, let us say, is very anxious to get on to the screen your tiger-hunting expedition with the Maharajah of Hoosh, especially the following bit:

"I was singing a lively song from my howdah to relieve the tedium of the jungle, which was practically silent

^{*} Now Lord Baupham.

[†] The present Vicercy of Lundy Island. Since Lady Lapps, the Hon. Mrs. Munch-ausen, Baroness Watt-Watt and Mrs. Knowe.

[·] Now Deputy-Lieutenant for Mull.

THE WEDDING DETECTIVE: A STUDY IN SUGGESTION.

Jugasse



THE PRESENCE OF A DETECTIVE AMONG THE WEDDING PRESENTS-

ALWAYS UNSETTLES ME.

I FEEL SURE THAT-



SOONER OR LATER-



I SHALL BE HYPNOTISED-



INTO DOING -



SOMETHING-



WHICH WILL GET ME-



INTO TROUBLE.

there will be-points in your autobiography to which the critics will foolishly take exception. They will tell you that your story about CARLYLE and MEREDITH is entirely wrong, and that the views on bimetallism which you put into the mouth of Sir Alfred Gupp in 1879 were never in point of fact advanced by that statesman until the autumn of 1881. It is an easy thing for the literary back to deny what he sees in a book: but can be deny the accuracy of a photograph? And a moving photograph at that? I think not. And even if he does the public will know what to believe. When they see you talking to GLADSTONE on the screen, when they see him patting your head, when they read in the sub-titles the remark he made to you and the highly-intelligent answer that you returned, is it likely that they will have any doubts? There has been too much of this carping spirit amongst the writers of literary reviews.

And I need hardly mention what a pleasant adjunct to the home your film will be when it has finished its commercial success in the picture-houses of the world and on your lecturing tours

in this country and abroad.

Instead of that dismal move to the family album and "I well remember, my dear, how when your Uncle Timothy came back from Nepal—you were only a slip of a girl then——" it will be "Parker, turn down the lights and release the fourteenth reel." EVOE.

THE MALCONTENTS.

Dramatis persona-Charles Black, George CHURCH, JOSEPH BURGESS, A STRANGER (whose name nobody can pronounce).

Scene-A Room in Outer Bloomsbury. The gas is poor and the fire is small: three men are huddled about it.

Charles Black. There is a regrettable

desire for peace in the air.

George Church. Let us hope that influenza will sow the seeds of a divine discontent.

Joseph Burgess. Neither LENIN nor TROTSKY has acknowledged my New Year's card.

C. B. My Christmas letter to the malcontents of Egypt has evoked no response.

G. C. My poem to Mr. GANDHI is not

yet accepted.

C. B. Still there is room for our endeavours. I met a stranger in the train to - day. He seemed-er-a kindred be resented? spirit. (He searches his pockets.) I have lost his card and momentarily forjoin us here this evening. He was a tents from foreign lands, yours among man with a grievance-one of those them. Aren't we the dumping-ground fine souls to whom the constraint of for half the cranks and fanatics of

J. B. Good! I think I hear the bell. This may be your acquaintance.

[A slatternly maid introduces the as she can't pronounce it. He is wearing a dirty trench coat with a revolver protruding from the pocket and a black velours hat. He bows to Charles Black and with the Six Counties now? then to the others.

C. B. Ah! delighted to see you, I'm sure. Let me present you to my fellowmembers. Mr. Burgess, Mr. Church,

_ ahem

Stranger, Caoimhghin MacCathm-

C. B. Yes, yes; that's it. Of course we all know of you. You have lately crossed the water? Do take off your My Christian name is Joseph, after my coat and come nearer the fire.

The Stranger removes his coat and appears in a saffron kilt, a plaid, a Tara brooch and various other

garments.

Stranger, I come as an ambassador, gentlemen, from Caitlin ni Houlihan, the Land of Sorrows, the Mother of Minorities: not the comfortable Caitlin now resident in the Castle, of course. but the other still rebellious Caitlin. still tearful, still defiant.

[He talks for forty-five minutes. C. B. (waking up). Yes, yes! I never heard so moving an appeal. But the question is what can we do?

Stranger. You can come over and help us.

J. B. (stretching). But how? Stranger. You can swell the minority. You can talk and talk and talk.

G. C. Yes, yes, we can do that, though hardly in such a convincing style as you, Mr.

Stranger. MacCathmhaoil.

G. C. Of course, Mr. - ahem. But there's the language difficulty. Your Irish language, so far more beautiful and expressive than our own commercial tongue, is as yet unknown

Stranger. If you made a stay in our western islands you would soon pick up enough to go on with. You see, our people are still slavishly using the speech of the foreigner, and one must pander a little to their weakness. In moments of passion it would be quite permissible for you to relapse into the really McDomhnaillor MacShiubhlaigh. usurper's speech.

C. B. Wouldn't the presence in your midst of three sons of this hated nation

Stranger (laughing heartily and slapping him on the back). Not a bit, my established governments is abhorrent. Europe and America? You only need consider that. I may say that the

to have a grievance, to hate your own country, and we'll find a use for you.

J. B. Sir, I am your disciple. I have Stranger without giving his name a holy hatred of my own land, a zealous passion for her enemies. Any minority is good enough for me.

Stranger. Ah! Be careful. Not any minority. You wouldn't be taking up

J. B. Certainly not. I wouldn't descend so low as that, however small the

Stranger. Very well. Mr. Burgess, I think? May I inscribe you on my Roll of Honour? You wouldn't object to a change of name, would you? "Burgess" is a little-well, British, perhaps.

grandfather, a bigoted Unionist, I regret to sav.

Stranger, No matter at all. Seosamh Brugha

J. B. I beg your pardon?

Stranger. Seosamh Brugha! It's your new name I'm telling you.

J. B. Oh, thank you, thank you. Would you mind spelling it slowly, or better still just write it down on this envelope? I must have it printed on my visiting-cards.

G. C. Would you kindly write me down on your list? I am a man with an eternal grievance against the Government—the price of coal, the income tax, the curtailment of the freedom of homicidal maniacs

Stranger. Exactly. We promise you full scope. You will be at liberty to talk as much as you like. May I ask your name?

G. C. George Church, I do hope you can improve it. It sounds a little crude in our vile language.

Stranger. Seiorse na Kil, I salute you!

G. C. Thanks. That makes a new man of me.

C. B. And now what do you propose to make of me? I am really of your kin, for my great-grandmother's paternal aunt lived at Ballynaspud. You've heard of the Murphys of Ballynaspud?

Stranger, Of course, of course. So many of our old families of the Pale changed their names under the Penal Laws. I daresay, now, your name was

C. B. I daresay. Meanwhile can you do anything to better"Charles Black I want something that looks well in the newspapers or on a ballad sheet. If I should happen to do anything notable, like shooting a constable on gotten his name, but I invited him to boy! Why, we get our best malcon-duty, I would like my name to figure picturesquely in the folk-songs of the

Stranger. Precisely. We all have to

thought is never out of my own mind. I act always with a view to our National theatre. How would you like "Cahal Dhu"?

C. B. (thoughtfully). Yes, I think that sounds nice. "The Escape of Cahal Dhu;" "Cahal Dhu, the Croppy Boy."

Stranger. I think it might be well to start at once on our campaign against the so-called Provisional Government, the agents of the foreign usurper.

The Three. Lead and we follow.

Stranger (walking towards the door and standing in a statuesque attitude):

Come, brothers, to the Land of Self-Expression.

The country of eternal discontent, Where lives are cheap, though coal is very dear;

Where licences are cheaper much for dogs

And cyclists have no care to light their lamps.

Come where the ballad-monger sells his wares

And you may make a play of all you do—

A land more moving than the Movies are,

More poignant than the prairies of the West,

Where cowboys shoot at sight and gallop off.

Oh, come, for there the Banshee with white hands

Is kneading barm-bracks ready for Sambain.

The grey streams call you and the urgent boat

May start without us from these alien shores. . . .

He is still talking as the curtain falls.

A QUATE-SO STORY.

A YOUTH who wore canary spats,
The very latest thing in hats,
And on his cheeks two little mats
Of whisker (fluff, at any rate),
Climbed languidly upon the train,
As if exhausted by the strain,
And when I said it looked like rain
Responded "Quate!"

Disturbed by his reply, I said Possibly it might snow instead; He murmured "Quate!" and turned his head

As if he found my accents grate; At that I ceased to be polite And asked him frankly, "Am I right In thinking what you mean is 'Quite'?" He answered "Quate!"

I shouted, "Do you realise
Of all the asinine replies
Yours is the worst one could devise?
And further I should like to state



First Lady (who has smartened herself up for the recent festivities). "Wotyer want to say out in the bus that I was a long time over me grates this morning for?"

Second Lady. "So you was."

First Lady. "Well, Yer needn't shoul it out in front of everylody. For all they knew I might be a lidy-typise."

You mispronounce the wretched word, Making it ludierous, absurd." Again the awful thing occurred:

He muttered "Quate!"

I rose in wrath; I kicked and beat The languid youth from head to feet And stuffed him underneath the seat,

And then, in tones made hoarse with

hate,
I thundered, "Are you satisfied
That it was fully time you died?"
Bloodless of face and filmy-eyed
He whispered "Quate!"

From a magazine-story:-

"He walked straight to his own office, while her heart gave a dive, then a plunge, and then closed his door with a resounding bang." It's a wonder her heart wasn't broken. "Londoners, like Galileo, care so little about these people, that at the last L.C.C. election in 1919 only one voter out of every six visited the polling-booth."—Daily Paper.

Thanks, no doubt, to this pointed reminder, London did much better last week and really got a move on. E pur si muove, as Gallio observed.

From a theatrical advertisement :-

"The management desire patrons to be in their seats before the rise of the curtain, as the interest of the play commences with the epilogue."—Provincial Paper.

There is nothing to beguile a long wait like having something to look forward to.

THE PASSING OF THE WAR-HUTS: You that have sheds prepare to tear them now.



Small Dancing Man (in loud whisper). "I SAY, COUSIN LULIAS, I SEE YOU'VE STRUCK A DUD TOO."

An Appeal to Bumanity.

THE recent statement of the Government that it cannot afford to give further help to the starving peasants of Russia makes it more than ever imperative that an urgent appeal should be made to the humanity of private individuals. In a region larger than the whole of France there is no food left; and pestilence has followed on the heels of famine. Death is taking its daily toll of the children; daily the rubbish carts go round to collect their little bodies. Unless timely succour is sent many millions must perish of starvation.

Fears have been expressed that relief funds might be diverted by the Soviet Government to other ends. Such fears are to-day absolutely groundless. The Russian Famine Relief Fund (which has the undivided support of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John) has incontestable proofs that the money it sends out for the aid of these starving millions reaches its destination intact.

There are some who contend that Russia is no longer a friendly nation and that therefore we are justified in being indifferent to her misery. But, however strongly one may disapprove of her present Government, it is incredible that the claims of simple humanity should suffer by such a contention. Besides, we must have very short memories if we forget how deep a debt we owe to the generous sacrifices that Russia made for the common cause in the early days of the War. And we must know little indeed of the facts if we imagine that these starving peasants, themselves the the cartoon on the opposite page.

innocent victims of Soviet tyranny, are responsible for its misrule or for its late hostile attitude to the Allies.

Though to a certain extent their present pitiful plight is due to that misrule, it results in the main from natural causes: from the long drought that lasted in the valley of the Volga from October to June, when the rainfall dropped to three inches from the normal fourteen, and the crops were burnt up.

A new constructive scheme, sponsored by Lord Emmott, has lately been organised, by which manufactured goods will be sent out to be exchanged for the surplus of the harvest in Southern and Western Russia, this surplus to be handed over, under the strictest guarantees, to the British Relief agencies in the Volga region. That the supply of such manufactured goods will help to stimulate activity in Russian agriculture and trade, and so hasten that restoration of prosperity which will in time be favourable to our own commerce, is an important consideration, but less important than the higher appeal to our common humanity.

This appeal is here very urgently endorsed. Time is of the essence of it. It is computed that the trivial sum of four shillings a month, or, say, a single pound for the period between now and the next harvest, will save a human life. We are confident that we may rely upon the generosity of our readers to make a liberal response to the claim here made upon their gentleness of heart.

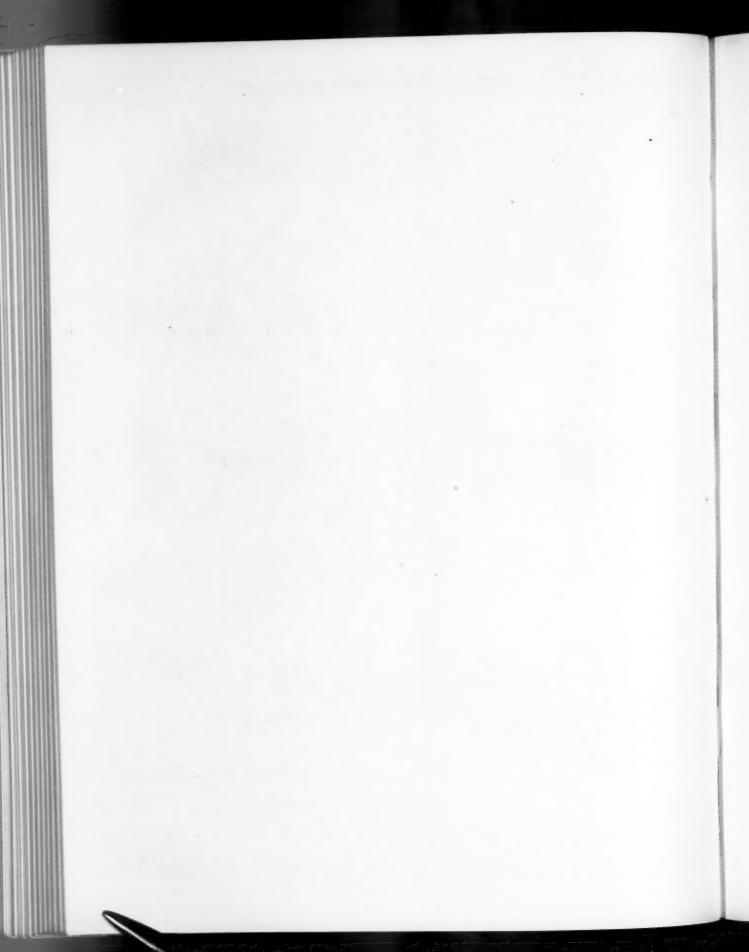
The address to which gifts should be sent is given under manch.

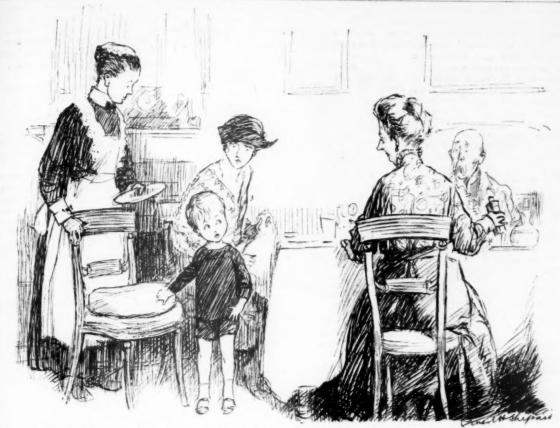


THE AGONY OF RUSSIA.

CHARITY, "IF ONLY I HAD MORE HELP! BUT MORE HELP WILL COME. ENGLAND NEVER FAILED ME YET."

[Mr. Punch begs leave to draw attention to the facts and arguments set forth on the opposite page. Gifts in aid of the starving millions of the Volga district should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer of the Russian Famine Relief Fund, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.2. Cheques should be crossed Messrs. Banks Brothers & Co.





Aunt Julia. "Well, Robert, and would you like to Run upstairs now and play?" Bobby (who has been lunching out, and fared daintily but inadequately). "Please I'd like to go home to my dinner."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 27th .- Just now "baiting BALDWIN" is one of the most popular pastimes in the House of Commons. The baiters do not get so very much information out of him, but they always enjoy the process of attempting to extract it. His methods vary according to circumstances. Sometimes he assumes an air of complete detachment from the legislation for which he hap-Pownall's assumption that the Registry of Business Names Act was a vexatious and expensive measure, and implied that he personally would be rather glad to see the back of it.

The great charm of reaching the on the authority of Mr. Chamberlain, vast concourse of people, with bands of spectacle of Lieut.-Commander Ken-

a positive economy, since they perform services for which salaried Judges would the greatest difficulty in approaching otherwise be required. The statement that, on reading this, Lord BIRKENHEAD spent a sleepless night in trying to decide whether patriotism demanded that confirmed.

Tuesday, February 28th.—It is my painful duty to record a grave breach of Parliamentary decorum. At the bepens to be technically responsible. He ginning of every Session the House of Metropolis do take care that during the Tower. Session of Parliament the passages through the streets leading to this haviour lasted, however, throughout the House be kept free and open, and that day. no obstruction be permitted to hinder and heard without challenge a rose-Woolsack is that, should you get the the passage of Members to and from coloured account of the recent concordat sack, you keep the wool—or a goodly this House." Will it be believed that in Ireland. Even when the LORD CHANportion of it. I forget how many ex- this very morning, less than a month Lord Chancellors are now drawing since the order was passed, two young there would be "opportunity for the pensions in England or Ireland, but persons conspired together in such a expression of free and unintimidated something like half-a-dozen. The tax- manner as to bring into the neighbour- opinion" no cynic bark was heard. payer will be glad to know, however, hood of the Palace of Westminster a

that, far from being an expense, they are music, who so filled the streets that for some hours Members of Parliament had or leaving the scene of their labours?

There can be no doubt, I suppose, of the flagrancy of the breach of privilege thus committed, but as the young he should retire or remain has not been persons in question took the precaution of securing the countenance and support of the SPEAKER and the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS it is believed that a merciful view has been taken of their escapade, and that Princess Mary and Viscount made no attempt to resist Colonel Commons passes a solemn order "That LASCELLES-bless them!-will not have the Commissioners of the Police of the to spend their honeymoon in the Clock

> The demoralizing effect of their be-The Peers were in holiday mood, CELLOR said that in the coming election

The Commons were dazzled by the

Mr. Mills, in "civvies," took his place a consequent reduction of fifty-three voices to suggest that in some direcbetween them, and furnished a

foil for their magnificence. The new Egyptian scheme of

the Government provoked some criticism, although Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was careful to explain that this, unlike its abortive predecessor, was "unilateral," which means, I suppose, that England is bound, but that Egypt can take it or leave it. Sir DONALD MAC-LEAN, of course, demanded an early day for its discussion; but Captain COOTE suggested that it might be just as well to wait until they knew what the Egyptians thought about it.

Wednesday, March 1st .- Members were less concerned with the business on the Paper than with the reverberations of the St. David's Day bombshell, exploded by the PRIME MINISTER in the 5 usually peaceful precincts of The Daily Telegraph. Mr. CHAMBER-LAIN, like the Saint's grandson, REHOBOAM, is in a dilemma between the Elder and the Younger statesmen, and has been told by an-

quickly, or Coalition Israel will split. The threat had no effect upon the Die-hards below the Gangway, who, in their hatred of the Irish Agreement.

other David to make up his mind

the same questions in slightly different form. The only interest that the rest of the House takes in them is to note with what patience and skill the COLONIAL Secretary maintains his support of the Provisional Government as the only bulwark against anarchy.

The moral of the debate on the Geddes Committee's Reports is that, when the shoe pinches, a HORNE is a handy thing to have about you. When the CHANCEL-LOR OF THE EXCHEQUER began his review of the recommendations, the House was in suspicious mood, doubtful of the Government's sincerity, and determined not to be fobbed off with half-measures. After his opening eulogies of the Committee, some of the sceptics feared that there would be more com-pliments than "cuts." They were agreeably surprised to discover, as the speech proceeded, that, though, for reasons given, the Government could not approve all the recommendations - not-

the full uniform of their respective ser- of the "tiny tots"—they were going past extravagance rather than their vices, and were greatly interested when to adopt the bulk of them, involving present, and there were not wanting



THE SISTER SERVICES.

MR. MILLS FINDS HIMSELF OVERSHADOWED BY LIEU-TENANT-COMMANDER KENWORTHY AND MAJOR WATIS MORGAN, D.S.O.

millions in the Estimates, and a total i "separate undertakers." reduction of close on two hundred millions as compared with last year.

The critics were not silenced, but they were embarrassed. Mr. Asquiru, who hopes that even then the public will had been engaged to curse, did not not insist upon our return to a gold day after day ply Mr. Churchill with exactly remain to bless, but was reduced currency. As a Scotsman, nurtured

WORTHY and Major WATTS MOBGAN in ably the extrusion from the schools to abusing the Government for their

tions-Education here, the Army there -Ministers had used the axe almost too freely.

After a time the PRIME MINIS. TER, who had been preparing to come to the rescue of the CHAN-CELLOR, saw that his aid was not required, and slipped away to take counsel and refreshment with his Liberal colleagues at a widelyadvertised hostelry.

Thursday, March 2nd. - In commending the Electricity (Supply) Bill to the favour of the Peers, Lord PEEL made no direct reference to the "alternating currents" now operating in the political field. His claim that there was a "general desire for co-operation," and his hope that a greater production of light and power might be secured with a less expenditure of heat, may however have been intended to reach a wider audience; and there was something a little ominous, perhaps, in his insistence on the danger of leaving matters to

The Chancellor of the Exchequer sees no immediate prospect of a full restoration of the gold standard, and

> on one-pound notes, he does not entirely enter, I fear, into Sassenach feelings on this matter. But he should surely have been more sympathetic to the plea for a return to the pre-war standard of silver coinage. I defy him to "bang" the modern sixpence with any satisfaction.

> It might have saved much time and breath if Mr. CHURCHILL had prefaced the Committee stage of the Irish Free State (Agreement) Bill with the declaration that he made in the course of it:

"The Government could not agree to any amendment which altered, modified, extended, explained, elucidated, amplified or otherwise affected the text of the instrument they called the Treaty. If they did the Bill would be dead, the Treaty would be dead, and the Government would be dead.

After that there was obviously no more to be said; but it was said with great force and volubility for several hours by a number of Members who, in Lord HUGH CECIL's phrase, "knew that



Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. How Goes IT WITH MY BRAVE LLOYD GEORGIUS?

Alexas Allenby. LAST THING HE DID, DEAR QUEEN, HE KISS'D-THE LAST OF MANY DOUBLED KISSES THIS ORIENT PEARL. HIS SPEECH STICKS IN MY HEART. Cleo. MINE EAR MUST PLUCK IT THENCE.

"GOOD FRIEND," QUOTH HE. "SAY, THE FIRM WELSHMAN TO GREAT EGYPT SENDS THIS TREASURE OF AN OYSTER."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. v.



"I forgot to tell you, Mum, this negg-cup 'as gone an' broke its stalk off itself. I'm afraid it's ruined as far as neggs is concerned."

the Treaty could not be killed, but wished that the Government that devised it were as dead as mutton."

P.S.—Last week, it seems, in describing Sir Henry Wilson as the first Field-Marshal who ever sat in the House of Commons, I did a gross injustice to the Highland benefactor of whom it was written:—

"Had you seen these roads before they were made

You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

I am indebted to a Bath correspondent for the information that WADE, who represented that city in Parliament from 1722 to 1748, was made a Field-Marshal in 1743.

Our Sleuths Again.

"A mail bag containing over £1,000 in cash has mysteriously disappeared during its journey from St. Andrew's to Glasgow. The bag was conveyed by a van to the railway station, and since then nothing has been heard of it. The postal and police authorities have come to the conclusion that a robbery was committed."

Provincial Paper.

"The course for the senior steeplechase was under three miles, and for the junior just over 21 miles. G. R. Trotter defeated D. M. Bateson, last week's junior mile winner, in the junior steeplechase, the time, 11 min. 55 3-5 sec., being remarkably fast for a junior."—Daily Paper.

Some TROTTER!

AT THE PICTURES.

The firelight's leaping
In the frosts of Spring,
And the dogs are sleeping,
Head to tail, a-ring;
While our pipes are wreathing
Us an incense blue,
Pan, in faint reeds breathing,
Makes the old tunes new.

So there 's "sea-pies" crying
On a shingle high,
And a mallard flying
On a grey March sky;
There 's a primrose hiding—
See her frail pale cup;
And the brown Esk's sliding
With the Spring fish up.

There's a chalk-stream slipping
Through a June rose-kissed,
Where the lasher's lipping
Into silver mist;
And the wecd-beds wimple
In the crystal slow,
And the big trout dimple
As the green drakes show.

Or there's heath-bell graces
And an August sun
On some dark brac-faces
Where the cloud trails run;
There's a flag's far flicker
Where the long line strings,

And a roar and whicker As the grouse-pack swings.

Home, 'tis home September
And the ripe haw glows
(How the pipes remember!)
In the warm hedgerows:
There 's a pale sun fretting
Through the golds and reds,
And the young dog 's setting
In the clover heads.

The log-sparks thicken,
Yet 'tis Spring, new Spring,
For the sallows quicken
And the mornings sing;
And, the dusk transmuting,
Through the dreams of man
Drifts the faint lost fluting
Of a homespun Pan.

"Required, for Straits Settlements, Drapery Assistant. Smart, energetic man, single, aged 24 to 280."—Daily Paper,

"Headman or Cellarman, aged 355, single. Can give excellent refs. Many years' exp." Same Paper.

Who said "too old at forty"?

"V. W. H. (Cricklade) met at Cricklade yesterday. Hounds found a good fox at Red Lodge who provided a good gallop of two hours, He ran over a very sporting country, all glass. There were two distinct points."—Daily Paper. In such a country we should have thought there would have been more.



Professor (absent-mindedly, to dentist). "NOT TOO SHORT, PLEASE."

IF (AND WHEN) SUMMER COMES.

It is here at last. All through January I looked for it in vain, and then all through February. But now it has arrived, before the swallow dares, to temper the winds of March by promises of excitement in May and June, July and August, and a part of September.

And how it has grown! Not in height, for that would be a treachery to its fifty-eight predecessors, but in breadth. Indeed it is now rather like George Hirst was getting when I saw him last. And the increased value it sets on itself! The modest bob was once its idea of its worth, but to-day it leads off with a demand for five shillings, just like Sir Robert Horne or any other highwayman. But it is worth every penny, even though mine has already burst its tight little jacket, because it is the best of books, far beyond anything in that vaunted list which the late Lord AVEBURY, turning aside for the moment from his banks that were covered with bees, was at pains to compile. You know the sort of thing: Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch's Lives, Burton's Anatomy, Epictetus, Boswell's Johnson and exactly five-and-ninety more?

Well, give me Wisden, for that is what I am referring to all this while: John

Behind the Binocular, who misses very little of what is going on in the field, I can tell you.

It is a comforting thought that publicspirited men will always be forthcoming to carry on these invaluable periodicals and annuals. JOHN WISDEN died as long ago as 1884, and whether or not Gentlemen and Players' matches. The his last moments were troubled by any fear lest his Almanack should perish with him I cannot say, but here it is, stronger than ever, in Mr. PARDON'S hands. George Bradshaw, the Quaker, and, as the Irishman said, "a rail gintleman if ever there was one," died in 1853, but someone without a name fixed in their niches by Mr. PARDON. is found with sufficient tenacity and hardihood still to carry on his labours and bring the formidable result out every month. At this very moment, on this fine March morning with delicious hints of Spring in the air, he is, I suppose, bent double over the horrid task of arranging April's time-tables. What a life! And Mr. KELLY? I doubt if it is the original Mr. Kelly who goes from door to door all over London collecting the names of the inhabitants; but his anonymous successor is active enough. There is also the disturbing question, Who is 1922's ZADKIEL?

Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1922, the open as Editor and also signs some to him that among his victims he was

edited by Sydney H. Pardon, the Man very pertinent critical remarks on the conduct of our Test Teams last year and other matters of vital importance to those to whom cricket is more than a game-an intellectual emotion. My only quarrel with him is that he gives no indication as to who was the captain of either side in either of the two big Gentlemen's captain can usually be deduced, but not the Players'; and posterity will like to know.

I mentioned just now George Hirst's sturdy girth; and, as it happens, that great player is one of the heroes of the book. Every year certain heroes are Chief of these, this year, is the indomitable Yorkshireman who, although he was born as long ago as 1871, was bat-ting in 1921 with all his old vigour and, at mid-off, disposing his burliness against the ball with greater solidity than ever. An Army gentleman, Major R.O. EDWARDS, has been prevailed upon to lay aside his sword for the moment in order to compile the record of GEORGE HIRST's triumphs, both as batsman and bowler, from which we learn that between his début in 1891 and his farewell last year this admirable cricketer and man made 36,196 runs and took Mr. Pardon, however, comes out into 2,723 wickets. It is a matter of regret

never able to count W. G.; but he consoles himself for the failure by remarking, "But the Old Man never got my wicket either."

Mr. PARDON's other heroes (with portraits) are five in number. The first three are Australians: C. G. MACART-NEY, to whom, after he has been at the wickets for ten seconds, all bowling is the same; J. M. GREGORY, whom on bumping wickets too many of our men played with their heads (I can still hear the crack ERNEST TYLDESLEY'S pericranium gave to the ball at Trent Bridge in the first Test Match); and E. A. McDonald, whose occasional "yorkers" got under so many otherwise excellent willow blades. The other two of the Almanack's heroes are members of the Cambridge Eleven and rising hopes of the Old Country - HUBERT ASHTON, who is the Light Blue captain this year, and gave the Australians more trouble almost than any of their opponents; and J. L. BRYAN, who looks like being a tower of strength for Kent.

But it is not so much the history which Wisden gives that stirs the pulse, as its promises; not the past but the future. While Winter is still with usalthough his style is becoming every day a little more cramped—there is no joy comparable to that offered by those pages of Wisden that are given up to "Fixtures for 1922." The mere courage of the word "Fixtures," in a world of frustration and flux, is a separate thrill. But Mr. Pardon doesn't flinch: to him. though the skies fall, they are "Fixtures." They begin on the 1st of May with the Seniors' match at Oxford, and they continue to September 15th, when, at the Oval, the Champion County meets the Rest of England, and, if necessary, the match lasts for four days

What will you be doing on May 10th? You don't know? But I know what I shall be doing, unless the cruel Fates intervene; I shall be at the Oval to see the opening match there, Surrey v. Somerset, and, I hope, to give Hobbs a welcome on his return to the game and get an idea of Mr. Fender's taste in sweaters for the coming season. What will you be doing on May 13th? You don't know. But I know. I shall, if all is favourable, be at Lord's to see the opening match there, Middlesex v. Warwickshire.

Wisden tells me also that Oxford and Cambridge will begin on July 10th, and Gentlemen and Players at Lord's on July 19th. Seek for me there if you need me. I will not fail you.

SHAKSPEARE on the latest craze:—
"I'll strike and cry 'Take all.'"
Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Sc. 2.



"What's the idea of stamping your letters on the left bottom corner?"
"Well, you see, I'm an old Tootingian—and that's our college yell."

The Housing Shortage.

"Roof (furnished), few miles out; suit 1 or 2; moderate."—Scotch Paper.

At the Abbey :-

"Dame Marget Lloyd George wore a pretty dress of deep blue charmeuse. . . . Mr. Balfour wore a philosophical smile."—Daily Paper. But that, of course, was before he got his Garter.

Our Strenuous Statesmen.

"The Prime Minister yesterday afternoon found it necessary to rest for a while. In the morning he had sought relaxation in some rounds of golf in the country with Lord Riddell."—Daily Paper.

Without exact information as to the number of "rounds" it is not easy to form an opinion as to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's real need for rest.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

It is a pretty thought, though almost as old as the world, that the enchantment of love can make the plainest creature beautiful in a lover's eyes; and another pretty thought, of equal antiquity, that under the same enchantment the beauty of the loved one may remain untouched by time or any outward change. Something of the sort I believe to have been in Sir ARTHUR PINERO's mind when he wrote this play; but unhappily he made the mistake of mixing up natural enchantment with all-between the two men, Oliver Bashsupernatural.

describe the parties to a marriage of pity on both sides-consist of an obtrusively unattractive woman and a day they enter the Enchanted Cottage, and the magic of it restores his old strength and comeliness and gives her a beauty beyond her wildest dreams. By what means the change is wrought we of maternal expectancy. One wonders are not to know; but suspicion falls upon their sole domestic, whose grandmother had been addicted to witchcraft. Clearly no natural enchantment of love could have corrected the man's lameness or repaired the result of a wound in his neck, unless he had been previously shamming. Clearly, too, the new charm of the woman could not be ascribed to the power of love creating an image of beauty invisible to others; on the contrary one gathered that the change to a real and patent beauty created a love not there before.

That it should have remained after the magic was reversed was a credit to all concerned, including the hereditary worked it; but the fact that the hero and heroine failed to recognise the sudden backward change until it was pointed out to them was beyond my gift of credulity. Nor did I understand why have worn, almost through the play, so dubious an aspect.

The Enchanted Cottage had apparently been for centuries a haunt of the newly - wedded, who had a habit of scratching their names on one of the bride) has a dream in which a few samples of them revisit the glimpses of their honeymoon, and the procession of these antique couples up the staircase leading to the nuptial chamber (occupied at the time by the present hero and heroine) was excusably a source of undesigned merriment to the profane.

appear and vanish, succeeded by an issue of sprites, goblins and witches, who execute some rather mechanical movements, strangely lacking in that quality of enchantment which Sir James BARRIE can evoke by suggestion and without visible aid. Sir ARTHUR PINERO has great gifts, but this is not one of them. He has no natural genius for magic and it is too late in his career for him to apprentice himself to the fairy business.

But he shows his old skill in construction, and two or three of his characters were excellent. The contrast, in the opening scene-much the best of forth and Major Hillgrove, who had His pair of lovers-if one may so both suffered badly in the War, was well drawn. But he was not so happy with some of his other characters; the attitude, for instance, of Oliver's garrulman broken by the War in body and ous mother towards the pitiful condispirit. On the evening of their wedding tion of her son was incredibly unsympathetic.

What little humour there was in the play turned largely, and with a painful insistence, on the uncomfortable subject a little why it is that Sir ARTHUR, with his wide experience, is not a better judge of the social decencies. Does he imagine that a country rector's wife belongs to the circle of Mrs. Gamp?

Perhaps I ought to add that there may have been a humorous design in the arrangement by which Miss LAURA COWIE played the part of another Laura, and Miss Winifred Emery's Mrs. Smallwood was made to refer to her first husband by the Christian name of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.

Mr. Owen Nares was excellent as Oliver, and did his changes from warwreck to straight-limbed Adonis and back again with consummate ease. Miss witch who was vaguely assumed to have LAURA COWIE's performance was genuinely human, and something more than that. The cleverness with which she disguised her natural good looks was not merely a matter of make-up. Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN Was very sound the supposed medium of this witchery, as Major Hillgrove. Not once, in any if her motives were so good, should detail, did he forget that he was a blinded as Major Hillgrove. Not once, in any man, yet he never pressed his disabilities upon us.

It is no blame to the other actors if little can be said in praise of the characters they interpreted. Miss WINIFRED EMERY, as Oliver's mother, played an window-panes. Laura Bashforth (our unrecognisable type with great energy and aplomb. Miss May WHITTY, who was the Rector's wife, mother of seven and frankly anticipating an eighth, accepted her impossible situation with great good nature. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE (the Rector) and Mr. NORMAN FORBES and slayer of fowls, but not otherwise easily understood.

During this interlude, magic lights distinguished), had to waste themselves on listening parts.

Finally I assume that Miss JEAN CADELL, who seemed to have walked straight out of Mary Rose, acted well; but as I have no idea what she was meant to be or do I have only my past experience of her to go upon.

I regret to speak unhopefully of any work by so distinguished a writer as Sir ARTHUR PINERO, but I am afraid that the enchantment of his cottage is going to be confined to the actual premises and will not penetrate to the audience. Certainly the spectators on the second night seemed to have escaped its spell. O. S.

THE BARD AND THE BELLE.

(Hand-painted dresses signed by some famous artist are the latest fashion. able craze.)

My Mabel, the income I 'm earning Will never be able to pay

For the costume for which you are yearning.

Signed work of a famous R.A.; But charms as alluring as Circe's

May still become yours if you choose swathing of chiffon adorned with your Percy's

Unpublished, original, autograph verses In various hues.

An ode to the daybreak ("Aurora"), Inscribed, say, in letters of fire, Should prove very suitable for a

Loose negligé morning attire : For formal occasions the sonnet

Would lend you a dignified air, And the lines of your dress with a villanelle on it

Would move admiration whenever you don it

For afternoon wear.

When evening demanded its sample, An airier note should be mine A couplet or two would be ample

For frocks of the current design); And, thanks to the zeal I devoted To trimming each punctual gown, You'd soon have the rapture of one who

is noted For having her toilettes extensively

> quoted All over the town.

"It ebats for speed covry other motor it sights on the road (The Evening -- representative can confirm this)."-Evening Paper. But for the confirmation we should have imagined there was some error.

"Bodmin is one of several claimants to be the 'capital' of Cornwall. It is fertified in that belief by the possession of a goal and a lunatic asylum."—Sunday Paper.

If the natives are in the habit of trying to play football with only one goal the (as Oliver's stepfather, an eager motorist necessity for the other institution is



THE DAWN OF SPRING IN OUR SUBURB.

STUDY OF TWO ROMANTIC NATURES RISING SUPERIOR TO THEIR ENVIRONMENT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DON'T suppose you know for a moment what The Eye of the Wift (CASSELL) is. Nor did I before Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON told me; though I might have remembered that HALLIWELL says a "wiff" is a withy in Kent, and that Samson suggested to Delilah that "seven green withs" were the best tackle for the Philistines if they wanted to bind him securely. In any case Mr. Thurston did not leave me long in suspense (envisaging something uncannily mesmeric in the way of a newt or a basilisk), for the first and, I think, the most charming of the twenty-four sketches reprinted under this title carries its explanation. The "wift," as an old woodman divulges, is the lithe green branch bound round a faggot of brushwood; "and where it's tied into a knot, that's the eye—the eye of the wift." It is this eye, as it watches in undisturbed tranquillity the momentous infinitesimal doings of the forest, that the essayist envies. I am bound to say that some of his more vivacious pieces, "Symbols." for instance, and "A Matter of Wax," are about the last visions I should have expected to come unsought. So, markedly, are the three final sketches, which are altogether of grosser grain than the rest. But with "The Woodcutter," "The Shoemaker" and the convincing little piece of rusticity called "He that hath Ears" the Eye of the Wift comes into its own.

Dusk of Moonrise (Hutchinson) is a draper in a drab town that lies under a heather-clad moor; her heroine a tobacconist's daughter. The man plays the piano divinely and the girl is exquisitely sensitive to beauty in nature and in books. They are both unlikely people. She is caught up in a romantic attachment to a rich but otherwise unsatisfactory artist, which endures long after her marriage and is only shattered when the artist is proved a war-shirker and philanderer, and her own man, who, as a result of lucky investments in wool, has become a quarter-millionaire, finds himself in gaol for a wangle in the matter of E.P.D. If Miss Patrick would resist the temptation of allotting to her characters just what comes into her head at the time, instead of rationing them to what would be likely to come into theirs, her folk would be more convincing. Also she would do well to rip out her little purple patches of fine and obscure writing. But she has the root of the matter in her and has written an interesting and wholesome story.

In these times, when, for several reasons-of which the breaking up of large estates is one-the gun is being increasingly used in the more sporting fashion approved of our forefathers before the development of artificial methods in the nineteenth century, the publication of Rough Shooting (HEATH CRANTON) is especially opportune. Mr. RICHARD CLAPHAM's book is addressed particularly to "the man of moderate means," and makes him free of a wealth of knowledge of all that appertains to the management and im-Yorkshire bids fair to challenge Sussex as the chief source provement, even without the help of a keeper, of a rough of inspiration for novelists. Miss Diana Patrick's hero in shooting; the preservation of all kinds of game; the ex-

termination of vermin; the circumvention of poachers; the and actions. One may find here lively notices of rest-camp care of guns and dogs; and that too often neglected factor, the physical fitness of the rough-shooter himself. The letterpress-which some capital photographs adorn rather than assist—is as concise as it is complete, and Mr. CLAP-HAM is such a good man behind a pen that it is the greater pity he doesn't sometimes write "before" instead of "prior to." I can do no better than echo the conclusion of Lord ULLSWATER'S appreciative introduction and commend this book to "all men who enjoy shooting."

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's new story inspires me to attempt, in the modern detective manner, to deduce the again and again, for unrecordable deeds of valour. It may

private life of the author from his books about other people. I find evidence, then-and Mr. CALTHROP is not in a position to deny it-that to his christening came two fairy godmothers. They were both good fairies, but each was a little jealous of the other. The first fairy said, "This infant shall be a tremendous fellow." The second fairy said, "He shall not be able to think evil of anyone, for he shall love mirth and be charmed with charming things, and so, my dear, he will never be really tremendous." "We'll see about that," said the first fairy. And so, when Mr. Calthrop was about writing Tremendous Adventures (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I make no doubt that while one godmother whispered that the people of his dream must become tremendous, the other sponsor diverted his attention to the butterflies settling on the honey. suckle. Thus the secret rosehued romance of Mr. Frogmore, the elderly, austere, buttoned-up City man, flowers into a delightful apotheosis, from which springs what is really quite another

story, introducing Lady Angelina, eccentric and senti-| and that, I need hardly say, is praise enough. mental, who plays a part which (one suspects) was directly inspired by the author's first fairy godmother, for it verges upon tragedy, not to say melodrama. But it only verges; for Mr. Calthrop does not allow his people to be really naughty. And throughout the book is disengaged the peculiar charm of the England of sixty years since, prim and smiling and immemorially tranquil.

The History of The Prince of Wales' Own Civil Service Rifles (obtainable from Messrs. WYMAN) is yet another volume in the growing library of records published by famous regiments for the sake of the men who have served in them. Thoroughly well written up to a certain point, and to those most nearly concerned undoubtedly the first in importance of all war-books, it is to the general reader clothe with living detail their skeleton accounts of places setting for the sorrows of his heroine.

regimental sports, for instance, or an excellent photograph of Bourlon Wood, but nothing that can begin to make it clear to an outsider just what sporting spirit was demanded of the regiment in that scene. The second battalion, which played a leading part in the capture of Jerusalem, fought over fields less worn than those of Ypres and the Somme, and Major A. C. H. Benke's narrative of its doings gains in freshness by consequence. But even here the gaps in the story come just where one wants to know more; while in Captain DAVENPORT'S account of the first battalion, a simple statement of casualties has to do duty,

> be that the men who were there would rather have it so.

> I do not give a very high place among the works of Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD to The Virgin of the Sun (Cas-SELL). The fact is that I failed to maintain my interest in its adventurer-inchief. The story, introduced with all the circumstance that one expects from its popular author, discovers in an old chest a pile of parchments, which, being scientifically treated, reveal the history of Hubert of Hastings, who lived in the reign of RICHARD II. I followed this stalwart's fortunes with zest while he remained in England; but when, for excellent reasons, he fled the country I was unable to keep on terms of enthusiastic intimacy with him. True that he had adventures enough by flood and field and that he won through them in the most approved style: but all the same he seemed to me more of a puppet than is usual with Sir RIDER's characters. The heroine, however, is as beautiful and wonderful a lady as any in his extensive repertoire,



Mr. Max Pemberton gives to Paulina (Cassell) the sub-title, "A Story of Napoleon and the Fall of Venice," but those who expect to find an intimate study of that genius in these pages will go away hungry. Mr. PEMBERTON in fact only gave me just enough to make me want more; but that is not to say that his book as a whole is unsatisfying. On the contrary it is sound of its type, and his picture of Paulina and her misfortunes is dignified and clear. The author lacks something of the magic that carries one breathlessly on through a tale of love and adventure, but he is a capable craftsman and eschews flummery. His description of Venice in 1797 reveals both his powers and his limitations. Though there is nothing peculiarly vivid or illuminating in it, he does at least bring its scenes no exception to the rule that such sectional records fail to distinctly before us and makes of them a sympathetic

CHARIVARIA.

been seen by an Englishman in Patagonia. We are no longer taken in by these attempts to scare us into supporting the Die-hards.

According to Dr. Owens the popular theory that the nose acts as a filter is a fallacy. All the same we are retaining ours, on the chance that some day it may come in useful for something.

An acrobat has been refused permis-

sion to walk on a tight-rope from the Monument to Southwark Cathedral. We are afraid he will just have to take his chance among the traffic, like anybody else.

Mount Vesuvius has again become violently active. felt it would not be long before the reduction in the price of The Times to three halfpence produced an elemental reverberation.

The Rev. H. D. FORD, the wellknown naturalist of Thursby, in a recent address stated that he once saw a Red Admiral butterfly helplessly intoxicated. It is only fair to say that he offered to see it home.

"In New York," says The Sunday Express, "there is an organisation discussing the problem of the prolongation of life." It sounds just like our Coalition.

Over two hundred entries were received for a ping-pong tournament held in London last week. It was certain that this Brighter London idea, if pursued long enough, would eventually bring out the devil-may-care spirit in our cows beside the line are standing up or young people.

The PREMIER's threat that, unless he can obtain greater unity and support, he will take his resignation to Buckingham Palace is regarded as a bit of a rebuff for Carmelite House.

"There once lived in the Rocky Mountains," says a contemporary, "a race of parrots seven feet high." We remember the time when these birds would have been American canaries.

It is reported that the oldest man in America has died recently near Cork. In this country, of course, the oldest man is still alive.

"A robin's nest in my garden, which last week contained four little eggs, now A PLESIOSAURUS is reported to have contains four small robins," states an observant writer in a morning paper. India Docks. Knowing that particular Nature, of course, will out.

> A whale over seventy feet long was trawler. It seems that, although the and tear, we suppose. monster was a good swimmer, it deliberately free-wheeled all the way.

train journey may be beguiled. The new Distinguished visitors from Europe will game is to guess whether most of the no longer have to wait to reach the

Fed-up Second (whose man is putting up a poor show). "What is it, 'Arry? Don't 'is step suit yer?"

lying down. The railway companies have been warned that, if they permit this sort of thing, they will be subject to the entertainment tax.

"What are the principal exports of Scotland?" asks a weekly paper competition. The obvious old answer— Scotsmen-seems so easy that we suspect a catch.

According to a morning paper an owl flew into a Northern express a few days ago and was fatally injured. Birds who take this kind of liberty near the South Coast with impunity are warned that they must not try it on with Northern trains.

A correspondent, writing to a daily paper, claims to have seen a fish leap six feet out of the Thames near the East part of the river we don't blame the fish.

There is at the present moment a recently towed ashore alive by a steam scarcity of football referees. Fair wear

An American invention has made it possible to converse by telephone with A Sunday paper describes how a ships hundreds of miles from the coast.

> New York landing-stage before being asked for their impressions of the United States.

> A Birmingham firm has notified the POSTMASTER-GENERAL that it has invented an apparatus which will prevent unanswered telephone-calls from being charged against a subscriber. The present system of allowing anything the telephone may say to be used in evidence against the subscriber has nothing to recommend it.

> Earl DE LA WARR announces that he has as yet joined no political party. While his intentions are still in doubt it is absurd to expect the atmosphere to be anything but unsettled.

Dr. John Horace Round, who has just resigned the office of Honorary Adviser to the Crown in Peerage Cases, is reported as saying that the descendants of the washerwomen wives of some peers are troublesome to trace. It is feared, in fact, that certain peerages must be regarded as lost in the laundry.

Dr. VAUGHAN THOMAS suggests that the Welsh College yells-"the 'Rah, Rah!' of Bangor, the 'Zoo, Zoo!' of Aberystwyth and the 'Zee, Zee!' of Cardiff "-should be set to music. The "Help, Help!" of the Criccieth School of Economics should also provide a good motif.

".— Hotel,—, opened under entirely new management. Excellent climate. Exquisite Grubbing."—Advt. in Indian Paper. An exquisite word, anyhow.

From a Polo report :--

"The concluding game was between 'The Wanderers' and 'The Wanderers,' 'The Wanderers' had it all their own way," Indian Paper.

We are prepared to believe this.

WAR-SONG OF THE TORY MUTINEERS.

(As it sounds to a Coalitionist.)

In no uncertain manner, But singing high and hard, Hoist up our glorious banner Over the Good Old Guard; Let us revive, my hearties. That golden age and great, When all were for their Parties In preference to the State.

Too long we've shirked our mission And borne with sullen eyes The bonds of Coalition, The chains of compromise; From fights we waged aforetime We found it best to cease But, now we've done with Wartime,

We're free to break the Peace.

Necessity introduces A man to curious mates, But George has had his uses Which no one underrates; Safe through the storms that drove

He steered the ship, no doubt, But, now our need is over, It's time to turn him out.

For since she's berthed in haven, Snug from the face of fear, What crew could be so craven As not to mutineer? Lapped by the wharfside lipper, The peril past and gone, We'll chuck our high-sea skipper; Why keep the Old Man on? O. S.

SYNTHETIC COLF.

THERE exist in this world peculiarly constituted people who can play chess without a board. This is not easy; I am not sure whether it is even quite nice; but they do it.

They will sit facing one another in a railway carriage with their eyes shut, apparently asleep. And then one of them will say, "King's bishop to queen's knight's third," and the other them, and Ronaldo (chapter xiv.) is scaling the castle walls to rescue a fascinating woman upon whom his mother would certainly never have called, and you are holding your breath and turning the pages very quietly so as not to wake the sentries, the other will say, "Queen's knight to king's bishop's third," and spoil the whole effect.

Regarded as conversation it is deplorable. Regarded as a game it seems to me to be deficient in that fine old tiously. rough-and-tumble element which has made England what it is. There is

But quite suddenly the other day I remembered the two men in the railway-carriage, and I had a brilliant inspiration. It was like this:

I had arranged to play a round with Gilbey, and when the hour struck we were, quite naturally, sitting in the club-house watching the rain. Golf was out of the question, and I knew that if I didn't think of something soon Gilbey would tell me that story of his about the man who-But it's Gilbey's story, not mine.

Then, as I say, quite suddenly the Great Idea struck me. If you can play chess without a chess-board, why not golf without a golf-links? In its simplicity the notion amounted almost to genius.

I explained the rough idea to Gilbey, back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"You take the honour," he said. I closed my eyes too. The scene was very blissful.

"I have driven a pretty long ball," I said, after a pause. "About a hundred-It was sliced a and-eighty yards. It was sliced a little, but it curled back. You know, Gilbey-one of those shots that make you tingle. It is now lying in the fairway, a nice brassy shot from the green.

I drew a long breath. I could just see that drive. It was a beauty.

"My drive is absolutely straight," said Gilbey. "It is about two-hundredand-seven yards."

quickly.

Gilbey sat up and opened his eyes.

"What?" he said.

"Your ball is in a rotten lie," I explained.

"Oh," he answered, "I thought you said something else.

"I don't think you'll be able to get at it with your brassy."

Gilbey stared at me suspiciously for a moment.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, his head will grunt. Then there will be a long on one side, considering it carefully. silence, and just when you've forgotten "Perhaps, though, I'll play my driving "Perhaps, though, I'll play my driving mashie. I sometimes get an awfully long ball with a driving mashie. Somehow I feel as though I shall this time."

I frowned.

"Anyway, it's my shot," I said. I leaned back and closed my eyes

again, composing myself for thought. "By Jove!" I said. "Did you see that, Gilbey? That was a ripper. Nothing like a good brassy to run.

"Where is it?" asked Gilbey cau-

"Just on," I said.

I smiled happily. I was evidently know about this?

more rough-and-tumble in a game of in form. The game was practically playing itself.

I thought Gilbey looked a bit nervous as he took his stance for his second. " Fore!" he shouted suddenly.

I leapt in my chair. It sounds oldfashioned, but it can be done.

"It's all right," he explained, his eyes still shut; "a fool crossing the

There was a moment's silence.

"There," said Gilbey complacently: "one of the best mashie-iron shots I've ever played.'

I watched it.

"Oh, hard luck!" I said. "It's in." "In what?" asked Gilbey, surprised. "That little concealed sand scrape,"

I said. "You didn't allow quite enough for the wind.'

"Oh!" said Gilbey.

I won the hole in four-bogey. Gilbey and he caught on at once. He leaned holed out with a plucky five. It was very close.

> Well, you see the sort of thing. We had a splendid round, and by hard lying -I mean driving-I just managed to scrape home by two and one.

As we, so to speak, toddled back to the club-house, Gilbey opened his eyes and sat up.

"Why," he said, "it's stopped rain-

We seized our clubs and hurried to the first tee. I took the honour.

Perhaps I was tired, but somehow my driving was not so good as it had been earlier in the afternoon. I didn't "But it's in a rotten lie," I put in seem to have the same confidence. As a matter of fact I carried about thirtyfive yards. Gilbey was even more tired than I. He foozled into some gorsebushes away on the right. He said he couldn't understand how.

My recovery was painstaking but not brilliant, and out of the corner of my eye I could see Gilbey slogging away viciously at the gorse.

" Nine," I said with justifiable pride when we met on the green. After all, bogev takes four.

Gilbey stared at me for a moment in eloquent silence, his face moist with

"I say," he said at last, "let's go back to the smoke-room and play the return match."

" £5-10,000,000 GOVERNMENT DEAL.

We hold the Largest Stock in Scotland of the above deal. All goods 100 per cent. to 200 per cent. cheaper than you can buy elsewhere."—Scotch Paper.

It would seem that the Government paid the advertisers for taking them away. Did the GEDDES' Committee



TROUBLED WATERS.

SIR ARTHUR BALFOUR (with philosophic doubt). "DO YOU THINK IT'S DOING MUCH GOOD?"
THE OTHERS. "NOT MUCH. BUT THERE'S PLENTY MORE OIL WHERE THIS COMES FROM."



Little Girl (to harnist), "PLEASE, ARE YOU PRACTISING FOR HEAVEN?"

FILM STUDIES.

V .- A NOTABLE INTERVIEW.

LET there be no doubt of it, playing for the pictures means hard work. The ignorant public is only too ready to imagine that "movie" stars spend all their spare time in filing divorce petitions and organising dope parties at hotels. Nothing could be further from the truth. If I had not known this before I should have realised it keenly after an interview which I had some time ago with Mr. Alexander Bunt, the well-known hero of so many picture plots and now the enterprising director and manager of the Photo-Moto Film Training College at Gunnersbury Park.

"What the ordinary picture-goer doesn't see," he explained to me as we sat in his sumptuous office overlooking the imitation canon, the mock lava stream and the portable alligator swamp, "is that we have to be able not only to put on any face and take it off again-slap -at a moment's notice, but also have to be in the pink of physical condition while we do it. Stage actors have to make faces, but they needn't be fit. Athletes have to be fit, but they needn't make faces. We must do both. What

suspended from the ceiling and hanging pupils have to undergo. Would you to it by one hand. "Look at my face

I looked. Quite suddenly all his different directions. It was horrible. I was about to ring for help, but he stopped me.

"What am I now?" he said.

"I don't know," I stammered. "S-something very awful. What is it?" "Fraudulentcompanypromoterhaunted . . ." he shouted, swinging one leg over the bar of the trapeze. "And what

now? I looked again. Another fearful accident had happened to his face. Two lines from The Lays of Ancient Rome floated idiotically through my head :-

> "He smiles a smile more dreadful Than his own dreadful frown.

But I did not like to say this out loud. "Tell me," I murmured hoarsely.

"Realisationthatlifetimedevotion . . he roared, dropping suddenly down into his armchair and replacing his eigar. His face was now emotionless, blank.

"You see what we have to aim at." he resumed, as if nothing at all had pler there! Look at me, that man happened. "A perfect equipoise of the do you make of this, for instance?" he said, removing his eigar from his lips secure this that I invented the Bunt

like to see them undergoing it?

I said that I should. He took me through the log cabin interior, the ocean features seemed to have side-slipped in liner saloon and the frenzied mob property room, and threw open a window in the last. Below us lay a gravel paradeground on which were a party of men and women dressed in almost every variety of costume, from coco-nut fibre to furs, apparently going through the ordinary motions of Swedish drill.
Apparently, I say. But as I listened to the words of the instructor, who was standing on a high platform and shouting through a megaphone, I began to realise that it was something far more complicated, something far more, as Mr. Bunt idiomatically put it, unique.

"Position!" bellowed the voice.

"Hips firm! Register rapture! A little bit more curl on right-hand side of mouth, Miss Smithers, if you please. Heels raise. Register agony of remorse! I said 'agony of remorse,' not 'incipient toothache,' Mr. Brown; didn't you hear me? Rather more poignant there on the right flank. Knees bend. Dawn of childhood's love. Simpler there! Simin the centre! Coyly now, like this.

That's better! Raise. Position!"
"That's my system," said Mr. Bunt and leaping up to a trapeze which was Physical Culture System, which all my proudly as I turned to look at him with

admiring eyes. "Face muscles and body muscles trained simultaneously but separately. Perfect independence of each in any emergency. Some people think that the film-actor must be an athlete to begin with, and must have an expressive kind of face. Don't you believe it. After a few months of the Bunt training a man with a face like a leg of mutton can cross Niagara on a tightrope—and simper, Sir, and simper all the time. Listen again."

"Prone falling!" I heard the stentorian shout. "On the hands, place.

"Prone falling!" I heard the stentorian shout. "On the hands, place. Malevolent snarl. Legs backwards, place. Consternation mingled with pity. Pity, Miss Thompson, pity; I didn't say 'pique.' Forward spring. Anger melting into smiles. Melt. Position!"

"Of course that's only the preliminary part of it," said Mr. Bunt, closing the window softly and lighting another cigar. They come on to harder exercises after a bit. There's the untamed mustang on the limitless prairie, for instance. We have a limitless prairie out vonder behind the Sub-Titles School and the Mashed Potato Repository. In the limitless prairie we have operators lying in the scrub who spring out suddenly on pupils with their cameras and give commands: 'Fatherly pride showing through anger! One, two, three!' Desire for revenge thwarted by destiny. Hup !' 'Love at first sight breaking down social barriers. Hold three seconds. Relax!' It's no joke doing that on an untamed mustang."

"No, I suppose not," I said.

"Or when you're swarming up a rope that's hanging from an aeroplane; or swimming about in the sea after cutting through the sack, you know, in which you were hurled over the precipice; or jumping from one iceberg to another to escape from polar bears. These are the final tests, of course. But we lead up to them gradually, and the Bunt drill is the foundation of the whole. What do you say to taking a few lessons yourself?"

I said I thought not. I said that I could never get my face to work much, even when I felt a genuine emotion. It was now far too slack and rusty about the corners to train it up to cinema work. Besides, I hate polar bears and mustangs; they make me feel creepy. I thanked him all the same and went downstairs. I thought I had seen the last of Alexander Bunt then, but I had not. As I went into the street he was leaning out of an upper window. When I say leaning, I mean that he was hanging at full length from the window-sill

ing at full length from the window-sill by his toes, looking down at me. His expression was something more extraordinary than anything I had ever seen before, even on him.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Political Customer (bitterly), "Well, Lloyd George can do wot 'e likes now; I 'ye done with 'im."

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"Wistfulpartingfromonewhom . . ." he shouted, springing back through the window with a single bound.

He will always haunt my dreams.

"The Madras Publicity Bureau has issued a leaflet giving information with regard to the local Government's action to effect economy in the various departments by reducing the mental staff attached to the members of the council, collector and other officers. It is pointed out that the results of these efforts are not satisfactory."—Indian Paper.

Some lack of intelligence in the handling of recent problems has certainly been noticed.

The Flappers' Paradise.

"Where the rude axe with heaved stroke Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt, Or fright them from their hallowed haunt."

If Penseroso.

Another Impending Apology.

"Lord Northelifie told methat he was deeply troubled about the empliness of Australia, a subject which constantly fills his mind." Sunday Paper.

"Other artistes assisting on this occasion were Miss C. —, who at short notice stepped into a breech occasioned by the indisposition of Miss H. —."—Local Paper.

We think that the management might have provided a pair.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flaneur.)

Evenybody who, like myself, has been privileged to receive an invitation from Lord and Lady Ballyrogue to the marriage of their daughter, the Honourable Bridget Stumer, is talking about the singular innovation of omitting the name of the bridegroom. In the Clubs, where the interest excited by this event has thrown the Spring Handicaps quite into the shade, several sweepstakes are being got up and some very big bets have been booked. At present the most fancied candidates are the widely popular and enormously wealthy Queensland squatter, "Steve" Wallaby; Señor Poncho Huanaco, one of South America's many reputed billionaires, and young Attaboy Madison, the rich New Yorker who has been doing so much to brighten Europe lately. And others are being quietly backed at longish prices.

I am in a position to state that the lucky man's identity will not be disclosed until the day of the ceremony, but beyond that I am as much in the dark as anybody else. Lord Ballyrogue assures me that even he knows no more than the man in the moon, and a little bird tells me that the bride will only make her final selection at the last possible moment, in front of the assembled guests. This should set a new fashion in weddings, which, even if it entails the wasting of a few licences, would impart a much-needed spice of sport to these too solemn and rather out-of-date functions.

Among the most prompt to appreciate the growing demand for practical knowledge created by the New Poverty is Prudence, Lady Clutching, who is considerately making arrangements for a limited number of ladies and gentlemen to participate in the spring-cleaning of her house in Grosveley Square. Under the instruction of an expert charwoman they will be enabled to learn by actual experience everything that can be taught about turning out rooms, taking up carpets, scrubbing floors, etc. Special classes in cleaning silver will be supervised by Lady Clutching's butler, Mr. Batten. In view of the valuable nature of the contents of Lady Clutching's house, applicants will be required to give satisfactory references. Tickets at a guinea a day, or ten guineas for the full fortnight's course, will include a bread-and-cheese luncheon and a cup of afternoon tea.

Dancing enthusiasts who have been haunted by fears of a wane of the vogue of the fox-trot and a consequent reaction in favour of the dreadful waltzes and polkas of our grandparents, will rejoice to hear that an expedition of experts is preparing to set out for the heart of Africa, in the hope of discovering some altogether new steps. From time to time Arab traders and others returning from the interior have brought rumours of the deliciously horrible death-dance of the ferocious Bogibogi tribe and of the frenzied ceremonial capers of the Nokoko blood-drinkers, and these are the secrets which it is hoped to wrest from the tropical wildernesses for the benefit of London's night-clubs and restaurants. The enterprise is being financed by an influential syndicate, and the expeditionary party consists of Mr. Ben Lavolta, editor of The Terpsichorean Times; Lady Drumblare, one of the fairy godmothers of Jazz in this country; Mrs. Ernest Jossle, the lady so well-known at Nero's and The Consul's clubs; Captain Alaric Binge, the heavy-weight dancing champion of the Brigade of Guards, and Count Ataxy, the world's greatest fox-trotter. Cinematograph and gramophone operators will also be taken. London must find consolation for the absence of these bright ones in the thought that in the depths of the Dark Continent they are seeking greater brightness.

EAST WINDS.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

- The folk who live in the West Country that is warm and wet and slow,
- They speak no good of the singing wind that blows from the open East,
- And they will have it a treacherous wind, bearing sickness and woe,
 - Fretting and fevering man and beast;
- But to me the wind of the East is sib for the sake of long ago.
- For ever the East wind I have known was a wind that blew from sea,
- Whether the grey North Sea of home or the blaze of Bengal Bay,
- And ever it stood for a sandy coast and the spindrift flying free,
- And the moon's rise and the breaking day:
 And the West Coast folk may say their fill, but the East is
 the wind for me.
- For ever the East wind I have known brought merry days and clear,
- Lifting the rain-wrack out of the sky at the end of a Scottish June.
- Or thundering over the Indian plains in the falling of the year
- At the flying heels of the black monsoon— A wind that spoke like a pibroch, that struck like a pointed
- And sure as I taste the keen East wind I see old sights
 - Summers on Spey in Moray and the careless days of
- An opal day on the Pentlands over by Hawthornden, The old loved links by the Eden mouth,
- The cliffs east of St. Andrews, and the walks there—and the men.
- Or maybe the great blue sea that breaks on the drab East coast of Hind,
- A young morn in the rice-fields and the face of the land alight,
- And the sand and the scrub and the palms a-dance in the strong sea-wind.
- And the round sky, and the world just right; And the heart that remembereth not such days, that heart hath surely sinned!
- Excellent good the West Country, be it Devon or Malabar, But the warm West winds are hung with rain and laden
- and sad with cloud,
 Robbing the days of the gallant sun and the nights of moon
 and star:
- So the East winds, the living and proud,
 Shall be my choice, now as of yore, and the coasts where
 East winds are.
 H. B.
- "Reliable, respectable Girl, good references, age 18-20, as domestic; stage wages."—Advt. in Local Paper.
- If all we hear about the state of the drama be true she cannot be described as grasping.
- "The hard fact emerges that, with additional taxation amounting to 50 erores [£33,330,000] and a deficit of 32 crores [£33,330,000], covered by borrowing, there is no assurance that the next Budget will balance."—Daily Paper.
- Still, it must be admitted that the critic has exercised considerable ingenuity in attempting it.



THE GUEST WHO WAS TOLD TO MAKE HIMSELF QUITE AT HOME, AND DID SO.

SUZANNE AND THE L.C.C.

"THERE's a gentleman to see you, Sir," said Evangeline.

"What sort of a gentleman?" I asked. "And where have you left him?" I'm not snobbish, but I've had some experience of Evangeline's "gentlemen.

"He says he's come from the County Scoundrels," she replied, "so I've left him in the hall and put your best umbrella in the kitchen.

"She means the County Council," said Suzanne. "You'd better go and see him, and, if he wants to know why Timothy isn't attending school, say we're teaching him at home till he's three.

sary from the Municipal Reform Party who had called to remind me of my duty at the morrow's Elections. In the course of our very interesting conversation he told me things about what he darkly called the Other Side that made me wonder how such monsters were allowed to live. I promised him my own and Suzanne's votes, and dismissed him with my blessing.

"You have a wild look in your eye," said Suzanne as I returned to the hearth.

"Suzanne," I replied, "I have heard things this night that have curdled the blood in my veins.

"Oh, dear, what is strike the flat the plant bears bears to be done?" cried Suzanne, wringing only had the spirit of a caterpillar, instructions and so was able to leave her hands. "Wait a moment while I you'd do it." look up Household Hints and find out how to uncurdle blood. Don't bring your frozen marrow any nearer to the fire; it doesn't do to thaw it too rapidly."

"Woman, this is no time for trifling. We are threatened with nameless terrors-you and I and all of us.

a Sybil Thorndike part in this for me? when the next L.C.C. Elections come Tell me some more about those anonymous horrors. What are they and list? where do they come from?'

in a voice that had the genuinely hollow impressively, "that you can't employ

"Oh, the Spiritualist stunt again," said Suzanne a trifle contemptuously. "Is CONAN DOYLE also among the County Scoundrels?

morrow. If the Other Side gets in, the most awful calamities will happen."

"What calamities?'

"Well-er-the rates, you know. They'll go up and up and up.

"What's that got to do with us?" "Suzanne," I said, "surely you don't want us to pay any more in rates than we're paying now? That chap said-

"Oh, my poor deluded husband! Don't you realise that, living in a flat, we don't pay rates?

"Yes, but think of the landlordthink of him threatened with a burden that-er-threatens to-

"When the landlord condescends to make our skylight really rainproof I'll think of him," replied Suzanne with some heat, "Rates indeed! He ought The gentleman proved to be an emisto be rated by every post, and, if you fully that you will. Would you have your husband's word

pay-er-indirectly? That's the sort of thing we've got to put a stop to."
"Well," said Suzanne, "Evangeline,

fortunately, is nearly nineteen, and Nurse must be forty if she's a day. But you never know when you may have to make a change, and I admit there's something in what you say. Not but what a few lessons in voiceproduction would do Evangeline all the good in the world. But what 's all this leading up to?'

"I promised our friend just now that I'd go and vote to-morrow for the Municipal Reform candidates, and that you'd vote too.'

"Me vote?" exclaimed Suzanne, "Oh, I couldn't!"

"But I have promised most faith-

dishonoured in the eyes of the world?"

"My dear man, I really haven't got a decent hat to vote in."

Visions of the Corrupt Practices Act flashed across my mind, but I brushed them aside.

"You shall buy yourself a hat to-morrow morning," I said, "on condition that you vote in it immediately afterwards."

" Done!" said Suzanne. "Who do I vote for?"

It was too early for Suzanne to accompany me to the poll when I left for my office the following morning. However I had given

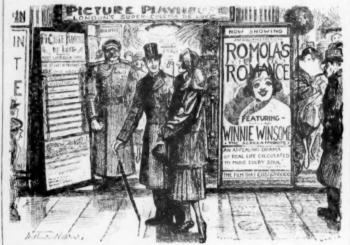
On my return in the evening I duly admired the hat and then settled down

to listen to the tale of the day's doings. "First of all," said Suzanne, "I got out my birth-certificate, marriage-lines and passport with photograph com-

"What for?" I asked.

"Oh, you never know; I thought that perhaps, not knowing me by sight, they might question my identity. Well, then I went to buy the dinky hat, and in my excitement tried to pay for it with the marriage-lines. After that I changed my book at the library, did a little shopping and at last found myself at the Town Hall.

"There were several people outside who all pounced on me at once and "The L.C.C. Elections are on to- studies for which you and I have to tried to worm my vote out of me, but



PENANCE.

The Man. "SHALL WE GO IN?"

The Woman, "IF YOU DON'T MIND THE FIRST BOW, I MAKE IT A RULE TO SIT IN THE FIRST ROW DURING LENT.

"But surely you're taking a very

short-sighted view. If the landlord has to pay more in rates he'll put up our

rent."

"He can't-not for another three and a-half years. Thanks to our tenyears' lease there'll be plenty of time plete. "How deliciously creepy! Is there for us to consider the rates question along. What 's the next bogey on the

"There's the question of Continua-"From the Other Side," I answered tion Schools. Do you know," I said a domestic servant under the age of fifteen unless you give her I don't know how many afternoons off a week to study French and dancing and voiceproduction and the musical glasses-



Charlady (explaining her late arrival). "I 'AD TO GO INTO A CHEMIST'S, MUM; I WERE TREMBLIN' LIKE A ASPERIN."

I repulsed them all firmly and walked dropped my contribution into the offer- to the result, because you've given, or at a kitchen table and explained to them in ringing tones that I'd come to and they tried to gag me, so I whipped out the birth-certificate, marriage-lines and passport with photograph complete and flourished them in their faces. Two of them, who had bald heads and no manners, refused to look, but the third, who was much younger, consented to examine them, and agreed with me that the photograph didn't do me justice.

"Well, after they'd got my name and address, the two old ones looked me up in a register, and the other one looked me up and down as well. Then they handed me my voting-paper and I took it into a little boxed-in sort of place, to play noughts-and-crosses with it, as expression, but after a moment or two you told me. I'm afraid I stayed there her brow cleared. some time and kept several other people waiting while I just peeped into my library book—Some Heroes, by a Valet. However at last I tore myself away, have made any appreciable difference Thanks, but we know that brand.

in. I was directed to three men sitting tory-box-and that's how we bore the attempted to give, one vote to each brave old flag to victory.

After dinner that night I was idly vote for No Rates and Discontinuation skimming the pages of Suzanne's book Schools. That seemed to startle them when I found, tucked in at the end of particularly scurrilous chapter, a neatly-folded scrap of paper. I opened it, and this is what I read :-

BOSHER.	٠			X
GRIGSON			.	Х
HUGGINS		o	.	
SPATCHCO	СК			

I passed it on to Suzanne without a word. She looked at it with a puzzled

"Then they 've got my library list," she said. "Isn't it too provoking!"
"As it happens," I said, "it won't

"My hat!" exclaimed Suzanne; and, on the whole, I think that was the most appropriate comment she could have made.

The Penalties of Matrimony.

"The bride and bridegroom were showered with rice Kitchen.-Grandfather's clock, 30-hour, in Ducks.-12 fawn and white Runner Ducks, and confetti as they came down the path from the church through the pretty churchyard."—Provincial Paper.

"Dinghy (sole use of), with large Bed-Sitting Room; bath."—Reverside Paper. A craft that should take some sculling.

At a farmers' meeting :-

"The Pure Milk Bill was discussed in a sanguinary manner."-Local Paper.

We fear this may have been so.

From a tobacconist's circular :-

"Bargains in Imported Havanas that will make you rub your eyes!"



THREE MEMBERS OF THE "ALL SMILES LEAGUE" DOING THEIR WORST WHILE WAITING FOR SEATS IN A CROWDED RESTAURANT.

WRITING ON THE WALLS.

THE General Post Office having decided to let the interior wall-spaces in post-offices for advertising purposes, it is easy to imagine that those of us who | Completely covers the Taxpayer's Glare. always take our postage-stamp business to one of Mr. Kellaway's post-offices rather than borrow from our friends, are looking forward to spending joyous hours while waiting for a telephone number. Let us therefore take a glance at the post-offices of the future and scan for a moment, while the operator is picking a suitable wrong number, the advertisements and announcements of the days to come :-

THE SOUTH SLIMPTON AND OLD WAVERERS RAILWAY (S.L.O.W.R.).

Why send a Letter to your Friends when you can travel to them just as quickly by the Slimpton Line?

TRAINS ALMOST DAILY. Every Train stops at all Stations and Milk churns on this route.

DO YOU WANT TO PURCHASE A POSTCARD?

MacStein will Lend you the Money on simple Note of Hand.

Send twopenny stamp for specimen Loan.

ARE YOU A RATEPAYER?

Then why wear a worried look? BUY ONE OF BLANK'S TIGHT-FITTING BEARDS.

No Face too bad to Transform.

Large stock of All-weather Beards, with Side-Whisker Stepney Spares.

Write for Free Samples and Patterns.

COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE. Twenty Volumes in all.

Just the thing to read while waiting for the Telephone.

Has the Post Office Assistant said. Thank you"? Have you had the right number on the 'phone? In other words,

ARE YOU A NERVOUS WRECK? With Spots before the Eyes?

Does the sight of a Stamp make you giddy?

Then take BIFFERINE, the great Nerve Tonic.

As used by all Income-Tax Assessors.

A boon to Post-office Users and other Nervous Wrecks.

THE SHRIEKOPHONE.

Plays Seven Tunes at once.

Complete in case with spanner. Keeps your mind off everything. Nothing like it since the Coalition Government.

Sign The Daily Boom Accident Insurance Coupon. All Telephone Users should sign our Accident Coupon. Insures you against getting the right number the first time, and all similar accidents.

Don't enter a Telephone Box without signing. You may never come out again.

Remember the Coupon must be found on the Body.

The Daily Boom PAYS YOU Two Pounds A WEEK while waiting for a number on the Telephone.

Sign Now. . . Then Wait.

Our Allusionists.

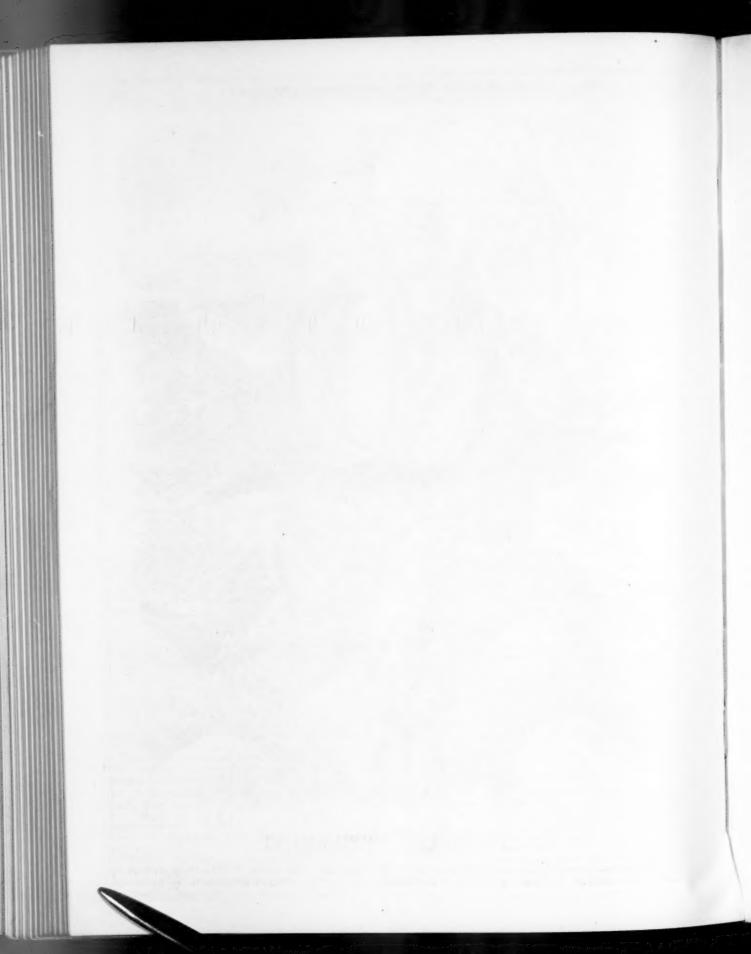
"Fishermen, as a rule, are not house-birds, and even in stormy days, when awaiting the subsidence of the tempest, they are invariably to be found in the neighbourhood of the harbour-like Mark Topley-waiting for 'some-thing to turn up.' "-Scottish Paper.

An occupation, which would have afforded Mr. Micowber an opportunity of being "jolly."



A TEMPORARY RETIREMENT.

Mr. Lloyd George (on his native hills). "IT'S A RELIEF TO GET THIS THING OFF FOR A BIT; BUT AFTER A TIME I EXPECT I SHOULD FEEL THE DRAUGHT."





THIS IS NOT THE CULMINATING SCENE FROM THE SEVENTEEN-REEL FILM, "THE MODERN CLEOPATRA," IT IS MR, SMITH (OUR WINDOW-DRESSER) ARRANGING HIS LATEST CREATION.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 6th .- The Commons were informed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that the PRIME MINISTER was nursing a bad cold and would not be present. Sir WILLIAM DAVISON was particularly distressed, for he had prepared a series of searching inquiries regarding the activities of the Cabinet Press Bureau, and found the LEADER OF THE House blissfully unaware of its existence. "What, no dope?" ejaculated, in effect, the astonished Sir WILLIAM. To which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN majestically replied, "We are our own Publicity Department. My hon, friend will find our policy and attitude defined in our speeches.

The Government oil-wells have not turned out quite so gushing as the forecasts. Mr. BRIDGEMAN said that only one is now producing, and its product in six months amounted to no more than seventy-eight tons. In the circumstances the Government have decided not to exercise their rights under the Petroleum Production Act "further than may be necessary to prevent in-

implied warning did not prevent Mr. L'ESTRANGE MALONE from putting a



"We are our own Publicity Department." MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

discriminate or improper boring." The Supplementary Question, which the SPEAKER disallowed as irrelevant.

"Any other news about the peace in Ireland?" asked Mr. RONALD MCNEILL after the Colonial Secretary had aunounced a sanguinary attack on the police in Tipperary and the occupation of half of Limerick (including the local lunatic asylum) by rebel Republicans. History is apparently trying to repeat itself in "The City of the Broken Treaty.'

No wonder Mr. CHURCHILL thought that Colonel NEWMAN'S anxiety for an improvement in the orthography of Erse might wait a more convenient season, and did not even respond to Mr. Devlin's suggestion of "an Irish class for Die-hards.'

Time was when it was the function of Lord Hugh CECIL to moderate the extravagances of his young friend Win-STON. Now the rôles are reversed, and it is Lord Hugh who is corrected, more in sorrow than in anger, by his former pupil. But Lord Hugh enjoyed one little score. He had been rebuked for suggesting that the only explanation of a certain article in the Agreement the Irish delegates at two o'clock in the morning at some date in December.' But shortly afterwards it appeared that the Conference had omitted to insert the date in question, which thereupon had to be added. So the Agreement, after all, was amended.

Tuesday, March 7th .- Lord Newton complained that a British private attached to the Military Control Commission received as much in a month as the Hungarian Prime Minister did in a year. His figures, mostly given in marks and kronen, sounded very impressive; but, in asserting that the Commissions were largely responsible for the chaos in the Continental ex- still casts a gloom over the Commons, views on the necessity of drastically

changes, he attempted to prove more than Lord CRAWFORD would admit.

I trust that the strain of responsibility for Irish affairs is not causing Mr. Churchill to lose his nerve. In reply to a demand that he should "take action" against disturbers of the peace he replied, "I might easily take action which would be unwise." Is not this modesty a little ominous?

Sir CHARLES OMAN protested that the surcharge on the Irish stamps was printed in such a way as to deface His Ma-JESTY's head, and, worse still. that the word supposed to mean "provisional" really meant "preposterous." But Mr. Kel-LAWAY declined to pit his knowledge of Erse against that of the Postmaster-General of Dail Eireann.

The House was surprised to learn from Mr. HARMSWORTH what a large number of foreign refugees - Russians, Armenians and even Turks-this

country was still harbouring, looked forward to the time when these Lord Robert Cecil, usually so anxious to extend the functions of the League, showed surprisingly little enthusiasm.

Wednesday, March 8th .- When the LORD CHANCELLOR falls upon the common fate he will require no other monument than the Law of Property Bill, which already attains the dimensions of a good-sized tomb-stone. Meanwhile he exhibits no sign of failing power, and indeed displayed a marked liveliness in replying to a characteristic diatribe by Lord Carson, who had accused the Government of surrendering remnant, though he deliberately denied to the I.R.A. and deserting the R.I.C. Seventeen times, declared Lord BIRKEN- for passing it. The Third Reading was

was that it had been inserted "to soothe the word "humiliation," but that did not make the taunt a true one.

Lord WEMYSS gave the Peers a taste of the humour with which he used to delight the Commons over the Derbyday adjournments in the 'eighties. His theme was the wastefulness of slaughtering cattle afflicted or associated with foot-and-mouth disease instead of giving them a chance of recovery. It were as reasonable, supposing he developed influenza while Lord ANCASTER was dining with him, to kill the noble lord as well as himself. Lord ANCASTER refrained from taking up this argumentum ad hominem.



VICE-VERSA.

LORD HUGH CECIL AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

He For the Coalition-Unionists, however, that a very high type of recruit was nese it has been slightly lifted by the victory required for the R.A.F. The Financial liabilities would be taken over by the of their candidate at Wolverhampton. League of Nations, a prospect for which | Captain Wedgwood Benn, on hearing that the Government had no intention of introducing Proportional Representation, rashly inquired how, then, Conservatives were to show their feelings. "As at Wolverhampton," replied Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; and Captain BENN for once had no rejoinder ready.

Considering the triteness of the subject the speeches delivered on the final stage of the Free State (Agreement) Bill were fresher than one could reasonably have expected. Captain REDMOND gave it the blessing of the old Nationalist the Government any particle of credit HEAD, had his learned brother used eventually carried by 295 to 52.

Thursday, March 9th .- If Mr. Mon. TAGU had scored the deciding goal in the battle of the 'Spurs this afternoon he could hardly have evoked more enthusiasm than greeted the announcement of his retirement from office. It was a tribute to a forceful but not altogether popular personality, and also perhaps a grateful recognition of his services in compelling the Coalition Cabinet to rescue from the lumber-heap the once sacrosanct doctrine of "collective responsibility."

The PRIME MINISTER, when he learned that, without consulting the Cabinet. the Indian Secretary had authorised The possibility of a General Election | the Delhi authorities to publish their

amending the Turkish Treaty, acted with characteristic promptitude and vigour. A bull in the other fellow's chinashop may be an amusing object, but not when he threatens your own priceless Sèvres. Like the Prince in Romeo and Juliet he seems to have remarked :-

"And, Montagu, come you this afternoon

To know our further pleasure in this case;

and this afternoon the culprit found himself "That banish'd haughty Montagu."

Captain GUEST's attention was called to the fact that eighteen thousand pounds had been spent on advertising the attractions of the Royal Air Force, and that about six thousand recruits had been secured, whereas the corresponding figures in the case of the Army were four thousand pounds and forty thousand men. Why should one kind of man cost thirty times as much as the other? Capt. GUEST explained

Secretary of the War Office, sitting beside him, smiled at this explanation. But it was fully justified by Mr. Chur-CHILL's subsequent statement on the Near East. In future, it appears, the defence of Iraq and Palestine depends upon armies literally, and not metaphorically, "in the air," with the pleasing result to the tax-payer that as the aeroplanes go up the Estimates will come down.

Claude Shepperson.

Mr. Punch begs to call the attention of the many lovers of the late CLAUDE Shepperson's art to the Exhibition of his work that has opened this week at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.

"TINKER, TAILOR . . ."

(A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE KING'S REMEMBRANCER.

Pity the King's Remembrancer, The man has lost his wits; He keeps on buying Almanacks

And tearing them to bits; He is trying to remember

All the birthdays for the King; And, of course, in such a Family It is a dreadful thing. He is trying to remember The 7th of December,

Or else it is the 3rd of June-At any rate it's very soon, And Somebody must go and buy

A book for Princess Mary Or get the little Prince of Wales A rabbit or canary.

He tears his hair, but, bless you, It's nothing to the scene For weeks before that Special Day I mean the 26th of May,

The Birthday of the Queen. At last, when he is nearly sure His Majesty's forgotten it, At night when all the Palace sleeps Up to the Royal Room he creeps And silent, tiptoe, like a thief, Removes the Royal Handkerchief

And ties a great big knot in it. A. P. II.

RECITALS À LA MODE.

(With acknowledgment to the candid critic of " The Times.")

THERE is much to admire, but more to condemn, in Miss Gerda Blimp's singing (Podolian Hall, Wednesday). Her intonation is sadly "to seek," as Porson might have said; or, to adapt DRYDEN'S well-known couplet :-

"Some singers grant our ears a transient boon, But Gerda seldom deviates into tune.

People who in no circumstances can ever sing in tune are not entitled to a public hearing; it was denied them by our grandfathers, who simply ran away. But in those years singers made a real study of it-from five to fifteen years. And their excessive and inordinate preoccupation with pitch often sterilized their intelligence. They hit the note every time, but missed nearly every-thing else. They knew a good deal about MENDELSSOHN, but nothing about MENDEL. They had heard of GLUCK, but they lived before FREUD. Monte Carlo was beginning to swim into their ken, but Montessori to them was still a sealed book.

Not that Miss Blimp never sings in tune. There are many moments in which she is not more than a quarter of a tone sharp or flat, and on rare occasions she lands plumb in the middle of a note with an effect only compar-



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE PROHIBITION OF ANIMAL PERFORMANCES BILL IS PASSED.

of a green oasis in a sultry Sahara. Nothing is so refreshing as the unexpected, and these green spots in her vocal spectrum are indescribably welcome and even touching. Apart from this, if you can turn your mind's ear away from the defects of her intonation, a song. She makes one different from As Crabbe says somewhereanother, and the beginning different from the end. Indeed in her treatment of the dénoiment she is as fertile in surprises as O. HERRY. Though her voice lacks beauty it is rich in colour; not the iridescent hues of a peacock's tail, but the fierce clashing tints of a Marinettian kaleidoscope.

Again, though we do not actually hear more than two consecutive words (ex-

able to that of the sudden appearance cept in her English songs), we gather from the shape of the song that she has understood and weighed them. It used to be said of the great MOLTKE that he could be silent in six languages; Miss Blimp can be vocal in nine. On Wednesday she sang in Greek (ancient and modern), Latin, American, English, Miss Blimp can make a good deal of Russian, Gaelie, Basque and Bantu.

> "Nine different tongues, some living and some dead,

Were all contained within one little head." In the face of such polyglot proficiency criticism is disarmed if not silenced. It may be all right, but it is rather fun at times to feel the force of the words and to know that we have a Briton and not a cosmopolitan in front of us.

That the nomenclature of our concert-



Lady, "I'LL ASK MY HUSBAND TO CATCH YOUR HORSE IF I CAN FIND HIM." Unrecognisable Sportsman (emerging from very muddy brook). "I AM YOUR HUSBAND."

halls is in need of drastic revision was he seems to be acting on the orders of rather than of Golconda or Silverado. abundantly shown by the recital given in Wigmore Hall last Tuesday by M. Boleslas Biffsky and Mlle. Irma Gorm-Squintzschler. In view of the facts that M. Biffsky wears his hair closely cropped and that his partner's chevelure is severely "bobbed," one cannot help feeling that "Wigless" would be a name more in harmony with the spirit of the times than Wigmore. The plain fact is that musicians no longer rely on capillary attraction. We still have lions, but they discard their manes.

For the rest, this recital gave us an excellent object-lesson in the vitaminizing effect of rhythmic control on temperaments in which the subconscious might otherwise submerge the rational self of the performer. It is true, as we were informed in the programme, that both artists are vegetarians, and this prompts a discussion of the thorny problem as to how far the adoption of a wholemeal diet affects the use of the wholetone scale; but this may be deferred to a more convenient opportunity.

M. Biffsky comes before us not as a creator but as an interpreter, and as such he inspires mingled emotions and mixed metaphors. He hits a powerful tee-shot but he does not always keep on

crew to take two reefs in the stovepipe and cast the mainmast overboard. In other words his rubato is fuliginous, and the lack of a sound architectonic basis robs his phrasing of red corpuscular cohesion. The function of music is to restore our faith in an underlying justice of life. M. Biffsky fails to reconcile the antinomies of existence; rather does he widen the gulf between We liked him best in the Albanian Rhapsody dedicated to Prenk Bib Doda; and in Medtner's "Miasma." But his reading of a gigue by Arcangelo Corelli was suggestive of The Sorrows of Satan, and in his hands BACH's Chromatic Fantasia sounded like an animated conversation in the fo'c's'le of a whaler.

Mlle. Squintzschler's contributions to the programme, if not exactly suited to a country congregation, at least possessed the merit of vivacity. The group of satirical songs by Derek Sprott is vulgar without being funny, but it cannot justly be alleged that Mile. Squintzschler emphasized their canaillerie. She is not a female Chrysostom, nor does she recall the "silvern sweetness" of Melba: indeed her voice sug-

the lunatic skipper who ordered his Her intonation is faulty, her phrasing spasmodic, and her breathing gusty. Negatively considered, however, she has one point to be recorded in her favour. There are some singers so bad that one longs for them to pass at once into the eternal silence. Mlle. Squintzschler, on the other hand, makes us wish that she would sing better; we've got the idea that with long study she might possibly become endurable to the naked ear. This is not much, but it is something; and no honest critic can deny her the benefit of the possibility.

SYZYGY.

THE fame of David Llewellyn Rees had been told in Stellenbosch and published in the streets of Auckland (N.Z.). At Inverleith and at Twickenham tens of thousands of Scottish and English cheeks had been known to pale when "Llew," out there on the right wing, took his pass. He could side-step like Fortune and hand-off like an Editor. He was perhaps the world's greatest right wing. His short upper-lip was resolute as his character, and he was modest and not given to words.

Yet until the other Saturday he had the pretty. There are moments when gests the product of the Cassiterides not found entire favour in the eyes of Miss Myfanwy Evans, qualified instructor under the Hornsey Council. Educationally she found him wanting. And who had a better right to be educationally exigent than Myfanwy? Had she not recently become possessed of her "parchment"? And was not this the seal of a glorious career which included as a mere landmark the Oxford Senior?

Specifically it was Llew's vocabulary that was deficient. How could one cognizant of the mysteries of Method, Logic and Psychology as Applied to Teaching (when will it be?) be proud of a husband who stared at you blankly if you used a word not of the commonest?

Yet Llew still had hopes. On those Saturdays when he was not battling for the Principality against Kingdoms, Dominions and Powers, he upheld the glory of the Land of His Fathers in the ranks of the Metropolitan Cambrians. And Myfanwy still loved to watch him.

So Llew, having communed with his own heart, bought a reading-lamp and a dictionary. I have mentioned the resolution of his upper-lip.

"For purely eleemosynary reasons you might capitulate," he put it to her one Saturday afternoon after a prolonged lucubration with the lexicon on the previous night.

"Educationally, as in all else, a husband should be his wife's superior," she replied firmly, "and I 've known that word ever since I was confirmed."

So Llew lived more laborious nights.

The Metropolitan Caledonians had been met and vanquished. Llew had turned defeat into victory, and Myfanwy had quivered with admiration. A little later, when they met by appointment in a tea-shop, a new confidence sat on his line.

"Oh, Llew, you were wonderful-divine!" she exclaimed.

All right-wings are opportunists. But geniuses make their opportunities, and Lilew was a genius.

"Not to say heavenly," he retorted, dashing for the line.

"Heavenly, Llew."

"Then syzygy cannot be deferred."

he replied promptly.

He had not expected to work it off so quickly.

"What cannot be deferred?" she questioned.

"Syzygy."

"And what is that, Llew?"

"Syzygy," he explained airily, "is the conjunction of two heavenly bodies. We can be married at Easter."

And next Saturday Myfanwy, having in the meantime verified his erudition in her own dictionary, said "Yes."



Mabel, "MUNNY, MAY I HAVE AN ORANGE? I FEEL RATHER FRUILESS."

WHITEWASHING WHITEHALL.

A CIVIL SERVANT'S PROTEST.

[An indignant correspondent complains in a contemporary that the "average taxpayer works for Whitehall one-third of his time in order, amongst other things, to pay for the disgraceful Civil Service bonus."]

THE wretched taxpayer, it would ap-

"Works for Whitehall"—a telling phrase (admitted)—

One-third his time or four months in the year,

And seems to think that he is to be pitied.

I work not only for but in Whitehall, Am I to get no sympathy at all?

I work beneath the shadow of the "Axe,"

And have to pay, as you're aware, of course, Sir,

Like other citizens, the Income-Tax,

Which is, alas! "collected at the source," Sir,

And consequently share the common onus

Of paying for my own "disgraceful bonus."

"We have burnt our boats and we must sail onward." - Young India.

It has long been suspected that Mr. GANDHI and his associates resembled those other heroes who "went to sea in a sieve, they did."

"S.S. Caronia of 24,000 tons, left New York on January 28, with 350 persons; she is due at Alexandria, February 21 and at Haifa on February 22 where she will visit Nazareth and Tiberias and then come on to Jerusalem by car."—Egyptian Paper.

This remarkable vessel will in future be known as "the ship of the desert."

WHEN TIME IS MONEY.

"IT isn't often," said Rennie, "that as one gets older one wants inordinately to meet anybody new, but I must con-Russian dancer, exceedingly magnetic. I don't mean that I lost my head over her; passion is extinct in this ageing frame: but her dancing fascinated me, and, when it was my privilege to meet her, her personality fascinated me even more: her beauty, ber charm, her witty broken English. And when, although there were half-a-dozen good-looking young blades in the room, she particularly singled me out with an invitation to come in again and consider myself as always welcome, I was considerably bucked. I can tell you.

"As it happened, however, I was able only to go round once or twice again, because I was called away from London, and when I got back the season was over and no one could tell where the dancers had gone. Some said Monte Carlo, some said Madrid; no

one knew for certain.

"To make my story clear, I must now interpolate a few remarks on the politeness of princes-in a word, punctuality. Because it was this Russian lady who cured me of it. Long ago I set myself a standard of punctuality which I must confess it was an infernal bore to keep up, but which I managed to stick to with some success and not a little detriment to my character; for the unpunctual assured me I was becoming in consequence more self-satisfied and offensive every day. People who are always punctual are like people who are always in the right: unbearable. All the same, I stuck to it and was very well pleased with myself in consequence."

"Oh, well," I said, "I don't see why you should take any credit for it. It's no more admirable for one man to be always punctual than it is for another to be always late. It's largely nature, or destiny, with both parties. I am always late, not on principle, although I believe it to be in most cases a wise move (if you're late for dinner, for example, you get it sooner than the people who arrived on the tick, and I'd rather spend the waiting time in a taxi with a cigarette than formally in a drawing-room), but because I am not allowed not to be late. Fate has decreed it. It's in the blood. My great-uncle was always late; and when he came to be buried he was twenty minutes behind time. The ruling passion strong in death! And now even—yes, such is the persistence of this characteristic—the daffodils on his grave come up exactly a fortnight after all the others in the cemetery have finished. But go on with your story."

exhibiting signs of impatience. "Where was I when you dragged your great-uncle in? Oh, yes, I remember. Well, punctuality was my strong suit, and at that fess to finding Madame Bimilova, the time I had a friend who was completely with me in the practice of this virtue. It was our pride not only to be punctual, but to be exactly punctual. If I asked him to dine at the club at eight, he arrived just sufficiently before that hour to be able to take off his coat and hat and to be announced at the precise moment. It is no fun to be early; anyone can be early, although very few people are; but to be punctual—that was a real adventure! We carried our keenness so far that there was an arrangement between us that the one who was late paid the other a pound a minute as a fine.'

"Considering how full life is of accident and the unexpected, that was rather

a risky step, wasn't it?" I asked.
"It was," he replied. "But we laid our plans accordingly. Knowing that most of the London streets are now in the hands of workmen we should, were we still competing, naturally allow ourselves plenty of margin if we were driving to one of these critical appointments. And that brings me to the point of this story.

"One morning-I am talking of two or three years ago-I was due at my friend's house for lunch at 1.30. I took all the precautions and arrived in the neighbourhood at 1.20. He lives in Portman Square, and I walked quietly up and down a side street until it was 1.27. I then advanced upon his door and at 1.28 was just turning to mount his steps when I heard my name called-'Mr. Rennie! Mr. Rennie!'-in the prettiest foreign accent imaginable.

"Glancing round, I saw that a taxi was drawn up and in it was the adorable

Bimilova.

"I say 'adorable,' but at that moment I wished her in Siberia. No appearance could ever have been more inopportune. The woman that I had so longed to meet again was the last thing on earth that I wanted at that moment. She was an enemy to my pride; threatening my prestige; playing into the hands of my rival.

"I had, however, to go over and greet

" 'You are fickle,' she said. 'You left me.

"I explained why I had not been to see her any more.

"'I missed you,' she said. 'Every evening I looked in vain. I thought I must have said something to vex you.'

" I assured her that this could never be the case; but I was paying her only half attention, my most intent thoughts

"I will," said Rennie, who had been being on the clock, on my broken reputation and on the financial aspect of

> " 'Just a moment,' she said, opening the door of the taxi. 'Do come in just for a moment. I have something important to say.

> "'I'm awfully sorry,' I began, 'but I'm due here to lunch. They'll be waiting.' I was intensely mortified to catch a glimpse of my friend's face at the window.

> "'Only just a moment,' she urged. No one expects you to be absolutely punctual.' And I weakly gave way.

"She then began her story. The season had ended suddenly and left her high and dry. No plans had been made for the future. The manager had not paid her salary. Living in London was very costly. In short, would I lend her twenty pounds? I had seemed so kind, she looked upon me as a friend. Could she have been mistaken? No!

"It was a quarter to two when I entered my friend's house, vowing to myself as I did so that I would never take the slightest interest in punctu-

ality again.

"'You're fifteen minutes late,' he

"'I know,' I replied. 'I regret it deeply, but it wasn't my fault. I'll send you a cheque. All my readymoney has gone.'

HOW TO PRESERVE ROMANCE.

[A daily paper declares that "married women should insist on their husbands taking them to a dance at least once a week, to foster the romantic spirit, which is apt to die a sudden death when subjected to matrimony."]

Now Mabel and I are united We will not consider as dead The pastimes in which we delighted In seasons before we were wed; Unstaled by the years in their cycle,

Romance shall remain on its throne, While she does the fox-trot with Michael

And I go a-jazzing with Joan.

In me she shall ever discover A charm that is able to rouse The tenderness felt for a lover,

But not (some allege) for a spouse; No boredom will lay its embargo On a glamour that never can die As long as I one-step with Margot While she's tickle-toeing with Guy.

Shall our first happy rapture diminish? Not so, if this scheme we employ; Though the rest of the week may be

thinnish, One eve shall be given to joy; Our hearts will be tuned to a metre That goes with a gallant refrain, While she is apacheing with Peter And I'm sitting out with Elaine.



Hostess. "It was most amusing last night. I'd no idea your husband was such a brilliant after-dinner speaker." Visitor. "Ah, but you've never heard him before breakfast!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The greater part of Mr. E. F. Benson's Peter (Cassell) gave me just the same tingle of delight that I used to get out of that early masterpiece, The Babe, B.A. It is a zest at once righteous and irresponsible, and I can only compare it to the pleasure of waking half-an-hour too soon and having a legitimate interval to turn over and stretch myself before, by the sternest canons, it is time to get up. Some such spell of virtuous relaxation I certainly got over Peter-over the inimitable Benson crowd, now divided (by the War) into the old worldlings who "talked eagerly about dull things like politics and prices," and the young worldlings who were "flippant in the modern way about interesting things; "over that colossal humbug, Peter's artistfather, the sentimental product of the first camp; and over Peter himself and Nellie, the cynical protagonists of the second. But when Sylvia, who belonged temperamentally to the old world and only chronologically to the new, married Peter and, finding him nothing but a pleasant animal, set to work to fit him with idealist improvements, -well, I felt that Mr. Benson was trying to let in the cold daylight in order to make me get up. And frankly—if he doesn't mind my saying so—I regard such a proceeding on his part as ultra vires.

Nobody can justly complain that Mr. J. D. Beresford's faculty for the invention of queer types is deserting him. His latest is a Mr. Kenyon, a nonagenarian, rich and horrible, with a morbid craving for power over other people's lives.

He keeps his fine house full of relatives, who are allowed the best food, drink, cigars and games, but no cash. These are The Prisoners of Hartling (Collins), as poor-spirited a lot of loafers as could well be got together, the one hope sustaining them being, naturally, the thought that the old man can't last very long. The old man is, however, insufferably spry and healthy. A young doctor, a distant relative of the Kenyons, practising in the wilds of Peckham, is lured into this odd group and finds himself slowly being overwhelmed by the luxurious living and the inevitable sense of great expectations. One clear-eyed member of the forlorn household, the youngest, old Kenyon's grand-daughter, opens the doctor's eyes to the degradation of the business and incidentally to her own charms. I'll not spoil your enjoyment by giving any hint of the ingenious catastrophe contrived by Mr. Beresford, but will only say that, though I began with fairly serious doubts about the plausibility of the whole affair, these were removed by his skilful handling, especially of the unhappy ending which an extra paragraph or two might so easily have spoiled. A very clever exercise in the art of suspense.

Corona Trent, the heroine of Mrs. Rosita Forbes' novel, The Jewel in the Lotus (Cassell), is one of those unfortunate mondaines who oscillate wildly between extreme sophistication and extreme savagery, without being able—like the duck-billed platypus—to make up her mind as to her final category. Most of us tend to these extremes nowadays; but while the average woman is content with Mile End and Margate, or Kensington and Cannes, nothing short of Berkeley Square and the Sahara is good enough for Corona.

a very vital young personage indeed, she is essentially one of those half-animated people who take a great deal of outside friction to keep up any interior glow at all. And certainly the friction is not lacking, for Corona rubs up against some very strange experiences in her search for "force and health and vitality." She starts by divorcing an unfaithful husband in Edinburgh, trayels from Morocco to Abyssinia, becomes the mistress (1) of an attaché in Vienna; (2) of a financier in London; marries "an immaculate person in blue serge," and finally leaves him for the desert. Her escapades have their pathos as well as their perversity, but I must say I prefer Mrs. Forbes' own adventures to those of Corona, and regret that she has abandoned the reticences of autobiography for so rococo a type of fiction.

"George had not been the champion middle-weight of

you would expect to find in a book called His Grace Gives Notice (METHUEN), and I may as well admit at once that most of the things that the title suggests Lady TROUBRIDGE has generously provided. What is unexpected is that, in this story of George Berwick, the Canadian soldier who, when he is demobilized, becomes Lord Rannock's footman and afterwards turns out. to his own surprise and everyone else's consternation, to be the missing heir to the Dukedom of St. Bevis, there should be, as there is, a touch of that true spirit of romance which can lift even a book burdened with such a plot as this above the common level. Of course George is in love with Cynthia, his master's daughter, and of course she is very proud

and very rude to the footman in the days when no one has an inkling that greatness will be thrust upon him, and very unbending to the Duke after the secret is out. I rather gathered that her bad manners and undignified behaviour arose from her sub-conscious appreciation of the fact that she had been, unwillingly, falling in love with her father's servant. But however her sub-conscious self may have been occupied her conscious self decided finally to elope with a man of doubtful antecedents and great wealth, of whom her family justly disapproved; but the Duke, when taking the place of this fellow's valet, rescues her just in time and brings her at last to her senses and his own faithful arms. Of its kind this is quite an excellent book, though very discriminating readers may not greatly admire its kind.

I do not often risk my money on such things, but I am prepared to wager a modest half-crown that the author of A Soul's Comedy (LANE) is not the man she would have us suppose. In the first place, she calls herself George STEVENSON, and "George" has been suspect ever since the days of George Eliot. In the second place I invite the careful reader's attention to the singularly involved sentence at the top of page 11. Thirdly, my brethren, and They sound much more like young females.

From this you may gather that, though she thinks herself lastly-we are dealing with a clerical novel-no hand but a woman's could have traced so lovingly the anamic lineaments of Frank Bowood, Vicar of Fairthorn, whose career and final conversion to Rome this book purports to describe. A man would have had no patience with the Rev. Frank, who is only saved from marrying his pretty housemaid by his aunt's common sense. The girl had fainted in his arms and he had kissed her; after which there was nothing for it but to offer marriage, much as he would have pre-ferred celibacy. However, he allowed his aunt to bully him out of this and into another match; then he permitted the widow of a parishioner to show him the path to Rome. The quoted reviews of former works by the same author display a singular unanimity in speaking of "Mr. Stevenson" and of "his" really remarkable literary gifts. I mistrust them. The author is a lady who knows something about the working of a country parish. She has a genius his regiment for nothing." This is the sort of thing that for circumlocution, but no great literary ability. She can

draw a clergyman's wife and daughters, or a baronet's widow. But her men, clerical or not, are lay figures.

Volcano (METHUEN) proves-if proof is needed after Pengard Awakes that Mr. RALPH STRAUS is a novelist whose work is worth watching and waiting for. In this new book, which rather unnecessarily is called a "frolic," he shows his readers clearly enough what his views are, but he never insists upon them; and I like him for that. To the end he remains a referee, with only a slight partiality for the home side. Miss Belt, the heroine of this remarkable story, was over forty when her history begins, and as prim a maiden-lady as ever dispensed charity and justice (as she conceived it) in a

"sleepy inland spa." In those days it is hardly too much to say that she thought herself almost divine; not indeed a goddess to be loved, but one to be feared by some and respected by all. Then, in an amazing manner, she became human, developing frailties such as any one of us might conceivably possess, but still retaining a courage beyond most mortals. Presumably this transformation is what Mr. STRAUS refers to when he calls his book a "frolic;" but it is a good deal more than that, and I recommend it unreservedly for its humour and sense of character and because the author says something that has a meaning and says it intelligibly.



New York Tailor. "ABOUT THE HIP POCKET, SIR-PINT OR HALF-PINT?"

"Pair beautiful Black Pekinese Pups; white gloves and white waistcoats; seen London."—Advt. in Daily Paper.

We feel bound to warn intending purchasers that late dinner will probably be expected.

Canadian Paper.

[&]quot;The Belgian Congo and its adjacent Lado Enclave proved a veritable diamond dump for hunters, inasmuch as these territories were overrun by what are generally known as 'rouge' elephants, but which were really old males chased out of the various herds."

CHARIVARIA.

"I AM a great believer in the Government," said Lady Aston last week. that these cars can find their way home. from frost-nip. It is denied that The Daily Mail has decided to have these words set to music.

a seat on the council of the Brighter As he complained of a pain it is thought London Society, and not two, as was originally thought.

There is some talk of a new daily paper, to be devoted exclusively to accident insurance matters, so shamefully crowded out of ordinary newspapers. The title proposed for it is The Death's Head Gazette.

An eminent veteran actor has expressed the opinion that development of the vocal organs is conducive to longevity. How widely this belief is shared is shown by the large and increasing number of people who consider it more healthy to watch football than to play it.

A lady recently appeared as "best man" at a London wedding. Amongst those also present was the bridegroom.

A weekly paper tells us that CARPENTIER has taken to writing poetry. His trainer is anxious to find out who started this cruel rumour.

"The doctors of Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia," we are told, "have discovered that ether will stop hiccoughs." In spite of Prohibition, Americans also know what will start them.

Mr. Charles Cochran has decided that he will not give free seats to representatives of the Press in future. It is Press will be abolished.

"A Ping-Pong Club has been formed at Oxford University," says The Daily News. No wonder people are asking what the War made the world safe for.

A weman has written to The Daily Express to say that she has had whooping-cough twice. We understand, however, that they are not giving the O.B.E. for this sort of thing now.

A Ford motor-car last week dashed drawn when the weather turned colder.

On admission to Matlock Hospital a boy was found to have swallowed a nail, a florin, half a set of false teeth, a Mr. G. K. Chesterton is to be given toy pig, a padlock and some halfpennies. that his illness was caused by something he had been eating.



"I'VE COME IN ANSWER TO THE ADVERTISEMENT FOR A LADY-PARLOURMAID."

"THE MISTRESS IS HOUT, BUT I'LL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER I'M THE GENTLEMAN-BUTLER. ANY QUESTIONS.

bundred years has declined an attractive offer to go on the stage. It is said that not thought likely, however, that the after careful consideration the dear old lady declined on the ground that it would be unfair to compete with professional chorus ladies.

> A man has been caught with a drug concealed in a fountain pen. The supposition is that he was connected with the Dope Press that we have heard so anglaise, va parattre un bulletin mensuel." much about.

Ice-cream barrows appeared recently in South London streets, but were with- account of "The Lady of the Lamp."

through the plate glass of a Ford depôt It is hoped that this precaution may at Etou. This supports the contention have been in time to save the stuff

> The Polish President has been presented with a Latvian decoration called the "Bear-tearer." For Stock Exchange Bulls it sounds a handy thing to have about the House.

A pianist who has been giving recitals

in London is said to be a grandson of the inventor of the Morse code. It is only among amateurs, however, that the dash-dot method of rendering Chopin and others has really caught on.

The Cannes correspondent of an evening paper reports that many well-known people are seen every day. There would seem to be a tendency to break away from the Riviera custom of only going out after dark, heavily disguised.

The Daily News has discovered a poetic charwoman. We are not astonished; we are accustomed to being reminded by a chorus of scrubbers that "the hounds of spring are on winter's traces.'

The Vikings of Norway, a weekly paper tells us, were the real discoverers of Amorica. So Columbus was innocent after all.

Brighter London.

"Gentleman desires small Furnished Cottage, modern. Three minutes from Charing Cross Station, near golf course

Daily Paper.

"Three Senile Ladies by birth cau be Received into a Lady's Country House."-Advt. in Daily Paper.

An old lady of Glasgow aged one This would have suited Gilbert's "Elderly Infant," who "died an enfeebled old dotard at five."

The Result of Prohibition?

Liverpool Customs B/Entry:-"Cedric @ New York .- 9 cases dry noodles,"

"Journaux.-- 'La dame à la langue'; sous ce titre, qui n'est autre que le surnom donné à miss Nightingale, la célèbre infirmière Paris Paper.

We fear our contemporary must have been reading Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY'S

MOLLIE'S BANK.

During our brief walk to the bank I explained to Mollie the simple rites to be observed when withdrawing five pounds from her account. You see, Mollie has only recently opened an account with the branch of the bank where I keep my small delicate-looking but intensely wiry overdraft, and she does not understand how to withdraw according to plan (as we used to say in the Great War). Now there's no man in England who knows more about with- or over-drawing than I do. So I was fully competent to explain.

"You quite understand?" I asked her. She smiled indulgently. It was hard to believe that she had been listening to me, yet she was utterly ignorant of all things appertaining to finance. She was wearing a little Russian cap and was looking particularly smart and charming—like some ethereal moujik that never was on sleigh or droshky. There was a bright colour in her cheeks; I suppose the consciousness of a credit balance has a bracing effect. I myself am always rather pallid.

"I'll go in with you," I reassured her when we reached the bank's portals, "just to give you confidence." Banks often have an overawing effect on women.

I walked straight up to the counter and said to the cashier, "My wife wants to . . ." when I observed with some little annoyance that Mollie had gone to the other cashier. I twitched at her sleeve, but she shook her head and whispered, "He's got a red moustache," and remained where she was. I shrugged my shoulders. To me, one cashier is very like another—they all scrutinise my cheques with humiliating suspicion—but I suppose the personal element invariably enters into every feminine transaction.

"Good morning," said Mollie to the cashier who hadn't got a red (or any other tinted) moustache.

I started involuntarily. It was a long time since Mollie had said "Good morning" to me like that. I mean, it was as though she was thinking of what she was saving.

"Good morning," said the shaven cashfer earnestly, with a reverent inclination of the head.

Mollie's eyes swept the desks behind the counter. "Good morning," she said, and enraptured "Good mornings" came in response from half-a-dozen up-bobbed heads. Then Mollie leaned over the counter and enveloped the cashier in a confidential regard. The cashier inclined slightly forward and submitted himself luxuriously to the enveloping movement. I coughed drily.

"I put some money in here a few days ago," whispered Mollie.

The cashier nodded gravely. "I remember the circumstance perfectly," he assured her.

"Well, is it all right? You—you've still got it, I mean?" Mollie's voice was positively wheedling. I emitted a short hard laugh. The eashier gave me an ice-cold glance.

"It is quite all right," he soothed Mollie in a perfect counter-side manner; "I have it here," and, pulling forth his till, he plunged one hand into a bowl of pleasantly jingling coins and the other into a sheaf of alluringly crinkly notes. Mollie sighed her satisfaction.

"Well," she pleaded, "may I have five pounds of it?"

"Of course you can," I burst in pettishly. "Write out a cheque for the sum in the way I told you."

"That will not be necessary," said the cashier with a contemptuous flick of the eye at me. "I'll write out the cheque for you."

"Oh, thank you," breathed Mollie, and maddened me by duplicating the cashier's flick. "You see you don't know everything"—that's what the flick flicked. The cashier whisked out a cheque from the drawer and scribbled for a moment.

"Just sign it at the foot, please," he insinuated. "Just your name, that's all." There were four pens sticking out of the ink-pot. Mollie examined them all closely. None of them seemed to give her satisfaction. Agitated, the cashier borrowed another from a ledger-clerk, but Mollie said it was too hard, and the cashier handed it back to the clerk with a reproachful look. Then the red-moustached cashier, obviously anxious to obliterate the crimson stain, humbly presented his own fountain-pen.

"Oh, how kind of you!" breathed Mollie. And the man was transfigured. Mollie put out her tongue—not in rudeness, but to help her to write.

"Shall I sign' Mollie' or just' M.'?"
The cashier struggled with an overmastering emotion. "'Mollie,'" he choked at last. "Yes,' Mollie.' And on the back of the cheque, too. 'Mollie.'"

I frowned heavily. The cheque was a bearer one. The fellow simply wanted an excuse for repeating my wife's name. The next moment five pounds had changed hands. Mollie looked at the money as though fascinated.

"But," she wondered, "how do you know this is my money? It may be someone else's. You're sure you haven't mixed up my money with my husband's?"

From the back of the office there came the sound of a suppressed snigger. I am certain it came from my debit

balance laughing on the wrong side of its account.

"Quite sure," said the cashier with a sort of enchanted sob; "your money is kept quite separate. It—it separates itself as if by—by" (Mollie looked at him wistfully)—"magic," gasped the cashier.

The manager emerged from his room just as we were leaving.

"I've been drawing out some money," smiled Mollie.

"Splendid!" said the manager heartily.
"That's what we're here for. Come as often as you like;" and he ushered us (I was with Mollie, so he couldn't help ushering me too) out.

To reassure myself I glanced at the name of the bank when we reached the street. Yes, it was Boyd's—not Mollie's—Bank, Limited.

THE THREE THINGS.

Wise men, since the making of Earth, In sermon and song have made boast With melody, fervour and mirth,

Of things they have fancied the most; But their rosiest rhapsodies (how can you doubt?)

Seem lit through a lass or a fox or a trout.

King Solomon, wisest of all, A lass was his principal suit,

His mention of foxes is small

And on trout you will find he is

mute:

But I think you'll forgive, since he made us, you see,

The Song of all Songs on the first of the three.

You may open your books, O my sons, Your BECKFORD, your SURTEES, your SMITH,

And read of the fox as he runs

And our joy in his prowess and pith; "Ten thousand cock pheasants a-wing" have been put

At nothing at all to a fox when a-foot!

Here are excellent tomes that I love Fulfilled of a fabric for dreams— Blue sky and a swallow above,

Great trout and the lisping of streams;
"What were April," they say, "though
the daffodils nod,

If Fate don't permit you to put up a rod?"

When the leaf's at its ultimate fall, When the scent has forsaken the rose, "What times were the best times of

all?"
You'll ask, and I'll answer you,
"Those

With a trout on the feed, with a fox nothing loth,

And a lass who would share them—and beat me at both."



ANOTHER PRIVATE LETTER.

THE TUBE (writing to ME. MONTAGE). "DEAR FRIEND,—SINCE TAKING YOUR INDIAN TONIC I AM A NEW MAN. I CANNOT THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR YOUR TACTFUL ASSISTANCE. IF EVER YOU NEED A CHANGE, YOU WILL FIND STAMBOUL A HOME FROM HOME. TRUSTING THAT YOU WILL NOT REGARD THE TONE OF THIS LETTER AS TOO 'HECTORING,' BELIEVE ME, ETC., ETC."



THE REV. SEPTIMUS JOLLIBOY, HAVING READ OF EFFORTS FOR A BRIGHTER LONDON, TRIES TO INTRODUCE A LITTLE GAIETY INTO HIS PARISH VISITING.

FILM STUDIES.

VI .- THE ART OF SUB-TITLES.

Many people who go to the cinema probably believe that their minds are only stirred by the pictures themselves. They do not realise the influence of the beautiful prose which they are obliged to read on the screen. Film producers, however, have no doubts on this point. They understand literature. They know that the "titles" give the key for the piece. If they want you to laugh they use one kind of title; if they want you to cry they use another. Suppose, for instance, we had to film the rather well-known narrative poem :-

"Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a pail of water; Jack fell down and broke his crown And Jill came tumbling after,"

we should, supposing it were desired to treat the situation humorously, intersperse the pictures with sentences something like this :-

Jack loved work about as much as a deacon loves sin.

But he had to have that pail filled before he got any pie.

"Are you in this joint, Jill?"

" Sure thing."

" Us for the pump-trail, then." But they had to throw the limewash

out of that bucket first. And some of it stuck. Hitting the pump-trail.

And we need not have any doubt that the pump-trail would be nearly as steep as the side of a house and so slippery that Jack and Jill would have to go up backwards; or that the pump would shoot out a horizontal jet of then, I think, water so strong that Jill would be knocked into the next picture, and the next, and several pictures beyond that. until she got the idea of running back to the pump as hard as she could along the top of the jet. Very likely some of her clothes would come off. And there we should write simply-

Some pump!

And after that, when Jack and Jill tumbled down, they would tumble for miles and miles over boulders and crags, and into houses and out of them, and through restaurants where they would be covered with pudding, and coal-cellars where they would be covered with coal-dust, and on to the tops

of motor-cars which would dash down still further slopes and get blown up by dynamite and land them down at last flop on to the tram lines, where they would be run over by two or three cars.

But they kept that pail filled all the time.

How very different would be the titles of the story if we wished to make it one of strong dramatic interest, arousing pity and tears! It would be called

BUTTERCUP FARM

and go like this :-

Parched by the pitiless sun of the Western Plains, Buttercup Farm suffers under the ever-dreaded visitation of drought.

As evening fell, Jake, the cowman, had an anxious conference with his master, John Royce.

Jake . . . NAT BUNCE John Royce . . WALLY BURT

Sunset found them still sitting in earnest conclave on a pile of straw. "The old cow will die unless she has

water soon."

"It would break my heart if the old

cow were to die. Where can we get water, Jake?"

Nurtured from earliest boyhood on Buttercup Farm, there is little knowledge about the country that is not known to shrewd old Jake.

"Reckon there's water in the Hobo Lake, Master John."

Lying far away on mountain summits, separated by rocky cañons and yawning gulches, the Hobo Lake was fed by ice-cold perennial springs.

The Hobo Lake.

A great resolution dawns in John Royce's mind.

"I will go and get a pail of water from the Hobo Lake, Jake."

Well knowing how perilous the journey is, Jake tried to dissuade him, but in vain.

And later, in the old homestead, when supper was through, John told the womenfolk of the farm that he must leave them.

Mrs. Royce (John's Mother) Fan Dango Jill (his orphaned cousin) . . Zoe Trope

Star-ray of light in the old home, calves, chickens, ducks and goats came to Jill's call and, poking their soft muzzles into her hand, fed from it without fear.

"If you go up to the Hobo Lake, John, I am coming too,"

" No."

" Yes."

Next morning, taking the old bucket from its rusting nail, they set forth.

Meanwhile, far away in the Hobo Hills, Pete Slack, the half-breed, turned off John Royce's farm for ill-treating an ailing goat, plots revenge.

Pete Slack . . . Ed. Brown

We have not time to go into the whole story, but it is pretty obvious that Pete will hide somewhere in a gulch, probably near the part that yawns, and either push Jack over a precipice or roll him over one with a boulder.

Fortunately the old farm-bucket broke his fall,

Gogged and bound and carried away by Pete on his mountain pony, Jill branded every detail of the swiftlytraversed route into her memory.

And later, at Stark's saloon—

Abe Stark . . . HICK HANK

While Pete is taking a hand at euchre and drinking raw rye whisky, Jill slips out, swings on to his pony and gallops back to the gulch. Then she rides straight over the face of the precipice till the pony stumbles, and they roll together to the very place where John Royce, with a wound in his head, waiting to be staunched by her handker-

Voice from above. "What is happening down there?"
The General. "Nothin's 'appenin'—it's 'appened."

chief, lies. And now a terrific thunderstorm breaks over the canon. Torrents gush from the hills. Gulches gurgle on every side. Smiling wanly, John Royce looks up into Jill's face.

"There must be plenty of water in Buttercup Brook now. The old cow will not die after all."

" And the bucket's broken, Jack."

"All the same, Jill, I'm not sorry we came."

And, while cataracts still poured,

Love, long latent in two hearts, now burgeoned into the full flower of a perfect day.

And so on and so on, till they swim back together on Pete's pony to Butter-cup Farm, and the grateful old cow licks their hands.

They tell me that film-producers sit together for hours composing titles of this kind, polishing them and revising them carefully, balancing every word. I hope it is true. Evor.

AUTHORS AT BAY.

THE series of educational lectures for booksellers and librarians, organised by the Society of Bookmen and announced in The Times Literary Supplement of March 16th, is not the only effort being made to cope with the present depressed condition of the literary industry. The prospectus of the Amalgamated Institute of Professional Penmen, which has just reached us, shows that a simultaneous endeavour is being made to raise the drooping spirits of our authors and indicate on what lines their activities may be most profitably exercised.

The first of their series of public lectures is fixed for April 1st, and will be delivered by Mr. Gidney Dalling. The subject is "You have only Yourselves to Blame," and the a good deal of the gloom of the performance. However

magisterial authority of the lecturer is a sufficient guarantee that his address will be at once simple, sensuous and passionate.

The second meeting, on April 9th, will be a debate on "What Constitutes a Best Seller," and will be opened by Mr. Lemmens Porter. Sir Osney Stolvin, Lord Dunblany, the Countess Bibulesco and Mr. David Brand will take part in the discussion, and the Chair will be occupied by Miss Edith Dingle, who is expected to give some luminous statistics as to the circulation of her novels.

The third lecture, on April 25th, will be given by Sir English Weekley on "Book-booming." The Chair will be taken by Mr. James Pangloss, who has kindly promised to read extracts from some of his reviews in illustration of the art of restrained or lachrymose eulogy.

On Tuesday, May 9th, Mr. Charles Henn Walker will lecture on "How to Handle Critics." This lecture will consist chiefly of moving pictures exemplifying the treatment, in which the running water cure fills a large part, recommended by the lecturer. Mr. Banville Carper will be in the Chair, and it is expected that Mr. Busker Rasch, Mr. Shannon Swasher, Mr. James Waggett and Mr. A. B. Hawkleigh will speak.

The final lecture of the series will be delivered on May 31st by Mr. John Bullingham on "How to make Poetry Pay." A strong contingent of bards from Boar's Hill will appear on the platform, and the Chair will be taken by Mr. Abraham Linkinwater, who, it is hoped, will cantillate some of his choicest lyrics to an obbligato accompaniment by his blind blackbird, "Dick." The bird has lost his voice from old age, but, in Mr. Linkinwater's opinion, there is no equal to it in the whole world. Tickets for the entire course will be issued to members of the Amalgamated Institute of Professional Penmen at two-and-six, but a limited number of tickets will be available for the general public at a guinea each, including super-entertainment tax.

Our Gloomy Reporters.

"A very quiet, but interesting wedding was solemnised by license on Wednesday morning at — Church. Rev. —, curate of St. performed the obsequies."—Local Paper.

BRIGHTER CONCERTS.

AT ballad concerts you have doubtless noticed the singer enter, with his chest out and the contours of his face distorted by smiles. Have you noticed also the dejected young man who follows him meekly, sits heavily on the stool and slaps a sheet of music up against the piano? He is almost entirely without chest; he never smiles; he is all droop. He sits there doing at least one of two things-wishing to goodness the singer would stop those antics so that he can get on with his job, and glancing over the music to discover what particular dish of tripe has been handed to him this time to assist in serving.

If this fellow would only stir himself, he could relieve

much the singer may be overcome by the pathos of his ditty about sad hands or pale flowers, or however gay may be his reaction to songs about mischievous colleens or babies going to bed, the accompanist, now waiting for him, now hastening to eatch him up, maintains a stolid indifference. Truly music has varying effects upon different people, but the man at the piano might strive a little to enter more into the spirit of the songs.

Ballad concerts would be much more popular if the accompanist did what he could to brighten them. Instead of slinking in as if he had just been whipped, why does he not get there first, stick out his chest, drape his face with smiles and enter into a sprightly rivalry with the singer for the applause? After all, he does half the work.

When that still more dejected individual comes to turn over the music for him, I should like the accompanist to cause a diversion by driving his left funny-bone now and then into the fellow's ribs, or by bringing the knuckles of his left hand smartly against his face in the rebound after a heavy chord in the bass has been negotiated.

I have wondered many times why one should always sit down

to play a grand piano. Why not recline on one's-well, as some would say, on one's face-upon the piano-lid and, reaching over, manipulate the keyboard from that position? I would like to see our accompanists win popularity by this means. It is entirely my own suggestion. It has never been done. Even on the music-halls it has never been done,



Sportsman. "WOT WON THE BIG BACE? LET'S 'AVE A LOOK, BOY."

Newsvendor (knowing the language). "Some fancied Newsonady (and the triplets) and triplets (and triplets) wallover; some were very sweet on Dolittle; Homing Pigeon had many friends. As they came into the straight it was anyone's race. The rest will cost you one penny, Sir."

Rubbing it in.

"Following his week-end rest at Criccieth, Mr. Lloyd George yesterday did some gardening. . . The Premier attended the Baptist Sunday School on Sunday afternoon. . . The text was the parable of the kicked husbandman."—Provincial Paper.

"School children in the United States are being recruited to assist in fighting the cotton-weevil whose depredations threaten the whole of the southern cotton crop."-Daily Paper.

Up and down the cotton-lands, Stamping out the evil, See the little warrior-bands-Pop goes the weevil!



TOUT PASSE.

TIME AND THE ESCALATOR WAIT FOR NO MAN.

"TINKER, TAILOR . . ."

(A Child's Guide to the Professions).
THE FARMER.

THE Farmer will never be happy again; He carries his heart in his boots;

For either the rain is destroying his

Or the drought is destroying his roots.

You may speak, if you can, to this querulous man,

Though I should not attempt to be funny,

And if you insist he will give you a list Of the reasons he's making no money.

He will tell you the Spring was a scandalous thing,

For the frost and the cold were that bad:

While what with the heat and the state of the wheat

The Summer was nearly as sad.

The Autumn, of course, is a permanent source

Of sorrows as black as your hat; And as for the Winter, I don't know a printer

Who'd pass his opinion of that.

And, since (to our shame) the seasons
I name

Keep happening year after year, You can calculate out to a minute about How much he enjoys his career.

No wonder he eyes the most roseate skies

With a mute inexpressible loathing; No wonder he swears, and no wonder he wears

Such extremely peculiar clothing.

Poor fellow! his pig declines to grow big (You know what these animals are); His favourite heifer is very much deafer, The bull has a chronic catarrh.

In fact, when you meet this unfortunate man,

The conclusion is only too plain That Nature is just an elaborate plan To annoy him again and again.

Which makes it so difficult not to be rude,

As you'll find when you're lunching together;

He is certain to brood if you speak of the food,

And it's fatal to mention the weather.

You must never, I beg, refer to an egg, However deplorably done, And it's cruel to say, "It's a very fine

day!"
When he's probably sick of the sun.

But under what head to address him

I cannot pretend to be sure,

Though no doubt there are many good things to be said

Concerning the price of manure.

While if you are short of appropriate themes

There is always the State of the

Nation,
And Drama and Art, and the Meaning

of Dreams,
And Proportional Representation.

But you cannot go wrong if you stick to this song

And assume that his heart's in his boots.

For either the rain is destroying his grain

Or the drought is destroying his roots.

A. P. H.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Do you realise," murmured Celia at the magic after-dinner moment when a husband is most complacent, "that I shall have to buy some new clothes soon?"

The blow had fallen.

"So that is it," I said, lighting a cigarette by way of moral support.

"That is what?" demanded Celia.
"What you have been hatching," I told her. "For some days you have worn the determined air of a Bolshevixen about to devour her young."

"Well, I must wear clothes," she pointed out unanswerably.

"True," I admitted, "custom and the law of the land appear to be adamant on that point; but you already have some clothes."

"My dear fool," explained Celia with admirable restraint, "can't you distinguish yet between clothes and rags? Rags," she repeated in small caps.

I waved an expostulatory hand.
"They seem to be more or less whole,"
I said, "except where you climb into
them, or where you leave open spaces
on purpose."

"I suppose I must go into details as usual," complained Celia, raising protesting eyes to Heaven.

"Owing to the intense depression from which the pound sterling is suffering at the moment," I suggested, "perhaps it might——"

"Well, to begin with," interrupted Celia, "I simply must have some new skirts."

"Skirts!" I repeated incredulously; "the wardrobe is bulging with skirts." "But they're all too high,"she wailed.

"Exactly what I said when you got them," I pointed out. "I distinctly remember saying that I thought the general public ought to take your knees for granted. They were much too high —the skirts, I mean——" "But they weren't too high then,"

"Ah!" I said.

"Skirts are lower this year," she continued.

"So are waists," I mused; "that is, according to the papers."

Celia sniffed.

"All you have to do," I suggested helpfully, "is to lengthen the—er—braces, so to speak, tack on a foot or two of flounced annexe ('see our Remnant Bargains!'), and the things will adjust themselves to the fashionable specification."

Celia sighed. It was a sigh (ff) expressive of sublime resignation to the stunidity of the uninstructed male.

"But they are cur differently," she

said with an air of finality.

"The whole thing is a conspiracy," I announced with pardonable bitterness. "Some miscreant who runs a skirt factory in Paris is having a slack time, so he decides that the world has seen as much of the feminine leg as is good for it. Forthwith he decrees that no woman will be 'dressed' unless her skirt hides her ankles, and so he proceeds to rake in fat orders for his new scheme—or rather for his revival of an old one. Next year the fellow will want to see your knees again."

"Why be coarse?" said Celia primly. "Coarse!" I echoed. "My dear girl -I mean to say, can you see me throwing away a pair of perfectly good trousers simply because some woman in-in Wigan, say, fancies them at 'half-mast'? You can't. But, because a male criminal in Paris finds himself with less money than he can spend, hundreds of thousands of hard-working and impecunious husbands are driven to the verge of financial disaster. And you do this, mark you, at the behest of a man you have, none of you, set eyes on. When your husband suggests that your skirt might have been designed less sketchily as regards material, he is told to mind his own business." I laughed harshly, just as they do on the stage.

"But you see, darling," purred Celia, "it isn't your business, and it is his. Besides, Molly Ramsden was showing me her new skirt this afternoon and—"

I threw up the sponge and turned out my pockets in sign of unconditional surrender. There emerged $5\frac{1}{2}d$. in copper and a 'bus ticket. I have no hope, of course, that this revelation will move Celia to temper justice to herself with mercy for me; but possibly it will be some consolation to know that we go down to financial wreck with our skirt flying—a feat which would have been practically impossible, and anyhow extremely unfashionable, last year.



Annoyed Passenger, "Excuse ME. SIR, BUT YOU'RE STANDING ON MY FRET," The Culprit (indicating hefty individual with the appearance of a pugilist). "Well, You don't think I'm going to stand on THAT GENTLEMAN'S, DO YOU?

THE DUMFOONART AT CULLODEN.

"Donald," said the Englishman to his Inverness-shire ghillie, "it is foolish to introduce arguments about Culloden into discussions on present-day affairs. Culloden is only of interest nowadays

as a matter of history."
"Yess, yess, Sir," Donald replied, "that may be in your country, but I can assure you it iss still a burning question wi' us."

My two friends, red-haired Alpine Macalpine and Alister Macalister of the ponderous frame, were of Donald's opinion. In their breasts the embers of Culloden still smouldered.

One day I chanced upon these two gentlemen in the parlour of the little inn. With them sat the Aberdonian railway porter, Hasty Dumfoonart, a weedy thoughtless youth of about fortyfive. A debate was in progress. I established myself as the audience.

"Yess, yess," said Alpine to Alister, "I quite believe you that the Macalisters wass all real chentlemen, but your words aboot Shamus Macalpine iss full of errors. It wass Shamus Macalpine said Alpine emphatically. of Sleegarachan that convoyed PRINCE CHERLIE from the battlefield, and it asked Alister.

wass from Shamus that the PRINCE borrowed the half-croon; and it wass that same Shamus that neffer asked for it

"I haf no doubt but that it might be possible," said Alister; "but it iss not the case. There wass no Shamus Macalpine at Culloden; and you haf no historical authority for your half-croon."

"Shamus slew hiss tens of thoosands at Culloden," said Alpine dourly, "and hiss sporran wass full of half-eroons."

"That's true aboot the hauf-croons," spoke up Hasty Dumfoonart, with a side glance at the audience, "but I don't think ony o' ye kens onything aboot Culloden.

Alpine and Alister immediately damped down their differences and formed a

"What are you saying?" asked Alpine sternly.

"In ma hoose in Aiberdeen," said Hasty, "we have documentary evidence all aboot Culloden. Yin o' ma ancestors was there.'

"There wass not one man of the name of Dumfoonart on the whole battlefield,

"Wass it on your mother's side?"

"Ma ancestor, Caleb Dumfoonart," said Hasty quietly, "was present at Culloden. I'm givin' ye nothin' but solid fac's."

"Hasty, my poor lad," said Alister, shaking his head sadly, "you should not state facts which iss not true."

"Maybe he wass there in-cog-neesho," said Alpine scornfully.

Alister's voice trembled as he asked in an awful whisper, "Hasty, wass your forefather feehting for the English?"

Hasty rose and walked to the door, whence he flung his final contribution. "Caleb Dumfoonart," he cried, "was just an honest polisman on duty at Culloden. And it was him that catched yer brave Shamus Macalpine tryin' tae slip awa wi' the gate money!

"Did you effer hear such foolishness?" said Alpine, turning to the audience; "there wass no such things ass gates or polismen at Culloden."

> "SUPREME COURT. LIST OF CASES FOR HEARING. Before a Common Judy of Four." New Zealand Paper.

In this country woman has barely arrived at the Bar; at the Antipodes she seems to be already on the Bench,



Governess (to Mabel, just returned from a week-end visit). "AND DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME WITH YOUR GRANDMOTHER, DEAR?"

Mabel. "Well, as a matter of fact I was rather bored. Between You and me, Miss Pringle, Granny is a bit Early Victorious."

ABOUT THE PLESIOSAURUS.

(Recently reported from Patagonia.)
Our of the night that long has covered him,
In that far land across the sweltering main
Where swamps are unexplored and forests dim
What ho! the Plesiosaurus comes again.

"Comes," for the moment, is not quite exact.

It seems he did but wander once afield
But, in his homeward journeying, was tracked
By some stout soul, well-nerved and triply steeled.

Wot you, that was a man of ordered mind; He saw the great prize paddling to and fro, And—possibly he'd left his gun behind— Whate'er the cause, forbore to have a go.

And you, O beast, undreamed of and unique, Sole relic of your prehistoric day, Dodger of all that found your fellows' weak Points, such as colds and premature decay,

What were you up to, then? What power, O fool, Drove you to venture? After having stuck For these long æons to your ghastly pool You should have stayed there still and backed your luck.

Perhaps you sickened—sickened to the core With solitude—and thought there still might be An oozy peer to give you greeting, or The chaste embrace of some colossal she.

It may be that you felt a growing need Of change in diet; haply on your soul There came a weariness of marsh and reed And a great yearning for a quiet stroll.

One cannot wonder at it. None the less,
My venturous friend, I feel prepared to bet,
If you don't change—and quickly—your address,
As Browning nearly said, "We'll have you yet."

Let us go forth, my readers. Let us take
Our modern armoury, shell and gas and tanks
(With creature comforts), to that lonely lake
And make our hungry menace on the banks,

And stand there mute and steady till we spot That long neck soaring upward to the skies, And then, with all our science, give him what For, till he crumples up and slowly dies;

And have him stuffed and mounted. 'Tis the least
We owe him, yet the most that we can give;
For, though he seems a harmless sort of beast,
As he 's alive, we must not let him live.

DUM-DUM.

Promotion for "le vice-roi."

"Selon une dépêche de Londres aux journaux, on estime généralement que lord Reading, fils du roi des Indes . . ."—Swiss Paper.



SMUTS OF THE FIRM HAND.

RAND GUNMAN. "I DON'T LIKE THESE GOVERNMENTS THAT GOVERN!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 13th .- Mr. BALDWIN underwent the usual "hebdomadary inquisition" on the price of beer, but declined to say anything more about his departmental inquiry into the subject than that no officials had been specially detailed for the work. Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, needless to say, at once assumed that this reticence concealed something "secret or disgraceful"-drunken orgies, perhaps, conducted in

Whitehall Gardens on Govern-

ment ale.

It seems a pity that the SPEAKER could not see his way to adopt . Sir J. D. REES's suggestion that a certain Question should be declared out of order on the ground that it was "argumentative and question-begging, as well as assertive and aggressive." Such a ruling would eliminate about half the Questions that now appear on the Order Paper, including not a few of the hon. baronet's own.

Mr. Montagu's native modesty did not allow him to appear in the House this afternoon to learn how his late colleagues appreciated the flowers of rhetoric that he flung at them at Cambridge last Saturday; otherwise he would, no doubt, have had something to say by way of explanation of Lady Aston. or apology on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S

repudiation of the charge that he had de- | the House of Lords who had come to | anything, on the side of over-formality. of the Indian Secretary's resignation. "Nobody would gather from that statement," said the LEADER OF THE HOUSE, "that before making the answer I had submitted the terms in which I had drawn the answer to my right hon. friend, and he had made no objection to them."

A debate on the Housing Question produced much genuine sympathy with the homeless, but not much practical suggestion for their relief. Sir Alfred Mond declined to listen to the siren notes of Lady ASTOR, who urged him to resume the Housing-programme, and not to be led astray by "Noah's-Ark men;" but paid more attention to the reminder of Sir FREDERICK BAN-BURY-an antediluvian if ever there was one-that "the Empire had been built up by private enterprise." Pointing proudly to the indubitable fact that before the War there were four hundred thousand uninhabited houses, and now there was none, the MINISTER OF HEALTH stated (whatever the recluse of Criccieth might have said in 1918) that "this was

not the time to proclaim a new gospel, Chancellon, entering hurriedly, took especially as it might not be true."



ULYSSES AND THE SIREN. (After the painting by HERBERT J. DRAPER at Hull). "Sir Alfred Mond declined to listen to the siren notes

liberately invited the hostile demonstra- hear what Lord Curzon had to say tion that followed the announcement about Mr. Montagu were first treated to a curious little interlude. The LORD



A NOAH'S ARK MAN. SIR F. BANBURY.

his seat upon the Woolsack, jammed Tuesday, March 14th .- Visitors to his three-cornered hat on his wig,

and then catching sight of one of the officials of the House carrying a paper remarked in a tone of concentrated ferocity, "Mr.Blank, what have you there?" The spectators held their breath, fearing that the official, if not provided with a satisfactory explanation, would be at once condemned to death. They were relieved when Mr. Blank walked briskly up to the Table and read out the title of an Irish divorce-bill, which the CHANCELLOR, dropping both his hat and his ferocity, thereupon moved should be read a first time.

There was no lack of vigour in the castigation which Lord Curzon administered to Mr. MONTAGU for the double crime of referring in public to a private letter, and then misrepresenting its character and contents. The rod was wielded, however, in the more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger manner adopted by all the best head-masters; and its manipulator's claim to be " astonished by my own moderation" was endorsed by the discreet applause of his peers. Even Lord CREWE could find no justification for the epithets" plaintive" and "hectoring" employed by Mr. Montagu regarding the famous letter, which seemed, on the contrary, to err, if

Lord CURZON, who was also under the limelight in the other House, will no doubt be distressed to learn that Captain Wedgwood Benn has formed an unfavourable estimate of his intellectual capacity, owing to his condemnation of ZAGHLUL; and may or may not be comforted by Lord Winterton's depre-cation of the practice of treating the FOREIGN MINISTER as a kind of "Aunt Sally, at whom everyone throws bricks." As for ZAGHLUL, while Mr. LUNN, of the Labour Party, considered him "a towering personality" very like the PRIME MINISTER, Colonel AUBREY HERBERT described him as "a weak agitator, of a type often found in the Labour Party.'

Wednesday, March 15th .- Owing to indisposition the LORD CHANCELLOR was absent, but this did not seriously impair the cheerfulness of Lord PEEL when moving the Second Reading of the Irish Free State Bill. He was no less vehement than Mr. Churchill in insisting on the good faith of the Provisional Government, and outdid him in minimising the fears of the Ulstermen and others as to the final outcome of the measure. But the most remark-



Bored Maiden (disappointed in a Museum as a place of entertainment). "Oh, Bert, If only they cleared these figures away wouldn't it make a lovely Palay de Dance?"

which few Englishmen and, I am sure, no Irishmen will follow him-was his statement that the importance of the Irish Question had been exaggerated.

In asking for a Vote on Account for the Army Sir L. Worthington Evans described the "cuts" that had been made—sixteen and a half millions in money and forty-eight thousand in men. These were nearly, though not quite, up to the GEDDES' standard, and to secure them they had to run some military risks. Sir HENRY WILSON, in a maiden speech of soldierly brevity and directness, reviewed the state of Europe, in which, despite the disappearance of the military Empires, there were more armed men than in 1913, and feared that the reductions would leave us with an Army too small to prevent a war or win a war, but just big enough to go in and lose.

Mr. Montagu took up most of the evening with a réchauffé-somewhat less highly-spiced-of his Cambridge apologia. It would not, I think, be unfair to say that the epithets which he applied to Lord Cunzon's epistolary style might have been reserved for his own performance, for the opening was

able of his exercises in optimism-in "plaintive" and the middle was "hectoring." But there was a genuine ring about his excuse for not resigning earlier-"I loved my work"-that partly atoned for his earlier lapses.



"A KIND OF AUNT SALLY." LORD CUBZON.

Thursday, March 16th .- If Lord Carson by his speech on the Irish Agreement Bill desired to make everybody who listened to him profoundly miserable he had his way. Otherwise I fear it deserved the epithet "irrelevant" applied to it by the Archbishop of YORK. "The Realities of Irish Life"-to quote the title of a book that made me creep in my boyhood-do not require the assistance of the advocate to bring

out their poignancy.
On the motion to "get the Speaker out of the Chair" on the Navy Estimates complaints were made that the Estimates were not ready. Sir F. Ban-BURY refused to accept Mr. CHAMBER-LAIN's excuse that this was due to the necessity of incorporating the Geddes' "cuts," and asked the SPEAKER what could be done to prevent its happening again. The remedy, Mr. WHITLEY supposed, would be to refuse to allow him to leave the Chair-a curious example of vicarious punishment.

Mr. Amery was quite unrepentant for his strictures on the GEDDES' Report, and implied that its influence on the size of the Estimates had been little or none. Out of eighteen millions of savings, three were decided on before the axe was sharpened, and fifteen more the direct result of the Washington Conference.

It was nice of Lady Astor to say that she entirely approved of that historic gathering; and brave of her, as Member for Plymouth, to declare that there was "something bigger than the Navy." I hope the dockyard "mateys" will forgive her on learning that the "something" is "the peace of the world."

A SECRET GERMAN ARMY.

My attention had often been called to persistent rumours regarding Germany's secret army. Whispers had reached me from quite reliable sources of over a million Teuton soldiers, wellofficered and disciplined; of frequent discoveries of hidden stores and arms; of sinister preparations for Der Tagnot, this time, an Ersatz affair, but the real thing; and, recalling the unheeded warnings that presaged the late War, I had tried, during my stay in Berlin, to ascertain the truth. Day succeeded day, but I saw nothing evidential. Then, last week, on the very eve of our return, it came upon me with sickening suddenness.

I have seen, not millions, I admit, but numerous specimens of Prussian infantry, of fierce-visaged Uhlans, trench-mortars, howitzers, Minnenwerfer, anti-aircraft guns, searchlights and shells of varying calibre, all meticulously concealed from the prying eyes of the British!

My journey home was a nightmare. The gravity of the situation obsessed me. Even my wife, who is not easily perturbed, showed ever-increasing symptoms of uneasiness. John, my son, alone appeared calm. Would that I could have shared his happy nonchalance!

Yet at his age (five years) perhaps I too might have embraced the opportunity to collect cheap German soldiers. Even so I cannot fancy that my mother would have stooped to defraud the Customs of her country as, according to pre-arranged plan, his did, and successfully, by burying them at the bottom of Mr suit-case.

"The wife, an attractive woman of about 25, was wearing a red toque and a mauve hat."

Local Paper.

Well, if two heads are better than one, why not two hats?

"The Prime Minister is said to have depicted the conduct of affairs to Mr. Chamberlain, and the Leader of the House of Commons finds himself in a very difficult position." Provincial Paper.

The Premier must have used very lurid colours.



"FINE VIEW ONE GETS FROM THIS BALCONY, MRS. VANSITTART."

LINES WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF EXILE.

BY AMERICANUS SITIENS.

(After reading in "The Times" how, from the Villa Medici, away across the broad valley are seen "the rolling hills of Chianti.")

SATED with the sad potation
Of eternal ginger-ale,
Never more in jubilation

Can I bid Columbia Hail! Though averse from wholesale tippling,

Though no selfish sot am I, Laws so barbarously crippling Force me from my home to fly. Where the buxom contadina, Whether Ghibelline or Guelph, On the gasping concertina Still accompanies herself

As she warbles forth "Di Tanti"
While her sposo drinks and dines;
Where the peasants, tutti quanti,
Work amid the trellised vines;

Where no irritating antialcoholic cranks are found, But good wines, still or *spumanti*, Openly are handed round—

There I 'll build a modest shanty,
And at eve, when daylight dies,
Watch the rolling hills of Chianti
Melt into the Southern skies.

[&]quot;WHY, YES, INDEED; I JUST DOTE ON ALL THIS-ER-UNDULATING COUNTRY."



"THE BACE WAS NOT DEVOID OF INCIDENT."-Racing Correspondent.

MINISTERS OF THE DOUBLE-CROWN.

In connection with the movement to utilize more public spaces for advertising purposes, a meeting of publicity organisers was held at Caxton Hall under the presidency of Sir William Poster. Among those present were Lord Barleycorn, Lord Boom, Sir Jesse Boost, Sir Philip Hoarding, Sir Carver Vandle and General Sir Abel Add, V.T.

Sir William Poster in his opening remarks said that they had met for two purposes. One was to confer as to the best way of utilising all available public space for advertising purposes and to bring recalcitrant owners of such space to their senses; and the other was to protest against the attitude to the spread of street advertising which had been taken up by correspondents of The Times, chief among whom he would mention Sir ALBERT GRAY and Mr. JOHN BAILEY. (Groans.) Would it be believed that neither of those fossilised gentlemen favoured advertising on lamp-posts? (Renewed groans and ironical laughter.) What century did they think we were living in? The tenth? (Renewed laughter.) These were times of hustle and push, the megaphone and the stentorgraph, when self-praise had become the first

and distant ages to which Sir Albert GRAY and Mr. JOHN BAILEY belonged-(Cheers)-when few people could read, there was no point in covering walls with posters. But now that every one could read, the more opportunities there were of reading the better. Let every lamp-post convey its message, every pillar-box, every taxi-for if 'buses had advertisements, why not taxis? Let their ambition be that not a square foot of London that could carry a few words in praise of some patent commodity-whether pills or soap, whisky, baby food or pickles, jam or plays or films—be unoccupied by printed incitements to buy, buy, buy. (Prolonged applause.) In that hall, dedicated to the honour of Caxton, the pioneer of printing, he urged the ideal upon them. (Frantic applause.) He would take up no more of the time of the meeting, but would ask various publicity experts to put forth their views.

Lord Boom, like his old friend, Sir William Poster, whom he personally always thought of as "Bill," was for the maximum of urban publicity. It would be absurd to stop at lamp-posts. There were spaces in London which were now criminally allowed to go to waste. Take, for example, the dome of St. Paul's. In any ideal State an area they hoped to go farther. They had

Here it is permitted to earn nothing. There were thousands of advertisers who would be glad to rent a little space there, and the revenue of the Dean and Chapter would immensely benefit. We heard so much of the poverty of the clergy, and there was this gold-mine always at hand. Think, again, of the numbers of persons who were now in a poor state of health for want of the guidance as to patent medicaments that the dome might proffer ! (Profound sensation.) But if he had his will he would, being a confirmed believer in appropriateness, confine the dome to incitements to the people of London to use soap, more soap and still more soap: not because they were so conspicuously in need of it, but because cleanliness was next to godliness. (Loud cheers, in which the speaker joined.)

Sir Carver Vandle, representing the Society for the Amalgamation of Nature and Trade, said that all railway travellers were familiar with his society's activities. Wherever there was a field beside the line they had endeavoured to add to its charms by a work of art calculated to stimulate purchase and increase commerce. (Cheers.) Their motto was "The paste-pot is mightier than the sward." (Frantic cheers.) But now of our recommendations. In the dim | such as that would be made productive. | written to the Forestry Board, asking for permission to have suitable lettering cut in the bark of all the trees growing at the sides of roads. This would apply, he hoped, also to the trees in the Avenue in Bushey Park and thus make Chestnut Sunday not only a day of pleasure but of profit. (Hear, hear.)

General Sir Abel Add said that the cricket season was approaching and for four months all the county grounds would be crowded with spectators intently watching men in white flannels. Moneyed spectators too. (Loudcheers.) He would draw the attention of the meeting to the significant words "white flannels." A great deal could be done with bold black lettering on white flannels. (Renewed applause.) It was true that he who runs may read, but not less true that he who makes runs may provide reading material-yes, and very profitable reading material too. (Sensation.)

Lord Barleycorn said that he and various other new peers pledged themselves to do everything in their power to see that the merits of whisky were not overlooked. He personally was aghast at the array of wasted advertising space that daily came under his eyes. Look, for instance, at the Clock Tower and the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. If advertising were of value on the chimneys on the south side of the river, why should not these lofty structures be utilized? "The Spirit of Legislation" would be a good catch-phrase. (Loud applause.)

Sir Henry Papworthy said that he agreed with the last speaker on principle, but he did not see why the wall space of the Houses of Parliament should be restricted to the celebration of whisky. There were other articles that also could not be sufficiently re-commended. He personally would be more interested if a nutritive food were advertised there. The catch-phrase might be "Builds Canny Statesmen."

Sir Jesse Boost said that, enterprising as advertisers undoubtedly were, there were still many novel media to be de-On a recent visit to the theatre, where he sat at the front of the upper circle, he had been struck by the number of bald heads in the stalls, each of which offered space to the publicity artist. Asked by a voice what kind of article he would propose to advertise in this way, the speaker replied, "Anything but a hair restorer."

Sir Philip Hoarding said that he had made a very flattering offer to the London County Council for the right of advertising on Cleopatra's Needle. (Renewed cries of "Shame!")

The Chairman, on rising to bring the of advertising on Cleopatra's Needle. At present the surface of this obelisk was covered with cryptic characters that no one could read. He had guaranteed that anything that he wrote there number of so-called artistic and poetical much to black heads as blacklegs.



Customer. "I'LL HAVE THAT ÉCLAIR." Waiter. "THAT, MADAM, IS MY THUMB."

instead should be legible enough; but, bodies, including the Royal Academy, would it be believed? the offer was rejected. (Cries of "Shame!") He understood that the objection came from Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, the same obscurantist folk who had once before crossed his path when he wished to add to the attractions of Stonehenge by painting the monoliths green-and-red with suitable lettering in praise of Druids' Tea.

proceedings to a close, said that perhaps he ought to state that he had received communications of protest from a

the Ruskin Society, and the Wordsworth Society, but as the time of the meeting was both short and very valuable, he some absurd organisation called the had thought that the best course was to take them as read. (Renewed cheering.)

And now to business!

Commercial Candour.

"FLAGRANT TOBACCO." Advt. in Theatre Programme.

"The Trades Union Congress had more than ts share of anxiety and uncertainty while the Triple Alliance was in existence, and it is in no mind now to raise another tete noire in the movement."—Provincial Paper.

We thought its objection was not so

AT THE PLAY.

"ROUND IN 50" (HIPPODROME).

I DON'T know what the record for the World's Course is, but in JULES VERNE's time it was, of course, eighty days. At the Hippodrome the original Phileas Fogg makes a reappearance in the dancing grill-room of the Gridiron Club, London, the haunt of his nephew and other fly-by-nights. To Phil Fogg, junior, he offers to leave the whole of his fortune (estimated at £700,000) if he will beat his uncle's feat by thirty days. Starting at a few minutes' notice, chef (a son of JULES VERNE'S Passe- the humour of this kind of play. partout), (2) the Club telephone operatrix, (3) a female representative of The Daily Wire, (4) and (5) two detectives, who suspect him of being the man wanted for a heavy theft, he accomplishes the round with half a second in hand.

Brief interludes are permitted at various stages of this thrilling journey: at Boulogne, at Brindisi, at Hong Kong (a big jump this, but Port Said was too near Cairo, Mr. Asche's pitch), at 'Frisco, in an orange grove of California (a gratuitous but delightful delay), at New York, at Portsmouth, at Westmin-ster Bridge (in sight of Big Ben, fortunately put back an hour just then for the close of Summer-time). The opening picture of the Gridiron Club, which challenged the criticism of experience, had only to be seen to be disbelieved; but the exotic character of most of the other localities, though presented with sufficient regard to probability, offered a wider and more legitimate scope to the authors' fancy.

Excellent fun alternated with lovely or fantastic colour-schemes and scenic designs. Of these the best was "The Romance of the Tea Leaves," a show for which we were totally unprepared by the exterior of the building in which it was given, a dime-exhibition would one have suspected that the resources of Brindisi could have furnished those brilliant costumes in the scene of the animated Liqueurs, which inand "Medoc," which I only know in a night fell and the fruit gave off illumination from its inside.

us a moving sea and a moving high-road, negotiated with the greatest plausibility by the actors themselves in stationary conveyances.

As for the fun, which was fast without being furious, perhaps the best of it occurred in the course of a very original scene representing a concert given at the Sing-Sing Prison, with ribald interjections from the audience. In Harold's cell, again, the recitation given by Mr. GEORGE ROBEY in the manner of the late ELLA WHEELER WILCOX was a pleasant surprise for those who are not in the habit of lookaccompanied by (1) Harold, the Club | ing for a very high literary quality in | Hippodrome is always pretty high, but

ROBEY DÉROBÉ.

Harold (Mr. George Rober) to Penelope (Miss Renée Reel). "I COULD NOT ACCEPT A LOAN FROM A WOMAN -ESPECIALLY A LADY."

really good entertainment was the the black-and-white scene, described as lightning rapidity of its changes, notably the conversion (on the advent of the police) of a gambling cabaret into a temperance lecture-room. Indeed, the whole performance on the shanty in a squalid 'Frisco street. Nor first night ran as smoothly and swiftly as if the machinery had enjoyed whole weeks of lubrication.

Mr. George Robey, keeping well within himself, was in great form. cluded my old friend "Avocat" (from | His Harold maintained his good spirits Holland) and others, such as "Crème de Ciel," which I have never sampled, when harassed, as he constantly was when harassed, as he constantly was, by the heart-breaking reflection that he less concentrated form. On the other had inadvertently left a taxi-cab ticking hand, the beauty of the orange grove in for him at home. Of the two Messrs. California seemed credible enough till LUPINO (who played the sleuths), BARRY had the more frivolous part, and was much funnier than WALLACE. Extraordinarily good effects were pro- there was a weak point in the authors' duced by the cinema's aid. It showed humour, it was to be found in its topical

allusions-generally a not very strong feature in so-called revue. Mr. Montagu was let off rather lightly.

Miss Renée Reel, as Penelope the telephone girl, was most versatile, being everything in turn and nothing long. Indeed, there never began to be a longueur all the evening, and this was largely due to a commendable absence of sentiment.

Miss Ruth French danced very gracefully, and the little Hippodrome Eight were as smart and well together as the best of Varsity crews.

The standard of medal play at the this Round in 50 must be a good bit O. S. under Bogey.

A NATURE NOTE.

(Like those of our contemporaries, but more candid.)

ONCE more the Spring is here, for once more the Winter has fled. and once more the Summer has not yet come.

The crocus down by the sundial is in full bloom, a golden glory in its fresh green setting. On the lilac-trees the green leaf-buds are unfolding; and on the line next-door the garments swaying in the breeze are of a thinner texture than those of a week ago.

I love to watch the starlings in my tiny orchard. Their plumagehas taken on a glossier sheen. And in the orchard also is my neighbour's cat, displaying a gleam of eye and a quiet determination of movement not seen at other times. What a contrast these creatures present: the innocent little birds, hopping hither and thither after the insects which are their natural food, and

But perhaps the greatest virtue of a | the cruel quadruped bent on indulging its base nature, watching for the opportunity of pouncing upon and devouring one of my little feathered friends.

All nature conspires to awaken us to the fact that Spring is here-to awaken us, indeed, at an earlier hour than is strictly necessary. While it is yet dawn I leap from my warm bed, open wide the window, and feel the cool, clean air upon my brow. I seize a hair-brush and throw it vigorously. I believe I can claim to be the first nature-lover to admit in print that he has hurled a missile at a thrush in full song. The song of this same bird will wake me again to-morrow morning about half past five, for I did not hit him.

The New Grammar.

"'Chicanery,' 'dishonesty,' 'humbug,' and fraud' were all familiar adjectives." Provincial Paper.



DINER DANSANT.

He. "MY DANCE, I THINK?"

She. "I'M FEARFULLY FAGGED. DO YOU MIND IF WE EAT IT OUT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE,

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The pictorial record of the Prime Minister's career which Messrs. Cassell publish under the title, Lloyd George, by Mr. Punch, takes us from his first appearance in these pages (1900) down to the close of last year. Designed long before there was any serious talk of his resignation, so far from pretending to be a definitive biography, it does not so much as hint at a possible conclusion of his public activities in the near future. Perhaps the chief interest of this record is that it recalls to us vividly the earlier phases of his political life which have been eclipsed by those greater achievements that contributed so largely to the winning of the War and the establishment of Peace. During the War itself Mr. Punch was in the main preoccupied with the country's enemies and had little time and less inclination to criticize confirms Mr. Coulson Kebnahan's "clever narrative of her champions at home. The general impression left by the way in which Walter lured Swinburne from brandy this volume will be that he has all along exhibited a not to beer." Her own revelations are apt to be more intimate this volume will be that he has all along exhibited a not unsympathetic attitude towards Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, even than illuminating, and show a perhaps sympathetically in the days which may be conveniently described as his anarchic inclination to renounce all allegiance to the titles Limehouse period. The same broadmindedness is to be found in Mr. Algernon Locker's admirable introduction. shirts and his avoidance of shell-fish, for instance, both Among its many good qualities I must applaud in particular its terseness, its clarity, its sense of proportion, its goodhumour. To pass compliments upon the cartoons and other pictures here excellently reproduced would be for Mr. Punch to praise himself, and this course is forbidden by his notorious modesty. But he ventures, with such confidence as may be permitted, to commend alike to the PREMIER's friends and opponents these unprejudiced annals of a career with- means, for Kate Curlew (Hodder and Stoughton) is a out parallel in the history of our Parliament.

Mrs. Watts-Dunton's account of The Home Life of Swinburne (PHILFOT) is compiled on what I call the cherrystone principle. You may have forgotten the old CALVERLEY satire on the Prince, the cherry-tart and the lady in search of august souvenirs, but I have no doubt it will all come back to you before you have dipped very deep in Mrs. WATTS-DUNTON'S reminiscences. "Can anything," she asks, "that concerns the home-life of a poet like Swinburne . . . be dismissed as trivial? I hope not." she is by no means the first exponent of this theory with regard to genius in general and SWINBURNE in particular may be gathered from the contradictions and corroborations she lavishes on previous Press allusions to "The Pines" and its occupants. "The charming dining-room," she tells us, "contrary to a publish d account, is not connected by folding-doors with the adjoining room," and she appear under "The Bard as a Man of Business." There is a really excellent anecdote about Swinburne and Victor Hugo which makes a nondescript début under the heading " Miscellanea."

Whenever in future I see a new book by Miss Christine ORR I intend to get possession of it at once, by fair or other treasure. Sir WALTER SCOTT comes into it just for a moment, which will give you a clue to its period and perhaps—
if we throw in a dash of R.L.S. in his "Weir of Hermiston"
mood—to its inspiration. Kate is the elder daughter of the
mad minister of Flotterstane, and she comes back from a
gay life in Bath and a difficult one in Brussels to find her
sister, Isa, just engaged to the kindly, manly, stolid young
Laird of Turnhouselee. Isa, a wreck from nervous terrors,
has roused the Laird's pity, but Kate's beauty and brains
and courage, her curlew flights of spirit, now high, now
low, win his heart. Their story is the gallant one of the
struggles of a man and woman who love one another to
protect a younger weaker life which by a cruel mistake
has been thrust between them and their happiness. The
tragic history of the minister's madness and death, of the
search for his murderer, of Isa's suffering and Kate's despair
and the Laird's dauntless devotion is played out against
a background of hillside and heather, stormy nights and
summer days, and an evening or two in Edinburgh society,

as fresh and keen and invigorating to read about as are the windy Northern days which Miss ORR has so good a gift for describing. There is a happy ending, but nothing improbable, only just such happiness as may be kept safe by the right two people in spite of all that life can do to them. Perhaps this is an old-fashioned book; I certainly had not expected to meet with a modern novel quite of its peculiar quality, and now I shall hope for more.

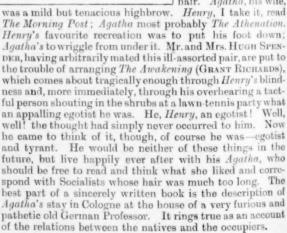
In a preface to Woodlore for Young Sportsmen (HEATH CRANTON) Mr. H. MORTIMER BAT-TEN tells his readers to bear in mind that his

work is "compiled solely from my own observations and experiences and therein lies its incompleteness." As he has given us information about the haunts and habits of our wild animals, game birds, freshwater fish and vermin, and has supplemented it with chapters on woodlore and outdoor crafts, I think his warning is unnecessary. Such a book as his must in a sense be incomplete; but all lovers of natural history will admit that he is both skilled in observation and rich in experience, and that here he gives bountifully from his store of knowledge. Moreover, his attitude towards sport is so perfectly correct that I can unreservedly recommend him as an instructor of youth. "Every true sportsman knows that in the natural history of the birds and beasts he pursues lies the chief pleasure of the craft Sometimes his blank days are his happiest and most memorable." Possibly some of us who call ourselves true sportsmen may fail to reach this rather exalted standard, but we can take refuge under his "sometimes." There is a human note in this volume that makes it as agreeable as it is instructive to read, and in proof I should like to quote a little story about an ancient setter of snares, but I haven't the space. It is on pages 208 and 209.

Ever since Aegle, fairest of the Naiads, bound drunken Silenus in his own garlands and painted his face with mulberry-juice, the ancients were found able to depict a pretty young girl and a self-indulgent old man in close juxtaposition without transgressing decorum. The moderns have not always been so fortunate; and Mr. ANTHONY WHARTON has no luck at all. In fact the relations between Joan of Overbarrow (DUCKWORTH) and her elderly fiance, James Torrington, senior partner in "Torrington's Ales, suffer more from his tasteless and obtrusive comments than from their own intrinsic impropriety. This cannot be said of the behaviour of Cecil Torrington, junior partner in the brewery, whose furtive overtures to his uncle's bride-elect defy comment of any description. There is an excellent Army doctor and a happy ending in store for Joan after she has got rid of the Torringtons; and her rearing and education in a Wiltshire farmhouse and a Bristol boarding-school are not without their amenities. The description of

"Father's Room," for instance, that den of old newspapers, tools, cartridges and disused paint-pots, into which Joan's parent retires at capricious intervals on wholly unfathomable "business," shows considerable humour. But such passages, although they hold out substantial hope for Mr. Whanton's next book, do little to justify this ill-knit and unprepossessing novel.

Major Henry Mansfield held Die hard opinions on such subjects as India, Ireland, Hanging the Kaiser, Trades Unions, Woman's place in the home and the proper length for trimming a man's hair. Agatha, his wife,





Aunt (visiting newly-betrothed niece). "You neave darlings! To face matrimony on eight thousand a year! But, I suppose, when one loves, nothing else matters."

[&]quot;KAISER BUSTS TO GO."—Daily Paper.
Is anyone busting to keep him?

CHARIVARIA.

A FRENCH ship carrying samples of choice wines, brandies and liqueurs is to tour the world. In Trade circles the opinion is that the British beertanker has been caught napping.

Under a new Soviet order, bombthrowers in Russia may now be punished by flogging. This is far better than just boxing their ears.

was arranging an expedition to go in never make orators. search of the plesiosaurus, Mr. LLOYD George intimated that he could let!

him have the address of Sir George Younger.

It is said that the record established by the Scarborough man who went without food for twenty-eight days has now been broken by a Scotsman who has been acting as valet to a Prohibitionist.

In Scotland an April Fool is known as a "Gowk." "April Fool," of course, counts as two words in a telegram.

"Citoranges, the new hybrid American fruit, are being grown in Ireland," says The Daily Mail. A native hybrid, the Patorange, has resisted all attempts at cultivation.

for the sake of the joy-ride.

Two motor-cars have collided on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond. The accident is ascribed to a misunderstanding as to which should take the high road and which the low road.

Dr. G. H. Miles, Assistant Director of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, is reported as saying that some people cannot pat their head with It is reported that, upon reading that one hand while they make a circular Professor Onelli, of Buenos Ayres, movement with the other. Such people

The Wailer (who is on a week's notice), "Did you have tomato on Pea-BOUP, SIR?

The Customer, "HEAVEN KNOWS! IT TASTED MORE LIKE SOAP."

The Wailer, "AH, THAT WOULD BE TONATO, SIR. THE PEA-SOUP TASTES LIKE PARAFFIN."

A painting of "Hammersmith Bridge on Boat Race Day has just been placed in the Tate Gallery. The authorities realise that, to compete with the pictorial Press, it is necessary to be topical.

In the course of a recent by-election a speaker had his nose broken by a brick. It is only fair to say that this was obviously the work of an amateur, as no an actor. professional bricklayer would handle his materials in so hasty a manner.

Attention is drawn to discrepancies in the charges for small cauliflowers. We are informed that the price depends on whether they are required for the he must do it at his own risk. table or the button-hole.

superior comfort of the modern prison-van. It is a question, indeed, whether are Broken." It is helpful little hints starved."—Sunday Paper.

versity, U.S.A., have formed an Anti-Effeminacy Club. Their first step will be to give up cigarette-smoking.

In Vienna, we read, many actors carry revolvers for self-defence while on the stage. It is not necessary in this country because of the old-world superstition that it is unlucky to shoot

"A correspondent writes to ask whether he can learn to play the piano in his spare time," says Mr. H. TREVOR in a contemporary. Our impression is that there is nothing to stop him, but

Dealing with its accident insurance A contemporary remarks upon the scheme The Daily News has a parasuperior comfort of the modern prison-graph with the heading, "How Limbs

some people do not become criminals like this that so endear a man to his newspaper when he is saving up for an accident.

> Twenty-four hours after his marriage at Bregenz a Captain in the Hungarian Guards filed an action for divorce. The fact that he was not an American filmactor probably accounted for the delay.

> "Many London jazz bands," says a contemporary, "have some very finished players." Our only trouble is that more of them are not finished.

"The Ukulele and Hawaiian guitar," says The Daily Express, "have failed The men students of Syracuse Uni- to oust the banjo and drum." But it is not for want of trying.

> A football team composed entirely of pawnbrokers has been started in Glasgow. It is said that at the first match one of the players insisted on using three balls instead of one.

> "Very few people recognise the value of the ears," states a wellknown physician. We confess that, for ourselves, we wear them, as a well-dressed man wears his clothes, unconsciously.

"The Government," says a contemporary, "admits having wasted a million pounds of the taxpayers' money on the building of locomotives that nobody wants." It is even sug-

gested that the Government is having some difficulty in getting rid of a set of old buffers.

An American author has written a Short History of the International Language Movement. The report that a Short History of the International Bad Language Movement is promised from the pen of a gifted Prime Minister has not yet been confirmed.

On a parchment, unearthed during excavations near Worcester, was written: "Diz Eninz 2 pizz 4 iz Gezzin 4 zz sissez 6 mmizs." This formula, we understand, is still used by doctors today as a prescription for a mustardplaster.

The Cruelties of Sport.

TO AN EARLY LAMB.

O welcome to thee, woolly innocent,
That with the jonquil takest the winds of March
Before the youngest snowdrop's hour is spent
And rosy tuftlets plume the latest larch;
Scarce has the blackbird tuned his earliest pipe,
The brooding fly abandoned his reserve—
And I am still in influenza's gripe,
And Coalitis wrings my pocket's nerve—
When, lo! thou'rt here, all legs and antic tail,
Scorning belated frosts, contemptuous of the gale.

A week and all the weald will be afrisk;
The hills will echo with a thousand baas;
A thousand tails in ecstasy will whisk
Beside a thousand nutrient mammas;
But now the rime lies white beside the brooks
In the cold dawn (when I am still in bed),
And only in the most sequestered nooks
Half-opened wind-flowers droop each pretty head;
Yet here thou leapest, glad to be alive,

Yea, for I too disport upon the sward,
Though in these veins the Spring sedatelier flows.
Though I 've a hacking cough and untoward
Rheumatic twinges, still I cried, "Here goes!
This blithe March day shall see me drive afield
On the high lawns, though every shot's a dud
And every club that I attempt to wield
Ploughs deeper furrows in the tortured mud,
Driving the smitten divots far and near
As sternly toward the green I push the unwilling sphere.

And bleating with delight each time I top my drive.

But now I weary of this game of skill
And fain would rest me here beside the course;
These March winds stir the blood in one, but still
I don't believe in working like a horse;
Wherefore, sweet lambkin, will I watch thee skip,
Seated at ease upon this sunny wall,
Consult the modest flask upon my hip
And wolf a brace of sandwiches withal,
And sing the pleasures of the awakening year
In simple strophes, trusting that I have your ear.

For all the world is breaking into song;
The Lenten lily nods upon the leas;
A thousand flowers—correct me if I'm wrong—
Paint purple patches on the alder-trees;
The farmer whistles as he guides the plough;
The dawn (they tell me) wears a rosier tint;
The busy tomtit flies from bough to bough
And "Mint, Mint, Mint!" he cries, and "Mint, Mint
Mint!"
But do not press me, lambkin, to explain

But do not press me, lambkin, to explain

Just what he means by that; I would not cause thee
pain.

For Spring hath guerdons still beyond thy ken,
Whose menu knows but one nutritious fare,
Stirring the jaded appetites of men
With seasonable dainties rich and rare;
It brings the new potato, butter-sweet,
The early peas that anxious gourmets prize,
And firstling onions. But her crowning treat
Men hold mint-sauce—and all that it implies.
Enough! Thy mother calls thee; hence and play,
Nor with foreknowledge mar the sunshine of to-day.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

Barbara is Cambridge; so Timothy, who is four years younger, has to be Oxford.

At one time I cherished the belief that my daughter's choice was founded on family tradition. "That's the right spirit," I said when it was first announced. "Father was at Cambridge, you know." (Some day, perhaps, I shall wean myself of that ridiculous habit, when addressing my progeny, of referring to myself in the third person).

"And did you win the Boat Race?" asked Barbara.
My thoughts went back to a "getting-on" boat which
ever so many years ago, with my assistance, failed to get
on. Briefly, I explained to Barbara that the Cambridge
boat of those days found itself able to dispense with my

"Why?" she demanded.

"Oh, well, you know, there's only room for eight rowers in the boat, and I expect they didn't think Father good enough."

I felt myself quite unable to meet the openly incredulous stare that greeted this avowal; a small child's simple faith in its parent's prowess will sometimes bring a blush even to the most parental cheek.

"But couldn't you go as a passenger?" she persisted; and that again brought back poignant memories of a certain coach who used to exercise a mordant wit at my expense. I switched the conversation into another channel by asking Barbara why she favoured Cambridge.

"Because Patricia Ermyntrude looks simply delicious in light blue," was the prompt reply. Patricia Ermyntrude, it is perhaps unnecessary to explain, has a china face.

The Boat Race as it is rowed in the nursery differs in some material points from the contest with which the general public is familiar. The craft in which the crews sit, and which bear a strong resemblance to milliners' boxes, are propelled by pressure of the hands upon the floor, accompanied by a simultaneous forward jerk of the whole body. At the word of command one boat starts from Putney and the other from Mortlake, and the finishing-post is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chiswick. Oxford frequently capsizes, but—to its credit be it said—never cries; nor is it put out of humour by the fact that Cambridge always wins.

After watching, by invitation, several successive races of this kind, I made the well-meant suggestion that Oxford should receive a start, or that at least Cambridge should carry weight for age in the form of a cargo of bricks. The idea met with emphatic opposition on the part of the only crew that was capable of arguing it.

crew that was capable of arguing it.
"Certainly not," said Barbara firmly. "Why, Oxford might win."

It was with the notion of inducing in Barbara a more sportsmanlike attitude towards the greatest sporting event of the year that I took her down to Putney to watch the practice. After but a short delay I got her past a Punchand-Judy show on the tow-path, and, having bought specimens of six different kinds of light-blue favours (all of which she insisted on my wearing), we arrived at the boathouses just in time to see Cambridge take the water. I was prepared for observations on the generous display of heroic limbs afforded as the boat was carried down the slope, but all Barbara said at this stage was, "How funny you must have looked in those little knickerbockers when you were at Cambridge!"—a remark that drew the gaze of several eyes to my self-conscious legs.

I explained with great clearness the functions of the coach's launch, and then my heart gave a jump as with



FULL WARRANT.

JOHN BULL. "ABOUT THIS BORDER TROUBLE. I SEE ULSTER KEEPING HER PEOPLE LOYALLY UNDER CONTROL. WHY CAN'T YOU DO THE SAME ON YOUR SIDE?"

Mr. MICHAEL COLLINS. "I'VE HAD NO REAL AUTHORITY."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, HERE IT IS. NOW USE IT."



Postman. "WELL, WILLIAM, WHO BE A-GOIN' TO WIN BOAT-RACE? Barber. "LET'S SEE; WHO BE IT BETWEEN THIS YEAR?"

the water. After a minute's row, in which I counted 10-19-36, they easied, while the coach held forth through a megaphone:

megaphone."
"Well, Cambridge won, didn't they?" said Barbara.

" Won what?

"Won the race. The motor-boat never caught them up be Oxford again.". at all."

So once more I explained what the launch was for, and meanwhile the boat moved on again.

the next question I had to answer.

"He's saying, 'Bow, you're late," I hazarded out of the store of my memory. "Bow' is the man in the front part of the boat."

"Then he can't help getting there first; so how could he be late?

"I don't suppose he really was, but they will say that," I replied with just a shade of bitterness. "When Father was up at Cambridge bow was always told he was late, though all the time that ass Rogers at three—"
"What's he saying now?" interrupted Barbara.

I drew still further on my own experiences until Oxford came out and proceeded towards Hammersmith at a strong but leisurely paddle. Barbara watched them with a critical and contemptuous eye.

"Well, anybody can see they can't row half as fast as Cambridge," she observed. "Now, let's go back and see the Punch-and-Judy.'

Next day I found that the nursery operations had been reorganised. There was now only one milliner's box, plentifully decorated with Light Blue favours, which was pro-

exquisite rhythm eight sky-blue blades flashed in and out of pelled by Timothy, while Barbara from an overturned stool shouted opprobrious remarks to him through an improvised

> "Bow, you 're late! When will you learn to be earlier, you stupid boy? Use those legs! Oh, Timmy, dear, if you won't keep your eyes in the boat I'm afraid you'll have to

Well, it looks like being a close race on Saturday, and, if the worst happens, Timothy will at least be avenged. In "What's the man with the trumpet playing now?" was that event I'm quite prepared to see Barbara and Patricia Ermyntrude both change colour, for asthetic prejudice is but a flimsy foundation on which to rear a party faith.

"TINKER, TAILOR . . . " (A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE BANKER.

I know you sometimes hanker for a great big cage of glass, You'd like to be a banker, boy, and watch the people pass? I know it looks attractive, but it's not the life for you-Just think of all the Algebra the man must have to do.

Ah! life is very trying in that multitude of cheques, Such a lot of multiplying, such a lot of truck with x; What with adding and dividing and the lunacies of yHe will die of too much Algebra-oh, what a way to die!

But Finance is less exacting in the literary line; A little quick subtracting is the most I do for mine; And, if nothing else commends it as a likely life for you, Just think how little Algebra your father has to do. A. P. H.

A CHILDREN'S INDIGNATION MEETING,

Some agitation was going forward in Kensington Gardens. The children were intensely on the qui vive, though the nurses and governesses appeared unmoved and chatted together or went on with their crochet in unsympathetic stolidity.

The children were grouped round one small boy who seemed to be a leader among them. He sat alone on one of the garden seats, his legs dangling considerably above the ground, and with frowning intentness surveyed the little crowd before him. Then, scrambling to his feet on this higher level, he impressively struck the back of the seat with his hoop-stick and called for order.

"Fellow boys and girls," he began sternly, "we have come here this morning to talk about somefing very important. Are we or are we not to have clothes? Are we to be dressed in nice three-piece garments,' or are we to be like monkeys on a stick, as a gempleman called me yesterday? [Cries of 'Shame!'l Is it fair for mothers and fathers to espose their children to such remarks? Is a jersey, shorts and socks right clothes for a boy as old as me?

['No!']."
The Chairman concluded and a little girl excitedly broke out, "What the boy on the seat says ['Chairman,' corrected this authority angrily] comes home to us all, Look at me. And I was worse in the summer. My frock simply won't cover my knees, and makes me blush when nasty old ladies say, 'What an indecent little girl!"

The speaker here choked down a sob and continued, "It's Mummy's fault, not mine. I wouldn't dress my doll like Mummy does me for anything. Belinda wouldn't stand it. Belinda has long frocks and frilly petticoats and never shows her knees. And old Mrs. Jones looks at me like she didn't want to see me, and says, 'Cover your knees, my dear,' and my silly old freek wen't do it."

and socks and the tightest of jerseys

thereupon gave a loud sniff and spoke.
"Betty and Bob are quite right," he said; "my legs are freezing and I've got a hidjus cold. I've always got one. Why can't I have a Norfolk jacket with pockets, and thick stockings with patterns? Or a sailor suit complete with whistle? Just look at those kids," pointing to some of the smaller ones. "Freezing little guys, worse'n me!"

The kids alluded to at once set up a howl, and it took some time to appease meeting.



Extremely pale young curate. "PARDON ME, MY LORD, IF-ON THIS OCCASION ONLY-I PRECEDE YOUR LORDSHIP." (Bolts for the bulwarks.)

"Girls and boys," he said impres-"We've stood it a long time. Our clothes have been getting less and A small boy in the briefest of shorts less every day. Is it to be just bathingdrawers next? ['No! No!'] Then fathers and mothers must be 'talked sense' to, as Nurse says. Once they were boys and girls like ourselves. What did they wear? Jerseys? Shorts? [Cries of 'No! Not they.] Not much, they didn't. They were coats and wescots, and knickerbockers and yarn stockings and collars and hats. They didn't go about in rompers.

A tall little girl in very skimpy skirts A tall little girl in very skimpy skirts and socks violently interposed: "Nor they didn't wear a beastly jumper and Stoops to Conquer, will be performed." them. When quiet was restored, a larger boy stood forward and addressed the and arms and neck. They wore a jolly kilted skirt well below their knees, and to have been caught bending too.

a reefer coat, and a shirt with collar and tie, and long stockings; and they looked tidy and pretty and kept warm. A violent sneeze put a period to her remarks.

The maids with the prams then descended on the group in the summary manner of their kind, and the meeting broke up. =

Our Generous Railways.

"EASTER EXCURSIONS.

Many single excursions will be at about half the ordinary return fare."—Daily Paper,

Local Paper.

The Editor of our contemporary seems

THE UNDERWORLD.

"BUTTERFLIES . . . gay-winged butterflies . . . flitting their brief hour from tawdry bloom to bloom. . . . Escorts of pallid-faced men . . . feverish gaiety subsiding into listless despair . . . Insidious poison of the secret drug . .

Lying back in my armchair I seemed to conjure up the whole hideous scene. It appeared to me, indeed, that I had been reading about nothing else for days and days in the livelier organs of the Press. Nothing but Cocaine with a capital C. That and the Constitutional Crisis with two capital C's. I wondered sometimes whether the Cabinet too were not infected with this secret thing. I seemed to see Lord Curzon flitting from hectic bloom to bloom and Mr. Austen Chamberlain perching ever and anon upon some poisonous flower.

There was a ring at the front-door bell.

"Mr. Wilkinson," said Ann.

He entered with an enigmatic smile. "Come along," he said mysteriously.
"Where? Why?" I asked, with an

agitation that I strove in vain to conceal.

"They've begun already."

"I've no boots on," I pleaded.

" Put them on."

I did so. One of the laces broke. With a brutal laugh I inserted another.

We went across the road. The stars were already out and the gaunt boughs of the old oak-tree on the green stood out sinister and cruel against the background of the night.

We opened a wicket and went down several steps to a little secret door.

Wilkinson turned the handle. He turned it the wrong way, and the door would not open. He turned it the right way and pulled. Still the door would not open.

" Push it," I said.

He pushed it. It opened.
"Will they let us in?" I asked doubtfully.

"Yes. They know me."

Inside I saw a long low room in which were a number of benches and at one end a stage. By the dim light of two oil lamps I perceived that the place was already full. Men and women sat about in various attitudes of expectancy. All were obviously the victims of a strange unnatural excitement. Every now and then I heard a low laugh, a whisper or a spasmodic burst of conversation. Smoke ascended in blue vicious - looking coils from cigarettes-possibly, I reflected, scented cig rettes. I could not see whether any of the women were smoking, yet

and said something in a low voice; I could not hear what he said.

I wondered how soon glasses would be passed round, glasses of vile potent spirit masquerading as ginger-beer. I wondered, however, in vain. None was passed round. The recent exposures in he said; "the eighth time was in your the Press had evidently terrorised those who were responsible into forgoing the usual iniquitous trade. I was disappointed about this.

Mechanically I got up and examined a picture which was hanging on the wall. There was no actual impropriety in its subject. True, it represented the life of a butterfly, dealing with the creature from its earliest stage as an egg, and subsequently as a caterpillar and a chrysalis. But the treatment, realistic, crude if you will, was in no way unpleasant. Evidently a blind. I

sat down on my bench again. A folded paper was passed to me. I shook it furtively. No white mysterious powder dropped out of the fold. Evidently another blind. I opened it.

"Write your name there," whispered Wilkinson hoarsely, pointing to the middle of the paper.

I did so. He passed me another paper, and I wrote my name again. "Your address too," he said.

"Shall I write a false address?" I asked.

Wilkinson took the papers and walked up to the stage with them. Silence brooded again, and a tense atmosphere of unreality seemed to me to hover over the dim lamp-lit scene. Then a man rose on the platform and spoke. He descended and circled rhythmically round the room. As if moved by an uncontrollable impulse we stretched out our hands. Again it happened. Again. Then silence once more, followed by whispers and a murmured consultation on the stage. Names were being called out now and meaning glances passed from one to another of us. Waves and ripples of emotion flickered over the aded faces. Hands touched shoulders. There were low outbursts of applause.

I must have passed for some time into unconsciousness, for I was aroused suddenly by a nudge from Wilkinson.

"It's all over," he said.

Shuddering I rose and followed him through the little secret door, up the stone steps and out at the wicket-gate. We stood under the stars again.
"What has happened?" I said.

"I'm in," he replied.
"'In'?" I repeated. "In what?"

"The Parish Council."

"Not alone, I hope?" I said in sudden

even that was possible. A man got up were proposed. You proposed me. You this might have suited him.

seconded one of the others. Then we voted. We all had seven votes, you know!

"Do you mean to say that I voted seven times, then?" I faltered.

"As a matter of fact you voted eight." sleep. So the election is really invalid. But nobody noticed.'

I looked up at the old oak. It still stood gaunt and sinister against the stars. The little knot of men and women round the gate of the elementary school was dispersing rapidly.

I said good-night and went back to my house again. I intend to take a close interest in the sordid business of politics now that I have helped Wilkinson into office. It lures.

GETTING-RICH-QUICK.

(An extravagant dream induced by study of the free Insurance Schemes of various newspapers.)

THAT day good fortune haunted me: My early morning cup of tea Fell, scalding hot, upon my knee.

"Aha!" I cried, when I could speak; "A happy chance! The Daily Shrick Will pay me fifty pounds a week."

Shaving, I felt my razor slip And cut me sharply on the lip.
"More cash!" I breathed. "The Morning Pip."

And when I skidded on the mat. Knocking my nasal organ flat, "The Wail," I said, "will pay for that."

A fish-bone, lodged inside my neck, Soon made of me a further wreck, But meant a Sunday Cornet cheque.

"This is indeed The Day!" I said; And, though I should have gone to bed, I struggled off to work instead.

A motor swooped. I stumbled, fell; And as it crashed -" The Evening Yell."

I murmured, "pays extremely well."

I reached the station, breathless, late, And crushed my elbow in the gate. "The Lyre!" I quavered. "This is great.'

A rending noise, a warning shout, The roof collapsed . . . They dug me out, Babbling "Insured! The Daily Spout."

Softly they hore me home, and there, Battered but joyful, free from care, I lay in bed-a millionaire.

"Man (Young) wanted; chipping-up and able to do a little stinging."

Advl. in Daily Paper.

"No, there are seven of us. Eight If Sir Enc had not gone on holiday



STROLLING PLAYERS.

WHY NOT EXTEND THE PROMENADE HABIT SO AS TO INCLUDE THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA? UP TILL NOW THE PIANIST HAS NEVER HAD A CHANCE.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flaneur.)

Those who are old enough to remember the days when the safety-bicycle was a new toy, and our uncles and aunts, in their funny unsuitable clothes, used to go pedalling off to Battersea Park of a morning, will not be unprepared for the corresponding Pogo boom which is almost upon us. The exceptional difficulty of attaining proficiency in the use of the jumping-stick prevented it from springing at once into general favour last year, but a small and influential coterie of enthusiasts has devoted the necessary time and patience to assiduous practice, with the result that there are some accomplished performers among the members of hoped to persuade the authorities to lay down a Pogoway age of five created a sensation at the Royal Academy, Lady

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY O

PONES

NEWSAL

OURS 15

BEST

INSURANCE

SCHEME

alongside the Row; but at present the members take it in turn to give a Pogo Breakfast after an hour's exercise round one or other of the quieter squares.

Among those I saw Pogoing up an appetite before turning into Lady St. Vitus's mansion vesterday morning were Eupepsia, Marchioness of Malmsey; Lady Lowp of Glentussock; the Hon. Mrs. Hopkyn-Hopkin; Jerboa Pasha, of the Pan-Levantine Mission: Rear-Admiral Sir Capricorn Kidd, and Major Pulecks, the energetic secretary, who negotiated a complete circuit of the square without once dismounting. With so distinguished a lead it is confidently anticipated that the

THAT DAY." movement will advance by leaps and bounds.

* * * From what I hear, Charlie Chockram, with his characteristic thoroughness, seems to have thrown himself body and soul into the self-imposed task of organising the supermatinée in aid of the Critics' Benevolent and Fresh Air Fund. This being so it goes without saying that, with the cream of the world's theatrical talent placed freely at his disposal in so good a cause, his chief difficulty is to avoid offending professional susceptibilities in making a selection that can be crammed into one afternoon's programme.

Of the turns so far settled I may mention that home industries will be more than represented by our polar-star comedian, the one and only George Gravey, who, in addition to sing-singing a special version of his immortal song, "Chuck it!" will deliver some of the verbal hits with which he scores so many points in Twenty Rounds; that Mallardi, "The Quack Vocalist," will reproduce the performance that has been the making of Soho and Sahara, and that arrangements have been made by wireless for Chimpanza, "The Ugliest Woman in the World," to return from the Riviera to make some of her inimitable grimaces.

Rosciusky, who has just concluded a short season in Liberia with George St. Bernard's Toothache Villa, and Ook, the Esquimaux droll, are among many others who are hurry. ing Londonwards from all quarters of the globe for the great occasion, and it only needs commensurate support from the public to ensure to the beneficiaries the prolonged holiday they so sorely need.

A novel departure in one-man shows-or, to be more accurate, one-woman shows-is the Lady Catherine Wheeler Exhibition, at the Apennine Gallery, which opens to the public to-morrow. As a rule when one name is associated with a collection of pictures it is merely that of the painter: in the present case it denotes the original of over a hundred the newly-formed Pogoers Club, of which I am enabled oil portraits, to say nothing of a large number of drawings to give some particulars. Negotiations for commodious and sketches. And, when it is remembered that, since Sir premises adjacent to the Park are proceeding, and it is Ernest Pinkie's almost photographic likeness of her at the

Catherine, the most industrious sitter of modern times, has been painted or drawn by every artist of any note. it will be realised that she constitutes a valuable connecting link in the development of portraiture during the last two or three decades.

Many of the portraits of Lady Catherine that have helped to make artistic history will be recognised here, notably Slithery's tender study in purple and sage and Turpin's austere "Souvenir of Lippo Lippi;" and these were being discussed at the Private View to-day by a distinguished gathering, which included the Duke and Duchess of Pytchley; Lady Lime, the celebrated actress;

DAILY WIRE TEAR YOUR DAILY SCOOP GOOD MORNING CLOTHES CUT YOUR AND WE'LL HAVE LOOK AFTER FINGER You SIGNED AND THE RETIRE RENT THE FORM FOR LIFE ! Suburban Gent. (to newsagent). "I WANT YOU TO STOP DELIVERY OF MY REGULAR PAPER, AND I LEAVE IT ENTIRELY TO YOUR JUDGMENT IN FUTURE TO DELIVER EACH MORNING THE PAPER YOU THINK WILL DO MOST FOR ME DURING

Lord Possumtree; Arne Old, the brilliant author, and Aurelius James, the illustrious painter, whose signature appears on more than one of the exhibits.

A charming feature of the show is that Lady Catherine will be in attendance at the Gallery daily, so that the public will have the privilege of comparing her with the works upon the walls.

PHYLLIS ENDORSES A CHECK.

[Man's one sartorial means of welcoming the Spring-shepherd's plaid and white spats-has been stolen this year by women.]

B.C. 22.

"Phyllis, the Spring is here!" the rapturous turtle on Its quivering bough informed the rustic maid, While at her feet (she had her best new kirtle on) Shepherds played.

A.D. 1922.

But look at Phyllis now, when Spring comes surging in! Her ankles trim in snow-white spats are clad; One more warm day and she will be emerging in Shepherd's plaid.

A FLOCK OF SHEEP.

I AM not a good sleeper. But I have many kind friends; and they have spared no pains to explain to me the best way of going to sleep.

I have just had a terrible night. I went to bed about eleven, determined not to think. To think is fatal-everybody says so.

So I counted sheep going through a gate-an infallible method.

One—two—three . . . Look, there is a black one. Why is a black sheep an object of derision? Surely it is the black sheep of Astrakhan which provides the actor-manager with his astrakhan collar? No doubt the black sheep of Surrey provides the cinema-producer with his imitation astrakhan collar. Probably in Astrakhan a white sheep is regarded as a low fellow. A pretty thought. Four-five . . . No, that's a sheep-dog. Five-six-seven . . . The question arises-Why are these sheep going through this gate? Perhaps they are going to market. Yes, that is it. There is the farmer; he is counting too. Not only that, he is calculating what they all weigh. I cannot follow him there. How odd that farmers are so often represented as stupid! A man who can calculate the weight of a sheep at a glance is surely not without intellectual attainments.

Beside him stands his daughter Nell; a jolly girl. I like her. Eight-nineten . . . No, those two are lambs. I am afraid Nell is rather sentimental. She is sad to see the sweet little lambs going to market. Very well, they shan't go. Eight . . . Oh, dear, that sheep-dog has chivvied them back again! Nine-ten . . . The farmer, I fear, is not at all sentimental. He doesn't care a lamb. What an extraordinary hat he has! I can see him better now. He has side-whiskers and velvet breeches. He looks cheerful, but he is not. He has been farming at a dead Damn. loss for the last forty years. That's because he refused to join a Co-operative Society. And because of the Government, of course. Eleven-twelve a man sells thirteen motor-cars, he doesn't count them as a dozen; why should the wretched novelist? Thirteen visits to the dentist don't count as a dozen. That reminds me, I must write to Mr. Payne. I believe that tooth is blood to your feet, and you go right off Over and over again. aching now. Fourteen-fifteen-six- to sleep. Must try that. teen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen twenty—twenty-one . . . I wish I was twenty-one. What a jolly day it is! Feel all drowsy already. The blood Spring, I expect, because of the lambs. I can't possibly go to sleep . . . I can't possibly go to



Innocent Youth, "When you put money on a horse, Dad, whereaboute do

Father, "In that gentleman's bag, my boy."

Look at the sun shining on Nell, shin- gone to my feet. That reminds me two-twenty-three-twenty-four . . . That tooth is aching. Twelve o'clock.

One hundred and ninety-four-one hundred and ninety-five-one hundred and ninety-six . . . This is no end -thirteen . . . Do thirteen sheep count of a big flock. The farmer is looking and forty-eight feet . . . as a dozen, like novels? Why do more prosperous. Little Nell has gone thirteen novels count as a dozen? If indoors. Somehow all the charm has gone out of these sheep.

Two hundred and forty-seven . .

if you think of your feet, that sends the

ing on the sheep. Sussex sheep. I of chilblains. What a Winter this has garden. Must mend the hammock. Must varnish the boat. Now then, no thinking . . . Feet, feet . . . feet, forwards, feet . . . Fancy Wales beating France like that. The Boat Race next week . . . Feet, feet . . . Two hundred

At half-past one I abandoned the feet method and tried Cox's plan. Cox says that all you have to do is to place a Hoorah! that's the last of them! pillow under your knees, relax all your Oh, my head! Someone told me that, muscles and say to yourself, "I am going to sleep; I am going to sleep."

I placed the pillow under my knees,



She, "Do look at that darling bear dancing. Isn't he clever?" He. "On, I DON'T KNOW. FAIRLY EASY STEPS, I SHOULD THINK."

sleep in this ridiculous position. Or if I do go to sleep with my head as low as this I shall certainly wake up again immediately. What does Cox put under his head when he puts his pillow under his knees? I am going to sleep. am going to sleep.'

I never felt less like sleep in my life. At two o'clock I woke up my wife and explained Cox's plan to her. She did not think much of it. I said, " Do you mind if I have your pillow to put under my head? I have put mine under my knees."

She said "What's the time?" and went to sleep again without even waiting for a reasoned reply. I then got out of bed and tried Potter's plan.

Potter's plan is very simple. First of all you do five minutes' good hard physical exercises—chest out, hands on hips, knees bending and stretching, breathing freely through the nose. Then you sponge the face with a cold wet sponge, rub the body all over with a hard towel, lean out of the window and take six deep breaths-in at the

right angles from the body.

Long before I had finished this simple routine my wife had turned on the light and was reading a book. When I had done, half the household seemed to be awake. As for me, I was ready for a five-mile run. But not for sleep.

I tried William's plan. William says that if he cannot go to sleep he takes one of the dullest books he knows and reads it. Before he has read one page he is fast asleep.

I went down and fetched the A B C Railway Guide. I read as far as "OSWESTRY (Salop), Another Route." Then I flung the book aside.

Beside the bed is a book-case. In the book-case were two of my own works-First (and Last) Editions. One of them at least is the dullest book in the language. Or so I have always said. So have others more competent than I to judge. "This," I thought, "will do the trick." I began to read.

I was enthralled. I was amazed by the power of the writing. I laughed. nose and out at the ears. Then you Gad, how I laughed! I laughed aloud. put a piece of paper under the upper- I woke up my wife (who had gone to lip and lie down on the bed with the sleep again) and read her a few passages. too prolific.

knees raised and the arms extended at | She was deeply moved. I read it all through.

It was four o'clock. But the great-ness of that book had inspired me to new creation. I fetched pencil and paper and I wrote the lamentable history of this night. I wrote this article. I am still awake.

But it is nice to think that one day it may send you and William to sleep.

- A. P. H.

Progressive Golf.

"NEWQUAY (CORNWALL).

Golf on the beautiful 36-holes course adjoining the town and overlooking the Atlantic Ocean is one of the principal attractions at this season of the year, and the greens are in the best condition."—Provincial Paper.

Golfers, anxious to go to Cornwall and dissatisfied with a mere 36 holes, are advised to try Lelant (72 holes) or Mullion (144 holes).

"A beautiful landscape oil painting with a number of deer by the renowned old artist 'Georgius Pinx' with the artist's signature.

Do. with a magnificent stag by Georgius Pinx with artist's signature. What offers?" Advt. in Indian Paper.

Not many, we fear; old "Pinx" was



THE UNSINKABLE.

PRIME MINISTER (in a moment of expansion). "WITH LUCK THIS SHOULD GET ME ASHORE; ANYHOW IT OUGHT TO KEEP ME AFLOAT TILL SOMETHING TURNS UP."





Little Girl (eaught stealing jam). "Well, Mummy, I'm very sorry; but these little lapses will occur."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 20th .- In view of the prospective meeting with the Soviet representatives at Genoa the Government showed a discreet ignorance about the alleged misdoings of the Bolshevist authorities. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had no official information regarding the number of "executions" they had carried out in Russia, or the reported participation of their emissaries in the recent disturbances on the Rand.

An artless inquiry by Mr. G. LOCKER-Lampson as to whether the resolutions for the reform of the House of Lords would be introduced "before the Dissolution" did not catch Mr. Chamber-LAIN napping. He requested the hon. Member to give him precise information as to the date of that event before pressing him for an answer.

The Government obligingly moved the adjournment in order that the parties to the Engineering dispute might thrash out their differences in public. It was not a particularly edifying performance. Mr. CLYNES considered that the employers had committed "an astounding act of aggression." GOULD was equally clear that the tradeunion authorities were the culprits. There would seem, at any rate, to be some truth in his assertion that the

present system of balloting was "a managed for him either by a Trade travesty of justice," since Mr. R. Young, a Labour Member, considered that a vote of twenty-one per cent. was quite satisfactory.

Mr. Hopkinson, as usual, said, "A plague on both your houses." For his part he declined to have his works



"We are all Bumbles now." LORD ULLSWATER.

Union or an Employers' Federation.

At this point the debate should have come to an end, for the DEPUTY SPEAK-ER put the motion for the adjournment, and it was carried nem, con. But, on protests being made, he said that perhaps there was a "No" which he had not heard, and put the Question again. Among the qualifications of a perfect Speaker is the power to be on occasion blind and deaf. Apparently he should also be able, when necessary, to hear imaginary voices.

Tuesday, March 21st .- Lord Buck-MASTER complained that the gigantic Law of Property Bill, on which the Lords had already worked for two Sessions, should again have been introduced in the Upper House: surely it was time that the Commons dealt with it. The LORD CHANCELLOR had a soft answer ready; it was because of the general superiority of the Peers in dealing with weighty measures of this kind. He added that only with the greatest difficulty had he induced the Cabinet to mention it in the King's Speech, there being a notion that the ignorant multitude would take it as a revival of the PRIME MINISTER'S "long-forgotten land campaign"-a pretty thing to say of his chief's opus magnum.

On the Irish Free State (Agreement)

Bill going into Committee, Lord Salis- | ing in Hong Kong, was to be abolished | judgment by bluntly ejaculating, "You BURY, while declaring that the movers as soon as might be. The House reof Amendments had no desire to wreck ceived the news with loud cheers; but the Bill, begged the Government to help if, as I gather, the system concerns a them to make it a better measure. Lord PEEL (now Secretary of State for India) promised careful consideration of Amendments, provided that they did not touch the Treaty. But, encouraged perhaps by Lord LANSDOWNE's admistheir Amendments and the Bill they must choose the Bill, he offered strenuposal to make the Ulster "month" run | 3rd, in order to receive it.

from the date of its passage into law. The Amendment was eventually defeated by 96 to 87.

Lord ULLSWATER treated the Lords to a little of the humour with which he so often (as Mr. LOWTHER) delighted the Commons, in urging the desirability of abolishing the now antiquated doctrine of "duress." He quoted the ruling of Mr. Bumble, who, on being informed that the law presumed that Mrs. Bumble acted under his direction, remarked that "the law is a ass, a idiot. If that 's the eye of the law, the law's a bachelor.'

The Law Lords apparently did not approve of Lord ULLS-WATER'S dictum, "We are all Bumbles now;" for Lord Buck-MASTER offered uncompromising opposition to his proposals; and the LORD CHANCELLOR, while not bold enough to claim that he himself employed marital coercion, was of opinion that such control was still exercised by husbands of humbler rank. Support came, however, from Lord ABERDEEN, who told how, more than two centuries ago, a Scotch Lord Chancellor resigned sooner than enforce an Act which made husbands responsible for the non-attend-

ance of their wives in church. This, the first day of Spring according to the Calendar, was also the first day of WINTERTON-on the Treasury Bench-and a very much more genial debut he made. The House has always had a soft place in its collective heart for one who was for some years its "baby," and who still looks like a boy; and many were the congratulations tendered to him. The new UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA acquitted himruled that Captain Ellior's inquiry as to "the present value of a lakh of rupees" required notice.

kind of indentured "tweeny," there will, I fear, be gnashing of teeth among Celestial housewives.

Like CECIL RHODES after the JAMESON Raid, the PRIME MINISTER has decided to "let resignation wait" and to go to Genoa, provided that the House of as his deputy "Mr. Chamberlain was Commons will give him a safe-conduct tempted to agree, but as a patriot he sion that if it came to a choice between to Genoa, provided that the House of in the form of a vote of confidence. He thought it would be a misfortune if the ous opposition to Lord Sumer's pro- will be in his place on Monday, April country were deprived of the influence



THE NEW MAHARAJAH AND HIS MAHOUT. LORD PEEL AND LORD WINTERTON.

Committee stage of the Irish Bill was were planning a new rising in Russia resumed Lord Midleton moved an came to the receptive ears of Lieut .-Amendment providing that any dispute as to the interpretation of the Article dealing with the Boundary Commission should be referred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. On this peg other Peers managed to hang a long discussion as to the propriety of Law Lords taking part in political debate. With more harmony than they commonly display in their legal decisions self very well, but I think he was not the Law Lords themselves expressed altogether sorry when the SPEAKER the opinion that there was no reason why they should not. Only Lord bandment of the women police is to HALDANE was hostile; but, when he begin at the end of this month in order expatiated on the undesirability of that the required savings may be The COLONIAL SECRETARY announced attempting to be at once Judge and effected. It is odd, by the way, that that the system of muitsai, now flourish- Politician, Lord Salisbury disabled his the Geddes Committee should have

The Commons are still speculating as to whether, in the coming Genoa Resolution, the stress is to be laid on "conference" or "confidence." Sir W. Joynson-HICKS thought, or, atany rate, said, that "our valuable PREMIER" might be more usefully employed at home. As "the unfortunate individual who has to act which the PRIME MINISTER wields in these Councils.

In the debate on the Army Estimates Sir L. WORTHINGTON-Evans outlined an ingenious plan for preserving the traditions and esprit de corps of cavalry regiments, by reducing the number of their squadrons instead of disbanding them altogether. But why does he not extend it to infantry battalions?

Thursday, March 23rd.—The monumental serenity of the Lords was shaken this afternoon by an incident unique in my experience. Lord PEEL was laboriously resisting an Amendment designed to associate the Southern Senate with the elected Chamber in the provisional Parliament of Ireland. Lord CARson ventured an interjection. " Order, order!" said the temporary Leader of the House, "Order, you!" retorted Lord CARSON, for all the world as if he were Mr. STANTON, and Lord CRAWFORD Mr. JACK JONES. Shocked, I suppose, by this painful episode the Peers were unequal to the task of taking the Third Reading of the Irish Bill to-night.

Reports in the Italian Press Wednesday, March 22nd. - When the | that Generals DENIKIN and WRANGEL Commander KENWORTHY, who forthwith framed a Question. Mr. HARMS-WORTH's statement, that the Foreign Office had no information bearing out these rumours, and that General Deni-KIN was living in Brussels, did not, I fear, allay the gallant Member's apprehensions.

"Brussels?" he murmured suspiciously. "Why, that's where the sprouts come from.'

Mr. Short announced that the dis-



Horny-handed One. "That's the sort o' job as'd soot me, mate-fittin' on lidies' 'ats! "

allowed the police-matrons to escape retrenchment. There are no fewer than eighteen of these ladies permanently attached to police-stations, each drawing a whole guinea a week, while some ten van-matrons receive from ten to eighteen shillings weekly, in addition to being accorded frequent joy-rides to Holloway in "Black Maria."

Sir Robert Horne refused to exempt members of cricket-clubs from paying entertainment-tax, on the ground that it is impossible to discriminate between one kind of entertainment and another. But is cricket an entertainment at all? Watching two stone-wallers on a grey day, with an east wind blowing, I have myself thought it more in the nature of a religious exercise.

From a bookseller's catalogue:-

"Lansbury, Robert, Peace negotiations; a personal narrative."

And now we should like to hear the views of Mr. George Lansing, the well-known editor of The Daily Herald.

MRS. MILES'S SELF-HELP.

[In an interview with a correspondent of The Daily Chronicle, Mrs. EUSTACE MILES blames the morning meal for matutinal peevishness. "The lighter the breakfast the clearer the brain," she observed to the interviewer. "It is years since I have seen a breakfast-table. The best breakfast is no breakfast."]

"The lighter the breakfast the clearer the brain"—

How cheerfully runs Mrs. Miles's refrain!

But a notable dictum she further lets fall:

"The best of all breakfasts is nothing at all."

Then why stop at breakfast? The logical Punch

Would also impose an embargo on

And boycott the habit of five-o'clock tea, A gluttonous extra, as all must agree. Like the Snark, in the poet's delectable lay,

We should all of us "dine on the following day," And aim at dislodging Black Care from the crupper

By a rigid and total abstention from supper.

This blesséd arrangement, it closely one looks,

Dispenses with kitchens and ranges and cooks;

It simplifies life and encourages thrift, And, seeing the race is to-day to the swift.

It follows that he will be ruler and master

Who starts by commanding the speed of the faster.

"The bridesmaids were freeks of powder blue georgette trimmed with girdles, and sprays of pule pink roses with hair to match." Local Paper.

We do not care for pale pink hair.

Underneath a picture :-

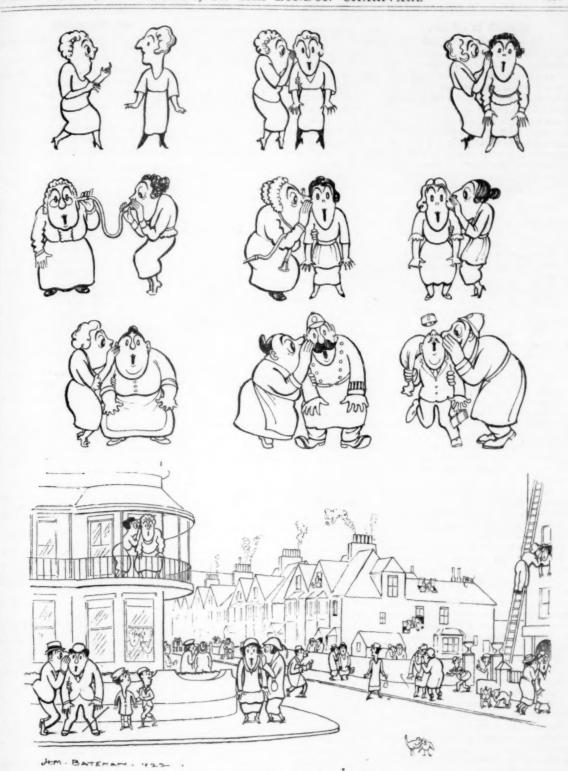
"Mr. — digging for worms on the sands immediately prior to breaking his fast."

Lical Paper.

Does nobody love him?



THE SECRET,



THE SECRET.

NUANCES OF FICTION.

It was my privilege the other evening to be consulted by a novelist of eminence as to what he should call certain characters in his new story, and anyone listening to our discussion could never again adopt Juliet's lighthearted attitude with regard to the significance of names. "What's in a name?" is a question that may be scoffingly asked on a balcony on a warm night in Verona; but in my friend's study in chilly March in London the problem becomes acute. Then, there is everything in a name,

This is the kind of thing that hap-

"I've got a girl," he said, "about twenty-two, modern, pretty, mischiev-ous, with red hair. Tall and slender. What shall I call her?

"Many modern girls are called Peggy or Betty," I said, after long and careful

thought.

"She's not so frivolous as that."

"Well, then, Nancy?"

"No. she's not Nancy; she dresses too well."

"Olive?" I queried. "There are lots of Olives now.

"Didn't I mention that her hair is

"Very well, then, Anne."

"No. Anne's impossible. I know an Anne.'

"What about Eleanor?"

"Didn't I say she was mischievous? Eleanors are never mischievous."

"Sheila is coming into fashion," I said. "Sheila's impossible in this case. The girl's a Nonconformist minister's daughter."

"You never told me that," I replied testily. "Really I must have the com-

plete dossier if I'm to be of any use."
"Very well, then," he said, "she hasn't got a dimple."

"Why do you tell me that?" I asked. "To help you," he said. "It would make a difference. If she has a dimple you can't call her Matilda, for example, or Martha. And if her hair is bobbed you can't call her Godiva. Unless the book is illustrated, the name must paint a portrait too. Her hair is not bobbed.

"What do you say to Winnie?" I

"Impossible. She's too tall."

"Then Clarice?

"No, not with red hair." "What about Posy?"

"Posy is for a smaller woman altogether. Something to pet. This girl is rather frightening.

"Oh, frightening, is she? Very well

then, Pauline."

"No, not so impressive as that."

"Thora, then?

"I ask you," he said scornfully, indeed?

" would a Thora be pretty? She might be statuesque or beautiful, but not pretty.

I suggested Elspeth.

"No, that's Scotch. English." She's very

Very well then, Nesta."

"I can't use Nesta. I know a Nesta." "Violet? It could be shortened to Vi.'

"No. I know a Violet."

"But does that matter?" I asked. "It matters very much. This isn't my first novel, remember. One has to

be very careful. "What about Margot?"

"Absolutely impossible."

"I can't think of any more names," I said. "Oh, ves, Dorothy."

"I know a Dorothy."

"You know too many women," I said.

"I do," he admitted.

"What about Jocelyn?" I asked.
"I rather like that," he said. "Yes, Jocelyn isn't bad. Yes, we'll fix it at Jocelyn. You've been very useful to me; do you mind helping me with a man now? I've got a man-the hero, in fact. Good-looking, dark, serious, fastidious."

"John," I said at once.

"No, not quite John. John is all right up to a point, but after that he breaks away into something less solid, less honourable, less normal.

"Henry?" I suggested.

"No, not Henry. Some of him is Henry, but not much. He is rather too modern.'

"What about Eustace?"

"No, he's better than that. More human.

" Leonard?"

"Isn't Leonard a little affected?"

"Perhaps so," I said; "but not so much so as Marmaduke.

"Then why drag Marmaduke in?" he asked sharply. "This is a serious matter, you know."

I expressed contrition. "How do you like Maurice?" I inquired.

"I know a Maurice."

"Or Edgar?"

" No, not suitable at all."

"Gerard?"

"I know a Gerard."

"You might dodge the difficulty by giving him a surname as a Christian name," I suggested; "such as, for instance, Grantley. His friends could call him Grant.

"That's not a bad idea," he said. "Yes, I think I'll adopt that."

So if you come across a new novel in the autumn with the hero named Grantley and a girl named Jocelyn in it, you will know whom to thank.

the matter settled. What's in a name, E. V. L.

OUR BY-ELECTION

The voice of the electors of -- has sounded the death-knell of the Government."

Any Anti-Coalition Organ.]

THE Candidates were Jones and Brown Who sought to represent our town. Jones (Coalition) was rejected And Brown triumphantly elected. Next morning all the papers noted In bold black figures how we voted. And, since from them is nothing hid. They showed exactly why we did.

Severely resolute, we went To vote against the Government. Vowing that it must be displaced Because we were so sick of Waste: Because we feared the crude attacks Of the preposterous Geddes Axe: Because we'd heard the PREMIER say The thriving Germans needn't pay: Because we'd seen the PREMIER try To squeeze the stricken Germans dry; Because each costly freak and fad Of Mr. FISHER made us mad: Because we dreaded lest the nation Should be deprived of Education; Because we hated wild extremes And crazy Socialistic schemes: Because for us was no attraction In dull and negative reaction : Because we wished a "Dry" offensive: Because our beer was too expensive; Because-well, there were quite a score Of admirable reasons more.

And yet, in point of fact, the crown Was placed upon the head of Brown Because (we felt it in our bones) Brown was a better man than Jones.

Another Impending Apology.

"Lord Haldane addressing a meeting admitted the charge of having obtained £4 10s. from the Ministry of Labour and £14 from Parish Council on false pretences. Scotch Paper.

"Congfiratulations to Mr. Guy passing the Higher Law Examination." South African Paper.

We gather that the printer had himself been called to the bar.

" RUGGER' JOY DAY.

Forty thousand enthusiasts for the carrying code gave the King a wonderful reception when he arrived and walked on to the pitch where the twenty-two players lined up in two rows."

Sunday Paper.

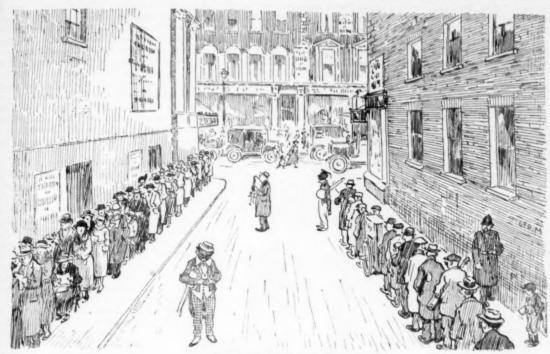
The remaining eight, presumably, were practising at the nets.

"TUBBED.

BY A ROWING MAN.

Number Two?' 'That's right, Number Two; don't mind stroke. Jab him in the back if he gets in your way. . . "-Daily Paper.

But I assure you I was glad to get It would appear from Coach's language that "Rowing Man's" experience has been confined to three-oared races.



THE TWO QUEUES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE older I get the more I am convinced that critical wit must depend on critical equity if it is to be permanently as well as immediately exhilarating. In this, of course, it resembles judicial wit, whose circumstances academic criticism, at any rate, so largely reproduces. Hence I feel quite safe in prophesying for the fifteen essays of Mr. EDMUND GOSSE'S Aspects and Impressions (CASSELL) not only the present vogue which their vivacity deserves, but the future indispensability which their justice commands; and I should be equally sorry for the coming student who should overlook "A Note on Congreve" or "The Foundation of the French Academy," and for the contemporary book-lover who should miss "Two French Critics" or "A Visit to the Friends of Ibsen." For the rest, the most inveterate romantic might well hang his head and then confess the Orpheus-charm of Mr. Gosse's discourse on "Malherbe and the Classical Reaction," "The Hôtel de Rambouillet," even "The Writings of M. Clemenceau." But it is over an English genius, and a misprized one, that the critic excels himself. His essay on "George Eliot" is a masterpiece; and never more so than when it deals with that "thickset sybil's" sober and sobering philosophy. "Death, the final railway-station," says Mr. Gosse, "is ever in her mind; she sees it on her map, and gathers her property around her to be ready when the train shall stop.

The History of Alfred Rudd (Collins) as told by Mr. E. V. ODLE is a simple one. He failed as a bank-clerk and a photographer, and succeeded as a music-hall comedian, though we leave him at the beginning of his career and

however, is a pleasant enough ass), but his Emma (a school teacher, a B.Sc., and a dear) who is the outstanding character of this promising first novel-Emma with her half-educated but entirely genuine "scientific" outlook on life, her wisdom, fidelity and motherliness: a most attractive piece of work. She is, indeed, such an improbably nice person that I feel sure her original exists somewhere, and I wish her luck. Mr. ODLE can make a scene "go" and handles with no little skill his hero's unfortunate entanglement with Jane, the bad lot, without altogether destroying our sympathy with that very odd young woman, victim of temperament. Some queer spellings and strange sentences (readers for the press are not all quite what they were, I think!) might well be revised, and perhaps Mr. ODLE's minor characters, Beamish the traveller, Sankey the super, and the pseudo-romantic little cad of a hairdresser, Simon Stubbs, run too much to a vague freakishness. But there is much good stuff in this novel.

I have always understood that what Sr. PAUL calls "visions and revelations of the Lord" were sent to forward their recipients' progress in virtue; and that if glimpses of the supernatural resulted in Schwärmerei, or sin, they were the work of the Devil. On this hypothesis there is no doubt whatever concerning the origin of The Secret Glory (SECKER), a latter-day variant of the Holy Grail revealed in a Welsh farm-house to the boy Ambrose Meyrick and his father; although its exposition is accompanied (if I may credit Mr. ARTHUR MACHEN) by a vision of "The Mystery of Mysteries." Ambrose, still harping on his mystic experiences, is sent to an exquisitely odious public school, where he becomes first a cowed and isolated dreamer and last a furtive and malicious rebel. Both reverie and rebellion have to believe in his great success on what is perhaps are natural enough, the school being what it is, but they are rather insufficient evidence. But it is not our Alfred (who, not particularly creditable to a devotee of "The Mystery of

Mysteries." Nor is a liaison with a sympathetic parlourmaid, though this is set down as part and parcel of the "wonders." Nor is Ambrose's subsequent career, which continues a marvel of irresponsibility until his extremely unconvincing martyrdom at the hands of "miscreants" in Asia. And, talking of irresponsibility, I cannot help wishing that Mr. Machen himself, who shows considerable savage humour in his guerilla campaign against the Public School system, would occasionally come to closer grips with one or other of the problems his extravaganza has evoked.

The Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18 (Angus and Robertson) is liberally designed to be, as far as any book may, a record worthy of its subject. The first of the six volumes that Mr. C. E. W. Bean is writing takes the story no further than May, 1915, the end of the first

phase of the Gallipoli campaign, and its character is indicated when one mentions that it includes a glossary of some two hundred technical terms, and about an equal number not only of maps and illustrations, but also of acknowledgments of indebtedness to friends of the author. The total of pages is nearly seven hundred, and about half of them are devoted to the single great day of the landing on the peninsula. So thorough a treatment necessarily involves a great mass of detail, and it has rested entirely with the author whether it should be detail to kill or detail to make alive. Congratulations, then, that in describing, with a minuteness one has nowhere else seen quite equalled, a fight of the most bafflingly intricate nature, he has not smothered his subject in mere enumerations, but has succeeded in building it up to a living whole. Without ever becoming melodramatic he has managed to take us beyond the point where other War histories have too often broken

off, and that is where, in the heat of battle, the human element came to show through the disciplined machine. To be sure he had magnificent material of men and achievements to work on. His second volume, which presumably will deal with the second great Anzac attempt and the evacuation, will be awaited with increased interest.

In The Oppidan (Chatto and Windus) I think that Mr. Shane Leslie has fallen between two stools with a resounding thump. He would have been better advised to have given us a history of Eton during the last year of the nineteenth century and the opening years of this, but he has elected to write a novel. He admits his difficulties in his preface: "It only remains to say that, in dealing with a past period now historical, the names of such as Warre, Hornby and Miss Evans have proved too great to pseudonise." I find satisfaction in the word "great," for Warre is not dealt with over-tenderly in this volume. Is it, for instance, fair to say of him that "he was regarded by his admiring and loyal staff as the soundest but stupidest man they knew"? What Warre stood for at Eton was admittedly

not to the liking of everybody, but to assert that an intelligent body of men regarded him as very stupid seems to me supremely ridiculous. To quote again from the preface: "In many ways faulty and distorted, this book has been written remembering that Eton is beyond laudation or dispraise." Has any school ever reached such sublime heights that it is beyond praise or blame? I like Mr. Leslie's loyalty, but disapprove of his way of exhibiting it. If Eton, in the years of which he writes, was what his hero, Peter Darley, found it, I do not think that any level-minded man or woman would assert that it was beyond criticism. Mr. Leslie has many gifts, but they are more usefully employed in recording facts than in attempting to embroider them with fiction.

Lady Agatha (Longmans) was an elderly lady who lived

at Tintagel in a castle (neither KING ARTHUR'S nor a hotel, as you might have supposed) and wrote, according to Miss BEA-TRICE CHASE, a touching history of how she cheated her nephew Arthur and his cousin Alus into each thinking the other someone else, with the happy result that they fell in love with each other and married. Arthur is the Earl of Trewithen, with an estate and no money, and Alys, newly arrived from Australia, an heiress whose father, as fathers constantly do in books; has left his money to merely deserving objects unless the cousins marry. No hero or heroine could of course in such circumstances dream of falling in with the arrangement, so Alus is passed off on Arthur as Lady Agatha's companion, and Arthur is introduced to Alys as "Lieutenant Trewithen" -- be happens to be in the Navyand the plot works most satisfactorily. Then follow wedding bells and Lady Agatha's death, told by Arthur in a style



"DO YOU THINK YOUR ELECTRIC LIGHT IS SAFE? MY FRIEND IS GOING TO POGO,"

that I was driven to conclude that, like a great many other things, it was a family peculiarity among the noble Trewithens. Miss Chase calls her book "A Romance of Tintagel," yet the most romantic part of it is not the story but a preface, in letter form, and the hero is the Editor of The Daily Graphic. I quite agreed with Mr. Punch when he said, many years ago, that, as a class, editors are "the nicest mannered men," but this Editor's telegram to Miss Chase, when her story began to appear in his newspaper—"Congratulations on the coming out of Lady Agatha. She carries herself well"—soars to heights of kindness and sympathy such as I had never hoped to see attained.

"He [Lord PEEL] was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1893, and preached for five years in the Midland Circuit."—Provincial Paper. We trust he practised what he preached.

"The woman curator's axolotl, however, has made an experiment on its own account. In a moment of wild adventure it swallowed three peebles."—Daily Paper.

On the principle of "Gie me Peebles for pleesure!"

CHARIVARIA.

"GENOA, where the Conference is to be held, is a place of sunshine, healthgiving sea - breezes and picturesque scenery," declares a morning paper. Or, as another paper would describe it, it is "the Italian Thanet."

has red hair. In Die-Hard circles this démenti, coming on the eve of the Genoa Conference, is regarded with suspicion.

The Boatswain's Mate, by Dame ETHEL SMYTH, is described as a musical not be worn.

version of a sea-story by Mr. W. W. Jacobs. It is hoped that later on she will try what she can do with one of the letters of Admiral Sir Percy Scott.

A rumour is current that this year the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy is acting in consultation with the Brighter London Society.

A Brixton man, arrested for being drunk and climbing lampposts, recently made his forty-ninth appearance before the London magistrates. Surely it is now up to the promoters of the Brighter London scheme to arrange a little jubilee for his next appearance.

A mask to keep out dust has been invented

for housewives during spring-cleaning. An antiseptic sieve through which chosen remarks during these operations has yet to be produced.

The Ford car used by thieves who broke into a Clapham Road house has been found abandoned at Shoreditch. Charged with being an accomplice, it is said that the car put up a plea of coercion.

Saw-fish, we are told, often exceed twenty feet in length. These would make excellent live-bait for some of the anglers we have heard catching fish in the club smoke-room.

paper advertisement. It is evident that boy's return.

the advertiser has never been asked about Quarter-day.

"It is estimated," announces a weekly journal, "that sixty thousand elephants are killed every year in order to supply the world with ivory." This, of course, is easily beaten by the number of pigs It is now denied that the plesiosaurus slaughtered each year to keep the crocodile-purse trade from dying out.

> The Soviet delegation to Genoa, says The Morning Post, have been proference is not a state affair daggers will is considered unmannerly to eat them

The Minister (reprimanding the local scandal-monger). "I HAVE ALWAYS FOUND OLD MR. MACNAB A DEEPLY RELIGIOUS MAN, AND I THINK IT IS VERY WRONG OF YOU TO ACCUSE HIM OF LACK OF FAITH."

The Gossip. "AH, WEEL, SIR, I'M AYE SUSPECTIOUS O' A MAN THAT TALKS ABOUT HIS FAITH AN' THEN WEARS BRACES AN' A BELT AT THE SAME TIME."

Because a neighbour called her a is destroyed by volcanic disturbance the "cuckoo" a Los Angeles woman has husbands might address a few well- been awarded sixty pounds damages by the Courts. Nothing is said about anybody having a watching brief for the

> "It is the lack of excitement that drives the worker into the cities," says Mr. HENRY HALSAILE in The Daily News. We thought it would not be long before lude, whist-drives and an occasional meeting of the Rural District Council would begin to pall on the countryside.

"An effective leather dressing," says a household hint in a contemporary, do the utmost to ensure that the military "can easily be prepared at home."

"Why stammer?" asks a weekly You just select a strap and await the \$\frac{\pi_1}{2}\frac{\pi_2}{2}\frac{\pi_1}{2}\frac{\pi_2}{2}\frac{\pi_2}{2}\frac{\pi_2}{2}\frac{\pi_3}{2}\frac{\pi_4}{2}\frac{\pi_2}{2}\frac{\pi_4}{2}\frac{\pi_4}{2}\frac{\pi_2}{2}\frac{\pi_4}{2}\frac

It was prophesied that March would point-blank for his income-tax round go out like a lamb this year. We think it must have been one of those in cold storage.

> The Chairman of the Southend Entertainments Committee announces that trees and lamps are sliding down the cliffs. No other seaside resort seems to have thought of this form of Easter attraction.

According to a weekly paper hothouse strawberries are now often hired for vided with evening dress. As the con- parties, for show purposes only, and it at their present price. All the same, in these free-and-easy

days, it is just as well to engage a detective to watch the stuff.

Bull-fights have been prohibited at Cannes. The promoters of the Spanish-Moroccan War have also been advised not to think of taking it on tour when its run in its present theatre is ended.

Colonel WILLIAM E. Wood, of the New York Police Reserve, is reported to have said that he had deliberately asked London policemen "fool" questions, which were invariably answered with courtesy. We wonder if he tried them with "What is the use of a battleship?

Dr. MILTON A. NOBLES predicts that when the greater part of Europe

shock will be felt in the United States. We certainly foresee a tremor in Wall

"Tartan socks are likely to be popular with a certain class," says a fashion writer, "especially the 'Hunting Fraser' Tartan." Our own choice in cheerful hosiery is the "Golfing Lauder."

"Isaac — was charged with stealing a hearthrug from the front of Messrs, — 's shop. He was seen to take the rug and walls away."—Provincial Paper.

An aggravated case of "shoplifting."

"M. Poincaré said the Government would

M. Poincaré must try again.

GENOA AND THE PRESS.

The Italian Government has been lavish in its arrangements for the accommodation of Press Correspondents at the Genoa Confer-A palace has been placed at their disposal, replete with every convenience and luxury, including furniture ordered by Pius XI. when he was Archbishop of MILAN and can-celled on his election as Pope. In this "casa dei giornalisti." with its high Papal associations, a bar is now being installed. It would be wrong to impute any ulterior motive to the hospitable authorities, yet they may naturally hope that the attitude of their guests towards the Conference will be favourably affected by their environment.

THEY little know the stuff of which Our Press is made if they conclude That dukely purple, rare and rich, Could undermine its rectitude;

That marble halls with friezes decked, Or arras in their sleeping quarters, Could from their sense of Right deflect Our incorruptible reporters.

For those whose patriot feet have swerved

Never from Duty's thorny path Some plainer setting would have served, Some common inn without a bath; Integrity, where'er it beds,

Will shrink from faking myths and mock-tales.

Whether in attics 'neath the leads, Or in a casa stiff with cocktails.

Why all this waste of regal cheer? A cheap hotel would meet the case Of such as have their orders clear To slight our chief in Europe's face

Palaces cannot change their game; There, too, the anti-LLOYD-GEORGE reader

Will find his organ still defame The honesty of England's leader. O.S.

THE STYMIE.

I was, I admit, pleased with myself. I had beaten the Colonel by no less than four up and three to play, and the Club Secretary had said to me, when we returned to the club-house, that, if I went on like that, I'd pretty soon have my handicap reduced to twenty-four. All this—and perhaps a little more—I had told Mollie during tea; but her interest had been languid until I chanced to mention that the Colonel had stymied me at the fourteenth hole.

"What's 'stymied'?" asked Mollie,

arresting a yawn. Now I was so charmed by Mollie's intelligent question-for hitherto between us twain (otherwise in perfect accord) there had been a great golf fixed-that I determined to spare no trouble in elucidating the matter to

shown things; besides I wanted to show

"I'll explain," I said, "by ocular demonstration. Let's suppose that this "-and I tapped the table-cover-" is the fourteenth green, and you and I are playing a match. Here "-and, stretching back my hand to the writingtable, I took the ink-well out of its stand and placed it on the green-"is the hole; this "-and I selected a lump of object is to place your ball between sugar out of the basin and put it within six inches of the hole-" is my ball. And this "-putting another lump of sugar on the edge of the green-" is yours. Do you follow?"

Mollie nodded eagerly. All her languor had gone. She actually clapped her hands. I glowed responsively. "Now then," I began.

"But," she interrupted, "it's a match, isn't it? Oh, do say it's the final of an awfully important match!

"All right," I agreed indulgently; "it's the final of a match. Now "But if it's a final there would surely

be a crowd of spectators," she urged. "Oh, I think we can imagine them,"

I suggested a trifle testily. "I can't," said Molly firmly. "I must see them or else they won't be there. Look! Here they come!

I leaned back in my chair with a gusty sigh. The whole thing seemed to be degenerating into child's play; instead of a scientific demonstration of one of the most ticklish golfing problems, the lesson was fast assuming all the characteristics of a nursery bur-

"Come, come," I snapped, for my

patience was on the ebb.

But Molly, unperturbed, continued marshalling the spectators at the edge of the green. Innumerable little blobs of bread (so she assured me) represented the rank and file; a bit of shortbread was the Scots professional, MacGrouch: chocolates were flapper enthusiasts (who all wanted me to win); a minute portion of the last crumpet was the Vicar, and a bit of crust Colonel Cursit. "And these," she declared finally, putting a morsel of gingerbread near the hole and another morsel near her ball. "are our caddies. Yours is a bit crumbly, because, of course, he's nervous. Now, then, I'm ready. What do I do?"

I was struggling to regain my original attitude of indulgent instructor when Mollie threw me back again into one

of incipient irritation.

"Oh," she cried in dismay, "wait a minute. We haven't got Colonel her. Therefore I threw back the north Cursit's spaniel. It always goes with end of the tablecloth, exposing the (appropriately) green table-cover beneath. him to the links, doesn't it? To find other people's lost balls, you know, and Women are like children, they must be bring them back to the Colonel, so he the shock.

can sell them back to the people who lost them. There"-and she bit a chocolate flapper in half, exposing its pink interior—"that's the spaniel; the pink part's its tongue, all lolling eagerly for a lost ball. Now go on I'm waiting."

Her smile was so disarming that I could not help smiling with her.

"Well, then," I conceded, "your mine and the hole, so that it prevents my holing-out next stroke. That's what laying a stymie is.'

Mollie, laughing excitedly, seized a teaspoon. "This is my stick," she announced. Of course I had not intended that she should use a club at all in this miniature demonstration. I thought she would just flick the ball with her finger and that I would guide it to the desired spot. But somehow I couldn't find it in my heart to disappoint her.

"Very well," I said; "aim for this; and I indicated the stymie position. Mollie addressed the ball by tapping it repeatedly on the summit with her stick. And each time she tapped she chuckled.

"Right!" she cried at last. "Look out!

She measured the distance carefully. I leaned forward over the table. spite of my kindly disdain for the affair I was conscious of a slight degree of excitement. Suppose, by some chance, she really did lay me a stymie. It might prove to be the nucleus of a lasting and intelligent interest in golf. My excitement increased. Mollie flour-

"Go!" she cried. (I suppose, dear ignorant child, she meant "Fore!").

The teaspoon fell.

Her lump of sugar, I mean her ball, rose, described a graceful arc and flopped fair and square into the ink-pot-I mean the fourteenth hole. And some of the ink spurted into my face, and some of it on to my collar, and a little up my nose and the remainder into my mouth.

"Goal! "Hurrah!" cried Mollie.

I've won!"

And she popped Colonel Cursit's spaniel and MacGrouch, the professional, into her mouth.

"Cash Register wanted for cash." Evening Paper.

Not, as one might have supposed, to serve as an incubator.

"French Civil servants of the intermediate grades have threatened that unless their demands for increased salaries are granted they will refuse to perform their duties, except on lines of strict honesty and truth."

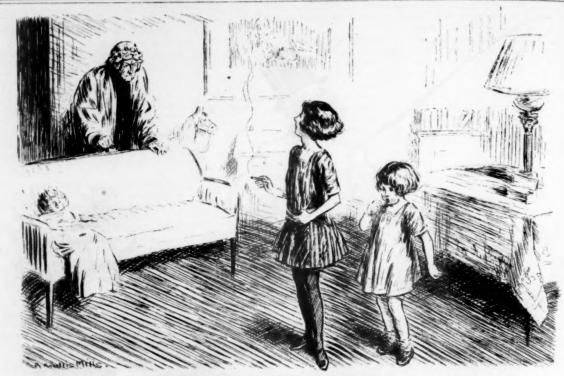
Daily Paper.

The public is bearing up bravely under



THE RESTORATION.

THE TURK (to Lord CURZON). "HOME, NATHANIEL!"



REVOLUTION IN THE NURSERY.

Grandmother. "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, UBSULA?" Ursula, "WE'RE SO FED UP WITH THIS EVERLASTING GROUSING OF THE ELDERS AT THE YOUNGSTERS THAT BABS AND I HAVE DECIDED TO GO THE WHOLE HOG.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

SOBER, stern and Scotch, the innocent victim of post-war unemployment, William came to us from Calcutta, sent by the Ex-soldiers' Union to drive and keep our modest car.

He reminds me of Wordsworth's conception of Duty.

"A rod To cheek the erring and reprove"

he may be (I fancy that our Indian servants commonly find him so), yet "flowers laugh before him on their beds," and from the time that he tacitly assumed control my garden has been a thing of joy. When he appeared before me, twisting his topi, to ask for the loan of a few flowers, I did not feel them mine to refuse if I had wished.

"Tis a young leddy in town, Memthe Police-Sergeant's gerrl. 'Tis her berthday, and, seein' hoo often they hev askit me tae supper o' Sunday nichts, I thocht I wad take her a sooveneerthough I canna say I like them curries."

Unawed by his severity, the Domiciled Community of Devipatnam have shown great friendliness to William.

I told him to take whatever he

William?" I asked at last.

He stepped suddenly out on to the verandah and called to the malis, whose conversation was just audible across the compound.

"Pessady, you fellows! here's the Memsahib shoutin' awa and canna hear hersel for the row yer makin'. Wull ye kindly pessady a bittock? Now they're rinning over tae me! Illy, illy, ye fules, I dinna want ye here! Nay, nay! Haud yer row, that's a'. Shut up. Git back t' yer werk. Ay, that's et.

Pessade is, roughly speaking, Tamil for "Hold your noise," and Ille similarly means "No." One of William's flowers in our garden, surprised to find recommendations had been the knowledge he claimed of our vernacular. " A working knowledge," he called it.

His tongue loosened by this preliminary exercise, he returned to my side and spoke.

"Yon book, Mem, whaur the meanin' o' the flowers is given. . . . Mebbe she'll hev et hersel', and some o' the meanings is fair chronie; et wad be an awfu' thing tae hev ony musunderstandin'."

working slowly round and round. "Yes, each item in his list he appends (1) the price of the seed; (2) the variety of soil or treatment preferred by the plant; (3) the sentimental meaning attached by him at all events) to the flower.

> Marigold Anna 2 paket easy to culture You are My Dearest Pet Browallia 4 annas plenty of Water could you Bear Poverty !

Carnation Packt as 6 Thin womens Love

Myossitis Paket 4 annas old cow Dung, do not fergit me.

I fetched his catalogue and read aloud the meaning given for the various that many were doubtfully pleasant and some distinctly unpleasant.

Characteristically William concentrated on these, muttering to himself, Candytuft, endefference; hollyhock, ombition-no harm in that.'

I did not offer to lend the catalogue, because William does not see print clear, an infirmity tacitly attributed to the suns of Mesopotamia.

He went off at last, suggesting that Mr. Mookerjee, my seedsman, is a he should get a peep at the book again wanted, but he still stood on, his topi thoughtful and methodical person; to before he set off with his offering, as "they Anglo-Indians were awfu's mart;" and I was left with a heavy heart. Never before had William shown the slightest inclination to gallantry, and this looked all the more serious. We had taken him in his interest, but were keeping him in our own, peace and efficiency having marked his reign in motor-shed and garden. What were we to do without him? But was it inevitable that we should lose him? There is a little bungalow in our compound; the roof is unsafe, but if it were shored up...

William had returned with his souvenir. I looked from flowers to book,

from book to flowers.

"I am sorry, William," I said, "but it won't do a bit. Some of the meanings are dreadful. 'Ambition' and 'Gossip' don't matter, I suppose; and 'Innocence,' 'Always Cheerful' and 'Patriotism' will do—and, perhaps, 'Unfortunate Attachment.'"

I glanced at him; he did not blush, though his face wore a stern anxiety

that cut me to the heart.

"But 'Aversion,' I went on, "and 'Indifference' and 'You are very Selfish'—those must go; and do you think 'Your Qualities Surpass your Charms' is quite what a girl likes to be told by——"

"Which wad that be?" he asked quickly.

"The mignonette."

He plucked the single sprig of mignonette from the posy, walked across the verandah and deliberately threw it away—his precious, laboriously-cherished mignonette.

"And the 'Onfortunate attachment,' Mem?"

"Scabious."

All the scabious followed the mig-

"Best tae be on the safe side," said William.

He retied his nosegay and walked off, contemplating it fondly.

"William," I cried, "Aversion! In-difference!!"

He did not seem to hear.

"I think you can find something to take their place," I urged. "There is that pot of carnations and there is a little browallia left, I think, and I know there are plenty of—of marigolds."

He stopped.

"I'll call no wumman ma dearest pet," he said austerely. "The suitable flowers are ensufficient, Mem, and 'twad be a puir compliment tae tek twa-three daisies and coreopsis and a bit cress. Mebbe she 'll no hev the book and then there 's no harm; and ef she hes—aweel, there 'll be no musunderstandin'."

I sat speechless, and at the door he turned again.



THE MAN WHO CAME TOO EARLY TO THE TEA-SHOP.

"Tis a sheer marvel, Mem, seein' the delicacy o' the sweet william in these parts, hoo mony pots that gerrl has managed to rear this last month—and for ever callin' me tae see them! I am verra pleased tae mek a return for ma suppers, but, berthday or no berthday, I dae not wush ony musunderstandin'."

Beneath a picture :-

"STILL VIBILE AT 120.—The tortoise in the foreground is 'Fatima,' which, although 120 years old, has provided a surprise at the London Zoological Gardens by laying 42 eggs."

So like a man!

From a polo-report :-

"Kashmir who were playing very fast scored two simultaneous goals."—Indian Paper.

One at each end?

"Two stalls will be reserved for Mr. Hilaire Belloc at the Lyric. . ."—Evening Paper.

Surely Mr. HARRY GREEN is confusing Mr. Belloc with Mr. Chesterton.

TARMAC.

A man may have taken his morning jolt

On the range from the roped corral, On a pitching, sun-fishing, sage-brush colt,

With a conquering cowboy yell;
May have sought for a grip of the big
knee pads

On a bucker of Bush renown, With a heartening cheer from the station lads

As the lean little head went down; May have got to the end of the Aintree

course
On a wild uncertain brute;

May have led them a gallop from Ranksboro' gorse

With a lead beyond dispute;
May have never let Caution's name
appear

As a blot on his thrusting code— And yet set forth with a childish fear For a ride on an English road.

W. H. O.

THE STEAM-GIVERS.

AN EPIC FRAGMENT.

This is my humble attempt to follow the lead of Mr. Alfred Noyes, who has recently published the first part of an epic of science, called The Torch Bearers. His work deals with the fathers of astronomy, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo and so on. Naturally I have not been so ambitious, and instead of stars I have chosen steam. It may be argued by critics of my poem that some of the lines read rather as if they came out of The Encyclopædia Britannica or some technical treatise; but this I contend is inevitable in an epic devoted to so difficult a subject as science. And compensation will be found, I hope, in the song which, following the example of Mr. Noyes in the case of Copernicus, I have put into the mouth of James Watt.

The inspiration of Mr. Noves' poem appears to have been an ascent to the Observatory on the Sierra Madre, to look through a hundred-inch telescope. I can find no topical excuse for mine, except perhaps that the famous railway companies of Great Britain are about to be merged into larger groups and to lose their historical names.

Austere, remote, immeasurably proud, And filled with shining levers that control The health and happiness of half the world, The signal cabin at East Croydon main Beckoned me upwards.

For the signalman Had said, "To-morrow, if you care to see The way the London, Brighton and South-Coast Directs her passing traffic, you may come;" And I said, "Right-o."

When I went upstairs I found a calmness. More significant That calm than all the busy toil below, That calm than all the shricking of the trains That strove to rend it. Dominant, serene, That signal-box with all its telephones, The brain and sinews of a host of arms, Prophetically reared or dropped to rest, The sun and centre of a host of stars That shimmer through the darkness of our night : Sole guide to all those intermingling threads Of silvern rivers running to the sea, Of main and branch lines bounded by the sea, Fraught with innumerable ballast trains, And steering onward to predestined ends Express and ordinary passengers—
There in that box I found a windless calm. I saw the needles pointing to "Line clear,"
"Train out of section" or to "Train on line;" I heard the bells beat, many different bells Beating with different tones for "up" and "down," With different pauses in between the bells For different trains, carrying cattle and men, Fruit, meat and milk and perishable goods, Breakdowns and empties.

I observed the clocks
And all the various gadgets everywhere
Connected with the interlocking frame,
The levers, red and white and black and green,
And tried to understand the lock and block
System itself; but I was foiled by that.
Ay! lock and block, ye were too much for me.

*This is an exaggeration. It refers to the salubrious property of the air at Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings and Bexhill. But as I tried I seemed to hear a voice, A voice between the tinklings of the bells, That said, "We were the fathers;" seemed to see Shadows of those great spirits of the past, Silent discoverers, lonely pioneers; And first of all that one who, handing on The spark of fire from the immense profound, Improved the stationary steam-engine And made it fit for locomotive use.

He was a great mechanic, was James Watt, Of Lowland stock, too weakly as a child For regular attendances at school, So that quite often, when the school-bell splashed The air with sound, he stayed beside the fire. Much from his mother's teaching he would learn, Much from his father's; but still more he taught Himself unaided.

At nineteen his love
For making mathematic instruments
Lured him to London. But, returning thence
To Glasgow, Glasgow proved unkind to him,
His more than common capabilities
Provoking strange hostility among
The Incorporated Guild of Hammermen;
Till wiser souls than theirs, more apt to see
How light leaps forth from learning, knowledge
springs

Ever from seeking knowledge, not routine, Helped the ingenious James and found him an Appointment at the University.

He was a great mechanic, was JAMES WATT.

And whether now, as some would have it first. Or earlier in the cottage where he toiled Beside the firelight, and one day at tea, Seeing the kettle's lifted lid (such power The boiling water had to heave the thing Upward), he turned his adolescent mind To muse upon the motive strength of steam—This much is sure that, always murmuring "Steam," And "Steam, more steam," he hit as in a flash One day on that sublime experiment, The separate condenser, which o'ercame The loss of steam inside the cylinder.

He was a great mechanic, was James Watt.

And ever as he toiled and murmured "Steam"
He sang some stave to wile the weary hours
And break the page, some little stave like this:

In old Cathay, in far Cathay,
Before the West espied the gleam,
Philosophers had found no way
Of fruitfully condensing steam.
With instruments that went by hand
Their unenlightened path they trod;
The Chinese did not understand
The uses of the piston-rod.

On camel-back from Araby,
Transporting frankincense and myrrh,
The old Arabians failed to see
Much object in a cylinder;
But where is Araby by now?
She fades away and is forgot,
While all the world remembers how
The steam-engine was built by WATT.

The lion wanders round at nights, Where Jamshid made a marble tower



THE COCKTAIL KING.

According to his simple lights With merely manual motive power; Dishonoured now is Jamship laid In desert courts where once he drank; He might have done far more for trade By using my ingenious crank.

in Babylon, in Babylon, They frittered half their time away With futile variations on Contrivances that did not pay; For Belus' sake they built a shrine, But BELUS now is dead and done. And fly-wheels much resembling mine Will soon be used in Babylon.

So singing always as he laboured on, Warr worked at engines, till at last his life

Drew to a tranquil and an honoured close At Heathfield, fairly near to Birmingham. And though they say he never would consent To smile upon the tractive use of steam, And even put a clause into his lease That no steam-carriage should approach his house, Yet paved the path for STEVENSON to build The earliest locomotive.

So he died.

He was a great mechanic, was James Watt.

"The Highlands had changed very rapidly, and the outward characteristics of the Highlander had changed with them. Those twin enemies of romance, the motor-car and the bowler hat, were gradually replacing the fine old kilt and the homespun."

Scotch Paper.—Speech at a Highland gathering.

For deceney's sake we hope the motor-car is a closed one.



Urchin (who acts as bookie amongst his pals and has just taken bet from departing youngster). "'Ere, 'Enery, Run round wiv this tanner to the barber's. We'll 'ave to 'edge a bit. That's the third tuppence each way on 'Strollin' Daisy,'"

MR. PUNCH, HISTORIAN (ACAIN).

When the first two volumes of Mr. Punch's History of Modern England (Cassell) appeared last summer and it fell to my lot to write an appreciation of Mr. Graves's skill and discretion Staff-"is the only paper that never as the entertaining analyst of thousands of pages and pictures, I said that not the least interesting part of the and the phrase has come back to me as work was the light that it threw on I have been turning over Mr. Graves's Mr. Punch's own development. Beginning as a reformer and castigator, he mellowed into an amused observer, not on and passed on again, because each tolerant where abuses were flagrant, but number is at once a record and a foreto seek them. In his early numbers savage censure was common; but now, folly and unseemliness, he is more conin their armchairs than in inciting them to anger and reform. In short, the trating sagacity as to his humour. powder-magazine has to a large extent is more noticeable in the last two.

a copy of Punch thrown away or left Laureatein a railway carriage. And nobody could. "Punch," said the man who issued the challenge-and he ought to be placed at once on the Advertisement reaches the waste-paper basket." These words naturally were pleasant to hear, many pages. One understands why Punch should either be kept or passed is not material at the moment. It is Mr. Punch's insight as a social and although he still has a watchful eye for political commentator that gives him his special position in the world and will cerned to keep his readers comfortable keep him in it. This four-volume work is as much a monument to his pene-

The heroes of the later volumes are become the home magazine. The new JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, role, marked in the first two volumes, and perhaps Du Maurier in particular. Indeed Vol. III. is a memorial of his In a mixed conversation the other genius. As the elegy upon him said-

say truthfully that they had ever seen Mr. Punch in his capacity of uncrowned

"He brought from two great lands the best of both,

In one fine nature blent.
In his own chosen walk, Du Maurier reigned
Supreme, without a peer."

That undoubtedly was the truth. There has never been so witty, observant and unmalicious a satirist of men and manners, women and modes, as GEORGE DU MAURIER, both with pen and pencil, and Mr. Punch never had a greater stroke of luck than when, in October, 1860, he accepted a contrino longer making it his first concern cast. Also, I hope, a solace; but that bution from the young Anglo-Frenchman-his father was a Frenchman, who was a naturalised Briton, and his mother was English-who four years later joined the Table. From then until 1896, when he died, he was a Tower of Strength to the paper. Du MAURIER'S drawing may never have been superb, as was that of his friend and colleague, CHARLES KEENE: he had no inevitable line and no power of suggesting the open air with a few inspired strokes; artists may not rave about him; but if ever day a speaker defied any one present to and Mr. Graves pays due respect to the word "adequate" could be used

of a draughtsman it can be used of him. He was gloriously adequate; and it was, I think, due to the fact that such a gentleman as LEECH was immediately succeeded by so exceptionally qualified and sunny-natured a humourist as DU MAURIER, with so much love of fun, that Mr. Punch has secured his unique place in the world's heart. For they kept him sweet; during an immense period of his life—fifty-five years—their kindliness and drollery were to be counted upon. I don't suggest that without them Mr. Punch would have become atrabilious; one cannot say what would have happened; but I have always considered it a fortunate circumstance that the bitterness of JERROLD's pen in the early years was balanced by the geniality of JOHN LEECH'S pencil.

As I have said, Du MAURIER is the hero of Volume III., where a great number of his drawings are reproduced. His style is too idiosyneratic to miss, even when his signature is illegible. But there are other artists less easily identifiable, and I wish that every picture had its creator's name printed beneath it. An even more serious omission is that of the date from the cartoons; and when there is a new edition of the work-as there must be, for it should take its place beside J. R. Green -I hope that they may be supplied. They are an absolute necessity where pictures of a past era are interpolated among the letterpress bearing upon recent times. There is a good example of the need of a date on one of the very last pages of the fourth volume, where we find Mr. GLADSTONE riding a high bicycle. The only thing to be said in favour of the absence of dates is that some very pretty wagers may be lost and won in the attempt to ascertain the exact year in which certain pictures appeared. The drawing, for instance, of the schoolboy about to be chastised, asking the Headmaster if the birch has been sterilized-when did that appear? My own experience is that the memory, always treacherous, is never so untrustworthy as in this matter of dating a Punch picture.

One or two minor social developments seem to me to be perhaps somewhat neglected by Mr. Graves. Smoking among women, for example. It was because I felt that he had a little scamped the growth of this habit that I turned to his index to collect the references and came upon this piece of unconscious humour:

"Smoking i, 218; Anti-Tobacco Society i, 219; by ladies i, 244, 246, ill."

scales with most admirable fairness I and crudity. may say that he does not refrain from recording certain instances where Mr. ing to those of us who have the honour



FANS FOR SIZES.

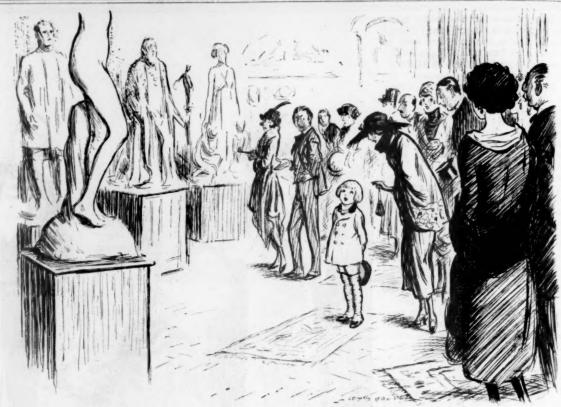
Punch has nodded. As a historian Mr. Punch rarely has been at fault, and his interpretation of political situations has often amounted to clairvoyance; but as a critic, especially of novelty, he has more than once sadly lacked imagination and prescience. His contemptuous reception of Arms and the Man, by Mr. Shaw, cannot be deby ladies i, 244, 246, ill."

To prove that Mr. Graves holds the repeat such an act of indiscrimination

Incidentally, the book is very flatter-

of contributing to Mr. Punch's pages week by week: we discover ourselves to be historians too! Even I. It is a very solemn thought, I can assure you.

Speaking of our History as a whole I would say (in all modesty) that I cannot think of any work from which one can derive at once so much instruction and amusement; while it has the additional charm of recalling old times.
"I can remember—"; how many and many a reader of Mr. Graves's delightful volumes will look up from the page E. V. L. to murmur that!



Scene—A Sculptor's Studio on Show Sunday.
Small Bon. "Not quite up to Madame Tussaud's, is it, Mum?"

THE BELLS.

Golden bells swinging
The daffodils run,
Ranging and ringing
In wind and in sun;
April's own head owes
Its crown to their gold
Up the mad meadows
By fallow and fold.

Ring for a christening With carnival mirth, Chestnut buds glistening And cubs in the earth; Babes in the bury

And babes in the nest—Gold bells and merry—Shall ring them in best.

Ring for a wedding,
Shy Spring, half a-bloom,
Soon she'll be shedding
Her veil for the groom—
Summer awaiting,
Impatient and young;

Ne'er can be mating Till bells have been rung.

Ring for a burying Softly and slow, Charon's still ferrying— All of us go; "Big things and small things," The golden bells sigh,

"Sorrow's in all things And daffodils die."

THE SEAT OF HONOUR.

My young friend Thomas delights in what he calls the romance of London, whence it should be easy to deduce that he does not live there.

This simple taste, however, is a great convenience to me. For when on his occasional visits to town I am privileged to be his guide I am not called upon to assist in the brightening of London by the primitive method of painting it red in his company.

Instead, I am cajoled to visit (generally for the first time) the various spots associated with those who are to be found in *The Dictionary of National Biography* or, better still from Thomas's point of view, the novels of Charles Dickens. For him *Ruth Pinch* makes the Temple Fountain a never-failing source of delight.

It was thus inevitable that we should sooner or later have found ourselves dining at the hostelry once largely patronised by one of the Big Names of

Literature. Having read up my subject, I was able to retain his respect while he absorbed the atmosphere of the place in addition to a generous selection from the menu. Thomas has never yet found reverence incompatible with a healthy appetite.

with a healthy appetite.

"I wonder," he mused presently,
"which was the Great Man's special

"We'll find out before we go," I promised him; "but meanwhile I wonder if the Great Man indulged in port after dinner."

History is silent as to this, but for the benefit of posterity it may be recorded that two of the Great Man's successors did so, and it was when the port was brought that Thomas's speculations about the favourite corner were set at rest.

"You've got the seat of honour tonight, Sir," the waiter remarked confidentially to him and set him flushing with the joy and pride of it. "Yes, Sir," he went on, "that's where CHARLIE CHAPLIN sat last time he was over."

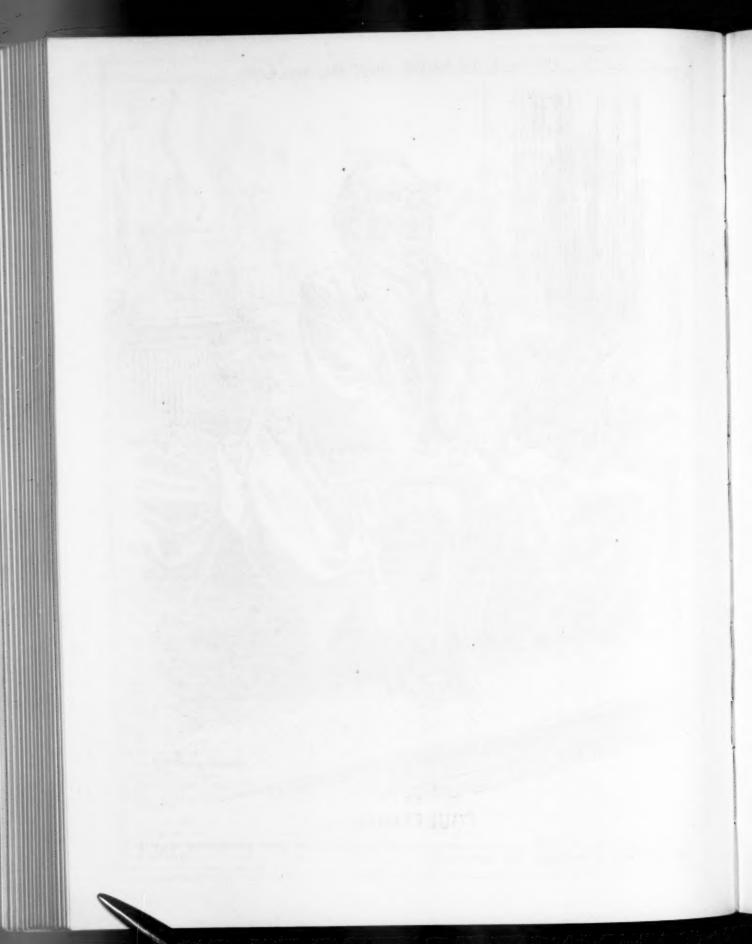
The Law's Delays.

"JURY DISAGREE AFTER 72 YEARS'
CONSIDERATION."—Local Paper.



COUELITION.

Mr. Lloyd George (on Genoa velvel—auto-suggestively). "EVERY DAY AND IN EVERY WAY I AM GETTING STRONGER AND STRONGER."





Man (at insurance office), "I WANTS TO TAKE OUT A PORLICY." Man. "ALL THE LOT. I'M GOIN' FOR A STOKER IN THE NIVY."

Clerk, "YES-FIRE, LIFE OR MARINE?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 27th .- No one has a better right to air his views on Ireland than Lord CHAPLIN, who, as with legitimate pride he reminded the Peers, devoted his maiden speech in the Commons fifty-four years ago to the Plantation of Ulster, and was complimented thereupon by Mr. GLADSTONE. A year or two later he earned the approval of an even greater potentate, Delane, who told him that his speech on the Irish Land Bill was "what The Times wants."

Barely a week ago the Law Lords were claiming the right to express their views on political questions. Lord Carson has since extended the claim by delivering on a provincial platform what the LORD CHANCELLOR described as "a crude partisan political attack on the policy of the Government." It was doubly unfortunate that Lord Carson, owing to illness, was unable to be present. Thereby he missed an admirable homily on the whole duty of judicial personages in regard to political warfare, and also the chance of replying with a counter-discourse on the theme.

"That in the Chancellor's but a choleric word, Which in the Law Lord is flat blasphemy.

Railway was so long and so slowly delivered that about half-way through he consented to have the remainder printed. The questioner then started a



54 YEARS OF WESTMINSTER AND STILL GOING STRONG, LORD CHAPLIN.

Mr. Neal's reply to a question by "supplementary" which promised to Mr. Ford about the North British be of equal length. But this was too much for Mr. SPEAKER, who sharply pointed out that this was no time for speeches either by Members or by Ministers. Under this implied rebuke Mr. NEAL "speeded-up" his subsequent replies so much that panting reporters teiled after him in vain; and Sir MAURICE DOCKRELL's plea for an improvement in the acoustics of the House-he favours an installation of microphones, as used in submarine warfare-gained additional point.

Tuesday, March 28th.—For real "hustling" one must go to the House of Lords, with Lord Donoughmone in the Chair. He began the Committee Stage of the gigantic Law of Property Bill by putting the question, "that Clauses 1 to 137 stand part of the Bill." This was agreed to. Lord Dynevon moved an Amendment to Clause 138, but accepted the LORD CHANCELLOR'S suggestion that he should transfer it to some friendly M.P. for consideration by the Commons. And so, in about five minutes, the Bill went through.

That the Indian Government is at last plucking up a spirit was shown by Lord WINTERTON, who narrated how a local Commissioner had been repri-

manded for allowing a Swarai flag to be flown alongside (though on a lower level than) the Union Jack. A few months ago he would probably have been Lord FINLAY bluntly, adding that if up an actual rule." rebuked for provoking the Gandhists by not placing their banner on top.

Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, disturbed by the statement that the Soviet Government had given a clothing allowance of a hundred and fifty thousand roubles to each of its delegates at Genon, was anxious lest similar grants should be made to the British officials attending the Conference. Unfortunately he omitted to state whether the rouble was to be reckoned at its pre-war or current value. At the latter it would not purchase much more than a bootlace; and that, though full-dress in Central Africa, would hardly do for Genoa.

The Education debate furnished Sir ROBERT HORNE with a text for his "recurrent homily," as Colonel WEDGwood called it, on the contrast between the zeal of Members for economy in the abstract and their resistance to it in the concrete.

Wednesday, March 29th .- The fact dicating that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE as "declamation," "invective"

shares their view in the current controversy and intends to diversify the administration of the law with an occasional excursion into politics.

Lord Carson replied to-day to the LORD CHANCELLOR'S strictures upon his Burton speech, and showed himself wholly unrepentant. He denied that he had broken any rule or tradition of the House. After enumerating the various categories of Judges who were allowed without any gainsaying to take part in politics, he declared that he had no objection to a change in the law, but it must embrace everyone, from the LORD CHANCELLOR down to the humblest J.P. He took up, in fact, a position very like that of the Aberdonian traveller in KEENE's picture, who, when the guard refused to let him enter the train, gripped hold of the surprised official, with the words, "If a' maunna, ye sanna!"

Like the guard, Lord BIR-KENHEAD did not relish being embraced in this fashion. The dual position of the CHANGELLOR was "an admitted anomaly," tolerated for centuries by Constitutional Law. But he maintained that for other high judicial authorities the well-recognised convention was "no politics."

Here he came into direct collision with his predecessor on the Woolsack. "There is no such convention." said



A SPRINT AT THE FINISH. MR. A. NEAL.

that Lord HEWART was introduced to there were it had been very much honthe House of Lords by Lords Carson oured in the breach. The employment and SUMNER must not be taken as in- by Lord Carson of such plebeian devices



The Guard (Lord BIEKENHEAD). "YOU CAN'T GO ON THIS

The Passenger (Lord Carson). "WELL, IF I CAN'T YOU (After CHARLES KEENE.)

"interruption" distressed Lord Curzon. who feared that, if this sort of thing went on, "we shall be driven to draw

After many days' badgering Mr. CHAMBERLAIN revealed the secret of the Genoa Resolution. It would simply invite the House to support the Government-no special reference to the PRIME MINISTER-in carrying out the Cannes policy. Ninety-one officials, and Lord RIDDELL, will aid them in their task.

With nearly two million people already out of work and the prospect of large additions to the number, Dr. MACNAMARA had some difficulty in preserving his usual buoyancy while explaining the new Unemployment Insurance Bill, estimated to cost the taxpayers about a million a month for the next year-and-a-quarter. His submission that the measure was a necessary evil was generally approved. Its rejection was moved, however, by that ruthless philanthropist, Mr. Hopkinson, who declared that "ninepence for fourpence" had been the curse of the country, and that it was time to go back to outdoor relief; and was seconded by Sir F. BANBURY, who went one better, or worse, and found a panacea in the and workhouse; but the House as a whole

> was more in sympathy with Mr. G. BARNES, who congratulated the Government on having so far weathered an exceptional storm.

> Thursday, March 30th .- The LORD CHANCELLOR'S announcement that he had been ordered to take a month's rest owing to eve-strain would in any case have evoked the sympathy of the Peers. But the terms in which it was expressed by Lords Curzon, BUCKMASTER and SALISBURYa colleague, an opponent and a candid friend-revealed the affectionate admiration with which Lord BIRKENHEAD is regarded, and must have gone far to begin his cure.

> Mr. Asquith's endeavour to learn something more about the Genoa Conference, and particularly if its scope had been restricted in advance by the Boulogne agreement of the French and British Premiers, was nipped in the bud by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who practically told him to wait (till Monday) and see.

Late in the evening the House was cheered by learning that the representatives of Northern and Southern Ireland had come to an agreement. It is not very easy to understand, but it must be good, for it moved Mr. DEVLIN



"THERE IS A PLEASURE IN THE PATHLESS WOODS,"-Byron.

to throw a bouquet to the Government, with special congratulations to Mr. Churchill upon "the superb tact and ability" with which he has conducted Irish affairs.

"Douglas De Saram hit one more boundary, and was just beginning to get his eye in when he was out to a devotional one-handed catch in the slips by Greswell."—Ceylon Paper.

We gather that GRESWELL fell on his knees to secure it.

"Partly unopposed Practice in Country District. Receipts about £1,400. Panel 700, discouraged."—Medical Paper.

The partial opposition, we suppose, comes from the 700 discouraged panel patients.

"A Host of Golden Daffodils, 'a-nodding in the breeze,' Send for 500 (3s.) or 1,000 (5s.) if you please."—Provincial Paper.

We like the poem, but there are too many feet in the second line.

"A cold night was also experienced in South Devonshire, especially at Falmouth and Plymouth, where several degrees of frost were recorded."—Daily Paper.

Our advice to Falmouth would be to get back to the Delectable Duchy as quickly as possible.

HOAXING IN EXCELSIS.

(With "Punch's" compliments to "Dr. Emil Busch" and "Dr. Heythrop," the heroes of the recent bogus Psychology Lecture delivered in the Town Hall at Oxford, in the same week in which the rat-hunt was held in the Corn-market.)

HOAKING, down from the days of HOOK Though humanized at each removal, Still wears at times too harsh a look

To win unqualified approval; But when 'tis aimed at cliques and groups

Whose methods clamour for the closure,

We hail the downfall of its dupes With genuine joy at their exposure.

Gone is the wag who loved to dig His knife into old maiden ladies; To-day the psychologic prig

Fair game for the true hoaxer's blade

Nor can we wish for higher jinks
Than when the wits of youth and
sanity

Lure on the male malarious minx And then reduce him to inauity.

Into the swamps and murky mists Of pseudo-philosophic jargon Our precious psycho-analysts

Of late have dangerously far gone; But still it seemed beyond belief

That they complacently could swallow A lecture based upon a brief

Whose mockery rang all too hollow.

And yet young super-dons, though schooled

In Freud, and valiant sex-crusaders, Have been superlatively fooled

By two gay Balliol masqueraders; They lapped up every fatuous phrase, Then, more in anger than in sorrow,

Found out the folly of their ways
When they awoke upon the morrow.

"Sportsmen" who choose to "rag" with rats

Deserve a snubbing or a shunting; The game of catching high-browed flats

Combines fair satire with "good hunting;"

So grateful and sincere applause
Is due to those who took the trouble

To burst, amid prolonged guffaws, The psycho-analytic bubble.

"Watching the eclipse in a pail of water is very dangerous."—Daily Paper. One is so apt to get one's feet wet.

AT THE PLAY.

"OTHER PEOPLE'S WORRIES" (COMEDY).

MR. R. C. CARTON'S new light comedy is not the kind of thing that you can just sit and smile at in a comfortable

Some Duke or other, anxious about his appendix, had apparently confided more than a lioness's share of the good his flighty son to the care of the Conroys. lines-and they were very good and Not a prudent choice. Sir William many-which she delivered with that was too kindly, and unsuspicious almost air of unstudied ease which brings out to the point of imbecility, and Lady the best of their flavour. That trivial breeding, sophisticated, conventional-bill, however shrewd, was, I am afraid, marionette, Mrs. Ryecroft, was an exized and cowardly. Inasmuch as his too imperturbable and blandly cynical cellent foil to the self-possessed Lady system is, in his own words, "destined to make an effective dragon. So that Bill. The part was too full of restless to guide the spirits of coming genera-

young ass, Lord Robert, did just what, I understand, dukes don't like their sons doingsecretly married the daughter of a prolific and penniless clergyman - Sir William's pretty secretary, in fact.

The frivolous Mrs. Ryecroft, grass-widow of a notoriously illtempered Major (who had been reported missing, and to her great relief had not yet been found in the summer of 1920) is assumed to be the danger. But Mrs. Ryecroft happened to have fixed her heart (if any) on the unlikeliest member of the cast, an ultra-serious M.P. The unravelling of this little tangle is the ostensible

subject-matter of the play. Actually Mr. Carton used the Conroys' Mayfair house to collect (and in a quite plausible way too) people and properties for laughter-moving situations. The ing in adorable frocks. Mr. C. M. artistes billed for Mrs. Ryecroft's concert in aid of Weary War Workers having failed her at the last moment, substitutes as delightfully unsuitable to the particular environment as Mr. Bromley Dalmore, Topical Vocalist (fifth-rate darling of the gods at some obscure "Empire" or other), and as idiotic as Eugenia Ormandy-Browne, Amateur Reciter, are supplied by Mr. Carton. Again, in the last Act the the Agent (Mr. Compton Courts), were controlly apparent inability to refuse entirely delightful. A very jolly show.

Mr. R. C. Carton, genial and accomban provided someancient butler at any moment crams plished veteran, has provided sometheir morning-room with a diverting thing that will take away other people's collection of oddments-Lord Robert;

the butterfly, Mrs. Ryecroft; the missing husband, most truculent major that ever roared in barrack - square; and Swabey, Private Enquiry Agent, surely the sickest man in the whole dread history of influenza.

Miss Compton's part (Lady Bill) fitted sort of way. You have to sit up and her like a glove. Everybody underlaugh-often and quite loud. And if stands and appreciates the partiality that isn't triumph I don't know what is. and chivalry of her glover, and I am sure no one in the cast grudges her



HIS DEBUT IN TOWN.

Magistrate. "Prisoner, you have been convicted several times before." Strolling Tragedian, "YES, YOUR HONOUR, BUT ONLY IN THE PROVINCES."

> SEYLER'S admirable talent the best chance; but she loyally served her author and audience and looked charm-LOWNE (Hon. Digby) and Mr. HERBERT Ross (Sir William), the latter un-accountably and, let me say, quite needlessly nervous, were excellent. Mr. WILLARD'S furious grotesque Major Ryecroft was a first-rate piece of work; Mr. Forrester Harvey's Topical Vocalist very droll and well-observed; and two minor parts, the Amateur Reciter

cholerie cousin, the Hon. Digby Rawes; Couéism, please notice. T.

UNIVERSITY REFORM.

COMMENTS on the Report of the Oxford and Cambridge Commission in the public press have so far shown a curious resemblance to that timid. cautious and essentially reactionary document. Punch, faithful to his traditions of courageous independence, has great satisfaction in according publicity to the following masterly criticism from the pen of Professor Ishmael Inch, whose system of Ethics has already brought a flood of new and vital ideas into a world of minds debilitated by in-

tions," a peculiar and momentous significance attaches to his onslaught on the mediaval obscurantism of our older Universities. where for centuries the mills of thought have ground and produced nothing but barren results. Our only regret is that it is impossible to reproduce his massive and monumental indictment in its entirety, and that we must perforce content ourselves with a brief summary, fortified by a few illuminating extracts.

Passing over his introductory references to Pythagoras, Hippo-CRATES, the Code of KHAMMURABI, Theo-pompus of Megalocrania, Vesanus San-

exits and entrances to give Miss Athene | guinolentus of Phlyaria, Einstein, EPSTEIN and GLÜCKSTEIN, We may note his scathing denunciation of the lamentable failure of the Commissioners to deal with the question of the curriculum. As he points out, no suggestions have been made to create or endow new Faculties. The clamant demands of Psycho - analysis, Neo - metaphasia, Carmelite Theology, Esperanto, Bathypneumatics, and Eleutherometrics are not even mentioned in the recommendations of the Commissioners. Even if we accept the excuse that the terms of reference excluded the discussion of the Agent (Mr. Compton Courts), were these topics, Professor Inch has no difficulty in showing how lamentably the Commissioners have fallen short of their opportunities in the domain of finance and administration. He applauds the worries for some little time. Harley fixing of an age-limit for the tenure his secret wife; his impecunious and Street, eager to find a counterblast to of the headship of Houses, but points out with irresistible cogency that the abuse can only be remedied by abolishing the office altogether and entrusting the government of the Universities to a small committee of experts, all of whom should be avowed apostles of the

Inchian system.

A drastic revision of academic nomenclature is a cardinal feature in his programme. The disastrous results at Oxford of maintaining such obsolete and pseudo-archaic names as "torpid," "Ashmolean," "Bodleian" and "Mesopotamia" are exposed with unrelenting ridicule. Professor Inch would not abolish the Collegiate system, but he would re-christen the colleges in accordance with the trend of modern thought. As he remarks in a memorable passage, "It is high time that the barbarous idols of mediævalism and superstition should be dislodged from their preposterous pinnacles and replaced by the heroes of advancing knowledge, by the apostles of the realities of Nature -VOLTAIRE, LAVOISIER and ARTHUR LYNCH."

The addiction of undergraduates to highly-coloured hosiery is condemned in no measured language. Professor Inch would abolish blazers and impose a uniform costume, including soft collars, Afghan sandals and a poncho. He also suggests, as a means of reducing expense, that each undergraduate, on entering the University, should bring with him a stainless knife, fork and spoon. On the subject of games Professor Inch again brings a flood of new and vital thoughts into the sophisticated world of athletics. He would substitute pelota for cricket and football, and replace polo by pogo. This suggestion is illustrative of his fair-mindedness, for pogo dates back to Augustan Rome, and he handsomely acknowledges his indebtedness to a famous living Latinist who, by a study of the best MSS., has shown that the line in Horace ought to run: "Omnes eodem pogimur. . ." And his support of another revived pastime is greatly strengthened by his discovery, during an expedition in Central Africa, that it was invented by and is still indulged in by the great anthropoid apes who infest the mountainous districts of Pingo-Pongoland.

Inasmuch as the abuses of the existing system are largely due, in Professor Inch's opinion, to an excessive and exorbitant fetish-worship of the humanities, an especial value attaches to all efforts which aim at the de-anthropomorphization of pastime and its regulation in accordance with the principles of a sedulous and enlightened pithe-

cology.

In conclusion Mr. Punch can only after poultry.' express his profound conviction that the Government, discarding the half-the garden.



Imperfect Performer. "Oh, there I go again—right on your poor foot."

Pariner. "Don't distress yourself. These 'Dreadnought' steel toe-caps

are a great protection."

hearted and timorous recommendations of the Commission, ought to embody the suggestions of Professor Inch in a broad and sweeping measure of reform. Thus and thus alone will they receive the unflinching support of all who realise that the continuance of the older Universities depends wholly and solely on the resolute adoption of a brightening policy.

Another Sex Problem.

"Wanted at once a Wet Nurse, good salary of any Sex."—Advt. in Indian Paper.

"Gardener, single, to wash car and look after poultry,"—Scotch Paper.

In his spare time he might look after the garden.

The Superfluous Sex.

Notice in village post-office:

"A Fancy Dress Dance (Men Optional) will be held in —— School on Monday,"

"Smart, respectable and intelligent Youth, age 16 or 17, Wanted to train for a Commercial Currier,"—Provincial Paper.

One who is really hot stuff.

"For Sale by Private Treaty, --- Hotel, comprising of [sic] Large Entrance Hall, Spacious Lounge (with mosaic flooring) . . . Large Bathroom (spring floor), etc."

Trade Paper.

A little adjustment in the matter of flooring between the lounge and the bathroom would make it more attractive.

"TINKER, TAILOR . . ."

(A Child's Guide to the Professions.) THE TAILOR.

What makes him so awfully, awfully gay? It is not his mouthful of pins; It is not his jolly professional way Of pretending to measure your shins;

It is not the marks that he makes on your sleeve With that airy Impressionist touch (Though what is their meaning I cannot conceive, And I do not believe it is much).

No, no, but upstairs—you will see it some day— There are mirrors all over the place, And sharp at 6.30 he hurries away To have a good look at his face.

Any man can do that-and a few of us do, Though less than we did, I must own-But this is a rather exceptional view And enjoyed by the tailor alone.

For though poets may sing the romance of the sea And the mountains and rivers and tide-ways, There is nothing so strange-you may take it from me-As the look of one's face when it's sideways. A. P. H.

THE UNHAPPY WORRIER.

I THINK Strettfield must have been born like that. He could hardly over make up his mind, and when he did he worried about it afterwards, thinking how he might have done the thing differently, or that he might better have left it undone altogether. Or, if he left it undone, he worried to think that perhaps he ought to have done it. Naturally he had a lean and hungry look, with a slight twitch, induced by spasms of indetermination or sudden pangs of remorse. As a fact he had less than most people to regret, because he had, alongside his enlarged conscience, an abnormally tender heart.

When his friend Cranston had to go into a nursing home with a broken ankle, Strettfield was, as usual, greatly exereised in his mind. Would Cranston like to see him, or would he be a nuisance? Strettfield worried himself almost into a fever over this. He decided that Cranston would rather be left in peace, and then for three days he worried to think that this was perhaps unkind, and that Cranston would like company, even if only Strettfield's company.

On the fourth day, after a night disturbed by doubts, he started to see Cranston. On the way there he went to the door of a florist's shop, thinking to take Cranston some flowers, but then decided that Cranston would not want to be bothered with flowers, but would rather have papers.

But what papers? Strettfield spent nearly ten minutes at a bookstall, trying to make up his mind which papers Cranston would like. Then he left without buying anything and went miserably on his way to the nursing home. He learnt that Cranston was quite up to seeing any number of visitors, but he sent a humble message up to say that he would quite understand if Cranston wasn't feeling well enough to see him. Then he sat down in the waiting-room to wait. There were two other people in the waiting room—a lady with a large bunch of flowers in her hand, and a man with some magazines under his arm. These were hailed shortly to their respective friends, and Strettfield was left as worried as ever he had been in his life.

Once he rose, determined to dash out and buy papers or flowers, or both, and dash back again. But his courage Except, of course, for the spelling.

failed him and he sat down once more. Yet the thought of going in empty-handed distressed him terribly. What a fine opening to say, "I just brought you a few flowers," or "I thought you might like some papers." Indeed there was, as he saw now, no other opening possible.

And then the temptation came to him, first faintly, then strongly, then overpoweringly. Never was a man so tempted before. He heard a step on the stair; the maid was coming to tell him that Cranston would see him.

He leaped to the table. On it lay a number of papers, thoughtfully provided by the home for the entertainment of waiting friends. He seized from among them The

Twaddler, The Meadow and The Peer.
"Will you come this way, please?"
With trembling knees he followed the maid upstairs. "I thought you might like some papers," he began in a husky voice as he entered Cranston's room.

Poor Strettfield! his twitch has become very much worse. In fact his nerves are all to pieces. He would go into a nursing home himself, but he could not face one now.

A NEW FILM TERROR.

[It is hoped that it will soon become possible to perform Opera on the films by the discovery of a method of exactly synchronising the music with the movement of the pictures.]

WHEN I visit picture palaces, I know and well I know, No matter what variety the screen may have to show, Each item in the programme (which is altered twice a week) Will contain one common feature as a part of its technique.

I meet it when my feelings are unmercifully flayed By a story with the sentiment inserted with a spade, Or a reel of moral uplift where the Right outdoes the Wrong In a tale (complete with vampire) of the giddy social throng.

That drama of the underworld, The Finger on the Latch, That mystery, The Footprint in the Water-melon Patch, Red Jake of Grisly Canon and The Simple Village Belle Alike rely upon it for a portion of their spell.

In short, it doesn't matter what they put upon the bill; As an aid to the production of its customary thrill, At the moment when the hero is a prey to mental strife They will show his mobile features several times as large as life.

And that is why I'm timorous that, when they find a way Of synchronising music with the action of the play And Faust or Rigoletto is the story that we see, The no-longer silent drama will be far too much for me.

For the prospect that particularly worries me is this, That they'll still retain a mania for over-emphasis, And in moments of emotion will assail my tympanum With an unexpected "close-up" of the trombone or the drum.

From the report of a speech by Mr. ACLAND:-

"The time was approaching when warblers, chitchats, and other small birds would be moving steadily northwards."-Daily Paper. The second-named species is new to us; but perhaps it is only an example of Mr. ACLAND's chiff-chaff.

"The Earl of Ducie goes on to his family seat at Tostworth later in this week . . . Lord Ducie is anxious to get into the country to Tortworth Court as soon as possible."—Daily Paper.

"He told a reporter, 'I want to get busy at Torworth . . . I do not suppose I shall find much change in the neighbourhood of Hortworth.' Same paper, next day.



Our General. "I see this is another of those songs about Devon and Heaven; and—ah—as I was a boy there and all that—not in Heaven, but—ah—Devon—I consider it's rather overrated—Devon, that is, not—ah—Heaven."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Hotel went to the Embassy." This piece of modern Pepysiana, from the first page of After the War (Constable), is typical of Lieutenant-Colonel Repington's initial procedure on all his visits to Paris, Rome, Athens, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest, Berlin, Sofia, Coblenz, New York and Washington between January and December 1921. I say "initial procedure" because he by no means confines his activities to the four walls of legations in his avowed object of keeping abreast with the times. Diplomacy (as more than one ambassador assures him) is not what it was; and some of the plenipotentiaries he encounters seem to live the lives of stranded sea-anemones, quite out of the current of affairs unless some unusually high tide of "big business" slops over the edges of their little pools and gives them something to feed on. However, the gallant author comes across many actual makers of history, from the English Colonel who specialises in "films, oil, river transport, banks and other speculations," to the Italian princess who is pathetic over her family's difficulties in controlling their motor-works. He does not directly suggest that a more Platonic attitude towards money-making is necessary if the world is to regain its "lost faith in the old rulingclasses;" but his just esteem for disinterestedness wherever he finds it adds a touch of political distinction to the consuming interest of his book.

If I had been here to review a book called God's Wages (COLLINS) fifty years ago, I could have laid any odds on its and plenty of fighting when they meet, besides a couple of

characters belonging to the regions of high endeavour, and on the whole volume breathing an air of perhaps oppressive edification. Nowadays, when I come across a title "AFTER an enjoyable tub and breakfast at the Grand like this, and two pages of esoteric religiosity (in English and Latin) by way of a prelude to Chapter i., I know at a glance that I am in for the very opposite. Nor does the career of Anne Mary Verity, as detailed by Miss OLIVE MARY SALTER, deceive my expectations. It is a particularly unpleasant career, the career of a woman whose vanity is so vast that she courts dishonour after dishonour, insult after insult, in order to enjoy the adulation that so inadequately cloaks them. Her relations to her husband, a simple-minded composer, to his best man, to her musicmaster and to Paul Cassavetti, a friend of her husband (and of humanity), are minutely described in what I can only entitle the argot of devotion. A modern novelist's candour, like the excellence of the curate's egg, is apt to be rigidly localized; but I should like Miss SALTER, who has a talent worth redeeming, to tell herself truthfully whether this diction, the Scriptural similes which embellish her more fervid passages, and the hasty moral of the eleventh chapter, make her book better-or worse.

> I cannot remember having seen the name of Mr. John SILLARS before, though I keep a friendly eye open for any stories dealing with the Highlands and Islands. But The McBrides (Blackwood), which he terms a Romance of Arran, does not read exactly like a first essay in this style. Mr. Sillars sets about his task in quite the right spirit for those who hanker after adventure in the good old days. There are gaugers and excisemen and smugglers in plenty,

bonnie lassies with whom the author makes great play to- oration's sake, and consequent loss of movement. Also Mr. wards the end of his tale. Also there is a stirring scene at the Quay Inn, where Dan McBride picks up one Rob Beag and hurls him into the blazing fire, from which comes tragedy later. And after that little episode there is a flight through the heather, faintly reminiscent of one in which Alan Breck and David Balfour took part in another work. A good scramble, though it does not grip the reader in true Stevensonian style. One wonders sometimes just where Mr. Sillars fails to hold the Sassenach reader as he was held by the author of Kidnapped. Possibly it may be because he "has the Gaelie," which R.L.S. fortunately had not. A touch of these strange tongues is very well in a story of adventure, but a glossary means boredom. Still, for those whose blood stirs at the skirl of the pipes no doubt The McBrides will be the right stuff.

Lady DOROTHY MILLS has devoted the first chapter of into The Undying Monster (HEATH CRANTON) I should have

her latest novel, The Tent of Blue (Duck-WORTH), to so harrowing a description of the marital jealousy of Geoffrey Poynder that my sympathies were all with Rats-a not very charming abbreviation of Rachel-his pretty young wife. But, when Rats, taking a trip to Algeria for her health, parted with the friends with whom her husband supposed her to be travelling and went off into the desert with two English explorers previously unknown to her, I began to think there might be something to be said for her husband. Of course in the desert she has all sorts of thrilling adventures, and equally of course falls in love with

the more conventionally heroic of her companions, Hugh | But she was good at her job; and, when her professional Tresham—the name sufficiently describes him. The rest of the book is occupied with her visits to Hugh's London house and her indecision as to whether she ought to leave her husband or merely go on being secretly unfaithful to him. Eventually she gives Tresham up, because, waiting day by day for her stolen visits, he is wasting his life, and of course it is at that moment that Geoffrey finds out the truth and ends the story with two shots from his revolver. There are some vivid descriptions in this novel and some clear-cut character studies. I hope that, if her next novel is about North Africa, Lady DOROTHY MILLS will contrive to keep out the dance of the Ouled Nail tribe, which is becoming as persistent an obsession with novelists as King Charles's head was with Mr. Dick.

WORTH TROUBLING ABOUT."

I can't help wondering if Mr. John Owen, in The Idealist (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), hasn't been a little led away by admiration of that elaborate indirectness of approach, that patient piecemeal accumulation of intimate detail collected from onlookers, which Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD the Later handles so plausibly. Well, it's a fine model, but the danger, not mental to the end; but the latter part of his story, at any wholly avoided here, is the pursuit of elaboration for elab- rate, provides him with a sufficient excuse.

Owen lets himself off some of the artistic restraints of the method, offering you evidence that ought not strictly to be available. However, here's a sincere, carefully-written and interesting story of a poor Welsh lad with a distinct hwyl who makes a very swift success in politics, wins the love of a daughter of a Liberal big-wig, but sacrifices her to his ideal of political honesty which makes him a passionate opposer of the Boer War. It is not difficult to guess at originals for Weyman the idealist, Brodic the Liberal leader. Lord Gladwyn and even for Anne Belstock, though there is obviously no attempt at portraiture. I found the sinisterambitious Dyke, Weyman's rival, a little unlikely, as also his ultra-mysterious sister, Rhoda. But certainly an intriguing book well worth reading.

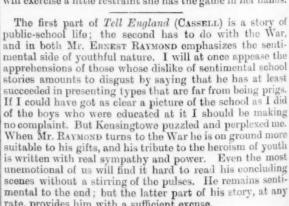
If Miss JESSIE KERRUISH had not introduced lycanthropy

no quarrel with her: one, my desire to meet him-even in fictionvulgar people as a deangry schoolmistress.

but, when a man believes himself to be a wolf and behaves like is infinitesimal. The Hammand family "were haunted by an apparition," and at various times in their long history they had met with mysterious deaths. Luna Bartendale, who was called in to solve the mystery, might have been described by tective, but that was not the name she gave to herself. I have her word for it. "Blavatsky was a sensitive," she said, "but I'm a supersensitive." This did not prevent her from talking on occasions like an

THE MAESTRO.

armour had been penetrated, she was also lovable. Miss KERRUISH has gone too far in her pursuit of the abnormal, but she understands the trick of sensational fiction, and if she will exercise a little restraint she has the game in her hands.





Bysiander. "Don't you know? Why, he's the great Pinks, the famous trianglist. What he doesn't know about the triangle isn't

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT is more interesting than a girl who is just out of her 'teens'?' asks a correspondent in a daily paper. It certainly is a beautiful thing to see our modern girls growing into manhood. decided to use bombs in dealing with

Lord NORTHCLIFFE is to receive the Freedom of Ramsgate. Still, Ramsgate ing the crowd by taking a collection. is not Genoa.

"Hot Cross Buns are on the down grade in this country," says a contemporary. We have often noticed them going in that direction on Good Friday.

Mr. Charles Chaplin is taking steps

to protect the copyright of his make-up. The legal advisers of the British War Office are believed to be considering the position with regard to the moustache.

Four men have locked the household of a retired New York banker in the cellar and decamped with two hundred thousand pounds' worth of valuables. The motive is believed to have been robbery.

Lord ULLSWATER, the ex-Speaker, writing in The Suffolk Diocesan Magazine, complains of the repetitions in the Church Service. His feeling is that they waste the time of the House.

"Our guest," said Mr. H. A. L. FISHER, in proposing the health municate with Scotland Yard they which were unknown in the old-time of Dr. Hadley, of Yale University, "is might hear of something to their dis-ring. It has been observed, for ina great business man, an expert in many directions, a director of a bank and a director of two railway companies. There is some talk of his being elected an honorary Geddes.

A man who was sent to prison at heard in favour of that kind of tax. Cambridge last week was said to have written several testimonials about himself. It is thought that at one time he must have been a politician.

In Berlin they are preparing a film explaining the Theory of Relativity. We felt it would not be long before a serious attempt would be made to compete with the CHARLIE CHAPLIN films.

cars than by aeroplanes," says a tech- get up and throw boot-trees at a tornical journal. It is only fair to point to iseshell tom-cat with a rich brown out that motorists have had much more experience and practice than aviators.

The police authorities of Rome have crowds. This plan, while thorough, is not so tactful as the method of dispers-

He laughs longest who laughs lastor else he is a Scotsman.

We are asked to say that if the burglars who broke into the office of the Public Trustee last week and made off with four thousand pounds will com-

VARIETY AGENTS

Comedian, "POOR OLD HARRY GOT THE BIRD PROPERLY LAST NIGHT. THEY HISSED HIM RIGHT OFF THE STAGE. THEN I CAME ON. THE AUDIENCE QUIETENED DOWN AND LISTENED TO MY FIRST NUMBER WITH EVERY ATTENTION. THEN, JUST AS I WAS GIVING 'EM MY PATTER, BLOWED IF THEY DIDN'T START HISSING OLD HARRY AGAIN.

advantage.

Two hundred coloured Jazz musicians in Paris have gone on strike as a protest against a new French entertainmenttax. This is the first thing we have

According to a weekly journal, a man could easily carry a million pounds if the money were in thousand-pound notes. Our mind is now considerably

"Insomnia," says Dr. Coué, "is the idea that one goes to bed not to sleep, and sleep is the idea that one goes to Beappearance of the incompatible Russian bed to sleep." Somnambulism is, of Dancers."—Advt. in Evening Paper. "More persons are killed by motor- course, the idea that one goes to bed to The Russians are so temperamental.

toiseshell tom-cat with a rich brown voice.

In a hollow tree at Feltwell, twentyfive queen wasps and one male wasp were found by a gamekeeper. We understand that an order for deportation to Utah in the case of the male insect is being applied for.

The oldest doctor in the world has just celebrated his hundredth birthday. His case is regarded as a triumph for Nature over medical knowledge.

A poor English curate who recently emigrated to Los Angeles has returned

worth several thousands. It sounds as if he had been lucky enough to obtain the sole marrying rights of a popular movie actress.

"Too much time is wasted at Conferences,' declares a contemporary. According to a friend of ours who is a travelling typist for the Foreign Office this should read: "between Conferences.'

Each of the girl secretaries attached to the Soviet Delegation to Genoa, we read, carries a powder - puff. doubt they will observe the injunction to trust in TROTSKY and keep their powder dry.

According to Lord HEADLEY modern glovefights bring out points

stance, that a knock-out blow with a glove is apt to develop unsuspected literary talent in a professional pugilist.

The inhabitants of Genoa have been forbidden to expose their washing in public during the Conference. good taste of foreign journalists also is relied upon in this respect.

Very Elementary Education.

Extract from a letter written by a nine-year-old boy towards the end of his first term at a preparatory school :-"I feale I have lernt a lot sence i caime hear."

THE ONE THING WANTING AT CENOA.

(See Cartoon opposite page 290.)

SEE where they come, the LENIN squad, Rigged in their gladsome rags-"Hig-lif," and looking rather odd

When worn with golfing bags; Not doubting that for those who seek To cut a dashing figure Amid a crowd so full of chic This outfit is de riqueur.

But Genoa has no course; and, though Men talked of making one Suddenly in ten days or so, The thing could not be done; That's why the Bolsh will never find, To help his scheme of barter, Those links of love he thought would

Much good may come, I like to hope, From intercourse at meals, But golf provides a better scope For doing business deals; Closer than friendships which begin At Conference or café

The Briton to the Tartar.

The bond of free tuition in The wielding of a baffy.

In vain the House approved a plan For healing Europe's sore Upon the basis fixed at Cannes, For golf is now no more; Our only chance of carrying on Is snapped across the middle, And, with his occupation gone, What use is left for RIDDELL?

ODD MEN OUT.

O. S.

THE essavists who write the character sketches in the daily and weekly Press must have a wonderful time. You know the sort of thing I mean-those articles about odd individuals who apparently roam the world aimlessly, waiting for stray essayists to give them shag and write them up. The articles usually start something like this :-

I met him as day was breaking, mending a wall (or, as the day was mending, breaking a wall). His old old eyes were staring at nothing, as though he were imprinting its every feature on his old old memory, and as I drew near his old old lips were muttering. I caught the words with a sudden shock of surprise :-

"Magic casements opening on the foam Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn . . ."

I flung myself down beside him and drew out my pouch. . . .

But you know the sort of thing. These characters are always old old men with bright eyes peering through a tangle of matted hair, as like as not,

when it isn't HOMER or VIRGIL. And went along Holborn, and the number the peripatetic scribe who preys upon them always flings himself down on the grass—he never merely sits down like you or me-and draws out his pouch.

It isn't just now and then that the essayist does this sort of thing. He is always doing it. It is a habit. He has only to go outside his own front-door to meet the very oddest people. He is sure to find, round the corner, an old old man squatting over a little fire boiling a billy and probably reading a Greek Testament held in the other hand. And then they will talk the most stupendous stuff, with bits of poetry here and there. Or the tramp will correct a misquotation from Hobace, or cap a line from W. S. GILBERT with one from ARISTO-PHANES, or remark casually that Ein-STEIN has neglected to take into account that infinite series of terms beginning well, anyhow, something like that.

Then, when he has finished with the old old man, when he has metaphorically held him up by the ankles and shaken all the quotations out of him, the essayist leaves him, still squatting over his little fire, and dashes off on a fresh scent.

Round the corner he jumps on a bus and flings himself into a seat next to a quiet little man with glasses. In two minutes the little man has informed him that he is a traveller in sewingmachines. In five he has confided the fact that he breeds tigers in his back-garden as a hobby. He adds that he sells them to menageries when he can bear to part with them.

Ten minutes later the essayist is off again and is soon hobnobbing with a man in faultless evening dress, who is sitting on the curbstone eating chipped potatoes out of his faultless hat; either that or talking through it.

As far as one can tell, this sort of thing goes on happening to the essayist all day and every day. At any rate the supply of articles never seems to fail. But why should the essayist have all the adventures? Why should not others have a share? After all, anyone can be an essayist who will take the trouble to write an essay. There is nothing in the rules about getting it published.

So I decided that I would track a few of these odd people down myself. Dash it, there must be plenty of them

I spent the evening rubbing up my VIRGIL, and started out next morning full of hope. But somehow I didn't seem to spot my man right away, as the essayist does. Something was wrong. There were practically no tramps squat-

of stone-breakers reciting HOMER in Regent Street might have been counted on one hand. Oh, easily.

My first real find was an old old man who was selling papers in Piccadilly Circus. He was murmuring what sounded like a Greek chorus to himself as I approached. But on investigation I discovered that my Greek was rustier than I thought. Besides, I recognised some of the words. A taxi had run over his foot and he was just telling the driver about it.

Soldiers often supply the essayist with good copy, and I hesitated opposite the mounted sentries outside the Horse Guards, though I am not so much afraid of them as I used to be when I was never really certain whether I ought to salute them. But they didn't look communicative. They don't notice me at all now, somehow.

I really thought luck was with me as I crossed Westminster Bridge. A tramp was leaning on the stone coping, staring at the river. He wasn't quoting anything at the moment, but he looked as if the slightest thing might rouse him to eloquence. I flung myself beside him. He made no sign. I wriggled a little nearer and drew out my pouch. Still he appeared not to notice me. I realised that I must open the attack. But I knew how to do it all

"Iam iam nulla mora est; sequor et, qua ducitis, adsum," I said.

Looking back at it now, I admit that it was not really very apt. But it was the only line I could remember at the moment. Anyhow, it was good enough.

My tramp turned and looked at me. He took his pipe from his mouth and frowned. He seemed to be making a mental effort of some sort. I waited anxiously. He was searching his old old memory for a line with which to cap mine. I was sure of it. His face cleared. He had got it. I held my breath.

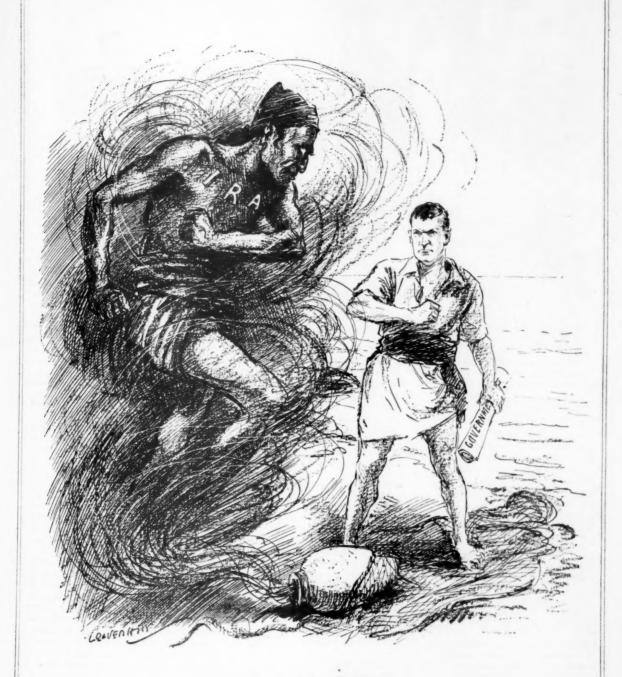
"No compry," he said.

He turned his eye to the river again, expectorated cleverly into mid-stream, put his pipe back into his mouth and shuffled away.

To be quite candid, that was about the nearest I got to successful imitation of the essayist, though I made many more attempts. And the only poetry I evoked was a few expletives from the works of John Masefield. But they weren't recognisable as quotations.

Altogether it was not a successful day. By the end of it I would willingly have compromised on a man from Surbiton who had never heard of Señor DE VALERA.

But where do the essayists find them? and they always start by quoting Kears | ting over little fires boiling billies as I | Sometimes I wonder if they really do.



THE EVIL GENIE.

Mr. Michael Collins. "I HELPED TO LET YOU LOOSE, AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE MY MASTER!"



Bored Fiancée (to young man who is spending a considerable time in choosing just the right shade and stripe for his pujamas). "Come along, Archie. If you don't buck up you won't have time to go to the lace department for the frills."

"TINKER, TAILOR . . ." (A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE DOCTOR.

The doctor took my shirt away;
He did it for the best;
He said, "It's very cold to-day,"
And took away my vest;
Then, having nothing more to say,
He hit me in the chest.

Oh, he did clout my ribs about Till I was bruised and red; He stood and listened to my spine

To see if I was dead; And when I shouted "Ninety-nine!" He simply shook his head. He rather thought that rain would fall

He rather thought that rain would fall, He made me hop about the hall, And savagely he said,

"There's nothing wrong with you at all—You'd better go to bed!

"Oh, you must eat no scrap of meat,
No rabbit, bird or fish;
Apart from that, have what you please,
But not potato, bread or cheese,
Not butter, alcohol or peas,
Not sausage, egg or ratafias,

A very starchy dish; Have any other foods but these— HAVE ANYTHING YOU WISH! But at and after every meal,
And twice an hour between,
Take this—and this—and this—and

In water and quinine, And wash it down with liquorice And nitro-glycerine.

"You must not smoke or read a book,

You must not eat or drink; You must not bicycle or run, You must not talk to anyone; It's better not to think. A daily bath I don't advise;

It's dangerous to snore;
But let your life be otherwise
Exactly as before.

And don't imagine you are ill;
I beg you not to mope;
There's nothing wrong with you—but
still

While there is life there's hope."

I woke and screamed a hideous scream, As greedy children do Who eat too much vanilla cream,

For I was having flu; And it was just an awful dream— But, all the same, it 's true.

A. P. H.

INITIATIVE AND IMAGINATION.

I shall never be able to explain it away. My wife would never believe me. "Exigencies of the service" is a phrase whose charms she cannot appreciate, and I much doubt whether she would listen to a short appreciation of the employer's duty to encourage imagination and initiative. Yet, though it appears inevitable that my domestic life will be blighted, I feel that I must make one effort to dispel that mist of suspicion which is beginning to envelop me.

I have for some time—though, alas, the events of the day seem likely to put an abrupt end to the period—been a clerk in that most important Government office, the Ministry for Safeguarding the Interests of Government Departments. I was wangled into the job, almost immediately after my demobilisation, by my father-in-law, General Blastington, through his acquaintance with the Minister, who, I might mention, at the same time arranged for his gallant friend to proceed on an intensive and expensive mission to examine the possibilities of Timbuctoo as a landing ground for the Trans-

Africa airship service. Within a few months of my entry into the Ministry I became head of Department LXXVI., which is solely concerned with eliminating ludicrous inaccuracies and tendencies to humour from official documents, a most important and responsible post and, as may be imagined, an extremely busy one.

My illustrious predecessor had been forced to resign owing to having allowed a document to be passed for publication bearing the Minister's marginal comment, "trick." This piffle ought to do the This unfortunate mishap, I argued, must have been due to a lack of initiative in his secretary, who should, of course, have minuted the document back with a diplomatically worded reference to the Official Secrets Act.

I therefore chose from the beyy of fair applicants sent to me by the Department for the Supply of Office Furniture a secretary whose reference bore the remark, "Unusual initiative and imagination." All other departments had refused to employ her owing to this particular failing, but I felt that under my guiding hand these characteristics could be turned to the advantage not only of myself, but of the service.

As can be understood, in Department LXXVI. the volume of work entailed by the numbers of documents and the necessary emendations and consequent correspondence requires almost superhuman qualities of endurance. In addition there are many casual callers to be dealt with who desire to call attention to humorous misprints in official publications, as well as Government officials who wish to consult us on the appropriate wording of difficult subjects. Once inside, these callers are difficult to get rid of, and one of the duties of my secretary was to ensure the rapid termination of interviews which could not be avoided.

I must say that I found my choice justified. Miss Jephson-Wilkinson, in addition to being of charming appearance, invented many new ways of cut-ting short the stay of tedious callers. Not content with the stereotyped, "The Minister wishes to consult you at once, please," she at various times, in answer to the treble ring of my bell, (1) sent in eight messengers at the double armed with fire-extinguishers in full eruption; (2) caused my telephone to ring continuously for three minutes, and (3) simulated a dead faint at my visitor's feet. In fact her initiative and imagination were most useful and I developed complete trust in her.

To-day my father-in-law, having returned from his mission, came in for a chat, and showed me his official report Wilkinson, in her best hat and sable we commend to the general public the to the Ministry of Aerial Acrobatics, coat, precipitated herself towards me, proverb, "Look before you liek."



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL RETURNING A COURTESY.

in a humorous vein, and contained mind your wife-Central Africa.

together. I'll just ring and tell my secretary that I'm going." And I stretched out my hand to the bell. At that fatal moment the General, who was in a boisterous mood, slapped me heartily on the shoulder as he roared, "Right you are, my boy."

I suppose this must have caused me inadvertently to give the bell a triple pressure, for nothing else can account for what happened. In a few moments the door burst open and Miss Jephson-

together with his private and con- crying, "George, dear, I couldn't wait fidential report. The latter was couched any longer. I knew your visitor wouldn't Warned by my references, as far as I could understand, furious signals she stopped, but it was to that masterpiece of Spanish art, 'Blood and Sand,' which appeared to few aspersions on my moral character, have some intimate connection with announced that his daughter should not remain one instant longer in the hands "Well, General," I said, "let's lunch of one whom he had always mistrusted, and burst out of the room.

> I shall ensure that my next secretary -if I ever have one-has no initiative and no imagination, not of any possible kind whatsoever. I shall apply for an ex-telephone girl.

"The Postmaster-General announced that he has invited tenders for advertisements on the backs of postage stamps."—Daily Paper.

To ensure the success of this scheme

THE STEAM-GIVERS.

AN EPIC FRAGMENT .- PART II.

IN The Torch Bearers Mr. ALFRED Noves describes a little luncheon-party which the astronomer Kepler and his wife Susannah gave to the poet, Sir Henry Wotton. I thought it would be rather nice to make George Stephenson and the poet Wordsworth have a tea-party, though I cannot find out from the Encyclopædia whether such a meeting actually occurred. It is true that the forty-second sonnet in the series known as "Itinerary Poems" of 1823 is entitled Steamboats, Viaducts and Railways, but unhappily it makes no personal reference to the creators of these conveniences.

"Steam and more steam!" The spark from Heaven was there!

The separate condenser made by WATT Was followed by TREVITHICK's steam-engine. Tram-roads existed. Now the golden dawn.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, whom half Great Britain knew As "Geordie," since the day that flashed his fame Above the stars, that day of contests on The line from Liverpool to Manchester, Dreamily watched his wife, ELIZABETH, Setting the tea-things for their simple tea, To which the poet Wordsworth had been asked, And was expected to arrive at four; For "Certainly, dear friends," he said, "I'll come; Science advances with gigantic strides,* And I shall be extremely glad to meet The maker of the 'The Rocket.'

On the sill A robin hopped. The old cat Sawney mewed. Now the March sunlight, streaming through the room To gild the teapot spout, was suddenly dimmed. A shadow crossed the window. Wordsworth came. "How are you, Geordie?" One swift clasp of hands, And "William, hoo's yersen?"

They talked awhile Of buds and birds, and how the English Spring Enhances the idyllic scenery Of Grasmere, Buttermere and Rydal Head. Then Wordsworth: "Tell me all the story now By what vast pains 'The Rocket' came to be; And STEPHENSON, half bashful and half proud, Finished his slice of tea-cake and began, Not as I tell it, Englished, but more slow, In the rude Doric of his Northern tongue; While, gazing on her man with glimmering eyes, Mirrors of his new fame, ELIZABETH Hung on his words and half forgot the tea.

"Despite 'The Puffing Billy,' patented In eighteen hundred and thirteen, there still Remained some faults, some standing faults, in all The earlier types of engine. Our steam-power Not yet was adequate or uniform. Device upon device was still employed To raise the necessary furnace draught. So, musing on these things, at last I said, 'Ay, but the waste steam could be utilised To stimulate combustion by a blast.' Hence sprang 'The Rocket.' And the rest you know."

"At Rainhill, I believe," the poet said,

"She hauled a coach with thirty passengers

Along the stated course, and at the speed Of thirty miles an hour." "Ay, that she did," Said Stephenson, "and so I won the prize, Five hundred pounds, a prize not small to win; And, having won it, made a little song, Part mine and partly borrowed from your own, About 'The Rocket.' May I sing it, Sir? "You may," said WORDSWORTH. Then in rhythmic tones, Beating the table with a spoon, he sang:

"THE TRIUMPH OF STEAM." "Oh, think not aught shall bar the way; The steam-engine has come to stay. The crags and dales, the fretful burns Shall soon be bridged by these concerns, And puffs of smoke on hillsides proud Shall wander lonely as a cloud.

"Through larch and oak and beech and pine You shall behold that glory shine, And think how many an inland home Grows hourly nearer to the foam, Till all your heart with gladness fills And dances like the railway bills.

"As silver strands of cobweb drawn Across the grass at early dawn, The lines shall fill all England, Sir, With their industrial gossamer, Facilitating as they run Our trade communication.

"'The Rocket' soars into the skies; With all our hopes and fears she flies, With beef and coal, with beer and blocks Of ordinary shares and stocks; We set no limit to our dream Till all the dales shall pant with steam, And puffs of smoke on hillsides proud Shall wander lonely as a cloud.

Thus murmuring with rhythmic beat and slow, And tapping on the table, STEPHENSON Had sunk his head awhile upon his breast. Now he looked up. But Wordsworth was not there. The Bard of Rydal had removed himself, Annoyed? Maybe. Yet Stephenson was right. For we who, gazing on "The Rocket" now, Think to ourselves how rummy it appears With its long funnel and peculiar wheels, Ought to remember that the changes made Since 1830 in the size and shape Of locomotive engines have been more Matters of detail than of principle. EVOE.

A Holiday Mystery.

"Home trade and employment are slack for one very good reason: that people have no money to spend."—Daily Paper.

"Already hotels and boarding-houses in many senside resorts are full, and at some places the rooms could have been booked twice over."—Same poper, same day.

"One of the greatest evils the Society has to combat is the giving of opinion to children." - Indian Paper.

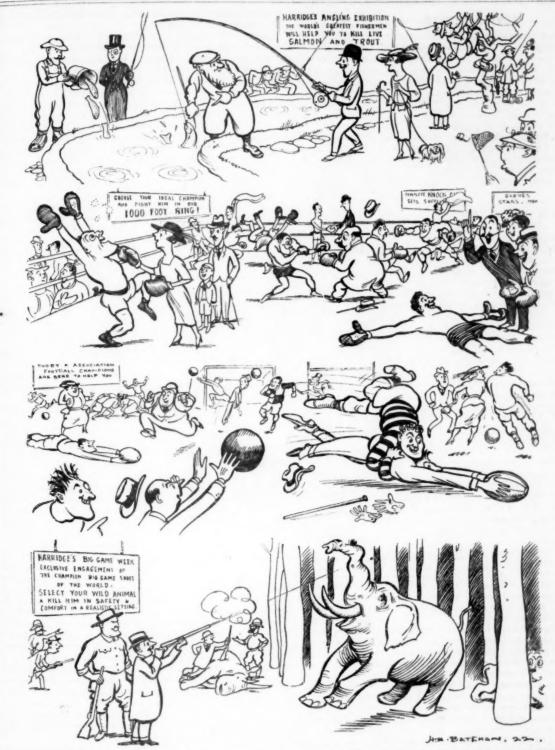
How different from England, where the children give their opinion to Society!

"J. — informed our correspondent that the statement that he had accepted a retainer from Lord Rosebery was incorrect. He is now negotiating to ride as first jockey for another noble lad."

Provincial Paper.

We feel sure that the owner of Ladas will condone the unconventionality of the description for the sake of the compliment implied.

^{*} The seventh line of the Sonnet to the Planet Venus (upon its approximation as an evening star to the Earth, January 1838.



AT ONE OF THE LARGEST LONDON STORES A GOLF EXHIBITION WAS RECENTLY HELD WHEREAT OUR GREATEST EXPONENTS OF THE GAME GAVE PERSONAL INSTRUCTION. BUNKERS, PUTTING-GREENS, ETC., WERE PROVIDED. WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THIS METHOD APPLIED TO OTHER BRANCHES OF SPORT.

A FEW SAMPLES.

DID you notice it—that peculiar phrase in a speech of the Right Honourable Minister of -, the other day? He was reported to have said that "the financial situation of the country at the present time is very smooth and of an excellent nutty flavour." A curious utterance; and I happen to know how it came to be attributed to him, for my friend George Rowland is his Private Secretary, prepares his speeches for him and hands the notes Mr. Jones.

of them to the Press. And this was how it happened.

Every two or three months I lay down a few bottles of port-by the pair. I buy wine by the pair because my cellar, consisting of the bottom shelf of the grocery cupboard, will not accommodate any very considerable hogshead or bin. And as a rule I buy it in this way. Entering my wine - merchant's (for I would have you know that I have a merchant of my very own) I say politely, "I want some nice port, please.'

"Certainly, Sir," says the immaculate Mr. Jones. "A dozen-or two?"

"A bottle-or two," I correct him gently. Mr. Jones looks at my clothes, remarks curtly, "Bring up a couple of the Armistice, Tom," and disappears.

Tom at last produces two rather new-looking bottles, sealed with rather freshlooking sealing - wax and says, "This is our Armistice port, Sir.'

I say firmly, "Are you sure this is a nice port?"

He says firmly, "Yes, Sir, I am sure it will suit you very well."

thing, and I carry it home by the Underground Railway.

When George had dined with me once or twice he asked me rather rudely what chemist I went to for my wine. When I told him "Jones and Jones" he said, "Good heavens! that's where profoundly at Mr. Jones. my chief gets his. They ought to give you something better than this. I shall and drained his glass to the dregs. have to take you there myself."

Mr. Jones was not daunted. "I w

one Monday after lunch. He stalked he said; and he presented us each superbly past Mr. Jones and sat down with a beautiful catalogue, in the air of a man about to buy a barrel of own works. No. 380 was described as

after us and inquired politely after the Minister's health. The change in him was extraordinary; he simply fawned.

George said, "My friend here proposes to give a dinner-in fact, a series of dinners; and he wants some really good wine. Now what about some sherry?'

"Certainly," said Mr. Jones. "Would you be taking it with the fish, or before the dinner?

"Both," said George grandly.

"Then I can recommend this," said So saying he seized a

age in cask. Has a markedly vinous flavour."

"Very well; open a bottle of that," said George graciously.

I gasped, but Mr. Jones obsequiously obeyed.

When it came, George first smelled it, then sipped it suspiciously, then rapidly emptied his glass, at which Mr. Jones smiled to himself with conscious pride. "A very generous wine," he murmured. "Very rich and generous in character."

What was my horror (and Mr. Jones's) when I observed a look of loathing pass

over my friend's face, as if he had taken some nauseating drug.

"Not dry enough," he snapped-"not nearly dry enough! Don't you agree?

I hastily agreed: though indeed I was still toying with my first glass.

Mr. Jones winced and offered a third brand of sherry, which was "smooth, clean on the palate and medium dry"; but George waved him aside. "Chablis," he said imperiously. "My friend always gives oysters at his dinners.

George knows perfectly well that I never gave away an oyster in my life. opened my mouth to protest and received a violent kick on the ankle. I was silent.

Tom was sent downstairs for a special Chablis, "very flavoury and full in style and of great vinosity." When he had gone George murmured reflectively,"I'm not sure that I wasn't wrong about that second sherry after all, Mr. Jones. Let me try it again, will you?

Mr. Jones beamed. "I thought you'd say that," he answered, as he poured out

a wine you can come back to again and again. And we are practically giving it away. What we are asking for it will scarcely pay for the bottling."

"This shop is really a sort of charity, you see," murmured George to me. This seemed to be no more than the truth, and I thought that it ill became George to be ironical about it.

This time he licked his lips and said, "A pleasant wine, but too rich. My friend likes a sherry with rather less body to it. Don't you?"

I duly made a vague murmur expressuperbly in an inner sanctum, with the manner of an author giving away his sive of a deep distaste for body in sherry. Mr. Jones regarded me with ill-con-



"ANYTHING ELSE I CAN GET FOR YOU, MADAM? I HAVE A GOOD ALL-ROUND EGG AT ONE-AND-SIX."

bottle from a shelf, smartly removed | about three-shillingsworth. "This is Then I know that I have got a good the cork and poured out three full "A rich old-fashioned brown glasses. wine, Mr. Rowland," he remarked with emotion as he rolled a little round his tongue and gazed profoundly at George. George rolled half a glassful round his tongue (it is a large one) and gazed

"Too dry," he said with contempt,

Mr. Jones was not daunted. "I won-He took me there. He took me there der how you would like our No. 380?" Waterloo brandy. Mr. Jones came in "dark in colour and very intense from cealed contempt.



SOURCES OF INSPIRATION.

Author's Wife. "Hullo, dear, how are you getting on? Done the flues? I say, couldn't you white something comic Author (bitterly). "I MEAN TO." ABOUT THIS?"

took George a glass and a half of the Chablis to make up his mind about it; he had a go at some of the more expensive champagnes. It was at the second champagne-the 1904-that it crossed my mind that George was losing his reserve of manner. Of this wine the catalogue said that it had "developed strikingly with age in bottle, and the roundness now shown makes it none too dry." The meaning of this escaped me, but George tossed off a glass and, holding it out for replenishment, shouted cheerfully, "It's too round, Mr. Jones. It's much too round! By Gad, it's not fit to drink. Give me some more.'

Mr. Jones's beam had become a little watery by this time, but he complied. He now turned to me for my opinion. Feeling that an effort was required of me, I sniffed at my glass with distrust, listened to it carefully, took a cautious sip and, following George's lead, remarked severely, "I like a square wine." We then passed on to the port.

Events then moved very rapidly. It | followed, but I know that even Mr. | George back to Whitehall, still hum-Jones became a little excited over the various ports George sampled (I say and when he did the things he said George-for very soon I was laps and about it were quite violent. After that laps behind). And I remember Mr. Jones saying with great reverence, " Now this, Mr. Rowland, is something really choice. Soft and full-good body and with a rich plummy flavour-

And then George burst into song. Waving his glass, and to a tune which was only faintly reminiscent of an air from The Beggar's Opera, he sang,

"Fill every glass, For wine is plummy and clean on the palate, Smooth and round, Vinous and soft, From age in cask; Fill every glass . .

And I suppose that at that point we left the shop. I only remember dimly that Mr. Jones said something about my making a purchase, which seemed to me to be rather pointless at the time. And I have a hideous, hideous suspicion that I replied carelessly, "Oh, send me a couple of your Armistice port, Mr. Jones.

I have but a hazy memory of what But I clearly remember navigating rowed the fastest in the boat.

"Fill every glass, For wine is plummy and clean on the palate . . ."

And I know very well why the Right Honourable --- is reported to have told his constituents that "the financial situation of the country at the present time was very smooth and of an excellent nutty flavour." A. P. H.

"THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS" STRIKE."

Headline in Provincial Paper.

This should mean that our thunderstorms will cost us more.

"Mr. —, Baritone Vocalist, will sing The Yeoman of England,' Sullivan." Provincial Paper.

Not to be confused with "The Yeomen of the Guard," by GERMAN.

From a description of the Boat Race: "Cambridge went off at 11-21-39; Hartley doing 11-20-38."—Sunday Poper.

From this it would appear that Cambridge have reversed the old Oxford tradition of Outda's day, when stroke



Small Girl (who has been told to help the new maid wash the tea-things and make her feel at home—starting the conversation).
"Are you married, Jane?" Maid. "No, Miss." Small Girl. "Nor am 1."

NOW IN SEASON.

What would our English springtime be without rhubarb? Yet rhubarb is surely one of Nature's blunders.

Here we have a product of the vegetable kingdom whose purpose was for long ages entirely unknown, and is even to-day, in my opinion, more than doubtful.

Its foliage does not afford shelter for the birds of the air, and fashion has denied it any place in the bouquets of the bride and the prima donna. Though I know full well that the caterpillar, when driven by stress of hunger, will eat almost any rubbish, I have yet to learn that it is really fond of rhubarb.

On an evil day a certain thinker—a greengrocer he must have been—pondered over this purposeless plant, reflected upon its defects and deficiencies and came to the conclusion that it must have been created for human food.

Thus it comes about that a commodity so utterly without value as to be hardly worth a boy's while to steal, figures upon our tables at this season of the year.

Sometimes pink, sometimes red, but more often green, it lurks among our custard and secretes itself beneath the

pastry of our pies. Not being a scheduled poison, it is freely sold without production of a doctor's prescription.

Less edible than many substances which are definitely ruled out from our category of comestibles, it is excluded from the two main classes of plantfood. Only an untutored rhubarbarian would call it a fruit, and to term it a vegetable would be an insult to the humblest radish.

Rhubarb—and still more frequently "Rhubarb again"—shatters the happiness of many a home. To expect hot jam-roll as the sweet for dinner on a chilly April evening, and to be served with cold stewed rhubarb, embitters the life and even ruins the morals of many a householder.

And the sad thing is that the greengrocer finds mischief still for this idle useless plant to do.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"ORIGIN OF DESERTS.

DUE TO INADEQUATE RAINFALL."

Sunday Paper.

"For Sale, Ralli Dogcart; Pony Inside."

Irish Paper.

This is worse than putting the cart before the horse.

TO YOUNG OXFORD.

Your last Commission's race is run,
And I survey their work, astounded
To find no mention of the one
Purpose for which, all said and done,
Oxford was really founded.

Come, we know better, we know why;

And thus from a respectful distance Let a grey-headed veteran try To reckon how you justify, Young Oxford, your existence.

Sighing I pass from Mortlake scenes, Where light-blue banners flutter proudly,

And turn for solace to the greens
Of Sandwich, or the track at Queen's,
Only to groan more loudly.

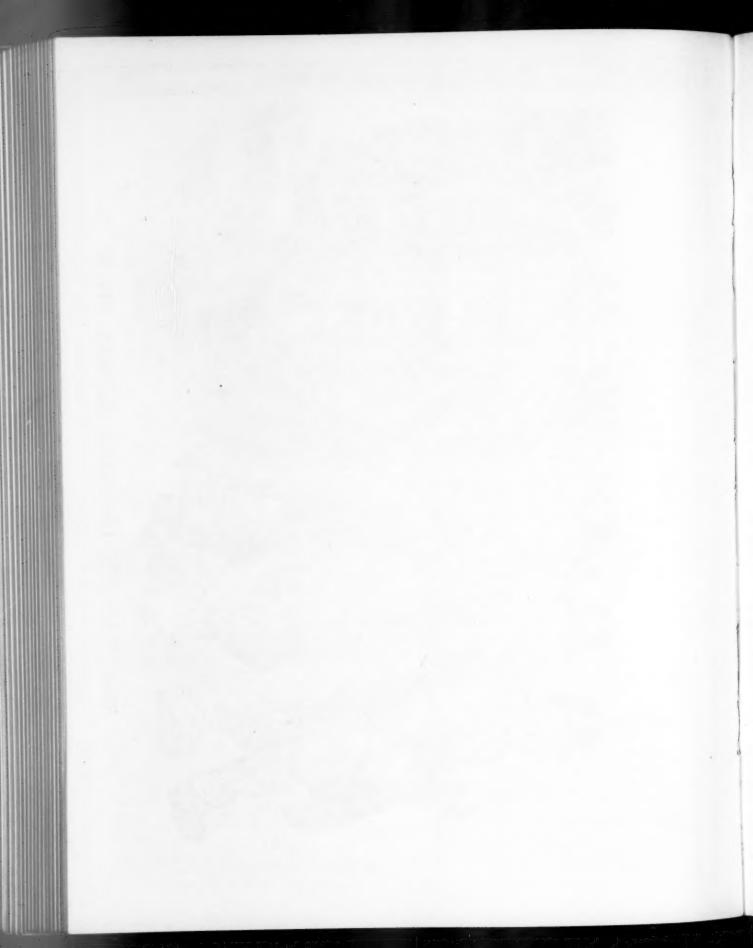
You who come after us, who quaff Youth's wine in your superior fashion, You scan our faded photograph In barge or club-room with a laugh Or, worse still, with compassion.

I know, I know; the dead leaves fall;
But when we need a sorrow-softener
The old Victorian memories call
Across the years that (hang it all!)
We did beat Cambridge oftener.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.-APRIL 12, 1922.



THE COMPLETE DELEGATE—RUSSIAN STYLE.





The Bride. "THEY 'RE AWFU' FINE, WULLIE." The Bridegroom, "AY, BUT MAIST O' THEM ARE FROM FOLKS NO' YET MARRIT, JEAN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 3rd.—Despite the snowstorm the House of Commons was well filled for the Genoa debate. While waiting for the main performance the numerous spectators beguiled themselves with such instruction and entertainment as were forthcoming at Ques-

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, in the Peers' Gallery, were not the only persons to be rather shocked to hear that the Government's contribution to the relief of Starving Russia amounted to no more than two hundred thousand pounds; but were no doubt somewhat consoled when the Secretary of the Treasury added that our total contribution to Europe's needs since the Armistice reached the more imposing figure of fifty-four million pounds.

A suggestion from Mr. Mills that for the purpose of suitably equipping delegates at the Conference the Government should requisition the red waistcoat usually affected by Sir WILLIAM Davison, found its owner ready with appropriate retort. "A red waistcoat," he said, "is a recognised covering for a warm heart, while a red tie is a badge for a hot head."

when he came in, but he looked and spoke as if being "pelted with crises" had not proved so stimulating as usual.



AN OLD FAVOURITE IN FORM AGAIN MR. CLYNES. MR. BONAR LAW.

The PRIME MINISTER was well cheered Now and again he made a good point at the expense of the Die-hards, or the Labour Party, or the Northcliffe Press, but for the most part the speech was a painstaking but not very lively résumé of facts with which the House was already only too familiar. Once, in the course of a long argument in favour of making peace with Russia, he sought to make our flesh creep by dwelling on the danger of "hordes of savage revolutionaries being let loose on Europe;" but he only excited ribald laughter from the Labour Party, and the rest of the House remained cold.

Mr. CLYNES was rude enough to say that the speech had elicited ' more yawns than cheers," but he himself was not conspicuously successful in arousing interest. Some applause was evoked by his criticism that a Conference estopped from dealing with boundaries or reparations or armaments could do little or no good; but there was not much sympathy outside his own party for the suggestion that we should offer the Soviet Government our whole hand, and not merely extend three fingers.

The success of the evening was Mr. Bonan Law. For forty minutes he kept the House in all its quarters cheering almost continuously while he poked

quiet fun first at one Party and then at | upkeep should be made by the charanother. The PRIME MINISTER came a-bancs. Lord PEEL, while recogin for a few bantering strokes, but en- nising the grievance, pointed out that joyed them as much as anybody; and well he might, for Mr. Law's speech probably turned more than one opponent of the Resolution into a supporter, or at least an abstainer. In the first division the Government had a majority of 295 against a Liberal-Labour combination, and in the second, when the Opposition was reinforced by n few "Die-hards," of 278.

Tuesday, April 4th.—One need not be so very old to remember when the Salvation Army was an object of derision, and its military titles and uniforms were regarded as an insult to the Forces of the Crown. Now the wheel has turned so far that the Salvation Army itself successfully claims the protection of the law for its designations and badges. Hence Lord BURNHAM's amendment to the Chartered Associations (Protection of Names and Uniforms) Bill, which the Peers, after hearing that General BOOTH and General BADEN-Powell had arrived at an amiable concordat regarding their respective "Scouts," accepted without a division.

Now that the Irish Free State is by law established, its stamps, although identical in design with those of Britain, will no longer frank letters posted outside the new Dominion. Some Irishmen, who have been surcharged fourpence on letters so stamped, are wondering whether the defacement of King George's head with an Erse

inscription was worth the money. In deriding the health-specialists who had described England as a C3 nation, Sir J. D. Rees said that this country had "in its stride destroyed Militarist Prussia." I am all for having a good conceit of ourselves, but in calling 1914-18 a stride the hon, baronet seems to me to have himself overstepped the mark.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER, in the course of resisting a proposal to abolish the income-limit for old-agepensioners, gave a gloomy account of our financial prospects. As far as he could see, the revenue would be worse this year than it was last, and worse still in 1923-4. But he may have been "making the poor face" now in order to enhance the boons of Budget-night. At any rate let us hope so.

Wednesday, April 5th .- Lord HARRIS captained a team of rural Peers who loudly complained of the damage done to the country roads by heavy motor-traffic, and urged that a larger contribution to their



BROKE TO THE WORLD. (A pre-Budget Attitude). SIR ROBERT HORNE.

motor-owners were crying out because they were too heavily taxed; and was thereupon accused by Lord HARRIS of drawing a red-herring across the



LE PREMIER PAS.

First full-dress rehearsal of the Scene de Triomphe in the Die-hard Ballet

(After the Cartoon by Sir John Tenniel.) SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS AND MR. RONALD MCNEILL.

from entertainment-duty flower-shows where bands are employed. "A band," he sententiously observed, "is not one of the products of horticulture.'

I think Mr. CHURCHILL must have had an eye to the Die-hards' forthcoming motion when he framed his reply about the Ministerial crisis in Iraq. At any rate the House took it so, and punctuated his references to the resignation of the local Chancellor of the Exchequer, "very anxious about his Budget," to the hope that the Ministry, being "organised on a non-party or coalition basis," would be quickly reconstituted, and to the fact that "the Press of Baghdad is divided, but the country remains calm."

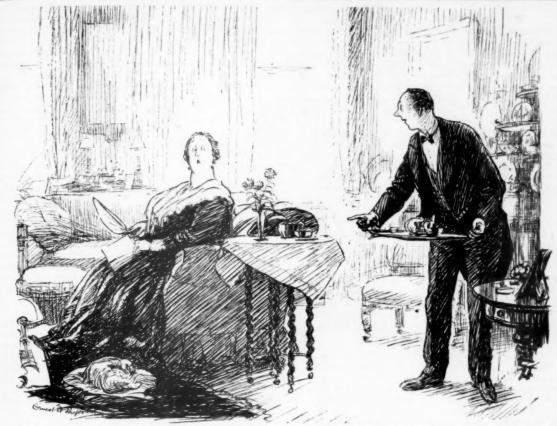
with gusts of happy laughter.
This did not make a favouring gale for the motion of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks (short title "Jicks") in favour of "the establishment of a Ministry composed of men united in political principle." The mover complained that, under the Coalition, party-divisions were becoming horizontal instead of perpendicular, and that Ministerial attacks upon Labour leaders were driving the political working-man into the ranks of the Labour Party (approving cheers from the Labour Benches). Mr. R. McNeill, who seconded, declared that the mischief of the Coalition Government was that it put persons before principles.

The chief merit of the debate was Mr. HILTON Young refused to exempt that it gave Mr. Chamberlain another chance of displaying himself

as a humourist. First he congratulated the advocates of principle on their ingenuity in framing a resolution "for which every critic of the Government could vote,' and then devoted special attention to Lord HUGH CECIL, "who called himself a Conservative but was Anarchistic if he was anything,' and who was never so distressed as when he found himself in agreement with anyone, "above all the Party to which he professes to belong." The Resolution was defeated by 288 to 95, and the minority actually contained more Labour men than Die-hards.

Thursday, April 6th .- The difficulties of the Irish Provisional Government are patent to all the world. But the non-release, after months of captivity, of the Ulster "specials" captured at Clones does seem rather odd if, as Sir H. GREENWOOD averred, they are in the custody, not of DE VALERA'S gunmen, but of the Free State authorities.

The Unemployment Insurance Bill was read a third time, although Dr. MACNAMARA admitted that it did not pretend to solve the problem.



Mistress (to new butler). "I must tell you, Parsons, that when your master makes amusing remarks at dinner you are not expected to join in the general merriment."

Parsons. "I'M SUBE YOU'BE QUITE RIGHT, MY LADY. WHEN I TOLD THEM IN THE SERVANTS' 'ALL, ADA SEE TO ME, 'ALF, YOU OUGHTN'T TO 'AVE DONE IT.'"

THE BALLAD OF BRAVE HECTOR.

(A Worcestershire Worthy.)

Our Hector was a restive hound
Whose limbs were never still;
He chased the bunnies round and round
And worked his wicked will
On every bit of fur he found
Twixt Crowle and Breedon Hill.

From Spetchley on to Shernal Green,
Through Bredicot and Sale,
From Broughton Hackett to the Dean,
O'er valley, kill and dale,
It was his artless habit
To chase the flying rabbit,
Till all the village constables were hot
upon his trail.

But rough on hounds are Nature's laws;
Distemper got the dog;
He sniffed at food, he shut his jaws,
And lay there like a log;
We put hot bottles on his paws
And tempted him with grog.

We gave him marrow-bones and eggs, Warm water, caudle, soup; We gave him milk in cups, and kegs Of brandy by the stoup; Yet Hector couldn't move his legs And made a noise like croup.

We piled the blankets high;
We gave him ipecac. on bread
And cold potato pie;
The Vet. from Worcester shook his head,

We kept the stove a glowing red;

He said the dog would die.

His master sat up all night long
And sacrificed his rest
To make a poultice hot and strong
For Hector's heaving chest;
And then we found the Vet. was wrong
And all was for the best.

For Hector gathered strength amain Despite the Vet.'s decree; He lost his cough, he had no pain, Could wag his tail and see; And soon he took the road again For Upton Snodsbury.

From Spetchley on to Shernal Green, Through Bredicot and Sale, From Broughton Hackett to the Dean,
O'er valley, hill and dale,
It is his artless habit
To chase the flying rabbit,
With all the village constables still hot
upon his trail.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?

— 'O thalmic' Hospital changed its title yesterday to 'Eye' Hospital (not as the Chairman said because they could not spell 'opthalmic.'")—Provincial Paper,

Then what was the reason?

"A skeleton, believed to be that of an early monk, has been found in a stone grave at Kenilworth Abbey,"—Evening Paper.

We should have thought it was that of a late monk.

From a Dutch bulb-grower's catalogue:-

"Our prices quoted are such that everybody who has a spare piece of ground should hesitate himself to send us an order."

In accordance with this kindly advice we are hesitating ourselves.

AT THE PLAY.

"RUNNING WATER" (WYNDHAM'S).

THE novel from which this play is taken is one of the few of Mr. Mason's that I have never read; and I confess that for a good part of the first two Acts I could have wished that its title (which turned out to have practically nothing to do with the subject) had been what it sounded like-the name of a Red Indian Chief or else a lady of Hiawatha's tribe, For I have a great regard for Mr. Mason in his exotic vein, when he writes of people and places that are strange to me, such as Argentina or the French Foreign Legion. Not that so I felt that I might permit myself to man to whose salvation she was devoting not obligatory to have a strong love-

dispute their plausibility. I take the liberty, then, of doubting whether the sudden appearance in their midst of an innocent young girl, the daughter of one of them, but a stranger to them all, would in true life have had so little visible effect on their offensive behaviour. As for Sylvia herself, escaping from the impossible environment of a mother who had been separated from her husband before the girl's birth, and seeking a home with the father whom she had never seen, her position, when she found what sort of company he kept, was sufliciently embarrassing; and I am bound to say she made me share her sense of un-

comfortableness. How she would be the bulk of her enthusiasm was somed the progressive interest of its action in such surroundings.

At first her father persuades her that worth worrying about. he is really the guardian angel of the youth whom his gang has been rooking; that he has encouraged him to come to

intelligence with which, from the succeeding in making me believe in murder the youth for the sake of his pigeon from the snares of the fowler. insurance money. But by this time the interest had quickened to the thrilling point; and an excellent curtain, did it with a quiet confidence in the where a telegraph-boy refused to disclose the contents of his official pouch, on the ground that they were "His character sketch—far too brief—was Majesty's Mail," put the audience on that of the moneylender, Jarvice, adgood terms with themselves.

But during the exciting episodes which | HEATHERLEY. followed in the last Act we remained conscious that our interest in Sylvia's relations with the other sex was suffering a certain dissipation, due to the been disappointed-for we were on Mr. his set of second-rate gentleman-crooks fact that the object of her chief absorp- DU MAURIER'S own pitch-to find that belonged to a type really familiar to me; tion was not identical with the hero of stage crooks are not always very attracbut they were at least Londoners, and the piece. Her attitude towards the tive. To create a sense of romance it is



LUCRATIVE MURDERS ARRANGED ON A "FIFTY-FIFTY" BASIS. Garrett Skinner MR. GILBERT HARE. Sidney Jarvice MR. CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY.

likely to conduct herself in the cir-thing less than platonic, being merely more than compensates for the rather cumstances I cannot say with any the expression of a kindly nature; while assurance; but I can confidently assert | the man of her heart, though at the end that it would not have been after the he intervened as a god out of the car manner to which Mr. Mason com- (motor), was for the rest little more mitted her. Her little speech, when than an incidental apparition. I am her health was drunk in what was not complaining that all this was undescribed as "the bubbly-ubbly," con- orthodox, but only that our sympatained a touch of sentiment incredible thies were steadily diverted from the love-interest to a character that wasn't

Mr. GILBERT HARE played the archcrook with great subtlety; and his two confederates, the sham snob Parminter his houselest he should be drawn into bad and the sham warrior Barstow, were society elsewhere; and, though the cal- soundly presented by Mr. MAX LEEDS low and ill-bred boy has no attractions and Mr. Spencer Trevor. Mr. Comfor her (nor, I should guess, for anyone BERMERE was good as their victim, and else), her heart being privily engaged thoroughly convinced me that I must elsewhere, she volunteers to join with pover adopt the cocaine habit. As her father in a league for his protection. Sylvia, Miss Edna Best's rather boyish In the pursuit of this purpose she allows air, that served her well when there was one. I was earning about three hunherself to be imposed upon so long and need for rapid action, perhaps a little dred a year and finding it far from

is subsequently staggered by the swift played very sincerely, yet without quite vaguest of clues, she deduces a plot to her alleged passion for plucking her Mr. SEAGRAM, as Captain Chayne, the lover, had little enough to do, but he cleanness of his heart and the solidity of his limbs. The most satisfying character sketch-far too brief-was mirably played by Mr. CLIFFORD

When I saw it, the play held the attention, without arousing the enthusiasm, of an audience that may have

> interest, but there must be something to take its place; and it was difficult to find any romantic qualities in our trio of villains. Mr. HARE's Garrett Skinner threw off from time to time a little paternal sentiment : but. after the proofs he offered of his gifts as an impostor (gifts that his daughter seemed to have inherited, for she was very quick with her inexactitudes in a good cause), we found it difficult to accept these sentiments and almost impossible to believe in his redemption as adumbrated in the finale.

This is not to predict anything short of success for Mr. Mason's play, for

unsympathetic qualities of most of the O. S. characters.

A POKER PROBLEM.

WE were talking about the greatest disappointments-the saddest frustrations-of our lives; and this was B.'s story

"All of you," he began, "have touched on purely superficial troubles. Mine is deeper. It is peculiar, too, in this, that although I was in a sense the sport of fate, I could, had I dared, and with absolute purity of motive, have taken fate into my own control. I suffered through my own decency and strength, a rare cause of disaster.

"It happened years ago, when I was a young man and therefore a foolish with so childlike an innocence that one weakened her appeal as a woman. She enough, and so I had to be careful.



Profileer (after examining outside of exquisite grand piano). "Well, this ain't too bad houtside; just pribe open the lid, WILL YER, AND SHOW ME WHAT THE HINSIDE LOOKS LIKE?"

myself; among others, cards.

"It chanced that I met some new people, influential in my line of busiwealthy and open-handed, and I found staying at their house an almost too agreeable change from my ordinary life.

"On the Saturday evening a number of neighbouring friends came in and it was agreed that we should play Poker. I knew quite well I ought to decline, being in no position to lose; but there, I was very fond of the game; I was young and excited by being in this company at all; I had not the courage to take up an uncompanionable line; and there was always the chance that I might win. It might be my evening; the cards might take a fancy to me. You never know. Besides I rather prided myself on my skill.

"I soon found out that although it might be somebody's evening it most emphatically was not mine. I could hold nothing at all, or if I did hold anything some one just beat it. I had three Kings twice and backed them freely, but three Aces or some other stronger Mrs. Blank, one of the neighbours who combination were waiting to render had joined us for the evening, was

The kind of things that I liked I denied off; mine didn't. For the most part I had depressing luck: a single pair, for instance, unfortified by the other three cards; or two pairs, that insidious snare, ness, and after dining with them I was raising one's stake on which, according asked to spend a week-end. They were to the saying, has filled America's poorhouses.

"And all the while I was losing money. I lost consistently for two hours, until all my little luxuries for the next year had dissolved into thin

"If I had been older and braver I should have stopped. But I lacked the nerve. I felt that it looked mean and squalid to leave off because one was not winning; nor did I want to convey the impression that I couldn't afford to lose. False pride is at the bottom of so many

"By the time we entered on a final round of Jack-pots, when it cost double to come in, I had seen two months' salary melt away. And then followed a series of hands when no one had the And after losing all the evening, too! necessary openers, so that the pool became enormous.

"The next deal had just been completed when a maid entered to say that them idiotic. Other players' bluff came wanted on the telephone; and we waited Blank's sick baby; there was no ques-

for her. After a few moments she came back to say that she must return home at once as one of the children wasn't well-she lived close by, I gatheredbut we needn't stop the game : her husband, who had been sitting out, would play her hand for her.

"And so she went, everyone going into the hall to see her off, leaving me, a comparative stranger, alone in the room.

"Perhaps you see what is coming? No? Well, they all came back and took up their cards again. I also took up mine, which I had not yet looked at, and was electrified to discover what it consisted of. For the first time in the evening the luck had come to me. It was the finest hand possible-a Royal flush. Ace, King, Queen, Jack and Ten of Spades. On such a hand as that I could safely bet every penny I possessed. But then my blood turned to ice, for I realised that I could do nothing because I had been alone in the room.

"I had a winning hand, but didn't dare to play it. All those lost luxuries were in array before my eyes, and I hadn't the pluck to recover them.

"The struggle was not one of conscience. I was as innocent as Mrs.



Mother (to child who has been sent out of the room after severe scolding). "IP YOU ARE GOOD NOW, PEGGY, YOU MAY COME DOWN AGAIN." Peggy. "No, THANKS; I 'PRECIATE THE QUIET HERE AFTER THE 'STURBANCE DOWNSTAIRS."

tion of right or wrong. It was a struggle between timidity and poverty, complicated by sophistication. I could not play the hand because I was afraid, the avoidance of suspicion being impossible. I had had time to select five unbeatable cards. I had not done that, but I had had time to do it. Everything was against me. If just one other of the party had remained in the room with me I should have been on velvet. But none had. The most guiltless of men, I was destroyed by a possibility of guilt.

"The result was that when the dealer asked me how many new cards I wanted I replied, in as nonchalant a manner as possible, 'None, thank you; I'm away,' and threw down my hand.

"I then had the additional mortification of seeing that magnificent kitty, with all its surrounding wealth, fall to the holder of three paltry eights."

E. V. L.

"Let English Flourill.

Do we speak better than our fathers?"

South African Paper.

Possibly; but the less said about our spelling the better.

"Station 'Bus, Passenger and Luggage, for Sale."—Provincial Paper.

We should like to know if the passenger was consulted or literally "thrown in."

THE MISONEIST.

(Showing the unfortunate results of compulsory Greek on the mind of an elderly cynic.)

Though Premiers grow heetic and tearful.

And markets, when viewed in the lump,

Are still only "spottily cheerful,"
While rubbers are still on the slump;
Though pessimists, fiercely inveighing,

Our confidence seek to destroy, Let them say what they please and keep saying,

Οὐ γὰρ μελει μοι.

The hopes of vindictive VALERA:

The chances of Griffith and "Mike;"
The feats of Dames Nellie and Clara;
The fears of a general strike;

Lord Thanet's return to the tropics; His staff's inexpressible joy; I listen unmoved to these topics,

Οὐ γὰρ μέλει μοι.

Let others with strident emotion
Acclaim the dethronement of tune,
Or utter their fervent devotion
To Rickward or Shanks and Sassoon:

Let them chatter of COATES or of CROCE, Of Max or of Bax or of "Poy"; Let them talk, I observe sotto voce,

Οὐ γὰρ μέλει μοι.

Let episcopal scribes or decanal Indulge in censorious frowns At the cult of the vicious or banal,

The cost of our Countesses' gowns; Such tales leave me calmer and colder Than that of the Women of Troy;

I turn them my chilliest shoulder, Οὐ γὸρ μέλει μοι.

Let Freudian novelists, plumbing Humanity's dustbins and drains, Expend on their psychical slumming

Minute and meticulous pains;
Let them glorify all self-expression
The feeble and frail to decoy;

Let them trumpet the Creed of Transgression,

Οὐ γὰρ μέλει μοι.

And yet, though too frequently showing A mood that is childish and crass, The heart of the nation is growing

Dog-sick of a diet of gas;
And, since on the moderate masses

This diet must finally cloy,
I listen unmoved to what passes,

Οὐ γὰρ μέλει μοι.

"Heavy avalanches are being caused in the Hautes and the Pyrenees by the abundant snowfalls which the unusually late winter has brought,"—Daily Paper.

Similar phenomena are reported from the Alpes and the Maritimes.



Ardent Disciple of M. Coue. "I'm not falling!—I'm not falling!!—I'm not— [To horse] Dash it all! You'll have me off before I've finished saying my fiece."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Stephen McKenna is still paying the penalty of "the atrocious crime of being a young man," a longer and more penal business nowadays than it used to be in my brief youth. But he is settling down; and those who like their novelists best when their effervescence has slightly subsided will agree with me in hailing The Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman (Cassell) as a great advance on The Secret Victory. It consists of a dozen monologues, in which Lady Ann Spenworth, a middle-aged wife and mother with a house in Mount Street, holds forth "to a friend of approved discretion" on the stimulating topic of her own benevolence. From Mr. McKenna's chastened but still youthful angle I can see that Lady Ann is merely the typical female Pharisee, the sort of woman who would have made a very good wife for CAIAPHAS if she had been born in B.C. 20 or thereabouts. Yet I doubt if any of the old and young Philistines he uses as foils to her calculating self-righteousness-her divorced brother-in-law, her mercenarily-married brother, her expensive niece and her expensive niece's syndicate-forming suitor-are likely to come off any better than Lady Ann with the Recording Angel; and the ruse she adopts to detach her elderly husband from a costly entanglement seems to me at least as pathetic as Mr. McKenna finds it ludicrous.

I was never one for the notion that a critic should soak himself in the atmosphere of his subject to the extent of transferring its characteristics to his own composition; and, while admitting that some very suggestive work has been known as Fabians) in London and at a Midwivian cara-

done by this contagious method, I think that Mr. W. H. Hamilton's John Masefield (Allen) rather loses than gains by it. His prose, for instance, which can be sufficiently pregnant and familiar in its moments of independence, suffers from sympathetic relapses into a recognizable poetic vocabulary; not, I hasten to add, the vocabulary of The Widow in the Bye Street, but the vocabulary of Mr. Mase-FIELD's Celtic Twilight days-days that have provoked (not only, nor indeed chiefly, in Mr. MASEFIELD and his admirers) some of the most inane and pretentious diction in the English language. However this excessive absorption in his hero's manner has not prevented Mr. HAMILTON from doing detached and adequate justice to his matter; His attitude towards Mr. MASEFIELD's buccaneering vein -a vein which has produced, among other excellent things, that gem of compressed enthusiasm, the Preface to Hakluyt's Voyages-is a trifle too remote. But his treatment of the more distinguished of the long narrative poems, of the Japanese play of 1915, and of certain stray lyrics, makes what scholastic philosophers would call a "suasive," if not a compelling, bid for the reader's whole-hearted admiration of the poet's art.

Mr. C. E. M. Joad, who is apparently a philosopher by trade, has written a distinctly diverting first novel, The Highbrows (Cape). His hero pour rire, Arthur Pramp, is one of those very clever young men who adventure in social service (Boys' Clubs and camps at Oxford and East-ending at Carfax Hostel); he further occupied his time in philandering, respectably at Oxford, and less conventionally in Brittany; in Socialism with the "Midwivians" (commonly known as Fabians) in London and at a Midwivian cara-

vanserai (alias summer school) beneath a windy hill in seen Warre through sympathetic eyes he has not allowed Wales; and finally in endless talk and ikon-smashing at the Ephemeral Club, which is composed of "Pacifist politicians, writers and publishers of books hostile to the War, members of the U.D.C. . . Russian revolutionaries . . . young men with long hair . . . young women with short hair . . . whose sex was undetermined both as to costume and voice, and those who were neither men nor women but Slade." You will gather that our author has a pretty taste in labels and a sense of epigram. I take it that he has been annoyed for six or seven years by various modern types, and that his feelings have burst the dam of their professional philosophic calm in this diverting and certainly irresponsible book. His publisher, by the way, is to be congratulated on setting a notable standard both in regard to attractiveness of format and modesty of price. Here is the six-shilling novel with us again and not unduly compressed. Will Mr. CAPE be turned out of his union?

MARGARET PETERSON has found a seldomtraversed setting for herstory, Dust of Desire (MELBOSE). It is certainly a novel of action, with Indian seditionists and native kings and witch doctors and fighting and murders as its less important features, and as its central theme the passionate love of Maureen Simpson, an English doctor's wife, and Gerald Kenyon, a planter, son of an Irish father and a Eurasian mother, a fact supposed to account for some of his peculiarities. Simpson, like many other husbands, takes his wife,

and love itself, as a matter of course; and Kenyon, quite | hazardous years before us we shall be wise to remember the opposite type of man, easily wins her away from him. what we owe to it and to him. Maureen flies with her lover to his plantation; but, on finding there an Indian dancing-girl to whom Kenyon has been making love, she retires very much affronted. I hoped myself that this disillusionment would lead to a new beginning of sane and tender affection between the husband and wife; but Simpson is killed in a native rising, and, after many chapters of suffering and misunderstanding and ghosts, Maureen and a repentant Kenyon are happily and respectably united. The setting of her story would have made Miss Peterson's book of more interest than might appear from all this, but that her slipshod style, which is not improved by her punctuation, leaves the truth of her descriptions too much in doubt. She writes: "In the Indian we come up against an old perverted civilization; a warped code of morals which nothing can alter." If this refers to a particular race which supplies most of the Indian emigrants to East Africa, she should say so; as it stands it seems a somewhat sweeping statement to make about the majority of the subjects of the British Empire.

Readers of Edmond Warre (MURRAY) will have no difficulty in believing that Mr. C. R. L. FLETCHEB found the task of writing it a labour of love. But although he has

sympathy to interfere with his sense of justice and breadth of view. In this admirable book he makes apparent to us the mainsprings of WARRE's influence and the reasons of his hold upon the affection of all who came into intimate contact with him. Of WARRE's school-days at Eton only a little is known, but at Oxford we begin clearly to see the qualities that made him so outstanding a figure in the years to come. Of his University career Mr. FLETCHER writes: "It has been stated that he was perhaps more proud of having been President of the O.U.B.C. than of his First Class and his Fellowship; but, even were it possible to associate the notion of pride with him at all, I should consider this a misstatement. He came to Oxford to read and to win intellectual honours, and he read with the strength of ten. This wanted saying for the conviction of those many people who refuse to believe in intellectual athletes. It is interesting to note that WARRE's return to Eton as a master was almost in the nature of a fluke. On his work there for In the life of settlers and officials in East Africa Miss | nearly sixty years I have no space to comment. Admittedly

he retained the Headmastership a little too long. "One of his own oldest friends and most affectionate admirers. Lord Francis Hervey. thinks that 1901 would have been the right year for resignation. He did resign in 1905. and four years later he was appointed Provost. It is impossible to read this book without loving his humanity; not only Eton but every public school in the land owes an incalculable debt to him. No man was more responsible for the subsequent development of the public-school spirit than WARRE, and in the



"OH, SIR, SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH THE ELECTRIC MILKER, AND ONE OF THE COWS HAS GOT CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY.

A FOOTPRINT OF SPRING.

When daffs appear "before the swallow dares," Or chiff-chaffs call once more along the lane, Or one hedge-bank a gleam of violet bears, Then, say our village folk, "Spring's here again."

Or wallflower-scent, blown through one's cottage

Is a good proof she's really come to stay; But we like one old bit of rustic lore That shows she's extra early down our way.

Soon as our oldest gaffer on the green Can set one foot on daisies nine together, Though never another blossom may be seen, There is the end, we say, of Winter's tether.

That was the simple test of long ago, And our old grandfer tries it still to-day : He once was our policeman, you must know, And-well, Spring's always early down our way.

CHARIVARIA.

Before sailing for Europe Dempsey announced his intention of fighting CARPENTIER, WELLS and BECKETT. Some curiosity is felt as to whether his opponents will adopt open order or mass formation.

A newspaper expresses surprise that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has taken his golfclubs to Italy with him. We can only suppose that he had in view the Golfo eugenist first trying the effects of a di Genova for which that coast is noted. letter in The Daily Mail upon the

A correspondent of The Evening News states that during the closing

making this public is inexplicable.

During the destruc-tion of five hundred thousand gallons of whiskey at the Dublin Custom-House by Irish Republicans, the spectacle was witnessed of a stream of it flowing into the Liffey. It is said that even people unable to swim a stroke were with difficulty restrained from plunging in to the rescue.

A genealogist has discovered that Mr. Win-STON CHURCHILL is a collateral descendant of one of the founders of

the Royal Academy. In our opinion it | notoriety, as the place seems to have | manding its money back, is unfair to rake this up against him.

"I was the man who introduced the table-cloth into the barrack-room," says Captain R. GEE, V.C., M.P. Nothing has yet been heard of the man who introduced the Sergeant-Major into the last war.

According to a Temperance Journal it is dangerous for any person over sixty years of age to take alcoholic liquor. And yet we once knew a centenarian who drank a glass of beer ten minutes before he died and felt no after-effects.

A pigeon released at Newcastle last June has just delivered the message it was carrying to its owner at Letchworth. There is some talk of making this bird an honorary post-master.

It is a great land where even the newspaper proprietors are optimists.

A man has been summoned for scraping off the paint from the inside of a Tube carriage. It is denied that he scraped it off with another passenger's face during the rush-hour.

In the opinion of Dr. C. W. SALEEBY the great need of London is more sunshine. There is some talk of the famous matter.

No district rate is to be levied at stages of the War a hen of his laid a Penrhyndeudraeth, we read. We im-

be done on soda-water has caused some amusement.

A New York schoolboy has married his teacher, aged forty-five! We do not know what school he belonged to, but he doesn't seem to have learned very much.

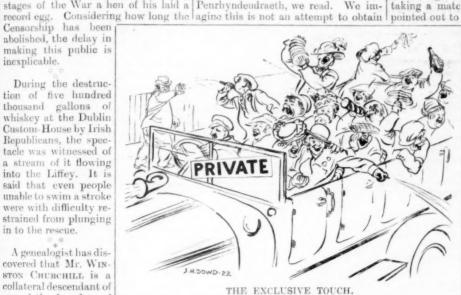
"The shortage of ambulances in London has caused much discussion," says The Daily Express. There is some talk of the newspapers being asked to suspend their insurance schemes until accidents can be carried out along more comfortable and congenial lines.

A Glasgow miner has been fined for taking a match into a mine. It was pointed out to the reckless fellow that

if there had been an explosion the match might have been wasted.

There has been no case of premature burial reported to the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial for twenty-seven years. It may be that in these hard times persons finding themselves prematurely buried do not bother to lodge a complaint.

The experiment of free admission to all Russian theatres has been abandoned. It is realised that it is more stimulating to dramatic art to give the audience an opportunity of de-



made a name for itself long ago.

Talking of names, "the latest orchid which has been produced," says a weekly paper, " is called Sophrolæliocattleya." But not very often.

Grey hair is becoming fashionable, we read. Nothing can be done about this, we fear, while the Income Tax is still six shillings in the pound.

"The Scot's accent," says Professor JOHN ARMSTRONG, "is regarded as an asset rather than a handicap." We wish we could say the same about their haggis.

"We have at times back-slidden, by the malicious promptings of a spirit defiant of continuous rebuke, but we "Lord Beaverbrook's message," says a contemporary, "is that of Optimism." a contemporary, "is that of Optimism." Suggestion that this sort of thing can be a contemporary.

A man has been sent to prison for assaulting a boxer. It was high time to correct the idea that our pugilists can be knocked about with impunity.

Entomologists are now saying that wasps should not be destroyed, as they kill flies. Caught young and tamed, a wasp makes a capital guard for a baldheaded man.

From The Daily News we learn that a piece of music by Byrn, the Tudor composer, which was recently performed in London, sounds as fresh to-day as when it was new. We congratulate our contemporary on the phenomenal memory of its critic, who must be getting on for four hundred.

A confirmed pessimist is of the opinion that the Peace will last another two

THE STRONGER SEX.

Dear Joan, there is a law they cite to-day,
Silly and viewed by me with much aversion,
Which says that, when a couple go astray,
The husband made her do it by "coercion;"
That, if we fall into some pit of sin,
'Twas I that pulled you in.

The early wags by whom this law was booked
Forgot with antique precedent to grapple,
Ignored their Genesis and overlooked
The episode of Eden and the Apple;
How, when he ate of it, the guileless ADAM
Was moved thereto by Madam.

You'll note that this coercive deed was done Before the marriage rites were consummated; And similarly, ere we twain were one,
My manhood by your arts had been abated;
'Twas you coerced me, hesitant and pale,
Up to the altar-rail,

Not that my own compelling powers were naught;
I had, no doubt, constrained you by my beauty,
My figure on Apollo's model wrought,
My features so refined, my voice so fluty;
I do not boast; these gifts the gods confer—
A kind of force majeure.

But, when my human will is matched with yours,
What is the issue of that clash of genders?
Why, every time the eternal female scores,
And like a lamb your Algernon surrenders;
Bows to your judgment on the jazziest hat
And takes it lying flat.

Therefore I disapprove this ancient Act,
Though it may flatter my assumed virility;
Nay, if in any trespass we are tracked,
I'd throw on you the full responsibility;
I'd waive my manly pride, and you, my Joan,
Should go to jail alone.
O. S.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flaneur.)

During the hunting season which is just at an end it has been very evident that many of the present generation find the sport less satisfying than their predecessors did, and there is no blinking the fact that, if the chase is to survive, Masters of Hounds will have to overcome their stupid and antiquated prejudice against aircraft, just as they were obliged to become reconciled to motor-cars within comparatively recent memory.

This aspect of the case was put before me very strongly the other day by Lord Peregrine Wyndrush, whose opinion is entitled to respect as being that of one who is both a keen foxhunter and an enthusiastic aviator. Lord Peregrine assures me that it is a simple matter to construct an aeroplane to carry a couple of horses, and he hopes shortly to carry out experiments with a parachute of his own invention which will enable a horse with its rider on its back to descend upon the hunting-field. By this means, he points out, a man with his private 'plane hovering in attendance could see something of the sport with three or four packs in the day and fly back to Town in good time for dinner. Lord Peregrine predicts, in fact, that before long it will be difficult to sell a hunter that is not broken

to aircraft. It is quite clear that what the old school will

have to bring itself to realise is that the future of foxhunting is in the air.

From accounts that reach me of the preparations for the forthcoming New Poor Fair at the Multicultural Hall, it is evident that no effort is being spared to ensure success. The patrons, prominent among whom are Lord Fulcrum, Lord Brothermere, Lord Possumtree and Sir Cyril Bazaaritch, are keenly alive to the needs of those more helpless than themselves, and it is far from a passive interest that they are taking in this scheme for promoting co-operation among what may be described as the hard-hit classes.

The main purpose of the Fair, of course, will be to enable the less resourceful members of the New Poor to receive object-lessons from others who have triumphantly adapted themselves to altered circumstances, and I am permitted to indicate a few departments in which this will be done.

In a model dressing-room Major-General Groombridge, C.B., formerly famous as the best-turned-out man in the Services, will give daily demonstrations of self-valeting; Godiva, Lady Ripplehead, will give similar displays for the benefit of ladies who find their toilets toilsome without a maid; and Father Heely, the popular incumbent of St. Crispin's, Mayfair, who is an accomplished amateur cobbler, will be seen in the actual performance of what he facetiously calls "the cure of soles." The sight of the Society Laundry Girls at work under the supervision of Lady Lathery should be a further incentive to the New Poor to take in one another's washing.

One of the brightest features of London life in recent months has been the Divorce Case Tea; but even that seems likely to be thrown into the shade by the Old Bailey Breakfast, which is already a favourite form of entertainment with some of the most progressive and enterprising of our hostesses. That the vogue for the present is limited to a comparatively small circle is due to the ridiculously inadequate accommodation inside the Central Criminal Court and the difficulty about reserving even the seats that are provided. If the present influential pressure is kept up, however, it may not be long before the powers that be realise the necessity of coming into line with the theatres in the matter of advance bookings.

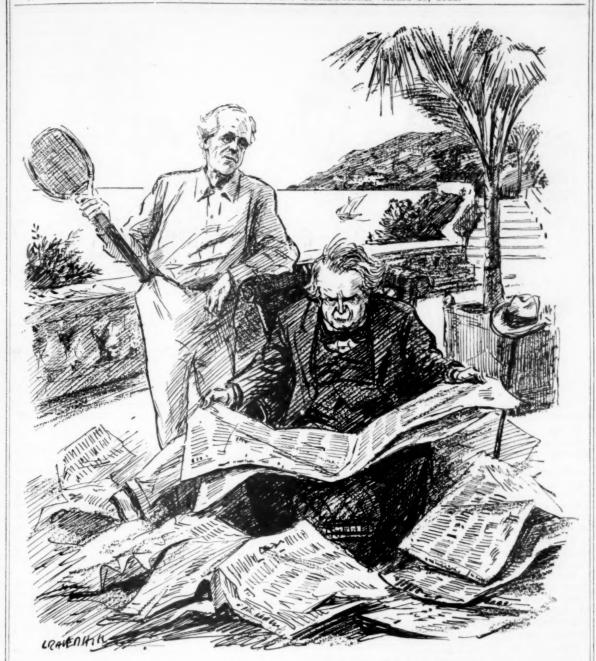
Lady Goole's party for the first morning of the Kilburn Cannibal Case last week consisted of Coloneland Mrs. Corbie; Mrs. "Jack" Hall; Lady Grizel Gallowglass; the Hon. Mrs. Hyde-Thicknesse; Miss Glote; Miss Gore-McCurdle, and Sir Wyndham Carnifex, the well-known amateur criminologist. Most of the same people were among those whom Mrs. Wulfhere Glote brought along from the Fritz on the second morning; and as the guests of Mrs. Fitzgibbett, on the concluding day of this popular trial, they were all present to hear the verdict and sentence. The Old Bailey set, in fact, are proving that London holds plenty of brightness for those who know where to look for it.

A Speculative Company.

"The company is now sailing for Palestine by way of Egypt for the purpose of filming the 'Shepherd King.' They expect to locate the precise spot where Goliath slew the lion, where they expect to re-enact the scene."—Chilian Paper.

"For Sale—Piano, cheap; two and a-half years old. Sired by International Champion, Kootenai. Very companionable. Will sell for \$50, if given good home."—. American Paper.

We have always heard that the piano makes quite a nice pet if not too noisy.



THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "AH! MY FRIEND, YOU NEVER HAD A CAMPAIGN AGAINST YOU IN THE PRESS."

EARL BALFOUR. "ON THE CONTRARY, WHEN I WAS ABOUT YOUR AGE, I WAS TOLD THAT SOME OF THOSE VERY PAPERS USED TO SAY, 'B. M. G.,' WHICH I UNDERSTAND TO HAVE MEANT 'BALFOUR MUST GO;' BUT THAT DIDN'T CRAMP MY STYLE. AND NOW I HEAR THEY SAY THAT I'M THE GREATEST LIVING STATESMAN, AND THAT DOESN'T WORRY ME EITHER."



Peggy. "But why do you make your dolls marry so young?"

Molly (cynic). "Well, my children are so dreadfully naughty I 've got to punish them somehow."

TO A RED SQUIRREL.

["The red squirrel is in danger of becoming extinct in some parts of England."

Daily Paper.]

You're not so common as you were In parks and woods of Cockney air,

You prick-eared knave in red; Perhaps (some tell me so) you 've bowed Before the tough Colonial crowd— Bustlers and "get-a-bits" avowed, Who push so fast ahead.

The grey Canadians that I note (Crude, or as Araminta's coat)

In urban neighbourhoods;
They 're bold assertive sorts, no doubt,
Ready at any time to flout
Old fashions and to hustle out
The dearer home-made goods.

But when afar in rural copse I glance into the beeches' tops

I sometimes catch a glimpse
(And name it as my ramble's crown)
Of your pert Puckish face and brown,
Around a tree-trunk peeping down
Like some Italian imp's.

Though here, small friend in Titian fur, The woodman and the gamekeeper

Are critics leather-bound;
Did Dryads walk, such minds of mud
Would likewise clamour for their blood,
Who'd shared with you the bitten bud
Or yolk of eggshells found.

So when a hundred years have gone (And you therewith), when forests don

The garb of Spring come back, Her bards, who walk abroad as I And scan the green pavilions high Where once you played, shall breathe

And wonder what they lack.

Though, haply, one among them then Shall steal apart, with fire-tipped pen,

Beneath some haunted tree,
And in the sun-splashed solitude
Indite, and see it to be good,
"To a lost Fairy of the Wood,"
Your deathless elegy.

"The Princess herself wore a beautiful moleskin coat of blue satin."—Daily Paper.
The "little gentleman in black velvet" seems to have changed his material.

"A very large circle of fiends will regret Mr. ——'s removal from Halifax." Canadian Paper.

Which recalls the traditional association between Halifax and a warmer locality.

From an account of the work of the Disposals Board:—

"Handcuffs were sold for bicycle locks, and anti-gas sprays for garden fertilisers and The Comng Election."

Scotch Paper. A very proper precaution.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

Whatever else may be said of *The Times* by its detractors in these days, no one can say that it is not full of surprises. It is rumoured however that to many old-established readers some of the more recent surprises have come so suddenly as to be in the nature of shocks, and for their benefit we are glad to be able to give the following warning of the new developments which may—or may not—be expected during the current year:—

On May 1st the price of The Times will be reduced to a penny to any person who fills in a coupon and guarantees to subscribe for ten years.

On May 2nd a Dental Supplement will be published.

On May 4th the price of the paper will be reduced to a penny for everybody, whether they have filled in coupons or not. Those who have guaranteed to subscribe for ten years will receive the Dental Supplement absolutely free of charge.

May 15th. Special article by Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, describing the mating of water-snails in the South Downs.

From May 20th each issue will include a Special Fashion-Plate for Men, by Bobbie Anstruther.

From June 1st the leading articles will be written in blank verse.

On June 4th a grand new feuilleton will begin. Order now.

On June 5th a gigantic scheme of Free Insurance against Indigestion, Insomnia and Mental Worry will be opened. All regular readers will be forcibly insured.

From June 8th the paper will include a superb Children's Page, a special feature of which will be " Uncle Alfred's Chats with the Chicks."

On June 10th the price of the paper will be reduced to a halfpenny. Regular subscribers will be entitled to free inoculation against cold.

June 11th. A powerful leading article will appear, pointing out that the Coalition is doomed.

From June 13th the paper will include a Special Page for Domestic Servants.

From June 17th the leading articles will be illustrated.

From June 18th the leading articles will be written in rhymed couplets.

From June 20th the Children's Page will include daily a series of whimsical pictures by "Bert," illustrating the adventures of Whizz, Bang, and Walter, their droll baboon.

On June 30th, in response to an overwhelming request, the Dental Supplement will be reprinted as a pamphlet and distributed in the streets.

On July 1st the Dental Pamphlet will be entirely sold out. This will make a deep impression. The Times will announce the inauguration of a great campaign for the Preservation of the Nation's Teeth.

July 7th-14th. TOOTH WEEK. All regular subscribers will be expected to have their teeth extracted (free of

August 1st. Opening of great Front-Page Correspondence on "The Manners of Old Men.

August 15th. Second phase of great Front-Page Correspondence, with new heading, "Should Spats be Worn?"

From October 1st the paper will include a daily page for Stamp-Collectors.

From October 3rd the paper will be increased to thirty-six pages and the front page to eight columns. The remaining pages will be expanded to sixteen columns, and a pocket magnifying-glass will be attached to each copy.

On October 15th a powerful leading article will appear, pointing out that the Coalition is doomed.

On November 1st a powerful leading article will appear, pointing out that the Coalition is doomed.

November 14th. Issue of Times Cookery Supplement and Railway Guide.



"PORT FOR MEN."

"WELL, MY BOY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?" "TOP-HOLE. WHAT IS IT? SOMETHING NEW?"

December 1st. Special Supplement dealing with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's impending fall.

December 24th. Gigantic Christmas Present. From this date The Times will be given away. Readers of the And very clever, too. LLOYD GEORGE Supplement will be paid a sum of money.

From January 1st, 1923, a Special Page will be devoted daily to the publication of news.

From February 1st regular readers of The Times will receive a pension, payable retrospectively on the last day A. P. H. of every month.

"The rough diamond may be one of Nature's gentlemen, but if he sits at meals with one elbow on the table while he picks his teeth with the other the world may only discover after he has gone what a good fellow he really was."—Provincial Paper.

"SAM WELLER .- What the Dickens of a mess the country would be in if everybody were as our old friend Sammy and spent 20/6 in the £. Local Boot Repairers; try Sam Weller's recipe for Happiness. Spend 196 in the £ at — 's Leather Stores."—Local Paper. As Micawber observed on a famous occasion, "Ain't nobody going to be wopped for this?'

THE STEAM-GIVERS.

AN EPIC FRAGMENT,-PART III.

THE most suitable way of ending this fragment seems to be to attempt to give some parallel to the fine dialogue which occurs at the close of Mr. Noves' Torch Bearers between the Sun, the Earth and the more popular Stars:-

Shadow on shadow passed. Puff followed puff. The whole land filled with engines and with wheels, Tunnels and viaducts and termini, Till one lone spirit larger than them all Loomed, and one voice spoke clearer than the rest Over the whistling tumult of the years. I knew the voice for his that took the fire From Stephenson and Watt and passed it on: GEORGE BRADSHAW. Holding up his little book In passionate and yearning tones he spake, And railway after railway answered him.

GEORGE BRADSHAW.

"Steam! How they pant away into the distance! Steam! But the soul of man for ever climbs Beyond that music of your throbbing pistons; 'Ye need,' I said, 'some table of your times.'

"I broke their fiery transports into sections; I tamed their fleet expresses with my bars; I proved the value of their through connections; I tested which of them had dining-cars.

"In cryptic columns, working late and lonely, My single object was to write the truth, And if men missed the f for Fridays only I felt no rapture but I had no ruth.

"For knowledge and naught else I loved to linger All day about my task with heedful pains; I raised my hand, I stretched a strong forefinger

Ever towards the search FOR OTHER TRAINS.

"Systems of England, by your handbills vocal, Who join the dark Black Country and the sea With frequent services, main line and local, What are your glories were it not for me?"

G.W.R. "Fair combes and river-sides I set my vaunt on, And rose-cheeked apples in a land of mirth; I run to Ilfracombe and Bath. At Taunton You get the best ham-sandwiches on earth."

L.N.W.R.

"I keep the earliest engines unforgotten; Around my Northern tracks the curlews wail; I steam through all the lands that live by cotton; You change at Crewe to catch the Irish Mail."

G.N.R.

"Bradford and Huddersfield have heard my anthem; By Boston and by Nottingham I fork; I pound through Peterborough, Selby, Grantham; There is a nice refreshment-room at York."

L.B. & S.C.R.

"For me the Channel waves grow calm or whiten; Across my shining sands the children rove-Eastbourne and Hastings, Littlehampton, Brighton, Bognor and Seaford, Angmering and Hove.'

M.R.

"Nottingham, Derby, Belper, Water Orton, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Fishponds, Ambergate, Worcester and Droitwich, Birmingham, King's Norton, Hereford, Croxall, Mangotsfield and Yate.

MANY OTHER LINES.

Ss-ss-ss-ss-ss-ss-

GEORGE BRADSHAW.

"Enough! Ye wheel about your petty orbits: Not one of you escapes my eagle ken; Ye throw out branches and ye add on more bits: I know the How, the Wherefore and the When.

Systems of England, by your handbills vocal, Who join industrial centres and the sea With frequent services, main line and local, What are your glories were it not for me?"

The shadows dwindled. I was left alone Save for the levers in the signal-box And him that worked them. As I clambered down I noticed that the 7.59

Was due from Norwood Junction, and I said, " How shall man doubt the empery of man Over the Infinite Deeps of Space and Time?" Yet what is man? His mightiest works depend On Providence. Compare Habakkuk ii. Ev

THE SECRET EASTER EGG.

I was racking my brains over an Easter present for Kathleen (my wife). I don't know why presents should be expected at Easter, but they are. At least they are in my family. I dismissed chocolate, gloves and scent as obvious. Chocolate, gloves and scent are expected as casual, by-the-way week-end presents. Something more individual and striking is expected on great festivals.

As my eye roved frowningly round my study it rested suddenly upon a photograph of Veronica, bare-legged and wearing a sun-bonnet. That photograph had been taken nearly two years ago. Aha! the very idea.

I went to the door. Veronica was being a frog in a

pond on the hall-rug.

"Veronica," I said persuasively, "come here."

"What noise do frogs make?" replied Veronica.
"Brekekekex, koax, koax," I said promptly. "they're supposed to say that in classical circles." "At least

"Brek-ax," said Veronica; "I'm swimming to you now. You're a water-rat friend of mine.'

I emitted a sound suitable to a water-rat. She swam across the hall into my study.

"Veronica," I said, as I closed the door, "can you keep

"Yes," she said, "I'm a nawfully good secret-keeper." "Would you like to go up to town to the Zoo this afternoon?"

"Yes, please." But she spoke without enthusiasm. I now remembered that Kathleen had taken her to the Zoo the week before.

"And we'll have ices after lunch," I said persuasively.

We went to the Zoo from the photographers. "If Mummy asks where we went," I said, "you must just say the Zoo. The photograph-shop is a secret."

She nodded wisely.

"I told you I was a nawfully good secret-keeper," she said, and her blue eyes were fixed dreamily upon the distance.

It was a good photograph, as photographs go. I took it down to breakfast with me on Easter morning, carefully tied up and addressed to Kathleen. Kathleen was already in the dining-room.

"I've got an Easter present for you that I think you'll like," she said proudly.

Upon my plate reposed a large photograph of Veronica sitting on a chair and reading a book. I hastily slipped my packet behind the sofa-cushion.

I couldn't think what to get for you," went on Kathleen;

THE DOWNWARD SPREAD OF THE SPATS HABIT.



BECOMING IN THE CASE OF THE CHIEF,-



PERMISSIBLE IN THE JUNIOR PARTNER -



AND PERHAPS TO BE TOLERATED IN A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.



BUT WHEN THE OFFICE-BOY TAKES TO SPATS—



WHO -



KNOWS-



WHERE-



IT-



WILL-



END?

"and then I suddenly remembered that Veronica hadn't been taken for ages, and knew you'd like that."

"Er-thanks, awfully," I said.

At this moment Nurse entered with a clean and fresh and very attractive-looking Veronica. Nurse laid a small object upon the table-cloth in front of Kathleen. "A small Easter-gift, 'm," she said; "I thought there was nothing you'd care for better, so I got it done at one of those dothem-while-you-wait places when I took her to the Zoo last week, you know."

Kathleen gazed at it in silence for a moment. It did Veronica less than justice. "Thank you so much, Nurse," she said at last in a small voice. "How perfectly sweet of

vou!"

With a smile of self-gratulation Nurse departed. Kathleen and I looked at each other.

"What did you put behind the sofa-cushion?" said

Kathleen at last.

I was saved by the entrance of the post. Beneath the letters was a flat oblong packet. Kathleen put her hand to her head. "It can't be another," she said faintly.

I opened it. It was. It was Veronica looking at a gold-fish

in a glass bowl.

"Dear Kathleen," ran the enclosed letter from Uncle Thomas, "I so wanted to give you a small something for Easter, and I noticed when I was with you last month that you hadn't any recent ones of the infant. So I swore her to secrecy, whisked her off to town (ostensibly, if you remember, to see the Zoo) and got it done. . ."

I groaned.

Kathleen turned her eye upon me sternly. "What did you put behind the sofacushion?" she said. "Show it to me. I can bear it."

Without a word I handed RECORD.

it to her. It fell from her nerveless fingers and she covered her face with her hands. The table seemed to be strewn all over with Veronicas.

I turned to the real Veronica, who was studying herselves with a frank and critical interest. "Veronica," I said reproachfully, "why didn't you tell us?"

"Because I'm such a nawfully good secret-keeper," said Veronica proudly. "But," she admitted wistfully, "I did get rather tired of the Zoo."

PUBLICITY AND THE PEERAGE.

In these hard times—and no tax-payer will care to dispute their hardness, except, possibly, members of Allied Commissions in enemy countries—even the Peerage is finding it increasingly difficult to make, in the vulgar phrase, both ends meet. This may account for the blending of fashionable gossip and astute advertisement occasionally discernible in the "Social and Personal" columns of the Press. Thefollowing paragraph, in which only the names have been changed, is a good example of the New Publicity:—

"Major and Lady Jane Smith's little daughter is to be

christened at the Cavalry Barracks chapel, Bethnal Green, on Monday. The Countess of Ballybroke, the baby's grandmother, is the first peeress to run an efficient hand-laundry. Lady Ballybroke is there every day, and personally superintends all the work."

As more and more of our aristocracy are forced by comparative impoverishment into trades and professions, this alliance between the social and business sides of life in Mayfair may be expected to ventilate itself in even less ambiguous puffs. Thus:—

"The marriage of the Honourable Martha Service to Lord Bertie Lackboodle will take place at Peckham parish church on Friday. The Duchess of Wangleborough, the bridegroom's aunt, is the first peeress to become a working member of the Federation of Charladies. She is at present engaged for the first five days in the week at the offices of

The Daily Extremist, but is anxious to obtain a lucrative appointment for Saturday mornings. She is honest, truthful, a lifelong abstainer and entirely trustworthy."

"On Wednesday, in Mr. Justice Robinson's Court, Lady Amelia Blinkinton was granted a decree nisi against her husband, the Honourable Aubrey Blinkinton. Earl Potts of Wigan, the respondent's stepuncle, is a pioneer in pig-breeding on a mass production scale. The Earl confesses that when he first entered the piggeries he felt a little out of place, but states that he has now become perfectly acclimatised. ('You want the best pigs? I HAVE THEM! Telegraphic address: Porker, West Grunton.')"

"On Saturday the Official Receiver will conduct the preliminary examination in bankruptcy of Sir Algernon de Vere-ffontleroy, one of whose ancestors on the maternal

side is traditionally believed to have occupied the post of Hereditary Bo'sun to Hereditary and Horsa. The Countess Crookes, Sir Algernon's first cousin (twice removed to Holloway), is the first lady of title to make a real success of shoplifting. Her favourite 'beat' is Kensington High Street, but she has extremely broad views where business is concerned, and has been met as far afield as Clapham Junction. Lady Crookes takes the keenest personal interest in all the biggest Stores, and on one occasion complained bitterly to a manager about the inferior quality of the silk hose then being stocked by his firm."

"Colonel and Lady Bedelia Dashem are celebrating the coming of age of their son Marmaduke by giving a Shrimp and Winkle Tea at Cheerio's on Monday. Viscount Chutney, the brother of Lady Bedelia, is the only peer, as yet, to become a night-watchman. He has just been given entire charge of important work in the Commercial Road, where extensive repairs to the drainage system are being carried out. At the Athenæum recently Lord Chutney was overheard to remark to Dean Binge that it was 'quite like old times to be coming home with the milk.'"



Son (consoling father after topped tee-shot), "DAD, THAT BALL BOUNCED TWENTY-FOUR TIMES, I'M SURE THAT'S A BRITISH RECORD,"

KENTISH FIRE AT FEVER HEAT.

(From our Special Correspondent.) EWEGATE, April 16th.

Last night a densely crowded meeting was held in the Town Hall, Ewegate, to consider the arrangements for the forthcoming Thanksgiving Celebration of the return of Lord Thanet.

Sir John Todeson, the Mayor, who presided, said that they were all united by the enthusiastic desire to do honour to the greatest living Englishman. At this point Councillor Grigsby interjected the remark, "Say the greatest man in the history of the world," and the Mayor promptly accepted the emendation. Proceeding, he briefly recapitulated the services of Lord Thanet in the last few years-how he had won the War, downed the KAISER, made and unmade Generals, Admirals and Prime Ministers, and, in the opinion of Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY, surpassed the PRINCE CONSORT as a designer of hats.

As the Chairman of the Committee empowered to draw up a scheme for the Celebration, he was now in a position to communicate the results of their deliberations. They had decided to confer on Lord Thanet the Freedom of the Borough of Ewegate, and he had graciously conveyed his acceptance of the honour, with characteristic consideration suggesting that the casket should not be made of any of the more precious metals. They had accordingly ordered a brazen coffer, which when burnished with auricomous varnish was indistinguishable from gold. (Cheers.) The casket, he added, would be ornamented with Lord Thanet's coat-of-arms, viz., azure two fids of wood-pulp in saltire or banded in the centre gules between four limousines volant of the second. (Loud applause.) The ceremony would take place in the Town Hall, and it was proposed that Lord Thanet should be escorted thither by a special guard drawn by lot from the Ewegate Auto-Suggestion League mounted on pogosticks and fully habited and accoutred in the vestments of the discalced Carmelite Friars.

Here the oldest inhabitant of Ewegate rose from his seat and exclaimed "God bless Sir John Todeson!"

After Lord Thanet had signed the roll, a special cantata in his honour would be performed by the North Boreland Golf Choir. In the interests of euphony they had approached the famous composer, Mr. Gustav Holst, and pointed out that the transition to "Thanet" from "the Planets" was so obvious that they felt sure he would find inspiration in the noble ode which had been written for the occasion by Miss Margery Butterfield, the ELLAWHEELER hats, in the undulation of unlimited to cope with the influx of visitors five



TO BRIGHTEN THE MODERN PICTURE-SHOW COULD NOT PEOPLE BE PERSUADED TO POSE IN FRONT OF THEIR OWN PORTRAITS?

Mr. Holst's reply had not yet been received, but he made no excuse for reading to them the words of the Ode, which were as follows:-

"Now that our supreme Overlord has been restored to our midst, after his unparalleled periplus of two hemispheres, t is meet that the streets and lanes should resound with hymns of thanksgiving and songs of uplift. High and low, let the people dance with gladness; et the poplars droop their heads and joyfully brush the adamantine cheek of our beloved benefactor; let the flowers that deck the earth with vernal blossom rain incense on his lightning limousine.

"Whithersoever Your Ebullience extends, the voice of eulogy ecstatically unites the astonished welkin. In the

Wilcox of Ewegate, (Great applause,) bunting, we all show forth our sincerity of heart. Brighter waxes the sun, rounder the moon, as Your Radio-activity pogoes upward and onward to the zenith of untrammelled supremacy.

"Reverently, with folded hands, closed eyes and bowed heads, we offer the homage of our inexpressible adoration."

Mr. Grigsby had suggested that in the last sentence the words "and on all-fours" might be added, but the Mayor thought it would be a pity to tamper with the exquisite simplicity of the original. He added that the ode had already been translated into Esperanto and would be wirelessed to all quarters of the earth on the day of the Celebration, June 18th, which would in future be known as Thanet Day.

Arrangements had been made for a hythmical movements of hands and special service of excursion trains and eet, in the waving of Sandringham motor char-à-banes from London, and



Mistrees (at luncheon). "JANE, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS COSTUME?" Maid, "I'M PLAYIN' 'ARF-BACK, MUM, IN THE FINAL THIS AFTERNOON, AN' THE KICK-OFF'S TWO-THIRTY SHARP,"

available crowned heads, and acceptances had been received from Miss MARY and Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS.

the confident hope that the inhabitants of Ewegate, man, woman and child, would rise to this great occasion his colleagues. (Murmurs.) and, with their spirits finely touched to fine issues, make the Celebration of Kent. (Prolonged cheering.)

Councillor Grigsby, who followed, said that while acquiescing in the recommendations of the Celebration Committee, on which he had served, he years. When they did it was impossible to do too much in their honour. In the words of the poet

"Sheer adulation's widest stretch In wonder dies away

before the intolerable sublimity of this culminant apex of human achievement. He had made many suggestions, among proof.

thousand tents would be erected on the others that a colossal chryselephantine beach. Invitations had been sent to all statue of Lord Thanet should be erected on the top of the town gasometer; that all twins or triplets born in Ewegate during PICKFORD, the Rev. B. G. BOURCHIER the year 1922 should be presented with an insurance guaranteeing them free In conclusion the Mayor expressed treatment for mumps, megalomania or hydrocephalus. But they had all been overruled by the niggardly timidity of

A considerable section of those present sympathised with Councillor unique in the annals of the Kingdom Grigsby, but the general sense of the meeting supported the Mayor. It was freely admitted that the Celebration would fall short of the merits of Lord Thanet; but that was inevitable in times of financial stringency. So magnanimdid not think they had gone half far ous a man, it was felt, would overlook enough. Men like Lord Thanet only these shortcomings and accept their emerged once in a hundred million homage in the spirit in which it was offered.

Our Modest Olympians.

From a testimonial:-

"Mr. H. G. Wells writes: 'I am glad to tell you of my complete satisfaction with the

... It is exactly the typewriter for an author like myself. It is so sound and fool-

THE FAITHLESS SENTINEL.

"The theory that noses act as filters is now no longer held by doctors."-Daily Paper.

IF, Nose, you have no guardian use Against the ills that come by air, No offset to that dull abuse

Your shape encounters everywhere, How can I keep my soul serene Possessing you, now I have seen Your hollowness laid bare?

Not useful like the elephant's Nor cunning in the hundred ways Of noses that belong to ants

Or preying flies on summer days-Yet modern man dare not disclose His sentiments about you, Nose, Because through you he pays.

"Wigs on the Green" Again.

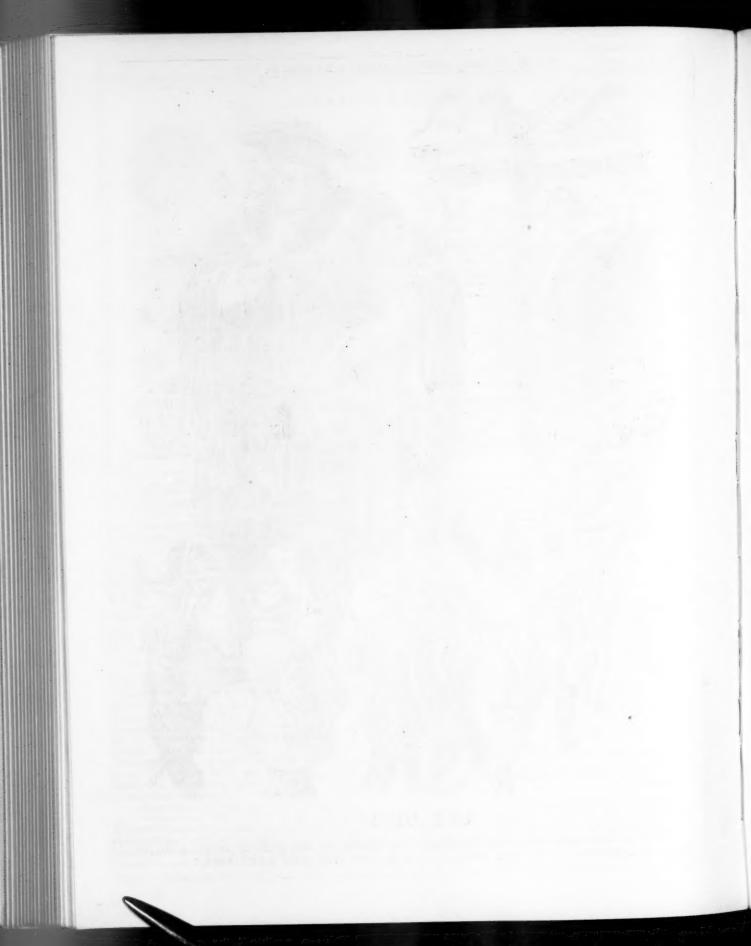
"Mr. Collins journeved to Wexford last night despite a blinding hair-storm. Provincial Paper.

"Somehow a curioûs error has crept into my note (on p. 94) and a circumflex accent is placed over the u; none of the half-dozen French authors I have consulted accentuate the letter."-Gardening Paper. Curiouser and curiouser.



OUT OF IT.

SHADE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. "A WORLD CONGRESS IN MY NATIVE TOWN AND NO SIGN OF AMERICA! I'LL LET SOMEBODY ELSE DISCOVER HER NEXT TIME."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A MINISTRY OF ALL THE TALENTS.

A HOLIDAY FORECAST OF THE NEXT COALITION, BASED ON A STUDY OF SOME RECENT DIVISION LISTS.

Monday, April 10th .- Lord CRAW-FORD, in his new dignity of a Cabinet Minister, stated the business before the Lords. He also attempted to explain to Lord Donoughmore the rather complicated conditions under which pensions and allowances would be paid to the disbanded R.I.C. But his remark that certain payments would be "recoverable from the Free State Government" was too cryptic for Lord Salis-BURY, who wanted to know whether he meant recoverable by the British Government or by the individual constable. And Lord CRAWFORD had to confess that he was not quite sure, but "fancied" it was the British Government.

On the Diseases of Animals Bill Lord Ancaster explained the elaborate precautions taken to prevent a hundred Frisian cattle recently imported from South Africa from communicating to our own herds anything but their incomparable milk-producing capabilities. For the purpose of coping with the present shortage of that fluid, however, I am not sure that the introduction of a few sjambok-wielding Boers, with power to apply the same to recalcitrant farmers and dairymen, might not be even more effective.

that half its members had accompanied Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to Genoa for the opening of the Conference. Viscount Curzon was anxious to know how many persons, other than delegates and officials, had taken advantage of the travelling facilities provided, and was agreeably surprised to learn that the number was only sixteen, and that it included none but delegates' wives and journalists.

The Home Secretary stated that, as a proposal to substitute permanent railings for the unsightly wooden structures at the entrance to Downing Street had been dropped from motives of economy, the temporary barriers would be retained. The PRIME MINISTER is said to have expressed the view that the matter is of no consequence, and that, so long as the railings in Carmelite Street and Printing House Square continue, his safety is sufficiently assured.
Although Dr. Macnamara explained

that the reduction of four millions in the Vote for the Ministry of Labour did not mean that his Department had been extravagantly conducted in the past, several Members declined to agree railways should receive the powers they

Judging by the appearance of the with him, and argued that it was an House of Commons one would imagine expensive superfluity. Mr. Hopkinson, for example, asserted that its object was to keep wages above the economic level, and that therefore it created unemployment instead of reducing it. Mr. George ROBERTS, however, believed that but for this Ministry, of which he was formerly the chief, the Government would not have got through the last few years with so little trouble; and the criticism of most of the Labour Members was that it had done and spent too little rather than too much.

A Private Bill giving power to the Railways (North-Western and Midland Group) to run road-vehicles produced the most disruptive effect upon the various parties in the House. Die-hards voted against Die-hards, Wee Frees against Wee Frees and Coalitionists against Coalitionists. One of the strongest opponents of the Bill was a Labour Representative, Mr. Kennedy, who described it as an example of 'up-to-date industrial syndicalism;" while its most vigorous defender was Mr. J. H. Thomas, who said it was in the interest both of the railway-workers and of the travelling public that the



Father (to son who has decided to have a go). "Be carefu', Wullie. A' these folk are out the snabe the public."

sought. The Second Reading was eventually carried by 146 to 141; but it looks a rough road in Committee.

Tuesday, April 11th .- The Lords had a long programme before them, and Lord SALISBURY made the stereotyped complaint that the Government were making it impossible for the House to fulfil its revising functions. He warned them that some day there would be another Administration in power, but omitted to add that, according to all precedent, it would behave in this respect exactly like its predecessors. The rest of the Peers, however, being as anxious for a holiday as humbler mortals, were not at all obstructive. and passed the Unemployment Insurance Bill and half-a-dozen other measures before eight o'clock.

Every day the House of Commons grows thinner and thinner as more and more Members "auto" themselves to the country or the seaside. Hence there was a very small audience to enjoy the little comedy of "The Rival Hats." At Question-time Mr. Churchill appeared as usual with bare head and grave demeanour to undergo the customary

Clones prisoners whom the Provisional as if the railway char-a-banes would find Government had hitherto been unable it on the floor and jumping on it, he or unwilling to release were at last free. proceeded to his seat, his face wreathed Also it was not true that Mr. Collins had requested that the evacuation of British troops should be suspended. Nevertheless "grave issues were drawing to a conclusion." After this gloomy hat adventure. utterance he left the House.

But a few minutes later he was back again, wearing on his face a cheerful smile and on his head, hiding his massive brow, a hat- a tall silk hat! Members looked at one another in wonder. What did this portend? Since the present Coalition came into existence Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been the only Minister to maintain the habit-almost universal with the great Parliamentarians of the past-of wearing his hat while on the Treasury Bench. Did Mr. Churchill intend—hats and revolutions having often been associated-to challenge the authority of the LEADER OF THE HOUSE; and was he, like the old-time boxer, throwing his castor way. Mr. Hilton Young hastily disinto the ring as a gage of battle?

Presently Mr. Chamberlain himself rise to that impression. demeanour to undergo the customary returned to the House. At once he catechism about Ireland. He had one observed Mr. Churchiel's unusual ap-

piece of good news to impart. The pearance, but, instead of tearing the offending hat from its place, throwing with smiles. "And this was scarcely odd because," in point of fact, he was himself the author of the comedy, and had "dared" Mr. CHURCHILL to the

> The POSTMASTER-GENERAL is not the inhuman ogre we are apt to think him. When some critic of the telephoneservice observed that there were far fewer complaints in the United States than there were here, Mr. KELLAWAY swiftly retorted that the hon. Member should just see the American comic

> Captain MARTIN was very much grieved because the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY did not at once jump at his proposal to put an end to the unrest among the working-classes by halving the duty on beer, and expressed the belief that the Government were trying to bring about Prohibition in an indirect claimed having said anything to give

> From the discussion on the Vote for

be supposed that the House of Commons had become the worst club in London, instead of the best. Members complained of the lack of seating accommodation, the quality of the meals and the vagaries of the ventilation. The old joke about "cold feet and hot heads" was duly trotted out, and Sir William Davison, who is nothing if not breezy, urged that, instead of spending thousands of pounds on cooking the air of the Chamber, the Office of Works should open the windows. "Better a few smuts on the nose than strentococci in the lungs,"

Commander Bellairs' grievance was also the superfluity of hot air, but of the oratorical variety. He proposed the introduction of time-recorders, in order that Members might observe for themselves how long-winded they were. But the proposal met with little support. Needless to say, Sir F. BANBURY, who owes his Parliamentary position to his capacity to talk at any length on any subject at any time, was one of its strongest opponents; and Sir J. D. REES sententiously observed that "loquacity wasfarless lasting in its injurious effects than legislation." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared that to speak in the presence of the proposed recorders would be as depressing as to watch the threepences being ticked off in a taxi-cab, but left the motion to the free vote of the House. which unhesitatingly rejected it by 199 to 21.

Wednesday, April 12th.-The Lords passed the Third Reading of the Gaming Act, heard the Royal Assent given to a number of Bills and then adjourned for the Easter Recess. The Commons kept things going a little longer. Colonel LOWTHER, under the Ten Minutes' Rule. introduced a Bill to enable the House of Lords to reform itself, and seemed surprised that nobody thought it worth while to oppose it. On the adjournment motion Mr. Asquith denounced the Safeguarding of Industries Act, and was answered by Mr. Baldwin, who thought the measure worth while if only because it occasionally induced the Wee Free Leader to address the House. Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR talked about Asia Minor, and Lord ROBERT CECIL about Ireland, drawing a fairly hopeful statement from Mr. Churchill: and then the House, like the old soldier in the song, simply "faded away," being counted out before five o'clock.

"General Knowledge" at a Girls School:—

"Most of the roads leading to Mecca are pilgrim roads, and the sacred book of the Mohammedans is called the 'Pilgrim's Progress."

In the Hindu religion people of the priestly caste are called Brahms, and they wrote 'Requiem,'"



Parcenu (to distinguished artist). "WE WANT A COUPLE O' PICKSHERS—ONE FOR EACH SIDE O' THE FIRE-PLACE, GOT ANYTHING IN THAT LINE?"

"TINKER, TAILOR . . ."
(A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE CONDUCTOR.

It sounds like lions badly fussed, It sounds like bears at bay, But I am told that it is just A Symphony in A.

The cymbals crash, the trumpets blare, It is a frantic noise; The little man with lots of hair

Alone preserves his poise.

He waves his baton to and fro,

With truly British phlegm; However fast the others go He keeps in time with them.

The cornet and the clarinet
Are blowing fit to burst,
For each and all have made a bet
That they will finish first.

The fiddlers' locks fly east and west,
Though fastened down with lard;
The vulgar trombone puffs his chest;
They cannot gain a yard.

Oh, what a race! He makes a face And crossly shakes his head;

Alas, the sly old double bass Is seven notes ahead.

The puny flutes may flag and faint,
But he is not that kind;
He finishes as fresh as paint,
And not a bar behind.

And everybody cheers and claps; But, oh, my eyes are dim— He fondly thinks the other chaps Were keeping time with him.

There lies a lesson for us all
In this mistake of his;

Unhappily I can't recall Exactly what it is.

A. P. H.

A LITERARY GENTLEMAN.

"Excuse me, Sir, but there's a gentleman to see you."

"You know I'm working," I said severely. "You know that I am never interrupted when I am working. Is your mistress out?"

"Yessir. 'E said it was most important to you, Sir."

" Who is he?

"I don't rightly know, Sir. 'E's a very well-spoken young feller, Sir."

"What does he want?"

"'E didn't say, Sir. Said it was important for you that he should see you.'

"Oh, let him come in; only please don't do it again, Mary.

Mary is an excellent maid, and one asked.

must be careful of her kind, these days.

He came in.

"Good morning," he said breezily. "A very nice day.'

The statement was exaggerated, but I made no comment.

He placed a large bag by my desk and, uninvited, sat down. Leaning forward he opened the bag.

"I'm very busy

I began.

"I know; that's why I came. I know that you writing gentlemen work under very great pressure, and I won't waste either your time or mine. I want to bring to your notice, Sir, the greatest laboursaving device - for an

author-that was ever invented, Harbottle's Encyclopædia. Not the ordinary encyclopædia, mark you, but Harbottle's. In fourteen volumes, halfcalf or cloth. I recommend half-calf for you-wears, my dear Sir, wears. There is no subject on this earth that you will not find treated fully-fully, mark you-here.'

He patted the large ungainly volume which he had abstracted from the bag. "I have already two encyclopædias

that I never look at."

"Precisely," he said. "This is one that you will look at. As fascinating as a novel. Half furnishes a room, lends it tone," he added as he glanced, without approval, round my study.

But I don't want it," I protested. " Pardon me, Sir, you do. Once you know the enormous value of this work

affectionately-affectionately, mark you of Harbottle.

"I'm very sorry, but I don't want it. But I tell you what-

"THACKERAY, Sir." He had produced another volume. "In forty-seven volumes. A classic if ever there was one. No home complete without a THACKERAY. Think of the unending joy-joy, Sir-that THACKERAY gives.

I was a little staggered by the complete change in his attack.

"I have all the works of THACKERAY I want," I said.

"You should have him complete, Sir. No education is finished until you've read every word the great thinker thought.

"Have you read THACKERAY?" I



Reginald (taking a stroll in Bond Street on first day of the holidays). "HANG IT-HERE'S THAT BOUNDER SMITHSON! WE'RE IN THE SAME FORM, BUT I COULDN'T POSSIBLY KNOW HIM IN TOWN."

this edition. I saved the cost in less than six months by not buying papers and suchlike. Simply couldn't read em with THACKERAY at my elbow.'

"Then if that is the effect of THACK-ERAY I don't think I like him. I write

for these papers."

"Ah, it isn't everybody who can read

THACKERAY, Sir. Only the few-"
"You and I?" I ventured with that biting irony which The Wigan News deplored in my last book.

"Well--" he smiled deprecatingly. "Now look here," I put in, "I will not buy Thackeray. I write books; I want to sell my books. I have here my last two novels, both published at eightand-six. Seventeen shillings the two. Dirt cheap. They're great books. No education should be complete without you could never be without it. The them. They are written by a philoleading literary men of the world speak sopher who is a man of the world.

The haunting charm of his wistful personality saturates the books. And all for seventeen shillings. Hang it all! I'll let you have them for sixteen. A man who has read every single word of THACKERAY is entitled to a discount.'

"I don't quite follow, Sir," he said.
"No? Don't you see I haven't anybody to do it for me like poor dear THACKERAY, so I must do it myself. Let me read to you what The Peebles Observer said of my last book: 'This book is marked by- Oh, I say! don't go. You haven't paid me for the novels."

He was backing towards the door. "I can see you don't like my books," I said. "But no matter. I have GIB-Bon's Decline in eighty-four volumes. You can have it very cheap, delivered

free on the doorstep. Well, if you must

He closed the door after him very quietly. I felt rather mean the moment he had gone, but, after all, he was a little too insistent. However, he had gone: that was the main thing.

On the whole I was pleased. Usually I end up by capitulating ignominiously and buying something which I don't in the least want.

At lunch Janet had returned.

"We had such a nice young man here this morning," she said. "I met him as I was coming back.'

" Oh!"

"Poor young man, he "Every word, every single word. In seemed hungry. I gave him an order for three volumes of British Birds. I thought it was bound to come in useful in your work."

"Janet," I protested, "what earthly use have I for British Birds?

"You often wonder what a bird is," she protested. "And you are always wrong. Only yesterday you said a reedwarbler was a water-wagtail. Still, it won't come out of housekeeping, dear, so don't worry.

"That's all right then," I said. Whenever Janet has been wildly extravagant the theory is that it doesn't "come out of" housekeeping. It is understood that the last word has been said when that point is reached.

But I regarded it as my duty to give a word of advice to Mary after lunch.

"Never," I told her, "admit anyone again if your mistress is out.' "Very good, Sir," she sniffed. "But

'e was that pressing. 'E did seem so anxious. And it'll be quite useful."
"What will?" I asked.

"Why, didn't Missus tell you, Sir? I'm going to have five volumes on 'Ousehold Management.' Tells you everything about an 'ouse, Sir-from blackberry jelly to babies, 'e said."

On mature consideration I rather admire that young man. He is a credit

to THACKERAY.

THE WHIPPED TOP.

[A writer in The Daily Mail. discussing the mystery of the punctual vernal appearance of pegtops, implies that they are propelled by

Why boys whip pegtops in the Spring, When all the year ping-pongers ping-This problem, wrapped in baffling mist, Intrigues the curious publicist.

In April, as the days grow longer, The tyranny of tops grows stronger, Until The Daily Mail asks why? But can discover no reply.

Pegtops, in days when I was young, Were from the shoulder deftly flung, And, as the coil of string uncurled, Erect and free they hummed and whirled.

(The tops which then required a whip To cause them to rotate and skip Were never fashioned like a pear, As the Victorian pegtops were.) If, then, ingenuous youth to-day Treats pegtops in this horrid way

To make the human boy humane. Public opinion bans the rod For children, but its ways are odd, Since it illogically stops At banning cruelty to tops.

It proves the need of further strain

The child is father to the man, And, growing up as he began, May come in time to treat his boys Just as he did his childish toys.

Wherefore, O Montessorian folk, Your gentle influence I invoke: Encourage Pogo, dancing, skipping, But banish tops propelled by whipping.

"AMAZING STORY OF AN ADVENTURER. He is an elegant young man, who speaks British fluently,"—Liverpool Paper. Probably a Young Scot.

"Sir JaJmesJ CJraigJ leJftJJ London for Belfast last night."-Evening Paper. The Ulster Premier takes the precaution, we gather, of travelling "incog."

From a house-agent's advertisement: "This ideal English home can be easily worked with two maids, one coming, the other going."-Manchester Paper,

worked just like that.



Man from "way back" (getting his first experience of an oyster something's died issue my bus."

MAXIMA CARTA.

By a recent decision Mr. Justice McCardie. a bachelor, has laid it down that a wife has no right to pledge the credit of her husband.]

My Henry, when you swore the vow To your adored one at the altar, "With all my goods I thee endow," I sighed to hear your accents falter; Twas patent you foresaw the pact Would all too soon require restriction; That she would take for solemn fact

But now no longer may your spouse Pledge in her own sweet way your credit;

What, more or less, was fiction.

You're master, Henry, in your house; McCardie (bachelor) has said it; Our own home is not ideal, but it is For, should she act against your will And spend until her tastes are sated,

Tis she henceforth must meet the bill-

Or be incarcerated.

Then drain with me the beaker dry, First pouring out a large libation To this new Daniel set on high

For our long-sought emancipation, Who, nobly blending Fas with Lex, Showed pity for the married martyr, Upheld the honour of his sex

A Transparent Fraud.

And signed the Husbands' Charter.

"Lady --, whose tweed coat and skirt ould be seen beneath her opaque green oilskin coat . . ."-Daily Paper.

From a football report:

"Their tackling was effective and the kicking almost per feet."-Daily Paper.

Why "almost"?

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—An Irish Baboo.

THE ordinary source of begging-letters appealing for reinstatement is India. But, if the subjoined epistle from a railway employé on behalf of his son is typical, another distressful country can compete with success. The recipient is his station-master:-

"SIR,—My Son has now outlived the Very Unsatisfactory Period of his youth and is growing into a solid sensible young man. Indeed I blame the Probation Period in —— for his failure as his discipling there was neither modest nor modern, as he had to substitute self defence for useful training, which produced false impression and obstinate temperament—Viceful Facts which are now vanished and replaced by commonsense and selfrespects and all other essential qualities found in the making of the Stirling Man.

"On account of this beautiful and permanent reformation I beg to appeal for his re-employment, and as he is sweet tempered and humble, with no sign of his relapse into his former follies, I beg you to be kind generous and forgiving and consede to my request for which I shall be

generous and forgiving and consede to my request for which I shall be ever grateful. Your chedt. servant, _______, Signalman."

That has the true Baboo touch.

II.-More Confessions.

In order to fill in the time occupied by the intervalwhy doesn't a manager try the experiment of the continuous performance of a play?-I am in the habit of reading the confessional reports in the programme. Reduced to despair by their lack of originality—here's little TRINI giving the London Pavilion as her favourite theatre and The Fun of the Fayre as her favourite play, as though Dean INGE gave St. Paul's as his favourite church and Sunday as his favourite day, Mr. GARVIN gave The Observer as his favourite newspaper or Mr. LLOYD GEORGE gave the Riviera as his favourite resort-I have been drawing up something revolutionary for any performer who also is tired of the obvious :-

What is your favourite theatre? It hasn't been built. What is your favourite play? Any but the one I am now assisting at.

When do you feel at your best? When I'm alone. Which are your favourite cigarettes? Other people's. What would you do to make London brighter? Leave it. Which is your lucky day? To-morrow.

What is your favourite Christian name? Horatio. Who is your favourite actor? The singing duck. Whom do you hate the most in the world? The manager

of this theatre.

Whom do you despise most? The audience.

III.—RACEHORSES' NAMES.

The perusal of An Historical List, an Account of all the Horse Matches run . . . in 1727, a compact little book for the pocket, published in that year, shows that there was a more casual and often convivial habit of naming the horses in those days than now, nearly two centuries later. I find these: Creeping Kate, Unhappy Thisbe, Tickle-me-quickly, Brown Betty, Pretty Betty, Smiling Jenny, Kiss-in-a corner, Blue-eyed-Susan, Smiling Molly, Charming Sally, Sporting Molly, Bonny Batchelor, Blue Bastard, Bald Bess, Small Hopes, Now-or-never, Would-if-I-could, Sweet Lips, Patch Buttocks, Run-now-or-hunt-for-ever, Tickling Jenny, Willif-I-can, I-am-very-little-pity-my-condition, Flea-bitten Lady, Catch-him-if-you can, Frosty Face, Billy the gardener, Merrily - too, Peggy - grieves - me, Clinkham - Clankham, Tumble-down-Dick and Five-pound-and-a-bottle.

Awkward names, some of these, to shout quickly in a bookie's ear. We have become more practical. But something light-hearted and jovial seems to have passed from E. V. L.

THE HOUSE THAT WAITED.

(Home Thoughts from the East.)

"You goin' Home?" said the stranger; "I wouldn't if I was you;

It's diff'rent there, it's difficult; it's nasty there, it's new; Everything costin' double and everyone talkin' Red;

It's not the place you think it is; it isn't," the stranger

But I said, "Stop your frightfulness; I'll bet you fifty quid That there's one house that won't have changed, because it never did.

"Meanin' yours?" said the stranger. And I said, "No. not mine,

But a little house you get to, going North the Highland

It belonged to two old ladies and in twenty years and odd It never changed one door-mat or a single curtain-rod;

And I'm going Home to see it and I'll take it as my

And if '32''s gone Bolshevist, well, then I'll give you best.

"Yes, I'll run North by Athol, by Dava and Dunphail. And Eastward a bit from Forres, and readily I'll go bail That '32' will welcome me with the same old smiling face, And never a sofa shifted or a picture out of place;

And nothing new whatever and no improvements made, 'Cause '32' was always right, and knew it was—and stayed.

"And the garden won't be different; the grass 'll be neatly

And a blackbird nesting up in the yew (for birds leave well

And don't go looking for trouble), and the same old holly hedge,

And plots and paths the same to an inch, and the boxwood round the edge,

And some primulas and pansies to give us a sort of show. Wonderful? No, but it won't have changed since twenty years ago.

"You're lucky, then," said the stranger, and I said, "There you're right;

I'm sorry if Home's gone silly, but I look at it in this light :-

Maybe you've got downhearted or you've just misunderstood,

And it isn't so bad as you make out, in which case well and good;

But if you're right and it's all gone West I've still got "32," The house that's waited to welcome me, the faithful house and true."

Our Yellow Press.

"He was then axieous to go homee by himseelf, but it was thought better to takee him in an ambulance."—Daily Paper.

"Nurse.—Insane hospital nurse wishes position with lady going to country."—American Paper.

She'll be madder than ever when she reads her advertisement.

"Mr. W. S. -- has transferred his gentlemen's outfitting department to Mr. M. —, who has for over 200 years been manager of the department."—Trade Paper.

Outfitting evidently is the thing to keep one fit.

"This gave the boy the idea of making a collection of autographed letters and he got busy writing to famous people. Long-fellow told him how he happened to write 'The Barefoot Boy' and Whittier told him how he happened to write 'Excelsior.'

American Paper.

It was good of WHITTIER to take the blame.



Voice from the Crowd. "Show him the bit o' plate, and it's him 'll lep ut like a stag."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DON'T know how many months have passed since I picked up a casual weekly and lighted on an original little idyll called "A Devon Estuary," a piece of work which, like the scent of the estuary itself, was "neither pleasant nor unpleasant . . . but sound and good." In Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's Waiting for Daylight (Cassell) I have got back my idyll again and thirty-two other sketches, pastoral and suburban, narrative and episodic, most of which deserve at least as much commendation as my old friend the Estuary, and many of them more. Their outlook is that of the demobilized officer to whom post-war England calls for at least as much justification as pre-war Germany. Their strength lies in their generosity and single-mindedness and their writer's delightful turn for poetic prose; their weakness in his excessive use of irony to cope with evils that have defied, or at any rate evaded, a painstaking analysis. This being so, it stands to reason that the purely critical studies (such as the peevish little jibe at Ruskin's views on war) are the most ineffectual; while such descriptive pieces as "In Ypres," "A Raid Night," "Breaking the Spell," "Old Sunlight," and that poignant little study of a vulgarised country-town, "The Real Thing," have an appeal which I should take to be enduring.

Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald's eight stories in Flappers and Philosophers (Collins), a title which has no particular reference to the contents as a whole, are of the long-short variety peculiar to the better sort of American popular magazines. They are above the average of such accomplishment and have a twist of unexpectedness, after the O. Henry style,

Also Mr. Fitzgerald sees beauty out of alert eyes and can set some of it on paper. "The Offshore Pirate" is quite an excellent story in the bizarre manner, even if the heroine, just emerging from the Pacific after a twenty-foot dive, does immediately let her voice "float up to him again," saying, "'And courage to me meant ploughing through that dull gray mist that comes down on life, not only overriding people and circumstances but overriding the pleasures of living, a sort of insistence on the value of life and the worth of transient things.' She was climbing up now and at her last words her head . . . appeared on his level." From which you may suppose that incident rather than plausible talk is the author's strong suit. But this, I admit, is not quite a fair sample.

The EMPEROR JOSEPH II. concluded a long and futile discussion of the Eastern Question with the Empress CATHERINE II. by exclaiming: "Enfin, que diable faire avec Constantinople?" Substitute Europe for Constantinople, and that is my feeling on laying down Mr. Alfred Zimmern's Europe in Convalescence (Mills and Boon). In three brilliantly-written chapters he describes the effect of the War on the economic, political and intellectual life of Europe. Then in thirty odd pages he describes the events leading up to the Peace Conference, the nature of the Conference itself, and the settlement achieved by it. Finally, in two short chapters he describes the present political and economic situation, and leaves us breathless after a stirring appeal for "a re-valuation of our Western values." As between ourselves and the French, Mr. ZIMMERN is to their faults ever blind, while to our own virtues he is not even kind. To ascribe the failure of M. CLEMENCEAU'S policy at the Peace Conference to The which makes them sufficiently piquant reading. Nor are Tiger's inability to recognise that the British ship of state they notably stereotyped or over-sentimental (or snoopopathic, to use Mr. Stephen Leacock's excellent term). had "no English gentleman at the helm" seems a little too fantastic in a thinker of Mr. Zimmern's acumen. Then, too, is the political assassination of President Wilson to be laid at the door of No. 10, Downing Street? His own Senators have usually been credited with administering the coup-de-grace. Mr. ZIMMERN tells of a delightful old lady (recognisable to students of Punch, though he does not acknowledge the source of his story) who in 1914 refused to believe in the possibility of War because "the Powers would intervene." In this optimistic spirit I share Mr. ZIMMERN's belief that Europe may yet heal herself.

Sabine and Sabina (HUTCHINSON), like most of Mr. W. E. Norris's novels, makes me feel mentally short-sighted; I find it so very difficult to see his characters distinctly. Perfectly made they are, no doubt, but I can only dimly perceive them, as though they were living behind thick glass, creatures in an aquarium. I never feel their breath or touch their hands even for a moment, and yet he makes me believe that, in their own remote sphere, they really are alive, which is certainly very clever of him. His story is told by an elderly man, one Sabine, whose god-daughter, the Sabina of the title, is disappointed in her husband-

according to Mr. Non-RIS-because he is not sufficiently self-assertive to prove himself her master. As a matter of fact Charles, the husband, was, as far as I could gather, a somewhat unromantic and conventional but gentlemanly soul, who felt that a man owed his wife her freedom in every aspect of life and never dreamed of doing anything so elemental as trying to master her. Be that as it may, Sabina has a love affair with an artist, and Charles drifts into an entanglement with the wife of a Spanish noble-

man, who has him stabbed in a dark doorway in Seville. Sabina, sent to Spain by her unsuspecting family to nurse him, finds that Charles, gentlemanly and considerate to the last, is looking forward to an early death as a good opportunity of getting out of the way of his wife's happiness; after which the end is obvious. All this, with Mr. Norris's distinguished style and pleasant outlook on life, his descriptions of Spanish scenery and delightful people moving in delightful society, makes up a book which, if its colours are pale and its lines faint, has yet a charm of its own derived, in part at least, from those very qualities.

The Ellewoman (HEATH CRANTON) is the first lady of the kind that I have had the privilege to meet, and the early information about her was not alluring. From a conversation between Hugh Godfrey and his sister Serena I gathered that the "Ellewomen" of Norse mythology were sweetly smiling creatures when seen from the front, but that they had no backs and were scooped hollow inside. Suffering from these physical disadvantages it is not perhaps to be wondered at that they had no hearts and could not pity anyone. I can vouch that Madame Jeka Purchase, worldfamed dancer, was heartless enough, though in other respects she was not a complete-or ought I to say incomplete?—Ellewoman. Miss Susan Stratford's study of this | Moth may have a prosperous flutter.

absolutely selfish artiste is as clever as it is cruel. Jeka used her friends as pawns to be sacrificed in her pursuit of fame; and, although I can understand her attraction for men, I cannot see why Serena Godfrey, a most sensible girl, should have been fascinated by her. It is a heavy task that Miss STRATFORD has undertaken, but not, I think, too heavy for her powers. Her book leaves its mark. I have no especial wish to remember Jeka, but it will not be easy to forget her.

No one could read Mr. DUGALD CAMPBELL's impressive study, In the Heart of Bantuland (SEELEY SERVICE), without profound admiration for the author. So unprejudiced is his work that only his name suggests nationality, and so impersonal that one never learns with any certainty from this book just what he has been doing for twenty-nine years in Central Africa. Many references to his own most thrilling experiences are indeed included, but they are inserted only incidentally, almost casually, to illustrate his subject. Writing of the slave trade, for instance, he mentions that he has rescued slaves from their captors at the

rifle's muzzle; or, again, commenting on the amenities of travel some twenty years ago, remarks that he has heard dusky cannibals singing round his camp at night, "White man, white man, we'll dance to-morrow with your head on the end of a spear." He has shot unnumbered buffalo and other dangerous big game, but always for food, and has travelled more than once right across the "dark continent," certainly not for the fun of the thing. Moreover he can speak an incredible number of native dialects and can



THERE IS AN ALARMING INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO DISAPPEAR MYSTERIOUSLY IN LONDON. THE ABOVE INCIDENT, FAMILIAR TO TRAVELLERS BY UNDERGROUND, MAY HELP TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS OBSCURE SUBJECT.

whistle to lure wild guinea-fowl to his feet. He has seen a monkey swinging from a branch to tantalise a crocodile snapping beneath, and knows a native albino lady who does a roaring trade by selling locks of her hair for love-charms. All this, I say, though fascinating exceedingly-to read ofis only the by-play of a writer who is quite seriously concerned with the origin and history, the legal and linguistic systems, the superstitions, funny stories, moral codes and loathsome secret societies of a people surprisingly different from, yet surprisingly like, ourselves.

The scene of The Green Moth (MURRAY) is laid in Burma, a country which Miss G. E. MITTON (Lady Scott) and Sir J. G. Scott can be relied upon to treat with knowledge and understanding. The heroine, a charming English girl, is decoyed by Chinese and concealed in a cave. From this position she is rescued by the arch-villain of the piece, who absconds with her on his launch, and then she is once more rescued by a Deputy-Commissioner. This constitutes a series, you will agree, of sufficiently moving pictures. Indeed the authors are inclined to be a shade too cinematographic; but their familiarity with various phases of life in Burma gives distinction to their story, and the characters are clearly and carefully drawn. I hope that The Green

CHARIVARIA.

THE Bolshevist Government is said to have asked the Allies to pay them a war indemnity of £5,000,000,000. LENIN may be ill, but we are confident he is not suffering from nerve trouble.

An American newspaper correspondent who has just returned to New York from Petrograd says he was only fired at three times. It is rumoured that he intends to demand his money back.

"Much of the world's great verse," says "Audax" in a weekly journal, "has been written on an empty stomach.' Our own verse is, of course, not great, but we do at least write it on paper.

According to a New York expert large ears are an advantage to wireless operators. The only objection is that when they are very big they have a tendency to flap in the wind.

The Lyrid meteors, which have lately been passing through the earth's orbit, will not return for nearly four hundred years. We can only hope that in the meantime the Brighter London Society will have thought of something.

An unofficial pingpong match between Oxford and Cambridge has been played in Lon-

the doings of these dare-devils.

According to The Daily Express a determined attempt is being made to away from our fretwork.

"Last spring," writes Mr. F. J. Dyer to decide where to bury him. in *The Daily Mail*, "I notified the arrival of a few migratory birds." Our contemporary seems to have omitted champion, has accepted a tour with a in New York, "are making great to recall this interesting item of world-circus. The lions are said to have made strides." Of course they rather lend news, and Mr. Dyen has done the a request for police protection. right thing in drawing attention to the oversight.

clinics for children are got under way and every schoolchild in the country will have its teeth seen to," says Mr.

imagine the eager openings of the little it won't make much difference. patients.

"Diamonds," writes a lapidary expert, "have a greasy feel." This is one of the drawbacks of shaking hands with the New Rich.

An American actress, writing in a Chicago newspaper, says she has been married three times. The theory in Los Angeles is that she has not been trying or is merely an amateur at the business.

"Spurious Bank of England notes now in circulation," says The Daily

University College Hospital Dental item, "has just been wounded in the Department, "there will be many openings for women dentists." We can men manage to get injured just where

A proposal to use public lamp standards for hanging advertisements has been opposed by Marylebone Borough Council. It will be remembered that the idea of decorating street lamps by hanging a few profiteers from them in festoons was dropped on sentimental grounds.

A cyclist has been fined for allowing a motor-car to draw him along without the consent of the owner. It is thought that drastic measures will be necessary to check the growing practice of pedes-Sketch, "are so like the real thing that trians getting themselves pushed along

without asking the permission of motorists.

A Birkenhead-Thanet corridor train service is announced for July. In spite of its non-political character Mr. LLOYD George is not a party to this rapprochement.

In view of the increasing apathy with which the Moorish war is regarded by the people of Spain it is believed that the management is considering the introduction of some new songs and dances.

Cyclones and tornadoes have been occurring in America. They are attributed to the

The oscilloscope is an invention which makes an engine working at high speed appear to crawl. It is now believed that a development of this device will enable the movements of a bricklayer to be followed by the human eye.

"Knickerbockers, one learns," says a writer in The Evening Standard, with reference to a woman's summer fashion themselves to this.



"WHAT'S THE GOOD OF YOUR POOR OLD FATHER FILLING IN THESE ACCIdent Insurance Coupons if you go on spoiling our chances by buying those beastly little mascots ? "

don. We trust that the University detection is very difficult." We shouldn't | vacuum created by the departure of authorities will take a lenient view of be surprised if the counterfeiters made Mr. Dempsey. them like that on purpose to mislead

It has been discovered that Broughbring ping-pong back into fashion. We row, the pugilist who invented boxingcan only say that nothing shall tear us gloves, is buried in Westminster Abbey. When the inventor of the modern glovefight is caught it will be time enough

BECKETT, the British heavy-weight

We read of the discovery of a charwoman who writes poetry. We should "As soon as the schemes for dental like to see the compliment returned by some of our poets.

ALFRED BARRITT, consulting surgeon at the Kapp rising of 1920," says a news It looks like a case of senile decay.

[&]quot;At a meeting last night of — District Council, Major —, who has been clerk to the Council for 280 years, asked the Council the to see the compliment returned by the council for 250 years, asked the Council for reduce his salary by £25 to £200 per year. He said he had never once applied for an increase, and thought the time had arrived for a decrease."—Welsh Paper.

THE MAY-DAY BUDGET.

(To the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with apologies, in which the ass on the opposite page desires to join, for taking the liberty of addressing him by his familiar name of Bertie.)

Now for her lovely advent the herald blossoms blow, Month of the turtle's mating, the nicest month I know; And you will move among us upon her opening day A sort of a Queen o' the May, BERTIE, sort of a Queen o' the May.

Others may boast more beauty, but we shall pass them by And you will be the object of every curious eye; Others, with notes more birdlike, will undergo eclipse And we shall all be pendent upon your speaking lips.

You will unlock those features, now silent as the Sphinx,
And make a final ending of cryptic nods and winks;
So will emerge the secret in darkness long rehearsed,
Debouching from your mouthpiece, and we shall know the
worst.

I recognise (apart from sex) the difference between Your personality and that of Tennyson's May Queen, And yet I nurse a sanguine hope that in your case occur The same ecstatic visions he attributed to her.

And, though she had a programme safer than falls to you— To lead the maypole dances and hear the rustics woo, While he that makes the Budget, our Master of the Fisc, Must dare to take his chances and run a splendid risk—

Remembering how that artless girl was understood to say, "To-morrow'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day," Promise yourself a merry time, merry as hers, my lad; And what if madness lies that way? Never you mind; BE MAD! O. S.

BALM FOR THE BALD.

PROBABLY very few of its readers realised the tremendous significance of a short paragraph that appeared recently in an obscure corner of a daily newspaper, which stated that "an elderly seaman, whose completely bald head was tattooed all over, was remanded yesterday, charged at Thames Court as a suspected person."

Of course he was suspected; so were Socrates, Galileo and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He was but reaping the usual reward for displaying original genius.

But just think what this discovery really means. It heralds nothing short of a trichological revolution.

For untold centuries man has striven short-sightedly to stave off or conceal what has been looked upon as one of the disadvantages of advancing age. Henceforth, thanks to this nameless martyr-mariner, a condition of baldness, the more complete the better, will be eagerly looked forward to by all discerning men as an opportunity for artistic selfexpression.

To meet the enormous demand that will inevitably arise as soon as these wonderful possibilities are realised, Calvo & Cie. (as they kindly informed our representative yesterday) have already secured the exclusive services of several of the most expert practitioners of painless tattooistry, who may be relied upon to render bald men the objects of envy to the most hirsute.

In this connection, Calvo & Cie. also guarantee to anticipate Nature by means of a perfectly harmless treatment and to produce for the most confirmed sufferers from superfluous hairs a permanently smooth scalp with just that satin-like texture requisite for the most elegant effects.

Calvo & Cie. are confident that, while many of their 5, Greville Place, N.W.6.

clients will doubtless prefer to have their own inspirations and colour schemes carried out for them, those of moderate means will easily be able to satisfy their artistic proclivities from the firm's stock series of representative designs.

By the courtesy of Calvo & Cie. we are permitted to publish a description of two or three specimen designs taken at random from their latest Art Catalogue, beautifully illustrated, which will be sent free of charge to all interested:—

Model 8. The Patriot.

A Map of the World, Mercator's Projection, with the British Empire coloured red. Border, Flags of the Allies. Instructive, inspiring, inexpensive.

MODEL 18. The Pact.

A lifelike representation of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE standing just above the right ear and shaking hands over the mesocranium with M. Poincaré; Peace, in the act of blessing the gentlemen, on the occiput. Beautifully tinted. Exclusive.

Model 35. King of Beasts.

One of our special designs for the artificially bald. A most beautifully-executed Lion's Head, the client's own hair being allowed to remain, as requisite, to form the mane etc. Extraordinarily effective when viewed from above.

N.B.—We specialise in these composite effects. See No. 44, Ruth amidst the Corn; No. 83, Lady Godiva, etc., etc.

Clients' own bumps incorporated in individual designs. Texts, heraldic designs and regimental badges, etc., executed for very low fees.

MOTHERS! have your babies' scalps tattooed now and afford them a delightful surprise in later life!

As our representative was taking his leave of the Maison Calvo, after a most interesting visit, the Management requested him to explain to our readers that, although they at present cater only for gentlemen, they confidently look forward to a time when ladies' toupets, transformations, etc., will be things of the past, and that they are already busy upon a series of designs of a more feminine genre. Inquiries invited.

In a Good Cause.

As one whose work brings him into close association with many of their profession Mr. Punch hopes that he may make a personal appeal for a fund administered by artists for the relief of the less fortunate among their brotherhood. The Artists' General Benevolent Institution gives help not only to professional Painters, Sculptors, Architects and Engravers who are suffering from sickness, old age or undeserved neglect, but also to their widows and orphans when left in need. Since its foundation some twelve thousand grants have been made, amounting to a total sum of nearly a quarter of a million pounds. It must be generally recognised that whatever small payment-if any-is made for the opportunity of enjoying their work does not cancel the public's debt to our artists; and this gives assurance to Mr. Punch that he may confidently appeal for the support of such as have fallen upon evil times. The occasion for this appeal is the annual dinner, to be held on May 3rd, when it is hoped that a large sum may be raised to meet the increasing claims upon the Institution. Among the stewards is Mr. Punch's friend, Mr. Lewis Baumer, to whom he begs his readers to send, in this good cause, as much as they can possibly spare, addressing their gifts to



STRAITENED CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE Ass (to Sir Robert Horne). "NOW THEN, BERTIE, WHAT ABOUT IT?"



TWO GUESTS AT A FANCY-DRESS DANCE COMMIT THE SOLECISM OF COMING IN THEIR OWN FACES.

MY HAT.

It was a typical un-Browningesque Spring day. In the hall I removed my heavy overcoat, unhitched my respirator, unmuffled my muffler and pulled off my fur-lined gloves. Then, having kicked aside my goloshes, I went into the sitting-room.

Mollie swung round from the oval mirror above the mantel-piece.

"Well, what do you think of it?" she asked. I detected a certain nervousness in the casual quality of her tone. In view of what affronted my gaze it would have been the sheerest affectation to have pretended to misunderstand her.

"My hat!" I cried. (It is interesting to note how, in moments of deep emotion, schoolday phrases recur to even the most erudite of us.)

"No," smiled Mollie; "mine."

"And when," I asked with corroding bitterness, "is the fancy-dress ball?"

"There's nothing extraordinary about my hat," she expostulated; "it's just a smart Spring creation."

For some moments I contented my-

self with gestures-real gestures, not the kind that journalism has just discovered. I registered amazement, consternation and revulsion as well as any kinema-star could have done.

Mollie laughed-a laugh that had been carefully stropped. Then she threw a simpering leer at her own reflection in the glass.

"I call it tweet," she gurgled mad-

This was too much. Mark you, in my strong silent undemonstrative way I am quite fond of Mollie; but this was too much. Mark you again, she has, according to her lights, been a good wife to me; but this was too much. 'TWEET?" Why, the dreadful thing she had on her head would have won me a divorce in almost any one of those closely United States: in some, I suppose, I should have been allowed to lynch her with impunity. But here we are in England (where the Spring is), and it might be libellous to describe this abortion of a hat to you. Besides, I have no pen for horrors. I shall therefore quite simply say that the groundwork of it appeared to be a vol- til, absolutely on my own initiative, I

cano of sealing-wax in active eruption, on the summit of which was precariously perched a miniature macaw, prismatically ablaze.

"Away with it!" I gasped, shielding my eyes with my hand.

"Pooh!" said Mollie. "What do you know about women's hats?

"I know what suits you," I affirmed doggedly.

Mollie laughed rudely.

"If you know so much," she said, 'you'd better go to Félicité's and choose one instead of it.'

On the instant I made up my mind. I always think that to make up one's mind on the instant is the acid test of a strong character. I constantly do it. "I will," I said; just like that—"I

And I did. It wasn't easy. Indeed it was hard. At Félicité's (her real name is Susy Brown and she was at school with Mollie) I had to battle my way through a tempestuous sea of streaming ribbons, iridescent beads, flaunting feathers, dangling tassels, brazen birds and bizarre brocades unarrived at the haven where I fain would be: a simple cap affair, the colour of the mist which broods over bluebells in a wood, encircled by fairy rosettes of silver faintly shrouded by dew-spangled cobwebs. Directly I saw it I knew it needed but one setting—Mollie.
"There!" I cried. "That's what I

Instantly Félicité and her three satellites exclaimed that I had selected the most haughtily exclusive model in the shop. With a superb gesture I produced my cheque-book.

"Ah," breathed Félicité, who affects the French idiom, "to deal with a gentleman of a discernment the most profound! What happiness!"

In spite of the entreaties of the three satellites I insisted upon taking the exclusive model with me. In my study I unpacked it. Then, carrying the hat of my choice, I went into the sittingroom.

"Oh," gasped Mollie, not looking at me, "the DUCK!"

"This," I said, not unkindly but with intention, "is 'what I know of women's

hats."

In a twinkling it was out of my hands and on Mollie's head. And at that moment I freely admit it was worth all I had paid for it.

"Suitable, I think," I suggested re-

strainedly

When Mollie had moderated her transports I returned to my study and, in removing the band-box from my table, noticed for the first time a little three-cornered note in its interior. It was not addressed. I read it :-

"DEAR OLD THING,-It was as easy as powdering one's nose. We 'forced' it upon him. And, what's more, he's paid for it. Please return the decoymonstrosity as soon as possible, as it ought to prove useful in developing the taste of other husbands.

"Thine. Susy (FÉLICITÉ)."

"TINKER, TAILOR . . . "

(A Child's Guide to the Professions). THE RACING MAN.

My gentle child, behold this horse-A noble animal, of course,

But not to be relied on: I wish he would not stand and snort; Oh, frankly, he is not the sort

Your father cares to ride on. His head is tossing up and down, And he has frightened half the town

By blowing in their faces And making gestures with his feet, While now and then he stops to eat In inconvenient places.

He nearly murdered me to-day By trotting in the wildest way Through half-a-mile of forest,

THE DEMPSEY INFLUENCE.

ORGY OF "SPARE MOMENT" TRAINING AMONG OUR HEAVY-WEIGHTS.

And now he treads upon the kerb, Consuming some attractive herb

He borrowed from the florist. I strike him roughly with my hand; He does not seem to understand;

He simply won't be bothered To walk in peace, as I suggest, A little way toward the West-

He prances to the No'th'ard. And yet by popular repute He is a mild well-mannered brute And very well connected;

Alas, it is the painful fact That horses hardly ever act As anyone expected.

But there are men prepared to place A sum of money on a race

In which a horse is running, An animal as fierce as this, As full of idle prejudice And every bit as cunning;

And it is marvellous to me That grown-up gentlemen can be So simple, so confiding.

I envy them; but, oh, my son, I cannot think that they have done A great amount of riding. A. P. H.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"I hear that on this occasion he [Mr. Lloyd George] is even more academically equipped. For he has taken a fancy to the ancients, and is deep in Seneca himself. . . . There is a is deep in Seneca himself. . . . There is a contemplative turn to the old Greek's philosophy, which must be rare and refreshing fruit to a wearied statesman."

Sunday Paper.

It is officially denied, however, that the PREMIER is studying PLATO in the original Latin.

"At — Nursing Home, to Mr. and Mrs.
—, Durban, a son. Both well. A chip of the old bloke."—South African Paper.

It will be remarked that three individuals are here mentioned, but the health of only two of them is accounted for. We hope that nothing has gone wrong with the "old bloke."

WEST HAM AND HELICON.

The announcement made recently that the borough of West Ham was in search of a poet to celebrate its forthcoming Educational Week and Festival has caused a considerable stir in quires and places where they sing. Unhappily many of our well-known poets failed to observe one of the rules in the competition, which was that the writer must be living or working in West Ham to-day. A large number of odes, canticles, epics, songs and so forth were for this reason disqualified; but Mr. Punch is the gainer, for he has fortunately been allowed to publish a few of them here. No names are attached to the poems which have passed into his hands, but the following is believed to have been the contribution of Mr. J. C. Squire. It is entitled—

STREAMS.

Rivers, I have frequently noticed,
Have one ineradicable habit,
Which is to run down from the cold hills
Into the silent sea;
From rain-pools in far-away places
That did not evaporate swiftly
Nor drain themselves off through the subsoil,
Dreamwise, they come to be.

Jolly good rivers, Wye and Wensum,
Were formed in this way, and the Avon,
Wide-curved under Warwick and Stratford,
Affording remarkable views;
And the same thing applies to those fair streams
Of childhood, the Witham and the Welland,
Made one in the broad Wash basin
With the Nen and the Ouse.

Not all these have similar courses,
For some are torrential, precipitous,
And some down long leaf-hidden valleys
Wind always a thread;
And some change always their own speed
As they pass under low woods and high walls,
Which is due to the altering gradient
Of the river-bed.

Various again are the wild flowers And the shapes that flit under the water As new geological formations

Affect the course of the stream;
Now reeds spring, now dark watercresses,
Now under the clear wave are trout, carp,
Char, chavender, sticklebacks, roach, dace,
Minnows and bream.

I love all these beautiful rivers,
Not only the rivers of England,
Whose banks I have frequently walked on
Wherever a tow-path was,
Hearing sometimes a water-rat plop-plop,
Seeing sometimes the nest of a dab-chick,
And sometimes the helm of the wand-bearer Mercury
Swoop swift across.

But I love too the rivers of Europe,
Those rivers of Germany, Oder and Rhine,
And the rivers of France, the Gironde, the Garonne,
Oise, Saône and Seine,
Not to speak of the numerous tributaries

Not to speak of the numerous tributaries That with confluent waters increase them; I love too the Tagus and Ebro,

Stout rivers of Spain.

There are also great rivers in Africa,
Limpopo, Zambesi, Ubangi,
That pour through strange tropical regions
From sources hid deep as the Nile's;
There are rivers of Asia, the Obi
And the dark brooding strange Yang-tse-Kiang,
Whose length, so geographies say, is
3,200 miles.

In the far West there also are rivers,
In that land of omnivorous readers
Stretching right away from Oregon to New York,
From Erie unto Mexico;
Mississippi, Wabash, Colorado,
Snake River, Alleghany and Hudson,
And the soft, sighing, musical waters
Of the Ohio.

South again is the great Orinoco;
But ah! that great river the Orinoco,
That rolls through (I think) Venezuela
Its glorious milk-white flood;
Every one I have loved of these rivers
That glass the strange leaves of the forests,
That bear noble barges, or end in
Nasty grey mud.

But the proudest of all proud rivers
And the loveliest stream I know,
Yea, mightier than the old Brahmaputra
And the Volga and the Cam,
Is the little river Lea at Bow Bridge,
For there you suddenly pass
Outside of Municipal London

And see West Ham.

EVOE.

HOW TO FIND WINNERS.

Nothing could be simpler if you carry out the following instructions: Work out carefully the form of all the horses engaged in any particular race from any of the sporting guides. This done, find out which jockey is riding which horse, and why, and whether it is about his turn to win, and whether he is suited to the idiosyncrasies of the horse, and whether the horse is partial to that particular course, and whether the owner wants the horse to win, and whether the trainer wants the horse to win and whether the jockey wants the horse to win.

Buy as many dailies and 10 A.M. evening editions as you can afford, and tabulate the tips of the racing experts. Find out the relative percentage of winners tipped by these experts, their personal history, antecedents, salary, travelling expenses and stable connections.

Ask your favourite publican what he has got "good," and whether he has heard of any commission being worked for that particular race by a particular pal of his.

Give your wife a complete list of runners, the night before. Send her to bed and get her to dream that she has seen the winning name in letters of flame on the wall.

Place another complete list of the horses in front of your infant son, and ask him to stab his fancy with a pin.

When eventually you have worked out the Theory of Probability to your logical satisfaction and selected your "cert." the most important step in the whole system now remains to be taken—go and back something else instead.

JONES, we infer, was the referee.

[&]quot;At Pontypridd, a couple of Welsh lightweights in Tommy Phillips (Neath) and Francis Rossi (Pontypridd) met to go fifteen rounds for £50. The bout proved rather disappointing, for Jones retired at the end of the fourth round."—Provincial Paper.



Doctor, "You must take a complete best. By the way, what's your occupation?" Patient. "I'M AN ANARCHIST." Doclor, "Well, DON'T THROW ANY MORE BOMBS FOR A MONTH AT LEAST,"

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN;

FROM INDIA TO AN ENGLISH APRIL.

"Courage!" they cried, and pointed to the shore;

"You rift among the headlands that appears

Is Plymouth, and in sixty minutes more Thereby we anchor and the ending nears.

But I was drinking toddy in the bar And wishing I were back in Bow Bazaar,

For the thermometer was lower far Than I had seen thermometers for years.

And presently I ventured on the deck And saw a bleak land buffeted by hail,

Whereon it seemed no isolated speck Of light or life or colour could prevail; But black trees bent before an icy breeze, Lead-coloured cliffs confronted sable

And all things said, "You will most surely freeze

On landing here and perish without

"Ah, frore and bitter island, why so And so Odysseus won to his hotel

So loveless to thy late-returning son? Where is thy English April which the

bard' Thus I reflected-"has enthused upon?

Where is the laughing goddess of the Spring.

The bleating lamb, the lark upon the wing.

The daffodil-and many another thing Wherewith the poet peoples Avalon?'

So, loud-protesting, I was led ashore, And found me in a little cobbled street Where the rude Boreas vexed me more

and more And the rain smote me and the subtle

sleet; Yet sudden there was something in the

That said, "I may be desolate and bare,

But I am England; do not yet despair, For you will find me rather hard to beat."

And real hot water running from a tap And rosy maids responding to the bell And fires of coal and many things

The body in content; and no more noise Of peons and coolies, watermen and

But kindly countrymen whose simple

Lay, it would seem, in waiting on a chap.

Then a great peace descended on my soul,

And, as the shades of eve began to fall, Than Blighty," I remarked, "upon the whole

There are worse spots on the terrestrial ball.

To Hind the tropic ease, the sun's em-

Light, colour and the seasons' gentle

Blighty is Arctic-yet a sounder place, A comfortabler country, after all.' H. B.

WHAT TO DO WITH HARLEY STREET.

THE correspondence on the alleged Harley Street Crisis has hitherto been conducted with a curious disregard for the actualities of the situation. As a corrective to these irrelevant effusions Punch has great satisfaction in publishing the following letters, which, with a sure instinct, some of the sanest and wisest of our publicists have addressed to him on this subject :-

NOMEN, OMEN.

SIR,-The name of Harley Street must go. Of that there can be no manner

I regret to say, a hard drinker. Why doctors should have ever congregated in a street suffering from such illomened associations passes the wit of man. But they have the remedy in their own hands. They are still a powerful corporation and should lose no time in petitioning the L.C.C. to have the street renamed in accordance with modern requirements. Fortunately this result can be attained by the change of one or at most two letters. Thus, to dispel the atmosphere of gloom which always broods over this depressing thoroughfare, it would only be necessary to change its title

to Jarley Street, after the genial show-woman. Simultaneously we should be paying a well-merited tribute to the genius of Dickens. Or, as an alternative, I should suggest Starley Street, in recognition of the services rendered to humanity by the inventor of the safety bicycle. Under an auspicious alias I have little doubt that a bright future might still be in store for the unhappy consultants who at present have to work sixteen hours a day to make both ends meet.

JEFFERY MUTSON.

THE PENALTY OF PESSIMISM.

Sir,-A great deal of misplaced sympathy is being wasted on the physicians and surgeons of Harley Street. They have only themselves to blame.

mediæval and obscurantist methods. he goes abroad he should also be cheer-In the course of a recent examination of all the doorplates in Harley Street he lives in a street which is one long I failed to discover a single instance of mausoleum, where even the elfin call a doctor who described himself as a of the milkman is seldom heard, where psycho-analyst. In other words, this is a congested district of recalcitrant and prejudiced reactionaries. That luminous and omniscient writer, the Medical Correspondent of The Times, hits the nail on the head when he describes the great weakness of Harley Street as "pessimism in prognosis." Unmoved by the example of M. Cour they continue to ingeminate with the monotonous persistence of so many pessimistic parrots, of doubt. It has been a sad handicap "Every day and in every way you are from the very start, for it was taken from getting worse and worse." Happily the absence. In fine, brighten Harley

Old Lady. "Don't think me bude, dear, but is this meant for a man or a woman?"

Art Student. "I'M SO GLAD YOU ASK THAT, AUNTIE."

Old Lady. "WHY, DEAR?"

Art Student. "UNCLE GEORGE COULDN'T TELL WHETHER IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HUMAN."

> race is proof against these counsels of of fees would not only be logical, but despair and, as statistics show, longevity is actually on the increase. Pessimism in prognosis is probably the outcome of the desire to propitiate Nemesis. But it is not merely futile, it has ceased to pay. Hence these squeals. I may add that when I recently asked an eminent Harley Street physician whether he had many ectoplasmic patients, he replied that he took no stock in fairy photography. NEO-GEORGIAN.

MORE LIGHT.

SIR,-The reasons of the empty consulting-rooms in Harley Street are too numerous for detailed examination. But one leaps to the eye at once. It is the dismal appearance of the street itself. The advantages of a breezy bed-With very few exceptions they have side manner have long been admitted, shown an absolute refusal to march but the corollary is habitually neglected.

ful at home. But how can he, when the muffin-bell is proscribed and footpassengers converse in whispers? Those benevolent pressmen who daily harp on the need of a brighter London have hitherto failed to recognise the dreadful destitution of Harley Street. From end to end there is not a single restaurant, tea-shop, cinema or Grand Guig. nol. Brass bands are taboo by day, and at night the "nictitant coruscations of the sky-sign," as a modern poet finely a peer who was also a politician and, unconquerable tenacity of the British Street and the infection of gaiety will

spread like wildfire to the rest of London. DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR.

THE HEIGHT CURE.

SIR,-The solution of the Harley Street Crisis is simple enough if people would only face the facts. Buildings of sixty or even eighty feet high do not emerge from the envelope of smoke and fog in which we Londoners live. If Harley Street were rebuilt with skyscrapers, and consulting-rooms and nursinghomes were located in the upper stories-anywhere between the twentieth and the fortieth floors-amid the sunshine and clear air. which are the best aids to healing, the raising

would be cheerfully acquiesced in by all the apostles of altitude.

MARCON TINWAY.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Sir,-The case of Harley Street is grave but not hopeless. It needs to be lifted out of the rut of routine and monotony by contact with an inspiring personality. There are no commanding figures to leaven the lump of dull professional efficiency. In earlier days eminent men in other callings lived there-actors, artists and Cabinet Ministers, including Mr. GLADSTONE. Now we have nothing but an unending procession of doctors from Cavendish Square to the Marylebone Road. If only one of our great World masters of Success could be induced to take up his residence in their midst, though but for a with the times. They still adhere to If the doctor should be cheerful when few weeks in the year, the whole atmoer-

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sphere of the street would be changed. purified and revitalized. Nothing is so contagious as personality. What Pericles did for Athens and Rousseau for the Revolutionaries of the eighteenth century, a man like Lord Badgerbeck could do for Harley Street. I do not say that every consultant in Harley Street could emulate that high example, but by familiarity with the dæmonic physiognomy of such a Titanic demi-god, and by studying his methods, he might at least make certain of doubling the paltry four thousand a year on which he now ekes out a precarious existence.

ATTILA PEPP, Author of " Is the Devil Dead !"

SIR HENRY.

"Is Sir HARRY at home?" I asked the butler.

He looked at me coldly, and replied, "Sir 'ENERY is in, Sir.'

I was shown into the library. The room was lined with well-filled shelves In the place of honour on the mantelpiece was a bust of Dr. Johnson. On the opposite wall were the antlers of a reindeer. The few pictures were choice landscapes, one of a Surrey common, another of a Somerset lane, a third of a Devonshire fishing village, a fourth of a sunset in the fens.

"You like my pictures, I hope," said a quiet voice behind mr. I had not heard Sir HARRY LAUDER enter. He was dressed in morning-coat and vest (with slip) and striped trousers faultlessly cut and pressed. In his buttonhole was a fine orchid. He offered me a Turkish cigarette and took one himself, remarking that other forms of tobacco did not agree with him. I could not but remark the pensive quality of his face when in repose, though it was lit by a gentle smile as he bade me welcome.

"Those pictures are of scenes which move me more than any others," he told me. "I never tire of them."

"They are indeed beautiful," I agreed. "But I should have expected that you, as a Scotsman-

"Ah, yes, in a way I suppose I am to some extent a Scotsman, for my mother was of Scottish descent. should like that country better if it were not so bleak. A little harsh, don't you think? A little cold and forbidding, those rugged mountains?" And he shivered.

"Perhaps so. But, as Robbie Burns

"Now you are entering on what is strange ground to me," he interrupted. "I have tried often to read the poems of ROBERT BURNS, but his uncouthness, his want of delicacy, repel me. I prefer YEATS-and BRIDGES, if you know him. response to which a man-servant ap- Very likely.



Old Gentleman, "Does your mother allow you to smoke in here?" Son of the House. "OH, YES-GOOD FOR THE MOTH." Old Gentleman. "AH-SUFFER FROM MOTH? SO THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU."

to me greatly."

"I share your affection for Devonshire," I said, returning to the pictures.

"I am intensely fond of that county so far as its sea-coast is concerned. I seldom go inland-the heather, you know; the scent of heather gives me a sort of hay-fever. Very troublesome."

I thought it time to declare my purpose in calling. "I hope I may be allowed to publish an interview-

"Forgive me for interrupting you," he said firmly though politely, "but I am old-fashioned, I fear, and the idea of an interview for publication is repugnant to me.

In certain moods Swinburne appeals peared. "A little home-made lemonade? Or, since the day is chilly, would you prefer a cup of cocoa?" Sir HARRY asked. "And, Dennis, bring some of those Bath-buns. A weakness of mine, he added. Then, as the man withdrew, "His name is really McTavish, but I could not possibly have a butler with an absurd name like that, so I call him Dennis."

I was conscious of struggling to shout for help, and when at last I found my voice the discovery was complete enough to awaken me from my nightmare.

From an auction-catalogue :-

"Henry VII. antique carved oak chair, dated "Before you go," he added, "will 1845, very richly cared with figures and claw you allow me to offer you some refreshment?" and he touched a bell, in of that period."



Mother (sending out invitations for Bobby's birthday party). "Would you like me to ask Joan, or is she too young?" Bobby. "Oh, no, Mother. She's awfully grown-up for her age. In fact, unless you call it a 'The Dansant'] DON'T SUPPOSE SHE 'LL COME.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"Suzanne," I said, "we're done for. Ruin stares us in the face.

"Then you've been backing horses again. Not content with dropping a cool five bob on the Grand National, you have now made a gambler's throw with the wild idea of getting it all back and wiping out the bank overdraft at the same time. Oh, to think that I've married a congenital punter-and an unsuccessful one at that! Let me know the worst.'

"It's Professor Jespersen, of Copenhagen," I said.

"A sinister name! But how does he impugn upon our placid lives?"

"'Impinge,' darling. He impinges on us out of The Times. He has been saying that women's talk is losing its former interest and value; and The Times rubs it in.'

" Shucks!" said Suzanne.

"That," I replied, "is a striking illustration of one of the changes which our good Jespersen notes. Hitherto, he says, women have been found to 'confine themselves, as a rule, to the more ordinary words in the language, and

Your 'shucks' is clearly a sign of the change which he remarks. Then, again, women have been 'given to leaving their sentences unfinished.' That you have proved true enough in the past. The other day I went through certain records of your conversational feats that with my connivance have appeared in print, and I calculated that, if all the dashes in your talk were placed end to end, they would reach from here to-

"Is there any more of Jespersen?" "At this point The Times takes up the running itself. In effect it points out that, since women have abandoned their position of detachment and have thrown themselves into the hurly-burly of public life, their conversation tends to deal more and more with policies and less with men and manners, and is on that account less worthy of attention. 'Argument has taken the place of epigram; the brilliance, the sparkle is gone.' And that's why we're ruined."

"I don't quite see how." "Don't you see," I said, "that, if I now send you up to Punch, you'll inevitably get turned down? So far my readers have tolerated your artless domestic prattle-at least the Editor has, has the least desire to listen to your views on the Coalition or the Japanese Navy. For some time back you have provided me with an income that has kept me comfortably in smokes and drinks. Now these will have to be paid for out of the housekeeping money, and the children will starve.

"But," faltered Suzanne, "are you sure that things are as bad as The Times makes out? Am I really sunk so deep in the welkin of politics?

"Do you imagine that the leaderwriter of The Times doesn't know what he's leader-writing about? Why, I've noticed the change in you ever since you voted-or attempted to vote-at the L.C.C. Elections. Nowadays your talk is all of public affairs. Only last Sunday, when I asked what kind of cake there was for tea, you distinctly said, 'Genoa cake.' Suzanne, for my sake-for our children's sake-banish Genoa from the tea-table. Go back to your old detachment. Be your old epigrammatic, brilliant and sparkling self again. It's so much more paying.

"Well, Percival, I've always been a good wife and mother to you, and I'm sure I'm the last person to wish to avoid the recondite and the new.' and that's the main thing. But nobody see the dear children starve. So, as



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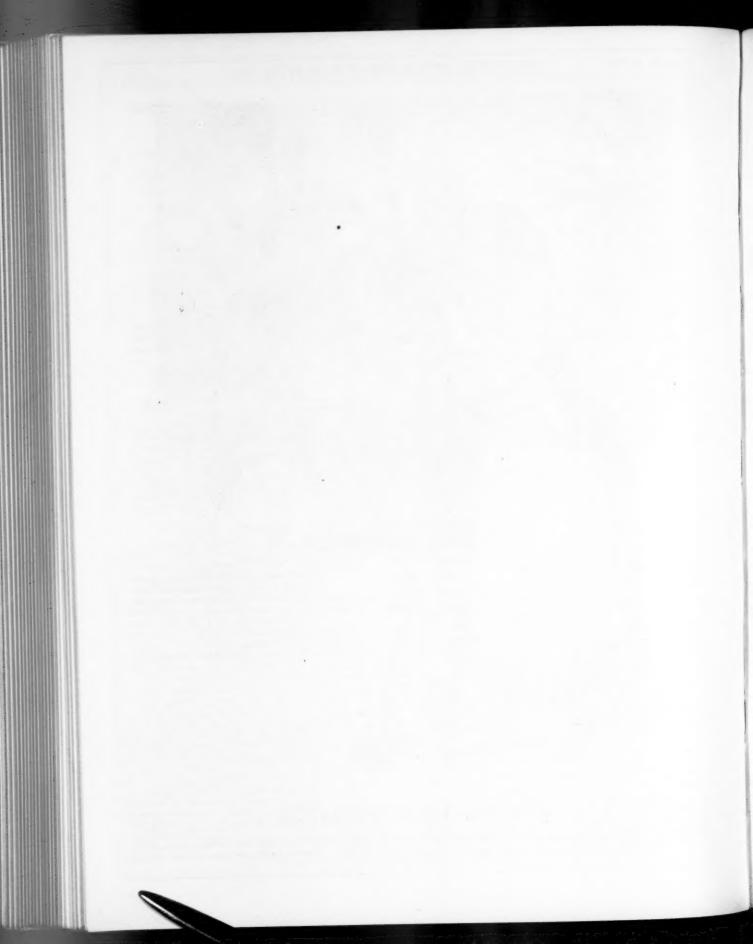
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MARIAGE DE CONFÉRENCE.

GERMANY (to Russia). "WITH ALL THY WORLDLY GOODS I ME ENDOW." ALLIED REPARATIONS COMMISSIONER. "I TAKE A NOTE OF THAT REMARK."





Jack. "Aunt Amelia's out."

Caller. "I'm 80 sorry. I've never met her."

Jack. "Then jolly well touch wood quick."

you don't seem able to find anything but me to write about, I shall have to stifle my political ambitions on the altar of domestic duty. Shall I sparkle for you now? Shall I reel off epigrams out of the void of an aching heart? But let us first reassure our market. Fetch ink and paper and take this down:—

" To the Editor of ' Punch."

"Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that my wife Suzanne has decided to give up politics and devote her whole attention in future to needlework and repartees. As she sews, she says, so shall I reap. (You see how easily she gets back into her stride.) You may therefore rest assured that the contributions for which she furnishes the material will continue to show their old piquancy and sparkle, unspoiled by contact with affairs of State. Soliciting a renewal of your esteemed custom and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope out of sheer force of habit,

"I am, Yours, etc."

THE DIE-HARD.

I DREAMED the Budget brought relief Which past all expectation swept; But still in anger and in grief

The Daily Bluster shrieked and wept:

"The Government has spoilt the Axe,
Blunting the edge its makers ground,
And that is why your Income-Tax
Is four-and-sixpence in the pound!"

A year passed quickly, and again
A saving miracle we hailed;
But still in frenzied wrath and pain
The Daily Bluster stormed and wailed:
"The Government is soft as wax,

Spineless, unprincipled, unsound, And that is why your Income-Tax Is two-and-eightpence in the pound!"

Things prospered for another year;
Incredible amounts were saved;
But still with gibe and bitter sneer
The Daily Bluster screamed and raved:
"The Government is weak and lax;
Limpets and bureaucrats abound,

Limpets and bureaucrats abound,
And that is why your Income-Tax
Is one-and-threepence in the pound!"

And lastly (in my dream) the crest Of all our wildest hopes we held; But still with scorn and savage jest

The Daily Bluster groused and yelled:
"A Government of rogues and quacks,
Whose squanderings stagger and
astound:

And that is why your Income-Tax
Is twopence-halfpenny in the
round!"

Our Tactful Prince.

"BLAZING FIRE IN TOKIO.

Most of the members in the Prince's suite lost all their baggage with the exception of the clothes they stood up in. . . . The Prince was charmed with the warmth of his reception."—Daily Paper.

"A RECORD SPRINT.

Charles Paddock, the famous sprinter, today, at Honolulu, has lowered his record for 120 yards by one-fifth of a second, running the distance in 11 2-5. He ran on to the champion, by 2-6, 6-1, 6-4."—Daily Paper.

Thus becoming dormy, and, with a lucky snick past the referee, securing the odd trick.

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

EVERYONE knows that the way just now to make one's fortune in London is to open a little restaurant. You don't need any training. You just take a house, or a floor and basement, decorate it fancifully, give it an odd name, and there you are.

the least surprised when that very sanguine pair of sirens, Miss Wade and Miss Wide, came to me and asked if I could suggest a good title for the place they were proposing to start just off the King's Road, where hungry artists most do congregate. For, as I suggested a week or two ago, there is an idea going about that I can give useful advice in the matter of nomenclature.

The proposed restaurant was by no means the first commercial venture in which these happy-go-lucky partners have embarked. They began, I believe, as beauty specialists, with a lotion warranted to restore the tinge of youth to any complexion, and a tooth-powder compounded of pulverised cuttle-fish and eigar-ash that was to add irresistibility to the smile even of Mr. Cochran's Spanish charmers. All their male friends, I remember, were doomed to spoil the fit of our clothes and disorganise our whole system of pockets by carrying boxes in which the eigar-ash was to be preserved. The two ladies' activities in this direction-as Sheba et Cie.-did not however lead to anything but liabilities.

Other enterprises such as the energetic fair may engage in without losing caste followed, including an old curiosity shop called "At the Sign of the Bed-Warmer," which came to an

were expected and those that arrived. It was then that the inseparables parted, in order that one might learn typing and short-hand, and the other massage ; but they shortly reunited with the purpose of selling toy dogs, the nucleus of the business being a litter of Aberdeens which a cousin of mine asked me to find homes for. My casual mention of this fact brought into almost instant being the firm of Peek and Pom, purveyors of high-class pedigree puppies only. Unfortunately the puppies added to their Wade.

illustrious escutcheons some of the more distressing indications of distemper, and the purveyors got a bad name and had to give up the struggle.

They next, without the least feeling of depression, opened a hat shop as "Clotilde"-or, as ribald acquaintances had it, "Old Clo'tilde"—but this was a failure also. Then they became florists, calling the firm Petal and Bloom, Ltd. meat," I said. "It's wasteful too, and This being so notorious I was not in -you see how little they really need not at all what artists want. I think

"That is, we've practically taken it." said Miss Wide. "All we've got to do is to sign the lease and pay a deposit. What we want now is the name. What do you think of . The Saddle of Mutton'? "Will you give saddles?" I asked.

" Of course.

"It's the most expensive kind of

you would be far more practical if you called it 'The Steady Joint,' or 'The Faithful Joint,' or something like that."

"'Joint' is rather ugly," said Miss Wade; "we were hoping for something more out of the way. Besides, lots of people hate joints. They prefer made dishes."

"There's a little place called The Good-Humoured Ladies. said Miss Wide. "Couldn't we do something on those lines? What about 'The Three-Cornered Hat'?"

"'The Square Meal' would be better," I said. "Or-if you're so keen on the Russian Ballet - 'Carnival.' sounds fleshy."

"What about 'The Fulfilment'?" said Miss Wade. "That would go one better than 'The Good Intent' near by."

"It's too sweeping," said Miss Wide; "we might disappoint. Things can go so wrong in kitchens.'

"Then 'The Good Hope '?" I suggested.

"Agatha wanted 'The Lordly Dish," said Miss Wade. "It's from the Bible, she believes." "It's rather a large order,"

I said.

"Or 'The Delicate Eater '?" said Miss Wide.

"What about 'Au Bon Appétit'?" I said. "I've seen that in France, I'm sure, and it would flatter the Chelsea people, who are all going to

Both the partners approved of "Au Bon Appétit," but their complacency was short-lived.

"You are on the track of a good cook?" I asked.

"Well, we were thinking that perhaps Agatha could do most of the cooking," said Miss Wade. "She's wonderful with a chafing-dish."

"She wouldn't be wanted for supervision?" I asked.

" Well, we thought she could supervise in the kitchen, and I could supervise upstairs."



INDIVIDUALITY.

First Clubman. "I hear, Jones, that you are standing for Parliament. What Party?"

Second Clubman. "OH, NO PARTY, INDEPENDENT INDE-PENDENT.

early end owing to a discrepancy be- any assistance from me in the matter | Paris when they die." tween the number of customers that of names!-but the three or four regular tradesmen in the same line in the neighbourhood found it worth their while to undersell them, at a loss which was nothing to an old-established firm but death to two amateurs without capital; and so Petal and Bloom, Ltd., withered

> And now, with a little of their patrimonies still left and boundless supplies of hope, they had made up their minds to achieve riches through catering.

"We've taken the house," said Miss



Mother. "Shella, say grace, dear."

Sheila. "But it's only cold mutton, Mummy. I said grace for that yesterday, when it was hot."

"And take the money?" I asked. "Yes."

"It's a responsible post," I said.
"And you'll want a staff of servantskitchen-maids, waitresses, etc. Think
of the washing-up!"

of the washing-up!"
"Yes, indeed." They sounded rather piano, I thought.

"And breakages!" I went on.

"Idon't see why things should break," said Miss Wade.

"They will," I said. "I suppose you are buying crockery and cuttery and napery and all that sort of thing?" I continued. "You'll want them; but they're rather dear now."

"We've got some things of our own," said Miss Wide. "Quite a lot of silver."

"Real silver?" I said.

"Yes. Why not?"

"In Chelsea? Ha! And who will do your marketing?" I went on.

"Marketing? Shan't we just go to shops?"

"Not if you want to be economical and get the best too. You will have to deal direct with Smithfield and Covent Garden; even Billingsgate. I suppose you are good judges of meat and fish? That means early hours. You must get up at four o'clock."

"Four o'clock?" said Miss Wide. the dead."

"Did you really say four o'clock?

"Absolutely," I said, "if you mean to be thorough."

"Four o'clock! Oh, Agatha," said Miss Wade, "I'm so glad the agreement isn't signed. Let's go to-morrow and see about that perfume business. The offer still holds good. We've got the chance," she explained to me, "to take two rooms in South Moulton Street, to sell the best scents. Don't you think 'Frankie and Murr' would be a good name for us?" E. V. L.

"When Havers plays a long irou shot you hear a crash, you see a 'fid' of turf fly up, and then the ball soaring away like a bow from an arrow."—Sunday Paper.

Or like a rifle from a bullet?

"When Stevenson wrote 'The Wrecker,' in collaboration with his stepfather, Lord Osbourne, . . ."—Weekly Paper.

Sir Sidney Colvin never told us about this.

"She lifted her face and their lips met in one long sweet kiss.

(To be concluded next week.)"
Weekly Paper.

The size of this kiss reminds us of Tennyson's "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead."

LOVELY LADY.

I AM a lovely lady;

I live in a tower by the sea;
Behind the tower are enchanted hills,
In front is a meadow of daffodils
And a little pink almond-tree.

I have seventy chests of treasure With seventy jewelled locks,

Fans and perfumes and silken shawls, A set of carven ivory balls And a painted musical-box.

I have three pretty maids-in-waiting, Mavis and Minnie and Merle;

They dance on the grass in their spangled shoon

While a little brown piper plays a tune

On a flute of silver and pearl.

I am a lovely lady;

If you will come over the hills

You shall hear the song of the musical-box,

You shall have the keys of the seventy locks

And a bunch of my daffodils. R. F.

"Wanted, strong experienced General Scrpant."—Daily Paper.

The one thing needful for a domestic Paradise.

A YARN OF DAN'S.

- " Now 'ere's a yarn as is true," said Dan, " an' you can't say that o' most:
- I was in the packet Mogador an' bound to the Chile coast, An' there was a chap in the watch wi' me—a greaser from
- An' 'is name it was Pedro (or Josey, maybe), but we allus called 'im Bill;
- "And 'e was the rottenest sort of a bloke in the sailorisin'
- As ever you see in your life—leastways as ever I see in mine:
- 'E couldn't pull his weight on a rope, 'e could neither reef nor furl;
- I give you my word in a gale o' wind 'e was worse nor a seasick girl.
- "The mate we 'ad was a down-East Yank, an' 'e was sure a terror.
- 'E fairly wallered in paint an' pitch, an' that's no fatal
- It was 'olystonin' an' scourin' paint an' keepin' brasswork bright.
- An' chippin' anchors an' scrapin' seams, from mornin' until night.
- "Well, me an' Bill we was tarrin' down on the crojick yard one day,
- The packet snorin' along like fun an' shippin' dollops o'
- An' Bill 'e slumped 'is bucket o' tar, which was just what you might expeck,
- 'Arf on it over a brand-new course an' the rest on the fresh-scoured deck.
- "The mate 'e let a roar like a bull when 'e seen what Bill 'ad done.
- As fetched the 'ole o' the watch below on deck to see the
- An' 'e jumped for the shrouds an' started aloft with a face that was fit to kill,
- An' into the drink with a flop an' a splash an' a Dago yell went Bill.
- "The mate 'e squinted over the rail an' saw Bill swimmin' strong.
- An' 'e started kickin' 'is seaboots off, an' that didn't take 'im long,
- An' over the rail in a brace o' shakes in all the rest of 'is gear
- 'E follored Bill like a streak o' light—an' you should have 'eard us cheer.
- "The Old Man passed the word along to 'eave the packet to; 'I can't afford for to lose my mate, an' a thunderin' good
- So lower away the quarter boat, an' pull, my lads, with a will—
- But I'm darned if I'd lower a boat,' says he, 'for a lump o' stuff like Bill!'
- "Well, we lowered the boat an' we pulled away, but that ain't part o' the yarn,
- An' we picked 'em off o' the buoy we 'd throwed, best part of a mile astern;
- The mate 'e'd got Bill's 'ead in 'is arm in a sort o' strangle 'old.
- With 'is fingers twisted into 'is wool as if 'o'd been stuffed with gold.

- "We hauled 'em in by the slack o' their pants, an' as soon's we got 'em aboard
- The mate 'e blew a bubble or two an' 'e got 'is breath an' roared:
- 'I'll learn ye spilin' my deck, ye swab—by thunder so I will!' . . .
- An' they give 'im a pair o' binoculars along o' savin' Bill."

OUR CREAT INSURANCE SCHEME EXPLAINED.

WORBIED.—The phrase "any vehicle" in our great street accident insurance scheme covers tanks and prams, but does not include pogos or avalanches.

Widowed Orphan.—Yes, we give £2 per week for fifty-two weeks if totally incapacitated through mumps. We cannot extend the period to one hundred and four weeks, as you suggest. It would mean an extra premium, and this virulent complaint has generally run its full course in a year.

Brigham.—No. If you have four wives in the same fatal motor accident you can only draw the benefit for one of them.

Who's Who.—No deduction whatever is made from benefits for advertising the names and addresses of those fortunate readers who have sustained a railway or other accident. This service is given entirely free.

Curious.—No, we cannot cover influenza and incometax. If we did this we should have to raise the price of our paper to $1\frac{3}{4}d$.

MANY CORRESPONDENTS.—It is quite unnecessary to have our paper delivered and there is no compulsion whatever to read it. If you pay your newsagent regularly you are qualified for all our wonderful benefits.

STUMPED.—Our £250 for loss of one limb would not cover the mislaying of an artificial leg in a railway accident.

Domus.—The word "home" in our Home Accident Insurance includes any workhouse or asylum in which you may be temporarily or permanently residing. But in case of an accident while in residence there we do not pay our very liberal £2 weekly rent allowance.

Soccer.—Referees are not covered by our famous football accident policy. But in case a referee were chased from the ground by a crowd and fell under a moving vehicle, or took refuge on the roof of his house and fell and broke his neck, the victim would be consoled by £250 under either our street accident or home accident policy.

CIVIS.—Our insurance of £250 in case of death when riding a bicycle or motor-cycle "for pleasure" would not cover you if you were riding to pay your rates or to visit the dentist, nor could we say without personal knowledge of your vicar whether it would cover you when riding to church.

"Until every boy and girl of normal faculties had precisely the same chance as the rich man's son or daughter of having the best that the educational resources of the country could give, democracy would not rise to its full height."—Lecal Paper.

We note with pain the invidious distinction between the children of the rich and children of normal faculties.

"The King has presented to the National Gallery of Scotland the celebrated picture, Cimabue's 'Madonna,' once carried in procession through the streets of Florence. The picture was exhibited in 1855 at the Royal Academy, and was bought by Queen Victoria. Since then it has hung in Buckingham Palace."—Sunday Paper.

Another remarkable fact about this celebrated picture is that, in the Academy catalogue, it was attributed to Leighton.

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THE UNWANTED PICTURE.

A PRICELESS CAKE.

WHEN I attend a Bazaar I am invariably drawn into every raffle and guessing competition in progress, and I always linger until the close of the entertainment in the hope that my name may be announced as a winner. It never has been until last Christmas, when I experienced the most ecstatic moment of my life. I was spending the season in the country with my brother and sister-in-law, and I accompanied Miranda, who is a keen social worker, to a

aid of local charities. At this function there was a lovely white iced cake festooned around with ruchings of silver paper and "Guess my weight for sixpence" inscribed upon the top in pink. I gravitated towards it on the instant, tested it in my arms with earnest deliberation and wrote nine pounds eight and a quarter ounces opposite my name in the note-book of the young lady in charge.

Some hours later a bell was tolled and it was announced that the cake was about to be weighed. I edged my way close to the table, and I flushed and paled alternately as the cake went up and down in the scales. When it began to settle at nine and a-half pounds the room turned misty and black specks floated before my eyes. An infinitesimal weight was added and I heard a voice as from afar off saying, "Nine pounds eight and a quarter ounces." There was a pause. Then my name was proclaimed as the winner. A roaring of waters sounded in my ears, the faces around me appeared like distant moons, a great blackness descended on me, succeeded by a dazzling silvery whiteness. The cake was in my arms and I was bearing it tri-! umphantly towards the door.

On the way I met Miranda. She looked shocked. "My dear boy," she protested, "you mustn't keep it.

"Not keep it?" I gasped. "Why mustn't 1? It's mine. I've won it." "It's never done," said Miranda in the same shocked manner. "You must give it back to be raffled for or put up

to auction. It's got seventeen new-laid eggs in it. We expect a cake like that to make a lot."

She drew it from me and the next minute the Secretary was giving out that the winner of the cake had generously waived his right to it, and it would now be raffled for at sixpence an ounces" and waited until the bell tolled. Poor little chap!

entrance. There was loud applause, which I was too dispirited to acknowledge. I left the sale before Miranda.

"Who was the happy winner of the returned home.

airily: "the cake's up for auction now."

This Easter I was again staying at Miranda's and accompanied her to another Bazaar, having previously resolved to avoid competitions of every sort. But, when I saw a lady approaching me with a cake swathed in silver Fancy Fair which she had organised in and inscribed "Guess my weight for some gross error somewhere.

Labour Agitator (after witnessing his first football match). "THAT'S WHAT I CALL ORGANISED LABOUR, COMRADE. ONE BLAST FROM THE WHISTLE AND EVERY MAN STOPS IMMEDI-

the same cake! I should have known hole into another? it anywhere. The dazzling cake which for one short blissful minute had been mine.

How had it spent its time since Christmas? At how many functions had it been carried round? How many unhappy winners had waived their right to it at the instigation of Miranda? How stale was it?

Of all these things I was ignorant. One thing I knew. It should be mine now. No power on earth should deprive me of it a second time. I did not trouble to take it in my arms. I wrote "Nine pounds eight and a quarter

Once again I watched the rise and fall of the scales, but this time no inward tremor shook me. I experienced the calm of certainty. At eight pounds raffle?" I inquired bitterly when she fifteen ounces the cake showed signs of settling. At eight pounds fifteen and a "I didn't catch the name," she said half ounces it swung delicately balanced A face in the crowd suddenly shone like the face of Moses. The name, Albert E. Tapstick, was called, and a fellow with a magenta necktie was presented with the cake-my cake!

I took my sister-in-law on one side. "Miranda," I said sternly, "there is

cake to-day weighs eight and three-quarter ounces less than it weighed at Christmas. Can you explain it?" Miranda looked horrified. "The mice must have been at it," she said. She dashed after Albert E. Tapstick and conversed with him cajolingly. I saw his features convulsed with agony, then by degrees his mouth twisted into an ashen smile and he surrendered the cake to Miranda. She disappeared into an inner chamber. Some ten minutes elapsed; then the Secretary announced that the winner of the cake having generously renounced his prize in the cause of charity, it would now be sold in slices.

It realized a large sum, so I was informed by Miranda afterwards. I was not myself a purchaser. "I've got rid of it all," she said, "even the mousiest bits."

"AMATEUR CHAMPION IN FINE FORM.

In the fourth round he beat a scratch player by one hole, and incidentally went round in 18 strokes, while in the afternoon he was round in one fewer than in the morning."

Liverpool Paper.

Eighteen holes in seventeen strokes! We should have liked more details of this remarkable

sixpence," my heart throbbed. It was round. Did the ball bounce from one

"The Spring flowers everywhere are very backward, owing to the late Easter.' Provincial Paper.

These movable feasts seem to put everything out.

"The smaller Powers are to-day organising a petition to Signor Facta, the Italian Prime Minister, ass president of the conference. Daily Mail.

Is this the latest attempt by the Northcliffe Press to wreck the Conference?

"The Freehold of an Ideal Little Artist's Residence to be Sold at really a low price. Advt. in Daily Paper.

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Robust Traveller, "Buck up. old chap! There's nothing like the sea-finest tonic in the world," Friend with weak stomach. "Good emetic too."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DID not read The Gay-Dombeys, and I can see no particular reason why a writer of Sir Harry Johnston's resource should embark upon the business of writing sequels to the works of Dickens, a process he continues, with the last chapter of Our Mutual Friend as a starting-point, in The Veneerings (CHATTO AND WINDUS). To begin with, DICKENS and his self-constituted heir have very little in common, and anything more remote from the soaring buffoonery of the Boffin legend than the microscopical earnestness with which Sir Harry treats his Veneerings and Lammles and Harmons it would be hard to conceive. Yet you will find much that is uncommonly interesting in his new creation. The Chicksey, Veneering & Stobbles' counting-house in the drug-flavoured region of Mincing Lane becomes a vegetable drug-company of world-wide repute, and young Melvin (now Mervyn) Veneering's researches among the fauna of the Pyrenees and Nicaragua are both absorbing and convincing. This is more than I can say for his successive marriages to Hetty Harmon and her sister Elizabeth; and on the whole I think Sir HARRY is happier with vegetables than with rational beings. He is a trifle apt, as the scientific-minded usually are, to "see men as trees walking," and this, of course, disqualifies him at the outset from carrying on so eminently humane a tradition as that of DICKENS.

but sadly at the expense of movement in his story; and surely movement is necessary in this kind. Nor ought he to have made it so easy for his readers (I speak for one of them) to skip. Rodriguez, gallant of "the golden age of Spain," a time unspecified but apparently not long after the invention of gunpowder, poor in gold pieces but rich in the possession of an air, a sword, a mandolin and a voice, goes forth in search of a war and to win a castle; sees Scrafina; does a service to an outlaw; finds, rather too easily, his war, his prisoner and his prisoner's ransom-a mere "castle in Spain," and is rewarded by the outlaw with a real castle built, as it appears, of entirely unseasoned oak, and by Serafina with her hand. This all seems good enough measure; but the actions are rather enumerated than described, and indeed I have seldom met a hero of romance who through so many pages did so little. And his wooing is surely the most perfunctory in all romance. Nor do I think the author's way of intruding disquisitions and allocutions in ultra-modern phrasing very happy. They might have come off—but I don't think they do, in fact. I found the chronicles a little disappointing. I suppose I really like a tusher to tush which is probably dense and narrow of me. But there it is.

There are novelists who are for ever seeking out fresh fields into which to entice us; others who invite our continuous attention to the manifold charms of one well-cultivated plot. It is to the latter class that DOROTHEA CONYERS belongs. When I find myself in the presence of her latest novel I know precisely the kind of entertainment that is in Lord DUNSANY has evidently attempted, in The Chronicles store for me, and it is quite unnecessary for the publishers of Rodriguez (PUTNAM), to bring some touch of poetic beauty to embellish the cover with a picture of a pretty Irish girl to the ordinary romance of adventure. He has succeeded, perched dexterously on a robust horse. The fare is not

the less to my liking because I know what the dish is to be, and the most graceful compliment I can pay Mrs. Convers is to say that, though the horse and all that goes with it bore me to extinction, I can always enjoy her latest romance. I enjoyed The Toll of the Black Lake (HUTCHINson), and, if I followed but superficially the vicissitudes of the chase, or, at any rate, of all the chases after the first seven, there were still a perfectly delightful heroine and one or two quite real old ladies to hold one's attention. The author's Ireland, with its kindly, democratic, easy-going "Quality," and its amiable, child-like, sport-loving and commendably respectful peasantry, doesn't bear any more resemblance to the Ireland of to-day than it does to Moscow, though, like Lord Mayo and other good Irish propagandists, she pretends that it does. However, as her book makes no

profession to be anything but fiction, we don't mind. It is a story about pleasant people who appear to have a jolly good time; there is a useful if somewhat transparent plot, and everything ends happily. For the moment fiction is the only thing in Ireland that does so, and we must be proportionately grateful.

Admirers of Mr. KIPLING will remember how in William the Conqueror the magician suddenly transfers us from the Punjab to "the flat red India of palm-tree, palmyra-palm and rice, the India of the picturebooks, of Little Henry and His Bearer-all dead and dry in the baking heat." This is a part of India that has been somewhat neglected since the days of our youth, and "CIVILIAN" is to be thanked for handling it for us in the book to which he gives the rather clumsy title of The Civilian's South India (LANE). It is well that Madras should have her champion, and a champion with a keen sense of humour, who is not afraid of laughing at himself, even while he hints that Mr. KIPLING's

omniscience hardly extends to the Benighted Presidency | Zoological Gardens. I regret the absence of photographs and famine relief therein. "Cryllian" is clearly not the from his pages, but he was always too busy and often too ordinary collector, lineal descendant of our old friend, Jos precariously situated to be bothered with a camera. In-Sedley. You shall find him openly advocating the capture cidentally I learned a lot from him about the natives of of butterflies as a healthful exercise, and his chapter on Malay, who never want to do anything to-day that can Shikar Country is likely to prove Dead Sea fruit to the be postponed until to-morrow. An entrancing book. anxious sportsman. Apart from a few rather irritating mannerisms-he is too fond of fables with capital letters, and he writes of himself throughout in the third person-I enjoyed his book from cover to cover. There is plenty of amusement in it, besides valuable information. Read the chapters called "The Roof of the World" (about the Nilgiris), or "Indigenous," or "The Agency," and you will know more about Southern India than many who have lived there a decade or so. For, as the author very justly points out, the worst and most exasperating type is the man who has dwelt in the country for years with eyes and ears hermetically sealed.

There is something rather likeable about books which deal with quite every-day people and happenings. Mrs. WINIFRED F. PECK'S new novel, The Closing Gates (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), is a good example of this type. Its theme -the young woman overwhelmed with the difficulties of " making do" on a small income with inefficient help and no experience, and the young man who without any training for an occupation has to earn a living for wife and child-is familiar enough in all conscience. Its effect is, perhaps, in parts just a little monotonous for the ordinary reader. but all the Gileses and Celias of real life ought to find it very cheering to see their portraits here, particularly as Mrs. PECK's sorely-tried hero and heroine sail into very smooth water in the last chapter. Of course most of the young couples who found life so difficult in the years just

after the Armistice were not younger members of county families, however hard up, but Giles and Celia Hertford endured more than enough in their hapless baby's sufferings to equalise matters with the average case. It is a human little story, very pleasantly told, and, though it certainly could never set the Thames on fire, it might serve to produce quite a good domestic supply of hot water.

Mr. CHARLES MAYER tells us that it was the lure of the circus that started him on his career as a collector of savage beasts, and if you will accept my recommendation to read Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles (Fisher Unwin) you will see what a wonderfully adventurous career it was. His job was to catch and not to kill-"in my business," he says, "a dead animal is no animal at all "-and the chapter in which he describes the capture of two enormous orangoutangs is as thrilling a tale as I could ever desire to read. This is one of many adventures that came his way while collecting animals for various



("A correspondent in Sussex informs us "-Daily Press.) Stranger, "I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU AFTER HOURS, BUT I WANT TO SEND OFF A WIRE AT ONCE. Postmaster, "SomeBody ILL?" Stranger. "No; I've just heard a nightingale."

"SIR R. HORNE'S DILEMMA."-Daily Paper. One of its horns seems to be missing.

"Other special features include . . . Potage Stamps." - Daily Paper. Something in the nature of soup-tickets, we presume.

- Choral Society "The arrangements for the performance by the —— Choral Society of Mendelssohn's 'Messiah' next Wednesday evening are now complete."-Local Paper. HANDEL's setting, however, remains good enough for us.

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CHARIVARIA.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER seems to have overlooked the idea of putting a Luxury Tax on accidents held under the auspices of the various newspaper schemes.

According to a famous naturalist six glow-worms throw out sufficient light to equal one candle's power. We understand that the Brighter London Society has ordered three-and-a-halfdozen.

In Germany, we read, football matches for the summer are being arranged in unprecedented numbers. Evidently the Germans do not share the prejudice against biting a referee when there is no "r" in the month.

Mr. HIPPOLYTE MAR-TINET, an American, has just set off on a walk round the world. Prohibition may explain the first half of his journey : but why should he want to come back?

A Daily Mail correspondent sought the views of Jack Dempsey at Longchamps on the topic of short or long skirts for women. We understand that, when asked for his opinion of the Einstein Theory, he dismissed it with a wave of the hand.

"A magnificent specimen of the wild cat has

been captured at Ardgay, in the High-| speeches are often more effective than | man dashing about in a machine that face to face with the bagpipes it offered to go quietly.

America has decided to restore the stymie. So Mrs. Asquith's visit has not been in vain. *

"A display of meteors occurred last Friday in the north-eastern sky, as predicted in The Daily Mail," says our contemporary. But surely it would have been more worth mentioning if the event had been cancelled after such an announcement. * *

The cruiser Undaunted is for sale. There is some talk of her being purchased as a mascot for the Die-hards.

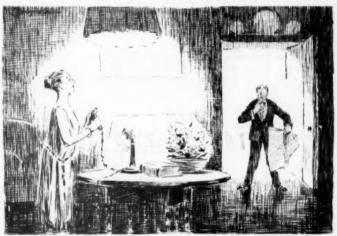
A New York message reports that a

blazing arc off the Barnegat Peninsula." We regret to say that a sea serpent a negro. passing at the time mistook the nature of the object and snapped at it, breaking off three of its teeth.

In a message to Daily Mail machineminders Lord Northcliffe expressed regret that he couldn't be in two places at the same time. Still we remember the time when the famous newspaper proprietor would have had a good try.

It seems a pity that the flame of optimism carefully fanned by The Daily Express should be endangered by the reported increase in burial fees at Maidstone.

According to Mr. CHAMBEBLAIN long on board he will not mind the fact that



"I SAY, HAROLD, THOSE GHASTLY PEOPLE, THE DUDD-ROBINSONS, HAVE ASKED US TO ONE OF THEIR FILTHY DINNERS ON TUESDAY. EXCUSE TO MAKE WHILE I KEEP MY HAND OVER THE TELEPHONE."

lands," says The Morning Post. It is short ones. We can only say that a said that when the animal was brought friend of ours has tried both styles of address on his Income Tax collector, but no good came of it.

> A propos of the Bolshevist Government's demand for a war indemnity of £5,000,000,000 we now hear there is just a possibility that the Allies may hold a Red-Flag Day in order to raise this amount.

British successes in the Chess Tournament at Weston-super-Mare are reported to have been the cause of a tone of quiet satisfaction in the Town Hall. We are glad there was no mafficking.

Dr. OCTAVIO FELIX PEDROSA, a Brazilian scientist now in New York, claims to have discovered a method of chang-"meteorite as big as a house fell in a that this may solve the difficulty of smartly and charge him again.

Dempsey's alleged objection to fighting

The music of Decameron Nights is criticised as being inappropriate. We understand, however, that it was not possible to secure the Decameron bag-

Sir J. M. LE SAGE admits that it was he who gave Lord NORTHCLIFFE his start in daily journalism. We think it was very sporting of him to assume this responsibility.

With reference to the proposed service of passenger motor-boats on the Thames an evening paper suggests that if the City man can have his breakfast

> the fare is higher than on the Underground. Only those can judge who have tasted the Underground fare.

A contemporary has published correspondence on the subject of children singing to keep themselves awake at their work. This practice is still fairly common among professional vocalists.

An Irish peer, charged with dangerous driving at Brighton, was stated to have driven a motorcar for thirty years without complaint. Thirty years ago nobody thought of complaining of an Irish-

wasn't invented. * *

General Pershing has declared before the Senate Military Committee that, if the United States had been prepared, they could have averted the late War. It is, of course, too late now to avert the present Peace.

A Merioneth man has sent to The Daily Mail an egg shaped like a sausage with a long tail, laid by one of his hens. Short of tackling his M.P. about it, we feel confident that he has taken the wisest course.

There have been renewed complaints lately of motor-cars going straight on after knocking people down. The crying need among motorists would seem to be a powerful, yet handy, car which ing black skin to white. It is hoped after charging a pedestrian will turn

HARRIS.

THE first time I didn't meet Harris was in the country. It was a hot day, a very hot day, the sort of day on which a fellow like Gilbey would say, "Come on, old man; just the day for a stroll; must have a breath of fresh air." But you've heard people like that.

We had walked about twenty-five miles, while the day grew hotter and hotter. The very air was gritty. Suddenly the "Green Man" hove in sight on the port bow. Round about it, but of less immediate importance, was the village of X. (A glance at any good map, of anywhere, will enable you to penetrate its disguise. If you can find a village beginning with X, that 's it.)

Now Gilbey is a Spartan. He will tell you so himself. The stern things of life appeal to Gilbey, and the sternest of the whole mad merry throng is his determination never to gratify or to allow other people to gratify a per-fectly natural desire on a hot afternoon. It was an occasion for low cunning.

"Good heavens, Gilbey, you don't mean to tell me that this is X?" I said.

"I didn't mean to tell you anything," he answered, "but it is."

"Why, my dear man, this is where Harris lives.

"What Harris?" said Gilbey.

"Just Harris. Dear old Harris!" I glanced at my watch.

"Thursday afternoon. Gilbey, this is one of your lucky days. You shall meet dear old Harris. Every Thursday afternoon it is his invariable custom to receive his friends in the taproom of the 'Green Man.'" And I led a protesting Gilbey into the cool interior.

Harris wasn't there. Extraordinary! I drew out my watch and tapped it anxiously.

"We'll give him a minute or two," I said.

The landlord came in and said it was a hot day. Gilbey agreed in his most Spartan voice and coughed. Iswallowed.

Things were getting strained. Gilbey was staring fiercely at an advertisement for chicken-grit, refusing, like the gallant little Spartan he is, to let his mind dwell on anything but chicken grit. He looked like a man who is thinking about chicken-grit.

The landlord swallowed suggestively. I swallowed again twice for sympathy. I caught his eye.

Within five seconds two tankards of foaming ale stood on the table before us. Gilbey's mouth was set in one of now and then he would sign at the those firm straight lines that you hear so much about as he tried to keep his socks and divide them between us. mind on the chicken-grit.

foaming ale and one tankard stood on the table before us.

Gilbey's face was haggard. His grip on the chicken-grit was slipping. Another five seconds and he put down his tankard with a sigh.

Still Harris didn't come.

"Your friend doesn't seem to be here," said Gilbey intelligently.

"Suppose we give him another couple of tank-er-minutes?" I suggested.

But he never turned up.

That was how Harris first came into my life, and since then he has proved himself one of the best of fellows and one of the most reliable and modest of friends. He never pushes himself into any company where he is not wanted, and he never fails to be missing when his presence elsewhere would be an advantage. Indeed it is chiefly by his absences that we know him. If a weekend party bores me, it is always Harris who obligingly lies at death's door in a remote part of England; if the Champions are playing at Lord's, Harris is equally ready, with my support as best man, to take unto himself a wife at a suburban church. Between ourselves, Harris has committed bigamy more than once. But perhaps, on the whole, he has buried as many wives as he has married, if not more. Things should be about square.

Harris considers neither his convenience nor his reputation when he can do me a service. I have married him at Maidenhead, buried him at Bournemouth and bailed him out at Brighton. I have seen him off to Brazil and welcomed him back from Japan. I have paid his passage to the Colonies more than once when I was short of money myself. And last, but not least, whenever I feel that I could spare a minute from the office, Harris is always round the corner, ready and anxious to consult me about his canine pets.

And now I hope you realise the sort of fellow Harris is and the sort of fellow I am. Our friendship is a thing almost too deep for words. For, if Harris will do anything for me, am I not equally ready to leave everything, no matter how inconvenient it may be for others, and rush off to help him? If I rely upon Harris, does not Harris equally rely upon me? Friendship can go no further.

Harris did his bit in the Great War by the side of Eustace and me. He shared our dangers and we shared his rations. It was a fair division. And Q.M.'s office, by proxy, for two pair of

But life held compensations even for

rum ration to him round the corner without spilling a drop.

And now he's back in civil life again. the same dear old fellow. I shall see him next week. I'm to be godfather to his last youngster-I've forgotten its number-up in Edinburgh. It's a long way to go, but then I'd do any. thing for Harris.

By Jove, I'd almost forgotten. What's the time? A quarter-past ten. I've just time to slip out and post that letter to Harris before clos-before the box is cleared.

"WHAT THEY FOUCHT EACH OTHER FOR."

[Deploring the lack of male dancers and declaring that dancing should be made compulsory, a correspondent in a daily paper concludes with the remark, "After all, the War does not seem to have taught our young men what physique stands for."

Lo! here's enlightenment at last; Though many a year shall come and go

To dim my memories of the past, I never now can know Such doubts as vexed in days of vore Old Kaspar at his cottage door.

No grandchild can defeat my skill, Demanding what the Great War meant

trust her choice of plaything will Not follow precedent); I shall with logic clear and keen Enlighten little Wilhelmine.

"To gain the fine physique required Of modern ball-room devotees We girt our puttees on nor tired Of torment overseas; Our army boots were donned to grow A really light fantastic toe.

"We knew no thoughts of turning back Through bitter days and nights of strain;

Weary, we humped the heavy pack, Content to think its pain A mere preliminary step To filling fox-trots full of pep.

"We felt that we should soon be paid An ample compensation, as We faced the one-step unafraid, Nor shrank before the jazz; Trap-drumming cannot hope to quell The soul inured to shot and shell.

Instructed by my quoted text On things that hitherto were hid, Tis thus I'll answer that perplexed And catechising kid, And she'll (presumably) agree It was a famous victory.

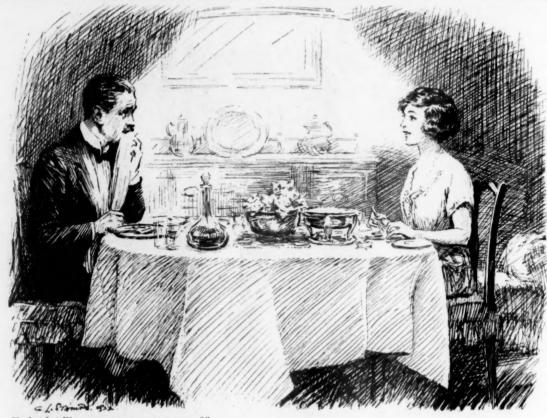
The Exorcist.

"Lay Evangelist (trained) is open to take Five seconds later one tankard of Harris. Many a time I 've carried his demon.)."—Manchester Paper.



DIOGENES-NARCISSUS.

LORD ROBERT CECIL DISCOVERS AN HONEST PARTY.



Husband. "What is this dish, old thing?"

Young Wife, "I'm not sure. Cook left in the middle of making it without saying what it was, and I went on with it."

"TINKER, TAILOR . . ."

(A Child's Guide to the Professions.)
The Lord Chancellor.

If you have seen upon the street
A man who absolutely beat
The ordinary band,
A hyman probestra complete

A human orchestra complete, Who played the cymbals with his feet

Instead of with his hand, And in some way contrived to blow A trumpet or a piccolo, Not with his mouth but with his toe,

And never ceased to strike
A multitude of drums and things
By simply pulling little strings—
You knew it not, but that is what
The Chancellor is like.

Poor gentleman, he has to mix With barristers and Lords,

He is in charge of lunatics,
And coroners and wards:
And, what with listening to Earls,
And looking after orphan girls
And imbeciles of every sort,
And Judges of the County Court,
And all that kind of thing,

He gets extremely little sleep;
And then, of course, he has to keep
The Coverings of the King.

The Conscience of the King;
And sometimes at the close of day
He gives a Vicarage away—
The reason why is dark to me;
But anyhow he has to be

A most religious man,
And often in *The Sunday Chime*Explains the need for overtime
To every artisan.

And round his neck the Great Big Seal
Is permanently tied;
He wears it for the commonweal
By night, by day, at every meal;

It is a source of pride.

Full many a man has sought to steal
That ornament. They died.

But all the same it weighs a deal,

And by a rotten chance It's not allowed to leave the land, And so, of course, you'll understand He cannot go to France;

And oft upon the lonely shore
Men see the sad-eyed Chancellor
At Folkestone or at Dover:

Astride of some convenient groin, He looks with longing at Boulogne As cattle do at clover, Till, feeling that he must relax,
He takes a stick of sealing-wax,
An envelope and lots of string,
And writes a letter to the King
To ask if it is very wrong
To look with longing at Boulogne—
And seals it up all over.

But I should take IT off, I own, And travel quickly to Boulogne.

Or I should simply keep IT on And travel quickly to Boulogne.

A. P. H.

"Clothes again, which are regarded by the Ministry of Labour as necessary, have fallen very much in price."—Provincial Paper.
While holding no brief for the Depart-

While holding no brief for the Department in question, we confess to sharing its prejudice in this respect.

Miss Georia Swanson, the famous film star, reached England last Monday week. She encountered rough weather on the Atlantic; but we are pleased to say that there is no truth in the rumour that, on her arrival, she cabled to America the following modification of an ancient jest: "Sick transit. Gloria. Monday."

GREECE'S NEW GLORY.

A curr paragraph of five lines in the daily Press announces that the Freedom of the City of Athens has been bestowed on Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Punch feels it to be his duty as well as a privilege to supplement this bald and ungracious statement by some account of the signal honour conferred on an illustrious publicist who occupies a place in the affection of the Greeks hardly, if at all, lower than that of Lord Byron.

Mr. O'Connor's journey to Athens was unmarked by any special incident. He travelled by sea, and during the voyage mastered the contents of a complete set of the Loeb Classical Library. On his landing at the Piraeus the enthusiasm of the populace knew no bounds, and on reaching Athens he was borne shoulder-high to his hotel by a phalanx of veterans of the War of Independence. After lunching with the King, Mr. O'CONNOR entered a royal car, wreathed in violets, and proceeded to the Acropolis, where the ceremony was held in the Parthenon. In deference to the wishes of the authorities he was arrayed in classic garb for the most part faithfully copied from the Elgin marbles, but including an accordionpleated fustanella and sandals made from the hide of a duck-billed platypus. kindly supplied by Lord Thanet.

When the tumult of full-throated cheers died down the Prime Minister welcomed the hero of the hour in a noble panegyric. THEOPOMPOS PERICLES O'Connon-for so he would in future be known-was, he pointed out, linked to Greece by the double tie of descent and service. He was the greatest living Milesian and undoubtedly derived from the stock of Cretan colonists who founded the famous Carian city at the mouth of the Mæander. At an early date the Milesians emigrated to Spain and then set forth to conquer Ireland, the old historians agreeing that a succession of Milesian monarchs ruled the island until the reign of RODERICK O'CONNOR, the last native king and progenitor of their guest, who was born at Athlone, which by GRIMM's Law could be shown to be the equivalent of Athens.

Tracing his career the Prime Minister dwelt on his heroic struggles as an exile in London, his wonderful magnanimity to the English, his amazing industry as a writer for the ephemeral and hebdomadal Press, his exploits in the high art of eulogy and his unequalled services as a lubricator of the wheels of political and social life. Unlike EURIPIDES, as depicted by ARISTOPHANES, he never lost his little He said that since setting foot on the Personally we are rather tired of these oil-can. He always abounded in unc- shores of Greece he had been "ever physiological freaks.



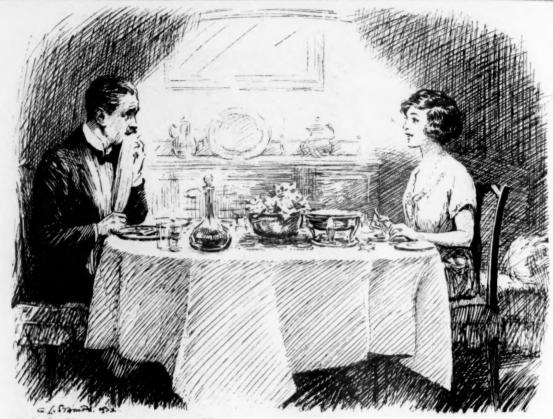
Old Lady (referring to Catalogue). "AH, 'ADAM AND EVE,' AND VERY LIKE THEM TOO!"

tion: he was ever the lover of Greece. In the polyphloisboisterosity of his eloquence he equalled Homer and DEMOSTHENES. As publicist, polymath and patriot he stood alone as the nightingales of Colonus sang, and today, as he walked down Whitehall, reverent passers-by in awe and veneration murmured the mystic words,

Mr. O'CONNOR, though labouring under considerable emotion, acknowledged the encomium in a brief reply happily attuned to the occasion and his unfamiliar but impressive costume.

delicately marching through the most pellucid air." His senatorial duties recalled him to London, but the name of Athens was inscribed upon his heart. His foot was upon the mountains and his face was towards the rising sun. He then signed his name on the Golden Roll with a Heliconian fountain-pen presented him by the journalists of Athens, and the proceedings terminated amid renewed salvoes of applause from the enraptured assembly.

"She lifted her dry, hard eyes, brimming with wistful and bitter tears."—Sunday Paper.



Husbard. "What is this dish, old thing?"

Young Wife. "I'm not sube. Cook left in the middle of making it without saying what it was, and I went on with it."

"TINKER, TAILOR . . . "

(A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

If you have seen upon the street A man who absolutely beat

The ordinary band,
A human orchestra complete,
Who played the cymbals with his
feet

Instead of with his hand, And in some way contrived to blow A trumpet or a piccolo,

Not with his mouth but with his toe,
And never ceased to strike
A multitude of drums and things
By simply pulling little strings—
You knew it not, but that is what
The Chancellor is like.

Poor gentleman, he has to mix With barristers and Lords,

He is in charge of lunatics,
And coroners and wards:
And, what with listening to Earls,
And looking after orphan girls
And imbeciles of every sort,
And Judges of the County Court,
And all that kind of thing,

He gets extremely little sleep; And then, of course, he has to keep

The Conscience of the King; And sometimes at the close of day He gives a Vicarage away— The reason why is dark to me; But anyhow he has to be

A most religious man, And often in *The Sunday Chime* Explains the need for overtime To every artisan.

And round his neck the Great Big Seal
Is permanently tied;
He wears it for the commonweal

By night, by day, at every meal;
It is a source of pride.
Full many a man has sought to steal
That ornament. They died.

But all the same it weighs a deal,
And by a rotten chance
It's not allowed to leave the land,
And so, of course, you'll understand

He cannot go to France; And oft upon the lonely shore Men see the sad-eyed Chancellor At Folkestone or at Dover;

Astride of some convenient groin, He looks with longing at Boulogne As cattle do at clover. Till, feeling that he must relax, He takes a stick of sealing-wax, An envelope and lots of string, And writes a letter to the King To ask if it is very wrong To look with longing at Boulogne— And seals it up all over.

But I should take IT off, I own, And travel quickly to Boulogne.

Or I should simply keep IT on And travel quickly to Boulogne.

A. P. H.

"Clothes again, which are regarded by the Ministry of Labour as necessary, have fallen very much in price,"—Provincial Paper.

While holding no brief for the Department in question, we confess to sharing its prejudice in this respect.

Miss Gloria Swanson, the famous film star, reached England last Monday week. She encountered rough weather on the Atlantic; but we are pleased to say that there is no truth in the rumour that, on her arrival, she cabled to America the following modification of an ancient jest: "Sick transit. Gloria. Monday."

GREECE'S NEW GLORY.

A curr paragraph of five lines in the daily Press announces that the Freedom of the City of Athens has been bestowed on Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Punch feels it to be his duty as well as a privilege to supplement this bald and ungracious statement by some account of the signal honour conferred on an illustrious publicist who occupies a place in the affection of the Greeks hardly, if at all, lower than that of Lord Byron.

Mr. O'Connon's journey to Athens was unmarked by any special incident. He travelled by sea, and during the voyage mastered the contents of a complete set of the Loeb Classical Library. On his landing at the Piraus the enthusiasm of the populace knew no bounds, and on reaching Athens he was borne shoulder-high to his hotel by a phalanx of veterans of the War of Independence. After lunching with the King, Mr. O'Connon entered a royal car, wreathed in violets, and proceeded to the Acropolis, where the ceremony was held in the Parthenon. In deference to the wishes of the authorities he was arrayed in classic garb for the most part faithfully copied from the Elgin marbles, but including an accordionpleated fustanella and sandals made from the hide of a duck-billed platypus, kindly supplied by Lord Thanet.

When the tumult of full-throated cheers died down the Prime Minister welcomed the hero of the hour in a noble panegyric. Theorompos Pericles O'CONNOR-for so he would in future be known-was, he pointed out, linked to Greece by the double tie of descent and service. He was the greatest living Milesian and undoubtedly derived from the stock of Cretan colonists who founded the famous Carian city at the mouth of the Mæander. At an early date the Milesians emigrated to Spain and then set forth to conquer Ireland, the old historians agreeing that a succession of Milesian monarchs ruled the island until the reign of RODERICK O'CONNOR, the last native king and progenitor of their guest, who was born at Athlone, which by GRIMM's Law could be shown to be the equivalent of Athens.

Tracing his career the Prime Minister dwelt on his heroic struggles as an exile in London, his wonderful magnanimity to the English, his amazing industry as a writer for the ephemeral and hebdomadal Press, his exploits in the high art of eulogy and his unequalled services as a lubricator of the wheels of political and social life. Unlike EURIPIDES, as depicted by oil-can. He always abounded in unc- shores of Greece he had been "ever physiological freaks.



Old Lady (referring to Catalogue). "AH, 'ADAM AND EVE.' AND VERY LIKE THEM TOO !"

tion; he was ever the lover of Greece. delicately marching through the most In the polyphloisboisterosity of his eloquence he equalled Homen and DEMOSTHENES. As publicist, polymath and patriot he stood alone as the nightingales of Colonus sang, and today, as he walked down Whitehall, reverent passers-by in awe and veneration murmured the mystic words,

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"She lifted her dry, hard eyes, brimming with wistful and bitter tears."-Sunday Paper. ARISTOPHANES, he never lost his little He said that since setting foot on the Personally we are rather tired of these

WEST HAM AND HELICON.

II.

Spirited is what I should call the following piece; and I have little doubt that, if the writer had complied with the conditions laid down, he would have been adopted as the official poet of the Borough of West Ham. As to his identity, literary critics whom I have consulted hesitate to express an opinion. Personally I think his initials are G. K. C. It is called

THE SONG AGAINST GOLD.

When nobody drank water
And everyone drank wine,
The King of England's daughter
Hung washing on a line,
And the King he took all rich men
And slew them for a sign.
Beyond the road of Mile End
He hanged them in a row,
Where all things mean and vile end
Beyond the Bridge of Bow;
But now there's nothing cheap about
And millionaires still creep about
And lamp-posts never leap about

Save only down at West Ham, where rich men may not go.

When Michael rode in thunder
On Satan and his peers
The heavens were rent asunder
And dropped three golden spheres,
And they fell on the cities of England
And filled the world with tears.
They fell all hot and smoking,
And Abraham the prince
Employed them for pawnbroking,
And has done ever since;
His hoary beard he wags away,
He takes our Sunday bags away,

All hope in life he drags away,
Save only down at West Ham, and there men
make him wince.

For there men's hearts are thorough,
The things they place in pawn
By charter-right of borough
They pinch again at dawn,
And they leave in place of their pledges
Ham sandwiches and brawn;
And they seize the peddling grocer
When they find him in West Ham,
And they shave his whiskers closer
And daub the roots with jam;
And they mock the men of Middlesex
With their "stuff and taradiddles" explanation of the riddle, sex,
And they fight their way to heaven with a beer mug and a pram.

For deep in curtained cloisters
And long luxurious bars
The proud men eat their oysters
And smoke their huge cigars;
But the little lone fried-fish shops
Look upward to the stars;
For the men in the little places
Are wiser than Dean Inge,
They fasten up their braces
With godliness and string,

And jump about and bound about On May Days in a roundabout, And booze whatever's found about In the merry burg of West Ham where all the costers sing.

For the Mayor has vowed to slaughter The pale-faced profiteer And turned off all the water To make men's hearts sincere, For no man may be a Christian Save only but by beer, By hating all things neuter And by holding to the right, And drinking ale from pewter Till the sun has conquered night, Till the morn has brought the clock about And all the pavements rock about And we know that life's a knock-about And bed's a thing to mock about, As they mock it down at West Ham where the rich are slain at sight.

SCOTTISH HOME RULE.

"Hae we got Home Rule for Scotland yet?" Peter asked as he took a seat in a corner of the little private room.

"No' that Ah've heard o'," replied MacNidder. "Were ye expectin' onything o' the kind, Peter, when ye got back this voyage?"

"Weel, Ah wisna, tae tell ye the truth; but we got a bunch o' auld papers frae yin o' the beef boats jist afore we sailed frae the Plate, an' Ah saw that the Marquis o' Milngavie had been sayin' something aboot it."

"Ah'll believe ye, though Ah ken naething aboot it masel'.

Dae ye think it wid be a guid thing for us? It disna seem tae hae worked ower weel in Ireland."

"Man, Ah'm surprised at ye! Whit his that got tae dae wi'it? Ye canna compare Ireland wi' us when it comes tae a thing like this. Nacthing like you could happen here. Suppose the Bill wis passed the morrow, whit d'ye

think the first thing wid be?"

"Mebbe they'd gie us the extra 'oor, the same as the public booses in England an' Sunday again' forbye."

public-hooses in England, an' Sunday openin' forbye."

"Hae a bit o' sense, MacNidder. They'd hae tae get the Hooses o' Parliament afore they could dae onything. Whaur wid they be, Glesca or Edinburgh? An' that's whaur the trouble wid start. Edinburgh wid claim that it is the Capital, that it his the finest street in the world and that the inhabitants are edjicated an' speak wi' a cultured account.

"Then the Glesca papers wid tak' a haun' in the game. They wid p'int oot plainly that Edinburgh his nae richt tae be the Capital, an' onyhow Glesca his the money. Princes Street, they'd say, may be the finest street, though they hae their doots aboot it, but it is the only street, an' ye need mair than wan street tae hae a decent procession. An' onybody'll tell ye Parliament canna be opened without a procession.

"While a' this wis goin' on, yin o' that real Scots, the yins that hae naething but 'The' for a Christian name—The MacFiggis or mebbe The MacAuchentorle—yin o' them wid want tae ken if the official language wis tae be Gaelic or English. It wid be gey droll, that, because he'd hae tae write tae the papers in English or naebody wid un'erstaun' him.

"Ye see hoo the country wid be split? Some wantin' the Hooses o' Parliament in Edinburgh, ithers wantin' them in Glesca, an' anither crowd wantin' the Gaelic spokeu. There

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MANNERS AND MODES.

[Mr. Punch's reporter solves the difficult problem of the great Skirt Controversy.]



OF COURSE THE LONG SKIRT IS INFINITELY MORE BECOMING-



THOUGH ONE WOULD NOT WISH TO MAKE HARD-AND-FAST RULES ON THE SUBJECT.



In fact for evening wear there is no doubt that the short skirt should be sleady work—



BY SOME PEOPLE.

ye hae a' that 's necessary for a terrible war; an' there wid be a terrible war; but only in the newspapers, mark ye. There wid be nae bluidshed or riotin' in the streets. Folk like me an' you wid go aboot oor business as usual, an' the only yins that wid get ony excitement oot o' it wid be the Scottish Home Rule Society, the St. Andrew's Societies, an' sichlike fanatics."

"But wid the Communists an' Bolshies no' tak' advan-

tage o' the row tae try tae stir up strife?

"Ay, oor Russian comrades wid communicate wi' us, askin' if we needed money or jewels tae buy rifles an' ammunition. We'd tak' the money an' charter a' the idle ships tae bring arms intae the country an' gie the unemployed sailors an' dockers a job. There'd be a shippin' boom the like ye never heard o'. But when the money wis done an' the country fu' o' rifles an' bombs, naething much wid' happen.

"The Russian comrades wid hae seen tae it that each o' it. the three pairties got their fair whack-the Glesca lads, a' the dignity we could muster. A country, MacNidder,

the Edinburgh lads an' the Hielan'men that are a' for the Gaelic. Scotland wid be fair hotchin' wi'lethal weapons. But yin o' the Hielan'men wid write tae a cousin in the Glesca polis-force tellin' him that the basement o' the University wis fu' o' guns. Glesca, ave ready tae think the worst, wid blame Edinburgh for betrayin' them. The next ye'd read wid be that the polis had got a wheen o' rifles in a couple o' disused rooms in Edinburgh Castle. Then the Hielan'man, bein' too much o'a gentleman tae attack unarmed men, wid try for a reward for discoverin' the Gaelic

lads' store. An' that would be the end o' the fechtin'. "By aboot this time the language question wid hae settled itsel', for the twa or three that really can speak the Gaelic wid hae let their shootin's tae benighted but moneyed Sassenachs an' hae gone to the South o' France, attracted by the rate o' exchange, nae doot. The location o' the Hooses o' Parliament wid be settled as weel-probably in a hydro near a golf-links, wi' allotments handy. Golf an' plantin' spuds seem tae be the chief recreations o' prominent

politicians. "Jist whit wid happen next, MacNidder, Ah'm no' ower sure. If they gie'd M.P.'s four hunner a year everybody in the country that wis earnin' less wid want tae staun' for Parliament, an there wid hardly be onybody left tae elect them. If they got ower this difficulty they 'd only be intae anither. A' them that wis elected wid want tae be Cabinet Meenisters; there's aye mair money for that job.

"The question o' a Premier wid gie them a lot o' trouble. The name o' Sir HARRY LAUDER micht suggest itsel', but ye'd want tae mind that a' they could offer him widna be the price o' a week's engagement, without ony matinées. He micht be persuaded tae tak' the job if he wis allowed tae sing a couple o' sangs every nicht, an' chairge the public We gather that the rule "fair heel and toe" was in the admission; but this wid be apt to create ill-feelin' in the circumstances dispensed with.

English Parliament, which, though it does its best, hisna the real humorous talent. Naw, it widna dae.'

"An' a' this time," said MacNidder in alarm, "there'd be nae Government. Man, the country wid be goin' tae fair rack an' ruin. There'd be nae law or order.

"There wid be nae Government, richt enuff, but ye're wrang aboot law an' order. We'll aye hae that as lang as we hae Hielan' polismen."

"Ah'm gled tae hear ye say it, Peter. It's an awfu'

prospect jist the same."

"Ye needna worry yer heid, Mac, it 'll never happen. The Marquis o' Milngavie can crack his jokes aboot Home Rule tae his hairt's content, an' a' thae patriotic societies can agitate till they 're fed up; it 'll no' mak' ony difference, for the rest o' us ken when we 're weel aff."

"Ye think they'll no' gie us it?'

"Gie us it? Ye canna gie a thing if naebody'll accept If they offered it tae us the morrow we'd refuse it wi

> lives by its export trade. As lang as we export politicians an' ither Scotsmen tae England we staun' a fair chance o' bein' a prosperous an' happy country."



Boy at carriage window (to father, seeing him off to school). "If you like, Daddy, I'll introduce you to Binks's father, He's the sort of man it MIGHT BE RATHER USEFUL FOR YOU TO KNOW."

COUÉ AT BRIDGE.

In circles where Serious Bridge is played there is heartburning over the question whether the incantation. "In every rubber and in every hand I get more and more aces and kings," is strictly permissible. A ruling of the Portland Club has been requested.

It may be pointed out that in a friendly game with strangers in a firstclass railway-carriage

this chant, especially if unusual skill in dealing were indicated, might conceivably, and indeed justifiably, lead to a regrettable breach of the peace.

From a cricket article:-

"Let us remember, in fact, to borrow Mr. Warner's favourite quotation, 'Ex Africa semper aliquine novi!' "—Sunday Paper.

If correctly reported, "PLUM" must have been in the "slips" when he made it.

An I.R.A. notice :-

"(1) Musketry practice will be carried out by troops on portion of the golf-links on Wednesday, 19th inst., between the hours of 2 P.M. and 5 P.M.; (2) Persons are requested not to loiter on the range during the above specified hours."—Irish Paper.

We understand that the local golfers courteously complied.

"Owing to a mishap to a goods train which left Portheawl about 11 o'clock on Saturday night, the late down-passenger train from Swansea failed to run. Hundreds of passengers were compelled to walk home, a distance of fully 20 miles, arriving between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning."—Daily Paper.

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Patron of Vegetarian Restaurant. "Why don't you have real flowers instead of these artificial ones?" Manager. "Well, Sir, we used to, but customers would eat them."

METROMANIA.

(Dedicated, in awe and admiration, to Mr. H. W. GARROD, author of "Simonidea.")

Poring o'er the priceless pages of The Classical Review, Where our professorial pundits esoteric aims pursue, Suddenly I had a vision, looming largely through the

Of the awful Armageddon of contending prosodists.

Rapt into the Realm of Metre, in a catalectic trance, I beheld the Pentapodies anacrustically prance, While WILAMOWITZ expounded his heretical design For the absolute dethronement of the Archebulian line.

Horror-struck, I saw the onslaught of a choriambic crew Of enhoplian pterodactyls on an ephelcystic gnu; Listened to the gruesome bellowing when HEPHAESTION released

Hordes of logaædic trochees on the melic anapæst.

Loud the cries of VICTORINUS and of TRICHAS rose and fell As they drove the strong casura through the fields of asphodel,

Truculently titubating o'er the prostrate paradigms And complacently committing hypercatalectic crimes.

BERGK and HARTUNG, HILLER-CRUSIUS, GOTTFRIED HERMANN, SCHNEIDEWIN,

Aged FORTUNATIANUS gave at times a feeble yelp, And at intervals LUPERCUS bleated forth the Greek for "Help!"

Fierce eleutherometricians skirmished wildly in the van, Executing evolutions which my eyes refused to scan, Agile as the young opossum in the movement of their

Yet indisputably tending to become asynartete.

But the anapæstic phalanx, redolent of coming doom, With Simonidean starkness hurtled through the growing gloom ;

Intermittently discharging from the epinikian heights Salvoes of Pindaric spondees at the fleeing epitrites.

Ultimately things grew calmer and a gentle dochmiac Bore me safely from the welter on its Sophoclean back, And prosodic peace descended softly over land and sea As I woke to find Lord Thanet still belabouring L. G.

"The worm has turned. . . . Thus does it swallow camels and strain at gnats." — Magazine. We don't believe this.

From the report of a "Military Quick-step" at a bandcontest:-

"Their discipline emulated the Goldsteam Guards." New Zealand Paper.

In the thickest of the mélée swelled the desolating din; Who always march to the tune of "The British Profiteers."



"DON'T YOU BEMEMBER ME, SIR? YOU SAVED MY LIFE AT YPRES."

"DID I? I'M SORRY."

A BASIN OF LETHE.

(Recommended as an anodyne for Art Galleries.)

WHEN, after many years, I re-visited the Tate Gallery the other day, and, preserving a strict incognito, was admitted free, just like a member of the general public, I was once more amazed at the continued neglect by sightseers of what I have always considered the most intriguing feature of this institution.

I allude to the gold-fish basin in the middle of the floor of the central vestibule. Excepting when an occasional visitor, bemused with a surfeit of Art, almost blundered into it and shied away like a startled stag, nobody gave it a distraught by the conflict of schools. glance.

I remember that it was ever thus. And yet these gold-fish were not placed here to be ignored. It is only reasonable to infer a purpose in their presence. I inferred it, and was grateful, long ago, when this place was a picture gallery dominated by the nineteenth century I appreciate it even more now that the eighteenth century, headed by HOGARTH, has arrived here from Trafalgar Square, and the twentieth, if not the twentyfirst, led by JOHN and SICKERT, from Chelsea and Camden Town, to form what is known as an Art Collection. For I am more than ever certain that this basin of gold-fish was thoughtfully provided as a solace and a sedative for those oppressed by artistic doubts or

with rushing from TONKS to TURNER. from Watts to Wyndham Lewis, let me lead you into the soothing influence of this limpid water and these quiet

As you are rather dizzy it will be safer to lie prone at full length on the tiles, with your elbows on the low parapet. With so much eccentricity on the walls, a Mélisande in-the-Wood attitude on the floor is not likely to excite adverse comment. It may even tempt others to follow your example. And a ring of haggard faces round this Lethean pool would not rouse its denizens from their enviable apathy.

These fishes are so contemptuous of man that they have evidently quite forgotten the day when a wicked fellow smuggled a fishing-rod and a camp-stool in here. But the janitors have not. That is why you were required to give up your umbrella on entering; not-now that women have got the vote-in case you might prod the pictures or the statuary.

Unfortunately the indifference of the public has discouraged the authorities from selling penny bags of fish-food at the picture-postcard stall; but if you can find a few crumbs in your pocket you shall see the fish answer to their

You can't? Well, anyhow, they are all called after eminent critics, past and present. That big greyish one, for instance, is "Ruskin," and this bright little marmalade - coloured chap is "Clutton-Brock." I have been privileged to watch the curator distributing the chopped worms on Sunday mornings, and so I know them all. It's wonderful to see them wriggling and wagging their tails as he calls them each in turn. . .

But come, now; I'm sure you feel calmer already. And don't you agree with me that every Art Gallery ought to have a gold-fish basin like this? There would, of course, be a good deal of splashing at some of those crowded Private Views. But, at any rate, it would cure that detestable habit of walking backwards at picture-shows. And in some cases, I think, a tank of alligators would be even better.

Our Grim Humourists.

"Only one tender had been received for the upkeep of the parish churchyard, amounting to £1 18s. 6d. per week. It was referred to the Recreation Grounds Committee."

Local Paper.

"Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Cowper were each born in April, and the first two, like Swinburne, chose April for both birth and death."—Daily Paper.

Besides being born and not made, poets appear to have the additional distinc-Reader, with your poor brain a-whirl tion of being born when they like.

ER, let ice iet be he ralie ıde adpt da an om of orow ool nat our hat ou the ies at you ket eir are and inght iviing rnand em feel ree ght is? leal ded , it of WS. of

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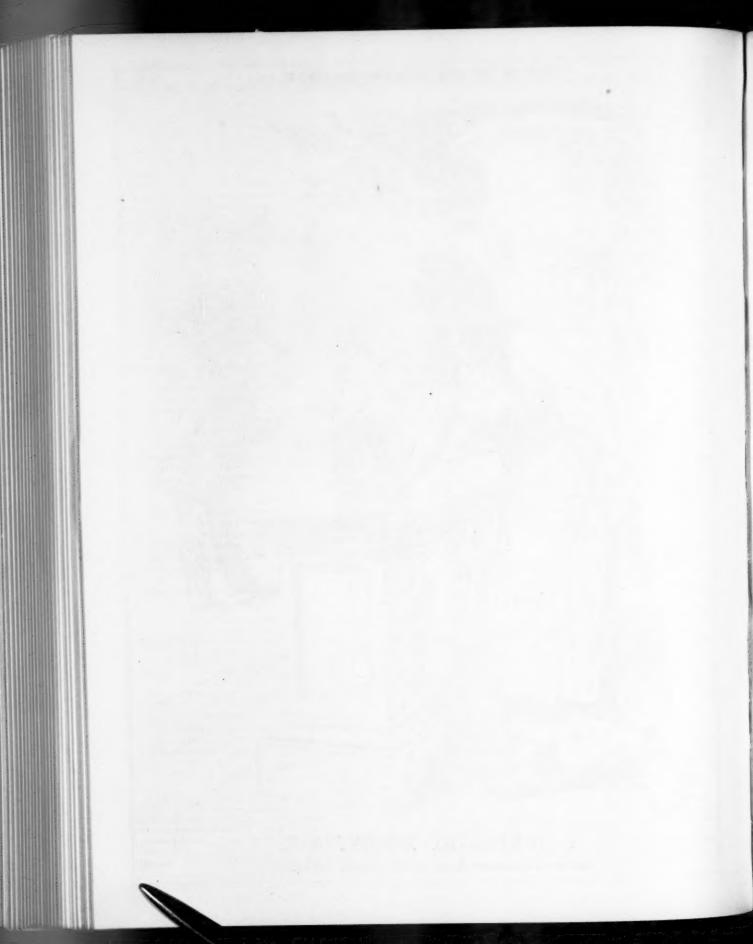
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A TEMPORARY MÉSENTENTE.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE (to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE). "PERFIDE!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Wednesday, April 26th .- Members of the House of Commons showed no great alacrity to resume their labours after the Easter Recess. Some of them, of course, could not help themselves. The PRIME MINISTER was still at Genoa, unable to tear himself away from the stimulating society of (among others) M. TCHICHERIN and the EDITOR of The Times. Mr. CHURCHILL had had a difference of opinion with another kind of steed, and was at home nursing his bruises and filling up insurance-claims on the various journals that he honours with his patronage. Sir ROBERT HORNE was wrestling in seclusion with the problems of the Budget and trying to decide which among the innumerable claimants to his slender surplus he could afford to satisfy on May-day and which he must disappoint.

Questions were few, and productive of little in the way of either information or humour. Members wondered once again over the paradox that more than a hundred thousand men in the building trade are being maintained in idleness at the public expense while the demand for houses is almost as great as ever; but neither Dr. MACNA-MARA nor Sir ALFRED MOND had any fresh suggestion to make for its removal. The new Member for Bodmin, greatly daring, asked a question about Devenport Dockyard, and of course provoked another from Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE, who obviously thought it intolerable that an alien Foot should trespass on his preserve.

On days like this almost anything will secure a laugh. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL must have been much gratified by the success of his reply to Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS'S inquiry if there were any other Recorderships, besides that of London, which did not oblige the recipient to vacate his seat in the House. Sir Ernest Pollock replied that he himself knew of two. "One is the Recordership of Kingston-on-Thames, which I happen to hold myself." And the House greeted this as if it were a joke of the first water.

Mr. AMERY's lucid exposition of the Empire Settlement Bill deserved a far larger audience than listened to it. He is an enthusiast for the work (of which he has been in charge ever since the Armistice) of transferring some of our surplus population to the empty spaces overseas. Already some fifty thousand ex-service men have been settled in the Dominions; and the great majority of them have "made good." Mr. AMERY read a selection of their grateful letters. girl he left behind him might also be graciously pleased to remove the em- my lovers!"

AMERY, she will have to wait until the House passes this Bill.

After that, and the statement that no new and expensive machinery would be required for its administration, its acceptance was assured. Mr. CLYNES, it is true, thought it necessary to introduce a note of scepticism. The Dominions, he complained, would only accept our best; and we did not want to let our best go. He was also apprehensive lest there should be insufficient provision for "enjoyment, entertainment and social life" in the back blocks. It is quite time that Mr. CLYNES made a world-tour. He would then discover that, given fresh air and sunshine and their own land to develop, men and women can be tolerably happy even



THE IMPERIAL MATCHMAKER. MR. AMERY.

without cinemas and cup-ties to distract them.

Thursday, April 27th .- The proceedings in the House to-day were about as cheerless as the weather outside. In the general depression of Question-time Members were thankful for the smallest mercies. Mr. Manville's discovery that the Government had given the building contract for a telephone exchange to the Co-operative Wholesale Society-a body which notoriously paid no income-tax—was received in the circumstances as if he had unearthed a first-class scandal; while Sir J. GIL-MOUR's announcement that the flowerbeds in Hyde Park could not be restored this summer assumed the dimensions of a disaster, and was only mitigated by his further statement that the FIRST One man wrote requesting that the COMMISSIONER OF WORKS had been

granted a free passage; but, said Mr. bargo on the use of hand-cameras in the unenclosed portions of that and other Royal parks. The MINISTER OF AGRI-CULTURE also made his contribution to the general hilarity with the revelation that last week there were only three outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease.

As a speaker Mr. FISHER is not exactly what you would call "rollicking," nor are the Education Estimates a laughing matter in any sense of the words. Nevertheless there was a certain grim humour in the spectacle of a Minister who probably thinks that it is impossible to spend too much upon education laboriously defending the six million "cut" that he had been compelled to make at the bidding of the Cabinet, and endeavouring to convince himself and the Committee that it would cause no falling-off in efficiency.

In some cases, of course, he was preaching to the converted. Sir J. D. REES, for example, whose pet aversion is the system of sending ex-officers to Oxford and Cambridge at the public expense, enforced his argument with the dictum of "one of the most able men in the City" (unnamed) that "it took five years to eradicate the evil effects of a University education.'

The liveliest speech of the debate was made by Sir Martin Conway (Mr. FISHER's colleague in the representation of the lesser English Universities), who declared that our whole system of education was fundamentally unsound. The proper sequence was first to build up a healthy body and a sound character, next to provide skilled hands, and only then to instil knowledge; for, "as for knowledge, what did any of us know?" To this rhetorical question a perusal of the debate suggests a discouraging reply.

Commercial Candour.

Island.-The ultra-modern Resort. New Bell Tent for periodical hire. The ideal, enervating and inexpensive holiday. Weekly Paper.

From a tradesman's circular :-"For some years prior to the war I was involved in Confectionery of the highest order." He is apparently still sticking to it.

From a theatrical criticism :-"Even top-hole folk require some bricks if strnw is to result."—Sunday Paper.

Nevertheless the audience is requested not to throw them at the actors.

"Sir,-Is 'A Lover of Shakespeare' aware that Shakespeare is responsible for no play entitled 'Simon of Athens'? No doubt he refers to the play of 'Tymen of Athens.'

ANOTHER LOVER OF SHAKESPEARE."

Letter in Provincial Paper.

Well may the Bard cry, "Save me from



Tailor, "A LITTLE ON THE EASY SIDE, MADAM, BUT HE 'LL SOON FILL THEM OUP." Sister. "MUMMY, THE GENTLEMAN HAS FILLED HIS CLOTHES OUT YERY NICELY."

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

HE was at the very head of the long row of cabs that were waiting for theexpress to come in at Waterloo. But in his case pride of place meant no-thing, for he drove a four-wheeler, and all the others were taxis, and people who arrive by express are in a hurry to get away.

There, however, he sat, hoping pro-bably against hope, while behind him extended half-a-mile of the vehicles which have made him obsolete.

Having still some time to wait before the train that I was meeting arrived I was able to watch him. He was a little old man-short and brisk, with white hair and a lined face. All cabmen have suddenly become old, but whereas advanced age strikes one as machinery seeming to demand youthit goes fittingly enough, and always has done so, with growlers. What all these

and how they spent their distant juven- the past hour, had been anticipating escence; but the venerable driver at Waterloo was always a driver. I asked tainer with impatience. him and he told me so, but I guessed it

When the express arrived he galvanised his horse and began to make alluring signs and sounds as the passengers emerged; but one and all repulsed him.

"No, no, I want a taxi," was the

steady reply.

He took it very well-he must indeed have been used to it-but as taxi after taxi filled up and moved away he began to show signs of dejection. He left the box and made direct frontal attacks on the more likely-looking people: an old-fashioned lady, for example, who to his eye would be suspicious of all novel inventions, but whom he totally misread, for she made a bee-line for her own car; odd on the box of a taxi-such modern and then a schoolboy with a bicycle, upon which he laid a detaining hand preparatory to lifting it on the roof. To the old cabman the boy looked weak old taxi-drivers did before they took to and pliable: a little bold address would it is a problem where they come from logically astray. The boy, probably for see me they fairly cry sometimes. 'We

his taxi ride and he shook off his de-

At last the platform had emptied and the four-wheeler was left alone.

It was then that I went over for a

"They seem to prefer petrol," I said.

He grunted assent.

"I don't see how you can make it pay," I said.

"We couldn't if people weren't kind," he replied. "They're sorry for us. They look at the old horse and they look at me, and they take us on out of

"Is there so much compassion as that?" I asked. "I'm surprised. But I'm glad to hear it."

"And sentiment too," he said.
"That's why I come to Waterloo.
People arrive here from Africa and Australia, you know - old Colonists

coming home again-and they 've been thinking about the London they used to know and particularly about hantheir present occupation I can't say: capture him; but again he was psycho- soms and four-wheelers, and when they must have another ride in a fourwheeler,' they say, 'just for the sake of old times.' And they 're not mean when they get to the other end, either.

"And then there are the lovers—they like us too. We're not in a hurry. And what with these and a few very wet days, when people don't mind what they ride in—a hearse, if it was water-proof—we just manage. But to-day's an unlucky one. Look at that sun shining! And there's no big boat in to-day either."

"Still," I said, "it is Spring, and this is the lovers' season. Don't despair

"I never despair," he replied. "But

it's weary work waiting."
"Well," Isaid, "I must go. My train's
due." And I went off to another arrival
platform and met the twins and their
mother.

The twins took each a hand and advanced to the gate by leaps and bounds.

"What are we going to do?" they asked excitedly; "are we going to the Zoo?"

"If you like," I said.

"Directly-before lunch?"

" Yes."

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"And after lunch?"

"During lunch," I said, "we shall study the advertisements and see which is the best matinée and we'll go to that."

They sprang into the air, for they have been well brought up and these excursions are sufficiently rare to be raptures almost beyond control.

"But first," I said, after we were free from the ticket-collector, "I have a special experience for you. I want you to know what travelling about London used to be like when your mother was a child and I was a young man. So as a very particular treat we are going to the Zoo in a growler."

"A growler!" they exclaimed. "Oh, how divine!" E. V. L.

TWO FOR MIRTH.

When the Universe began,
Zeus, with kingly cadence,
From Olympus gave the plan
To uplift reluctant man
Cold Parnassian heights to scan,
Through some learned maidens.

Maids were they of many a part-Pedagogues, though charming; Theirs was every classic art, History book and astral chart; Arcady, I think, at heart

Found them most alarming.
Therefore Zeus (Oh, kind is he!)
Thought him to supply a
Leaven to a company
Learned in the last degree;
Sent he them Terpsichore,
Sent he them Thalia.



LADY OF FASHION, WHO CONSIDERS HER LATEST PORTRAIT UNFLATTERING, SURREPTITIOUSLY APPLIES A FEW AIDS TO BEAUTY.

Sent he Dance and happy Song Tripping down the ages; Little sisters both, but strong All to help the world along; Joy in movement for the throng, Wit in poets' pages.

Always in their pretty eyes
Pedantry looked hateful;
Life put on a gayer guise,
"Fun," they said, "is for the wise,
Mirth's the lore for man to prize!"
Aready was grateful.

Still their rule is holiday
Under sky or rafter;
With the rhyme that's golden gay,
With the measure young as May,
Still they're Muses, still at play,
Sib to Youth and Laughter.

Still you can at either shrine
Lay your offering votive;
Little songs like country wine,
Foot a-trip and floor a-shine,

Please the smallest of the Nine, Maids of madcap motive.

So, when fiddles call to you
Or when rhyme engages,
Hearken now with homage new
Praising, as is only due,
One or other of my two
Little laughing sages.

"Behind the Screen. Genoa to go Down in Film History." Yorkshire Paper.

What we are chiefly anxious to see is the "close-up" of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and M. POINCARÉ.

From the report of a municipal meeting:-

"Mr. — said the reports in the newspapers had made him appear to be more intelligent than he thought he was.

This was agreed to,"—Local Paper. We hope Mr. — was pleased.

AT THE PLAY.

"WINDOWS" (COURT).

If I had just written as good a play as "Loyalties," and was also being Leonized in a cycle of revivals, I should have been tempted to let well alone for a bit. But Mr. Galsworthy preferred to strike another blow at the iron while it was white-hot; and I think he has missed it. He is fundamentally a serious writer, and, though free to indulge a very pretty wit about things that don't matter, he can't afford to ridicule his own ideals. We are used to this habit in Mr. BERNARD SHAW (whose influence is here traceable in not done England any good. the half-baked philosophy of Mr. GALS-WORTHY'S Window-cleaner, strongly re- modern flapper who didn't count-we instincts. But these were incidental dolent of the Chauffeur in Man

and Superman); but then Mr. Shaw seems always less concerned about the sincerity of his ideals than about the need of raising a laugh somehow, even at

their expense.

Lest we should dwell too much on the face of Mr. Shaw grinning through these "Windows," Mr. GALSWORTHY seeks to distract us by reminiscences of himself. We have again the old passionate protest, as in his Justice, against the prison system. Here the victim Faith Bly, daughter of the Window-cleaner-is a young girl who has smothered her illegitimate child. Whether or not we accepted her fantastic plea that her object was to save it from being a ward in Chancery, it certainly seemed that she had done pretty well in getting off with two years. But that was not good enough for Mr. GALSWORTHY; he wanted

our pity and tears for the poor "only two days-hardly worth mentioning." (A big laugh here from an audience that didn't seem to have heard of the servant-girl's hallowed apology that it was "only a little one.")

Now at Highgate there was a family called March, who charitably took Faith on as a parlourmaid; and I will tell you something about these interestpère was a novelist whose gifts of obby the fact that he attributed all the A farcical scene. ills of life to the Government. For

especially as her father, while perfunctorily cleaning his very large windows, afforded him entertainment with his prattle on Hegel and Nietzsche and its more grotesque features I need not the desirability of "following your instincts." The son, Johnny, was a second-rate poet, suffering from "uplift" (his own word) and excess of chivalry. Upon the War, in which he had served, he looked back with profound disgust; for not only had he so far forgotten his principles as to kill a German, but it had wasted three years of his life (corresponding roughly to the period of Faith Bly's incarceration) and wanted was love and not redemption,



THE FAITH THAT COULD NOT REMOVE JOHNNY. Miss Mary Odette. Faith Bly Johnny March . . . MR. JOHN HOWELL.

innocent who through this terrible come to the mother, who was presented a specimen of that commonest of types period had been debarred by the cruelty to us as an ordinary British matron, of the law from enjoying the simple reeking with stuffy moral prejudices. pleasures of life-its flowers, its colour, She alone was against the introduction its freedom, its shop-fronts, its streets into the household of a girl who had at night. And all for what? Just for murdered her bastard. She proved, howsmothering a baby that had been born ever, to be easily the most intelligent of worther's intentions may have been he the family, a thing that none of the never made her touch our hearts. For others had ever suspected; and her forebodings were quickly justified when bitterness and levity left me cold; and the girl was caught philandering with Miss Mary Odette did little, either by Johnny. Instantly she dismissed her, and instantly her son flew into a noble temperature and make me susceptible rage and swore that the girl should remain. To this end he established himself on the landing outside her door and performed. Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, ing and enlightened suburbans. March blockaded it, refusing to take nourishment and consoling himself with a in the rôle of an easy-going man prepared servation and analysis may be gauged concertina and the lucubration of poetry.

Greater scientists than Mr. GALSthe rest he was pleasantly specula- worthy have failed to solve the problem signed or not. He was given every tive and saw no good reason why the of an irresistible force acting upon an chance by Mr. Thesigen with his over-

girl should not be given a chance, immovable object; and his effort to get out of the difficulty that he had made for himself resulted in a last Act that let the faithful down rather badly. With detain you, merely saying that Mr. Bly was brought on in a state of intoxication, not very convincing in itself, but serving to illustrate the philosophy of "following your instincts;" and that Mrs. March - the last person in the world to do it-was made to absorb an incredible series of liqueurs, inducing a condition of mellowness which allowed her to recognise that what the girl and so, inferentially, to argue the sound-Passing over the daughter-an average ness of the principle of following your

> diversions. The main thing was to break down the son's opposition and get the girl out of the house; and this had to be done by evidence that her feeling for the colour of life had been so strong that while carrying on with Johnny she had also become attached in the streets to a very undesirable type of ac-

quaintance.

If Mr. GALSWORTHY'S object was to show that you must take human nature as you find it (which doesn't sound very good for ideals) then I think he should have insisted a little more from the first on that instinct in the girl which brought her infant into being, and a little less on the stupidity of the penalty she paid for putting it out of being. For this penalty may have fostered the instinct but did not create it.

Indeed the murder and the imprisonment were hardly essential to the play. It would have been enough to show that she was just

in any station of life to-day-the girl who means to have "a good time" and is not too fastidious as to how she gets it. One does not waste sympathy on such a type, and whatever Mr. GALSmyself, anyhow, her alternations of bitterness and levity left me cold; and voice or by manner, to improve my to the alleged pathos of her position.

Most of the play was extremely well as Geoffrey March, was always at home to appreciate the convictions of others and content to exercise his own sense of humour by listening to theirs-deHOUSE PARTIES.



IN THE DULL OLD DAYS BEFORE THE WAR WE HAD MILD LITTLE RAGS LIKE THIS-



BUT NOW WE PUT SOME LIFE INTO THEM.

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every overgarrulous philosophy-a very entertaining performance up to the point when the Windows of Mr. Bly's intelligence got glazed with drink; by Mr. John Howell as young March, a bit of a prig, courageously played; and by Miss CLARE GREET, who made a very comfortable and warm-hearted cook and never pressed the broader humour of this genre.

But my best thanks go to Miss IRENE ROOKE, always a source of pure delight. At first, when her Joan March was making up a menu under a devastating battery of high-brow talk, I thought she was just going to repeat her charming study of a stupid woman in The Truth about Blayds. But she soon showed herself a match for them all, with her quiet certainty of herself and the unanswerable logic of her humour. For her decline in the matter of the brandy she must not be held responsible; indeed, if I were not convinced of his habitual sobriety, I should suspect Mr. GALS-WORTHY of having himself indulged in that heroic stimulant before conceiving this episode.

I have a vague idea that the moralor one of the morals-of the play was that we all ought to do our best to see clearly through the Windows of men's souls. Well, my trouble in the case of Mr. GALSWORTHY'S is that there is so much stained glass about, so many conflicting "prophets blazoned on the This is very disturbing and tends to give me an air of ingratitude. Yet I am honestly grateful to him for the First Act, whose dialogue was full of good things that even I could understand.

"THE CARD PLAYERS" (SAVOY).

A mournful interest attaches to Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS' last play, which was left unfinished and unrevised. It lacked therefore the advantage of those important additions, and perhaps even more important excisions, which a skilful hand effects when its work can be seen as a whole. Mr. HADDON CHAM-BERS' strong suit was not realism but sentimentality or, more kindly, idealism. Here he has handled in a likely enough manner situations and sentiments which are ex hypothesi not very likely.

Of course the best way to enjoy exercises in this kind is frankly to let yourself go. I wonder if the reluctance of superior people (like me) to be taken in and carried away doesn't perhaps spring from distrust of an enemy within the gate. It is humiliating to have to wipe away the unbidden tear with furtive finger.

There can be no doubt that the continued applause that followed the ad-

illogical and inconvenient suicide of recent years in stage-land may have been responsible for a certain falling off in the heartiness of the final hand-clapping.

But let me introduce the author's puppets. First Mr. Wilford Ashfield (Mr. GODFREY TEARLE), head card-sharper and hero, born straight, running crooked as a result of a too hard early environment; has a passion for his little only daughter for whom he will win shelter from a cruel world; is about to have one last fling, cut the whole bad business and live happily ever after with her.

Of the two subordinate sharpers Harry Cockburn (Mr. MARTIN LEWIS) is also a victim of a bitter environment; Jim Ledbury (Mr. LYALL SWETE) is a congenital crook. Harry's lodestar is "a couple of yards of muslin in little old New York"; James alone has no heart and no scruples.

The pigeon is the youthful, ingenuous and immensely wealthy Sir Richard Paynton (Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS) - a nice pigeon and a swift impetuous wooer.

Then there is the village padre (Mr. V. FRANCE), an old dear, perhaps a little too vocal in his self-reproach, but not the less for that a very genuine, lovable and real person. (And oh! how grateful we are to both dramatist and actor for a parson who is not a mere cheap and ancient sneer at the cloth, who does not talk as if he were intoning the second lesson and is not anxiously expecting an addition to his over-full quiver.)

And finally there is the paragon daughter, Eileen (Miss Pepita Boba-DILLA), who, entre nous, is an unreasonable little prig and should have been well shaken.

The story is soon told. Act I., the pigeon is expected to dinner. Eileen isn't, but arrives. Act II., the pigeon comes to dinner. Why, here is the adorable birdlike young lady he had silently worshipped across the carriage on the 5.35! More chemin de fer (the baccarat kind). The crooks cheat. He catches them out. He reproaches them. Eileen overhears and believes the worst of her father at once, even though crooked Harry nobly takes all the blame. Crooked Wilford tears up the Baronet's I.O.U.'s. Crooked James is desperately disappointed. Act III. Conversations. A report (off). The orphaned Eileen stretches a disconsolate confiding hand to the Baronet.

Mr. GODFREY TEARLE cleverly contrived to wipe a good deal of the stickiness from his rather cloying part-a pleasant actor to watch at work, very workmanlike and accomplished. Mr. C. V. France's padre was just delightmirably contrived Second Act was a ful-a real flesh and blood character.

spontaneous tribute; perhaps the most Mr. LYALL SWETE is always adequate, if always, perhaps, a little obvious. Mr. MARTIN LEWIS'S touch was sure. Miss Pepita Bobadilla made the rather exacting young thing, Eileen, sufficiently plausible. But I am not sure that Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS' Sir Richard Payton doesn't deserve the highest marks if the difficulty of the part be considered and his performance be contrasted with the usual stage young man. He was admirable alike in his restraint and when he let himself rip as the crisis of the play demanded. A very noteworthy performance. And Miss VIOLA MARCH certainly deserves great credit both for other things and for that she did play the part of the maidservant in low-heeled shoes.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(Modern Version.)

THE Stately Homes of England, How beautiful they stood, When Mrs. HEMANS saw them, With park and stream and wood; But now, when round them Fancy

roams. How changed their lot appears, Except, of course, the Stately Homes Purchased by profiteers.

The Stately Homes of England, With fifty rooms or more, Whereof the duke and duchess Inhabit three or four;

The rest are shuttered, wing by wing, The carpets are uprolled, And the dust-sheets cover everything That has not yet been sold.

The Stately Lawns and Terrace, Of classic size and plan, Where the work of fifteen gardeners Is done by one odd man; While for the vineries that sent

Muscats to Belgrave Square The grocer pays a trifling rent And rears tomatoes there.

The Stately Stables near them, Blue tiles and grey stone walls, Where glossy hacks and hunters Stood in the thirty stalls; Now twenty-nine of them are closed, And in the last my lord,

A shade more rich than is supposed, Still garages his Ford.

The Stately Homes of England, What stately homes are these, Whose parks are now allotments, Whose ancient spreading trees Are falling, as expenses mount,

To the contractor's axe, To furnish something on account Of last year's supertax?

"Young Lady, Assistant for Florist; one who can make up."—Lecal Paper. That's an easy one.



Hiram. "SAY, GUIDE, HOW DO WE GET TO THE RED SEA FROM HERE? I'M CRAZY TO SEE THE FINISH OF THIS,"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE,

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE read Mr. Prohack (METHUEN) from end to end, looking for the "social satire" promised on the wrapper, but I am bound to say I found Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S latest novel about as satirical as a store catalogue. A store catalogue is an excellent documentary foundation for social satire; and so is Mr. Prohack. But just as there must be a large number of estimable people who do not see the ludicrous or contemptible side of a fat annual circular largely devoted to patent boot-trees, self-adjusting chairs and electro-plated siphon-stands, so there must be a large proportion of Mr. Bennett's readers who will accompany Mr. Prohack from his obscure but creditable job in the Treasury, and his obscurer but still more creditable home behind Hyde Park Gardens, to the effortless acquisition of a quarter of a million pounds and a mansion in Manchester Square, with no sensations whatever beyond a reverent to be inducted. envy. They will put up as placidly as he did himself with the increasing infantility of his wife, the hugely magnified competence of his daughter, the vindictive speculativeness of his son and the whole accurately-listed train of wasters and charlatans who attend his ill-starred rise into the limeight of the New Rich. And they will be as grateful to Mr. Bennett as the crow that perches on a scarecrow is to the farmer who put it there. But why "satire"?

The Red House Mystery (METHUEN) is the best detective story I have come across since the days of The Speckled Band and The Engineer's Thumb. It has all the cunning approach-shots, and breathless play on the green, of the genuine Holmes-Watson epic; and a merry bantering manner of its own (or perhaps I should say of Mr. A. A. MILNE's) and pain and other first and last things. The scheme rescalls Friends in Council by that urbane Victorian, Sir Arthur Helps, but in his genial dialogues the ball was approach-shots, and breathless play on the green, of the genium Holmes-Watson epic; and a merry bantering manner of its own (or perhaps I should say of Mr. A. A. MILNE's)

which carries you in unflagging spirits on to the next tee at the end of every crisis. There is a house-party of pleasant mildly distinguished people, the guests of dapper little Mark Ablett, a rather offensive patron of literature and the drama. There is Mark's ruffianly brother Robert, whose inconvenient return from Australia is hourly expected. And there is Antony Gillingham, the adventurous acquaintance of Bill Beverley, one of the guests, whose arrival is not expected at all, though he manages to turn up just as Robert is found murdered, and Mark missing. The house-party is on the links at the time; and only Mark's young cousin is at hand to help Gillingham force the window of the locked room in which the fatal shot has been heard. Thenceforward Gillingham and Beverley play the beaux rôles of the Baker Street immortals with marked success; especially in the matter of the subterranean tunne which, with its grimly facetious exit and entrance, is as thrilling a secret passage as any into which you could wish

The Fortnightly Club (Murray) serves to remind us that Mr. Horace Hutchinson, unlike most writers on pastime, is neither afraid nor ill-equipped to handle high and serious themes. Noble Italians of the Renaissance diverted their minds from the plague by telling each other romantic tales. The "Fortnightly Club" are represented as meeting during the blackest months of the War to discuss the riddle of the universe—the coming and age of man, the mysteries of sin and pain and other first and last things. The scheme recalls Friends in Council by that urbane Victorian, Sir Arthur Helps, but in his genial dialogues the ball was tossed about more freely among the disputants, and the subjects of debate were social and intellectual. The proceedings of the "Fortnightly Club" are rather in the

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nature of a monologue with interruptions. These interruptions are ingeniously designed to show how far modern science has travelled from the complacent agnosticism of mid-Victorian times. LAUNCESTON, the philosophic chemist, poison-gas expert and monologiser-in-chief, stands ultimately revealed as an evolutionist who holds that modern science is theistic and does not rule out the periodic intervention of an intelligent First Cause. A formidable subject, you will say, and a large claim. But it does not rest on mere assertion; it is extremely well documented with a veritable anthology of excerpts from physicists and theologians, while the argument is so free of technical jargon as to be easily comprehended by the layman. Personally I have found the book as engrossing as any of the lighter works of an author who, like his classic namesake, can dare to be serious as well as desipere in loco.

When Bridget, the heroine of Mainspring (Collins), one of the few geniuses at once pleasant and convincing that

I have met in fiction, finally put art first and love second, I not only forgave Miss V. H. FRIEDLAENDER, but agreed that she, and Bridget in the circumstances, were right. And this in spite of a firm old-fashioned conviction that "they married and lived happy is the only ending for a tale of love. Miss FRIEDLAENDER introduced me to Bridget when she was quite a little girl, one of the two ill-used daughters of an abominable clergyman, and let me see her grow up and suffer many things, including imprisonment (though not in the cause of Women's Suffrage, as you might have sup-

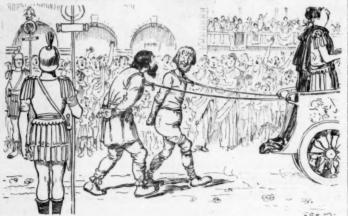
posed), and fall in love with love and finally find love itself. But she also let me see her painting and longing to paint, enduring the agonising blankness of the artist and trembling to the marvel of creation, and her art was so obviously her "mainspring" that something much more inevitable than happiness made this the only ending to her story. Mainspring has left me with the impression that, compared with most novels, it has in it three times as much of everything save words. It is not only a good and moving story told with fidelity to life and literature; it has here and there something one looks for more hopefully in poetry than in fiction, the passing on of a soul's discoveries, the flashing of one of those sudden new visions of life which come so rarely and can so seldom be shared. I am hopeful that novel-writing is going to be Miss FRIEDLAENDER'S mainspring, and that this, which is very nearly, if not quite, a great novel, will be the first of many.

It is something of a feat for Mr. HARVEY O'HIGGINS to have made his seven studies, From the Life (CAPE), as interesting to a foreigner as I emphatically found them. For individuality and are by no means mere types; and all the these stories makes one long to breathe it.

sitters save one-a Canadian K.C.B., big business and war service-are American subjects. The bag includes a rather horrible story of a Bohemian writer and an outcast woman maltreated by a brute husband. An actress, ambitious, unsentimental and very decidedly alive is the subject of the next sketch. Follow the portrait of a lawyer politician persuasively crooked; an idyll between the daughter of English parents settled in the States (very snobbish and unAmerican and all that) and a baker's boy who becomes a cinema star and marries her, we hope, fairly permanently: a wandering sailorman haunted by the fact that he had killed a man for food in a derelict boat; and a successful politician money-grabber and his hay-seed brother. It is the treatment rather than the subject that counts, and the treatment is varied and highly skilful.

Mr. G. B. Burgin, in More Memoirs and Some Travels (HUTCHINSON), has accomplished a rare feat: he has gossiped abundantly about his fellow-men without being either

spiteful or dull. It is impossible to say that his memoirs, apart from a short chapter called "The Coming of Kipling," are of more than passing interest, but they are entertaining enough and always pleasant to read. I have three grievances against him: (1) Sometimes he is a thought too facetious; (2) I hate to be addressed as "Gentle Reader: " and (3) he really ought not to write of "the gifted A. V. Lucas, one of Lamb's most assiduous chroniclers." A man who is gifted at least deserves his own initials. When Mr. Burgin leaves his "Memoirs" and sets out upon his "Travels" he



AT THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY. Optimistic Prisoner, "CHEER UP, OLD MAN; DON'T GIVE WAY,"

Melancholy Prisoner, "I WISH I HAD YOUR CHEERFUL SPIRITS, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGE TO KEEP BRIGHT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES," Optimistic Prisoner. "Oh, easily enough. You see, I'm paid for the job. I'm understudying one of the prtty Gaulish kings who is suffer-

ING FROM BORE FEET AND CAN'T WALK. loses nothing of his amiability; he simply takes his "gentle readers" by the hand and conveys them to various spots for their amusement rather than their instruction. And if you do not invariably respond to his jocular mood you cannot fail to derive comfort from his constant good-nature.

Mr. LLOYD OSBOURNE, in a preface to Wild Justice (HEINEMANN), tells us "that his publishers have been encouraged to re-issue the present volume, enlarged by the addition of several new tales." Let me say at once that whoever did the encouraging has earned my warmest thanks. These stories of the South Seas, excellent in form, are told with considerable humour, and even if some of us recognise old friends we ought to be glad of the chance to renew their acquaintance. Of the twelve tales I like especially "Old Dibs," which tells of a dear old gentleman with a past that had been more than a little fraudulent, who had sought refuge in a South Sea Island and taken the most engaging precautions against disturbance. Others of Mr. OSBOURNE'S heroes were also anxious to live a very private life, but, rogues or not, the majority of them are delightful people. they are portraits of imaginary folk, which yet have distinct And it is scarcely necessary to say that the atmosphere of

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CHARIVARIA.

DURING his Budget speech, we read, Sir Robert Horne took a sip of stimulating liquid now and then. A Scotsman who has to talk about millions of pounds belonging to other people naturally needs something to steady his nerves.

The geological expert who points out

that ages ago, before the seas swept between them, Ireland and England were one, is advised to let the matter drop.

Good footwork is essential in boxing, we are informed. That would be our only chance with Mr. DEMPSEY.

"Morocco," says a daily paper, "has no newspapers." On the other hand, the country has its drawbacks as well.

Cash prizes for the best set of whiskers are being offered in California. Here in England there isn't a marine store dealer who would give as much as fourpence for a full set of whiskers with ear-clasps.

Lord LEVERHULME says the time may come when a bar of soap will be given free with every morning paper. Already a Prime Minister is given away almost daily by some of them.

A Mexican revolutionary, treated in a New York hospital, had twenty-two bullets extracted from his body. It is said that he had to have this done in order to make room for more when he returned home.

Both swallows and martins were late in coming this year, says The Daily Chronicle. This, of course, has got to be stopped, and we hope our contemporary will follow the matter up.

In Maryland, we read, it is illegal for a woman to go through her husband's pockets at night. In our own country it is merely a waste of time.

Burglars are now said to be carrying means of testing plate and gems. The profession has been too often imposed upon by the cheap and trashy stuff left about in some houses.

"are on the eve of new methods." This claims of Thanet.

is good news, because we never did like that plan of fastening on to the tooth and then pushing the man away from it.

It is announced that the campaign against rats is to be waged with more severity than ever. Cautious rats are now venturing out only in pairs.

Chas GRAVE :

Dead-beat (reading about the Budget), "'Ere's the glad tidin's all right. Tuppence off—cocoa!"

London this summer. People living in the locality of the battle hope to move back to their houses early in September.

M. Poincaré denies that he is a Nero. The mistake arose through his being thought to have said something about making France fit for a Nero to live in.

We understand that representations are to be made to Lord NORTHCLIFFE that his injunction to "Watch Japan "Dentists," says Dr. FABRET, of Nice, is diverting attention from the prior

In fairness to motorists it is suggested that pedestrians insured by the daily papers should wear a conspicuous distinguishing badge.

It is stated in a Society note that a Naval officer recently had the greatest difficulty in getting leave for his wed-We are not surprised that the The biggest band-contest that has authorities are tired of this frivolous pretext for a holiday.

> We learn from the daily Press that the mud bath as a means of removing wrinkles and blemishes is likely to become a Society craze. It had already, of course, been popular in the form of autobiographical reminiscences.

> The manager of a stores' tailoring department is reported as saying that the smart young man's wear at the seaside this year will be white flannel trousers, a flannel shirt open at the neck, crêpe rubbersoled shoes, a medium light blue jacket with brass buttons, and a panama hat. At the risk of being considered unfashionable we intend to stick to our check knickerbockers, red cummerbund and yachting cap.

> Girl bank-clerks in America are being instructed in the use of the revolver. They are taught to ask pleasantly, before pressing the trigger, "How will you take it?"

A bishop, fined for having only an out-of-date motorlicence, was under the impression that it lasted for ever. A great many people make the same mistake with regard to the marriage-licence.

It is said that sharks will not bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. The diffi-

ever been attempted is to be held in culty of course is to keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting.

> "Is Life Possible on Everest?" asks a newspaper heading. If it is, Everest is the place for us.

Commercial Candour.

"Great Bargains! Only three to clear. Cannot repeat. New fine 5" hollow swindle, treadle gap-bed Screw-cutting Lathe, complete with chuck, etc., etc., £39 10s."

Advt. in Trade Paper,

As we don't care for a hollow swindle we shall let it keep the chuck.

FALLING ANGELS.

[Under the heading, "Cinema Stars' Dimmed Lustre," The Times reports: "The eclipse of famous screen personalities continues with the progress of the cinema popularity contest conducted for the benefit of New York charities. . . . Miss Mary Pickford has dropped to ninth place. . . . Among the men a similar situation prevails. Charlie Chaplin is ninth."]

IT is an awful thought to think How reputations soar and sink! The stars that lately climbed so high Suddenly tumble down the sky, Or else are left behind a haze, Just blinking where they used to blaze.

Take Mary. Only yesterday The Wonder of the Filmy Way-No two opinions seemed to vary About the magnitude of MARY; No rival orb made such a shine-And now she's classed as No. 9.

Or CHARLIE. With a front like Mars, Unmoved among the movie stars, The hat that crowned his kingly brow Once broke the hearts of men-and now The light of his moustache is dim; Eight heroes stand ahead of him.

Or Douglas. Where, oh where is he, The pride of that old galaxy. Whose beauty, even dulled by paint, Would make the toughest bosom faint? I've scanned The Times, and-what a fall!-

It doesn't mention Dova at all.

I'm glad that I have never been Anxious to shine upon the screen, Although I feel I've got the art To play a fairly static part, And in a "close-up" I should guess My face would have a huge success.

Rash climbers, flung from Heaven's door,

Fall further and it hurts them more: So, though I have a natural bent To scale the angelic firmament, I stick to earth-far safer, this-And give Los Angeles a miss. O.S.

WHEN A MAN'S FORTY.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, laying down the evening paper.

Suzanne, who was deep in a treatise on Auto-Suggestion, languidly raised her eyes.

"Very well," she sighed, "go on." I went on.

"Listen to this: 'While proceeding to his home in Shepherd's Green last night, Mr. Edward Kenneth Johnson, partner in the firm of Bywater and Johnson, metal-brokers, was attacked by robbers and severely handled. Although a middle-aged man, Mr. Johnson

-' Why, he was at school with untilme."

"How unfortunate for him-being attacked, I mean. I do hope he wasn't much hurt."

"No: but he was at school with me," I insisted.

"All right," said Suzanne with a touch of impatience. "It's very unfortunate, as I said, but I don't see why you should make such a personal affair of it. You can't have seen him for years-not since we've been married."

"But you don't follow me. 'E. K.' and I were always in the same class; we were practically the same age; and they talk about him as a middle-aged man!

There was a tremor in my voice that

evidently touched Suzanne.

"I see," she said, looking at me curiously but not unkindly. "You're wondering, then, if you-

"That's just it," I said. "Suzanne, would you - would people call me

middle-aged?"

"That depends on whether you take the word literally or not. If the allotted span is threescore-and-ten, then you became middle-aged when you werelet me see "-there was a pause while Suzanne did some complicated finger exercises-"when you were thirty-five.'

"In that case," I rejoined, "on your next birthday you too will-

"Stop!" cried Suzanne. "How dare you? It only says that man's allotted span is seventy. Woman has no agelimit and therefore can't possibly ever become middle-aged. But there, I knew you no longer cared for me. But eight brief years have passed since you brutally took me from a kind home and married me, and now you taunt me with being middle-aged. Oh, cru-el, cru-el!"

"But it was you who introduced this arithmetical note into the discussion, I protested. "Anyhow, we'll leave you

on forty.'

"Just over forty," corrected Suzanne. "Very well, if you must be so pedantically accurate, a few months over forty. Supposing I got into the papers, would they describe me as a middle-aged man?"

"Well, you know," replied Suzanne, eyeing me with a calculating glance, "I've often told you that you're acquiring a well-nourished look in a certain region of your anatomy. You're not so bad in the summer, when you play tennis most evenings; but during the winter you do rather tend to acquire a pau-a portliness of carriage, let us say

"But seriously, would people call me middle-aged? Do I look forty?"

"No, darling," replied my wife promptly; "you don't look a day more managed to hold his assailants at bay than thirty-nine-with your hat on."

"What do you mean-with my hat

"Well, of course your hair is getting a weeny bit thin on top, isn't it?

"Pooh! That merely comes from wearing these dented hats. My barber chap tells me that if I'd only try his high-frequency massage for three months-

"And fork out seven-and-six with equal high-frequency. No, no, my Percival, all these treatments are quite useless when things have reached a certain stage.'

"Things have not reached a certain stage!" I declared indignantly, Everybody remarks how thick and

curly my hair is."

· Curly-locks, curly-locks, will you be mine? When you've none left at all, I'll still think you divine,'"

murmured Suzanne as she perched herself on the arm of my chair and soothingly scratched the back of my head. I gave myself up to the sensual enjoyment of the moment.

"You must admit all the same," I resumed after a pause, "that I'm a very sprightly forty. In many ways I feel younger than when I first wooed and won you. I can play tennis just as hard as ever, and punt all day-

"But not dance all night. That's one of the earliest symptoms of your

complaint.'

"Well, I certainly do like to get to bed at a reasonable hour," I admitted. "One arrives at years of discretion when one's forty. Eheu-

"Darling, you have a cold!" cried Suzanne. "I'm sure you're going to develop complications; you're just at the right age for them. Oh, what will become of me if, after a fleeting taste of matrimony, you leave me a widow with the custody of the children and only the insurance money to do it on? Was out of it. I am, I openly admit, just it for this you soldiered the shoulderyou shouldered the soldier's pack, only to succumb to peace-time complications?"

"I haven't got a cold," I replied. "But you sneezed just now.

"Nothing of the sort. I was merely about to bewail in orthodox fashion the lapse of the fugitive years. And now I must go and catch the last post."

The last post-that sounds strangely ominous. I wonder . . . have I one leg already in the grave, or is Suzanne merely pulling it?

"The bungalow had become as silent as the grave—a silence broken only by the shrill scream of a lizard in the ataps and the occasional mewing of a cat that roamed the rafters in search of rats."— Magazine.

Our cat will be glad of this wrinkle; she has always adopted the orthodox "silent stealth" method. hat ing om ber try ree vith my uite da certly. and ine? hink herothead. joy-

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EXILED.

[Many ex-members of the Royal Irish Constabulary are paying for their loyalty by exile from their homes under threat of death at the hands of fellow-Irishmen. The British Government are undertaking the removal-expenses of married men and their families to any place in Great Britain or Ulster, and providing them with assistance in finding suitable accommodation until such time as they can safely return to their homes or settle elsewhere.]



ECHOES OF THE GREAT SKIRT CONTROVERSY .- I.

Tailor, "I THINK I SHOULD HAVE THE SKIRT JUST A LEETLE LONGER, SIR."

A TRACEDY WITHOUT WORDS.

At the War Office there is a room that is known only to the oldest and most trusted guides. No civilian has Nothing like the inculcation of politeever heard of it. No soldier beneath the rank of Major-General has been inside it. Once, during the War, a in the building for two days, knocked at alty, Sir. But the idea seems sound." the door by accident and got half-way through. He is now a nervous wreck and cannot speak of what he saw. This room, and I expect to be sent to the order it could be ante-dated six months Tower for telling you, is the Inner and everyone would think that we had Sanctum of the Immensely Great One the idea first.' With Spurs.

Here lately he was closeted with three of the Awful Ones whose brows are bound with brass. He was speaking. By the window a less Awful One was muffling the singing kettle with his handkerchief lest a single syllable his eyes reverentially lowered, unof his chief's discourse might be lost. muffled the singing kettle. A tank ambled inconspicuously up and down the street. Two Lewis guns guarded the passage, and an aeroplane Cursior, D.S.O., Officier of the Legion hovered over the building.

-peculiarity of temper, and so on, as a reason for retirement, intemperate habits of speech and what not-gives us a lead that we oughtn't to disregard. ness. What say you, Boko?

The Awful One who had been addressed shrugged his shoulders. "Can't temporary-captain, who had been lost say I like taking a tip from the Admir-

> "Of course," went on the Immensely Great One, and he smiled his famous smile, "if we decide to publish a similar

> Six innocent eyes regarded him ad-

miringly. . "By Jove, Sir, splendid!"
"Not a bit of it," said the Immensely Great One. "Is that agreed, then? Good! And now for some tea." Whereupon the less Awful One, who had kept

Lieutenant-Colonel Horatio Despard of Honour, frequently mentioned in des-"I think," said the Immensely Great patches and five times wounded, sank the Axe when it was raised over the One, "that this stunt of the Admiralty's back in his chair and mopped his fore- Army. He flicked a glove to the peak

head. It had been a trying Orderly Room and for one moment he thought his command of language had failed him. His reputation for invective, which dated from the South African War, when as a Subaltern he had captured a kopje with a curse that prostrated its garrison, was world-wide; but latterly he had been feeling his age and occasion-

ally hesitated for a word.
"Well, Browne," he said, turning a little anxiously to his Adjutant, "did it go off all right?"

"Rather, Sir," replied Browne. "I think the men enjoyed it as much as I did. But there's that new Army Order under which one can be retired for swearing. Don't you think you ought to be careful, Sir?"

"Nonsense, my boy, nonsense! There are no spies here. Besides you haven't heard me swear yet."

The Adjutant coughed gently.

"Now when I was in Burma-Hullo, who the deuce-

Behind a monocle there entered a languid young man whose glittering appearance must have been reflected in



Hostess. "SO YOU HAD A GOOD HOLIDAY. WHERE DID YOU GO?" Guest. "Well, we planned a splendid trip-Paris, Cannes, Florence, Rome, Cairo, and back through Constantinople, VIENNA AND DOWN THE RHINE, HOME. BUT WE HAD TO MODIFY IT A LITTLE. YOU SEE, MY WIFE JIBBED AT THE CHANNEL CROSSING.

Staff-Captain.

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Adjutant felt tired as soon as he spoke. "Fearful predicament. Car broken down owing to incompetent ass of chauffeur. May I crave the hospitality of your mess for luncheon? I'm used to roughing it.'

Colonel's table, dislodging a mass of in his speechless agony. papers that slid in glorious confusion on to the floor, and took out his eigarhim and assumed an attitude of prayer on the verandah. The clerk gripped cigarette over the Colonel's boots. his pen in both hands, set his teeth

and gazed straight in front of him.
"Have one?" said the Staff Officer smoke nothing but gaspers. These are Turks — rather good. Perhaps you wouldn't appreciate them."

it on the Colonel's ink-stand.

jutant crossed his legs and kicked himself on the shins with one spur to make sure that he was awake. He swallowed rapidly at the sudden pain and glanced the War Office. We had a had word the war at the war and glanced the War Office. We had a had word the war at the war and the war and the war are the war and the war office. We had a had word to have caused any consternation in Australia."—Daily Paper. at the Colonel. The sight bereft him of about your rudeness to your subor- an Australian's nerve.

of his cap in salutation. He was a motion. Can you imagine the Kaiser's dinates, your swearing and intemperate expression if a sentry at Potsdam, in habits of speech. I was sent to test "Morning, Colonel," he said, and the the days when Emperors were Emperors, had dug him in the ribs with the butt of his rifle and then poked haven't said a word. I shall have much out his tongue? Can you imagine how pleasure in assuring them that the re-TROTSKY would look if a bourgeois were port is entirely unfounded. Good mornto speak to him familiarly? Either of ing, Sir." And he jingled out. these images would convey but a faint He sat down on the edge of the idea of Lieut.-Colonel Cursior, D.S.O.,

"Well, Colonel," said the Staff Officer, "shall we push off? You're going to ette case. The Orderly Sergeant made give me a quick bracer before lunch, a hasty retreat, shut the door behind aren't you?" He looked round for an ash-tray, found none and flicked his

The Colonel's eyes were blood-shot. His jaws moved spasmodically. A button flew off his tunic and pinged against nonchalantly. "No? I suppose you the farther wall. He was trying to speak—oh, yes, he was trying. That was the tragedy of it. But the unparalleled enormity of this situation He fumbled for a match and struck found him, for the first time in his life, absolutely at a loss for words.

rapidly at the sudden pain and glanced the War Office. We had a bad report It takes much more than this to shake

you. But I've provoked you almost beyond human endurance and you

They carried Colonel Cursior to his quarters and put him to bed. He lay there raving for two days. On the morning of the third he called the Adjutant to his side.

"Browne," he whispered, "they've broken me. I can't carry on. I shall send in my papers. I'm disgraced for ever. That-that-you know-he said he'd tell the War Office that the report about me was unfounded."

One of Sir J. M. BARRIE's military admirers writes to say that he presumes "McConnachie" is the "rational" part of him.

"It is said that checking by radio with time

WEST HAM AND HELICON.

THE following three entries, if not by the same hand, are evidently the work of the same School, that of Miss Edith SITWELL and the writers of Wheels. Only one of these poems seems to say anything very much about West Ham, but they all say so much about so many other things that I do not think we ought to complain. A tendency appears to have developed in this School to imitate the Jazz poetry of Mr. VACHEL LINDSAY, with, I think, most pleasing results. I like the third the best. The points that puzzle me most about this School are the frequent references to monkeys, the Infernal regions and to somebody called Mamzelle. But I suppose it is some kind of complex.

I .- THRENODY.

Rhinoceros-glum The tramcars come With a quick bastinado To shake the façado Of the stout riverado,* Simpering simian viziors stare Through the zebraed gloom in the thick furred air Of the blue bandanaed, Unzenanaed Come-away-and-let's-get-a-ripe-bananaed Strand. Canned Peaches are sold and peppermint-drops, But the West Ham motor-bus never stops. Don Magnifico down in hell Dances the shimmy-shake really well; Te-he, tittering, sighs Mamzelle To the bland Titanesque, picaresque Young clerk from the desk Where the light creaks soft under rose-petalled Bought it for ninepence at Simpson and Ellis's. " Ain't the band Sumfin' grand?"

II.—ECLOGUE.

The fluted plasters of the sky Come off in long grey strips to try

And snare the clockwork birds like fish (Fat carp with feathers). No winds swish

Our faces, fleering under hats As we walk home from Wanstead Flats;

Long lines of lamp-posts tulip-stark Wave beards of light that flap the dark.

Mamzelle insists this is not so, Yet were we two alone, I know,

On Wanstead Flats, unfurred by fear, With no wood carved policeman near,

Mamzelle would break away from me And climb these tall posts gingerly,

And seize the tender gas-flame buds And bite them off and chew their cuds.

As cows digest fruit-hairy Springs-Mamzelle does most peculiar things.

III.-ODE.

Dan Mephistopheles cursed at his coffee-lees Down in Gehenna-

He swore they were senna

(But the barmaid cried, "Go hon"). ALFRED Lord TENNYSON, eating cold venison,

Granting his benison, roared to each denizen, Rat-faced professor and don,

That the inquisitorial Albert Memorial (Madam Queen Venus uplifted on horsehair, but where was the corsair?

Why, ruling the waves of a pantomime sea)

Was gone. Break, break, break;

But free,

And wholly audacious And quite contumacious

And squirting some pomegranate juice in the eye Of Methuselah's ape as it fox-trots by

On the rim of the hippopotamus sky Where the nightingale (stuffed) lets her singing die,

THE WAY OF A WOMAN.

HERE was tragedy.

Cecilia, who as well as being my sister is of course the mother of Christopher, sat with me in front of the fire. Her chin rested on her hands and she gazed unhappily at the flames. I smoked and watched her. Upstairs Christopher lay in his bed, presumed sleeping, but much more probably thinking of his great adventure.

"Alan," said Cecilia at last, keeping her eyes on the fire, 'you don't think John is making a mistake, do you?"

John, of course, is Christopher's father.
"Of course not," I said, smiling.

"But he's so young."
"John?" I queried, lifting my eyebrows.

"Don't be a fool, Alan," said Cecilia impatiently. "Goodness knows I don't want to play the fond mother, but eight years old—he seems to me to be terribly young to be thrown into the midst of public-school life. Why, he's only a

"My dear girl," I said soothingly," he's only going to a

prep. school. He's just going to start enjoying life."
"Start?" she queried sharply. "Do you suggest he isn't happy at home?

"Of course he is," I laughed; "but not half so happy as he'll be at school.'

"I don't believe it," said Cecilia with determination. "He'll be miserable; I know he will."

I laughed.

" And there's nothing to laugh at in it either," she went on, standing up. "You're-you're cruel." And she hurried out of the room.

I heard Christopher singing vigorously as he got up the following morning. John and he were to set off on the great adventure about eleven o'clock. All through breakfast he kept up a continuous and high output of cheerfulness. He and I found ourselves together for a moment or so after breakfast.

"Well, you're a lucky chap," I said; "you're going to have a first-rate time.

"Yes, aren't I?" said Christopher, and then his face suddenly straightened. "Do you think I am-really?" he

"Of course you are," I laughed. "Why, after about two days you'll have your own pals; you'll be starting cricket

[·] I think this means the Thames Embankment. I don't know what any of the rest means.

ROYAL ACADEMY-FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



THE ROTTEN STANCE.



LITTLE JUPITER REFUSES TO BE FED ON BLANK'S PATENT FOOD FOR INFANTS.



"Mummy, when I grow up may I go to the Capé Royal too?"



A THIN TIME AT THE SEASIDE.



The Woman (quoting the title of the picture), "Why?"
The Cat. "Why, indeed?"



GOT 'EM ALL "ON, STANLEY, ON!"



A NEW INDUSTRY FOR WOMEN. A PUPIL ON A LEOPARD FARM IN SUSSEX.

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-you might even play for the school if you're lucky; you're not bad, you know."

"Do you think I might?" he asked, his face shining.
"With a bit of luck," I said. "I say, Christopher, try to cheer your mother up. She doesn't like saying Good-bye. Women, you know-

"Rather" said Christopher. He swallowed hard and then looked up at me all smiles.

Cecilia and I came back into the house.

"He was very cheerful, wasn't he?" said Cecilia in a high voice.

"Rather, the good old chap," I said. "Happy as a lark." Cecilia paused for a moment.

"Do you-do you think he didn't mind going?" she asked. "Do you think he didn't mind leaving me?"

held her hands tragically.
"Bless my soul," I answered, "what does the woman want? You weep when you think the boy's miserable, and you flood the place with tears when you think he 's happy. Of course he minded, my dear. Couldn't you see he was trying to make it easy for you?"

"I knew he was," she cried; "he didn't want to go. It's-it's a shame, it's cruel."

I sighed heavily and lit a pipe.

Four days later John brought in the evening post. He looked at Cecilia and put his hands behind his back.

"There's a letter for you," he said, "from-

"Where, where? Give it to me," gasped Cecilia. "Oh, don't tease, John, please."

John laughed and handed her the letter.

Cecilia sat down by the fire and opened it. She gurgled and laughed and hugged herself and gurgled again. After six or seven minutes of this John and I grew restless.

"Has he written a book or what?" asked John. "Let me have a look.'

'E DON'T MEAN IT.

"Wait a minute," said Cecilia, still gurgling deliciously. "Hang it all," said John, "I'm the boy's father. Have a heart, Cecilia, or I'll burst into tears."

"There you are, dear," said Cecilia, and gave him the

I tried to look over his shoulder.

"Go away," he growled fiercely; "you wait; you're not the boy's father; you're not even his mother. Go away, you-you uncle!"

I sighed despairingly. "Oh, lord! these parents," I said. They took no notice.

At last I got the letter :-

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—It's fine here. The chaps are fine. Dale, he is my friend, is coming home with me at midterm, you don't mind do you. He's fine. The masters are funny, one says, ho boy you've no more branes than a sparow. We say stinks for one lesson but I don't do that yet. It's because they burn things and make smells. You don't mind do you. All the chaps say it. Only a few calculated less.'

weeks and I 'll be home. I 'll give you a huge hug but don't let Dale see because the chaps don't do that to there mothers. Love to Dad and to you dear.

Your loving son, MANNING

xxxx for you."

(CHRISTOPHER).

"Isn't he splendid?" said Cecilia, with shining eyes. "Well, he certainly doesn't seem to be very miserable," I said, handing her the letter.

"Miserable !" roared John; "Christopher miserable!

What on earth does the man mean?' "Christopher wouldn't be miserable," said Cecilia proudly; "he's too much of a man. He'd get on well anywhere; wouldn't he, John?'

"Well," I began reproachfully, " of all-

"You don't know Christopher as we do," interrupted Cecilia; "John and I-

"Bah!" said John; "don't talk to him. Christopher miserable! Well, I ask you.'

" I know, dear," said Cecilia; "Alan doesn't understand."

I sighed heavily and poked the fire.

EQUANICS.

(Being a Nightmare, the result of a course of Equitation, followed by attendance at a series of Lectures on Mechanics).

I LEAPED into the saddle and I switched the engine on;

The armature was pricking up its ears;

I heard a pastern missing and I knew a plug had gone, And there were signs of glanders in the gears.

I saw that tracheotomy had spoiled the bus's throat;

The girths around the cylinders were thin :

And one (the off-hind) fetlock had a puncture in its float, And that had done the carburettor in.

I thought I heard a knocking as I trotted through the

I knew that it was nothing very much-

J.H DOWD 22

Voice from the Crowd. "DON'T TAKE IT TO 'EART, NOBBY;

Just a brace of sooted withers, so I quickly took them

And put another snaffle on the clutch.

And when I reached the garage they informed me that the roan

Had cast a differential on the way;

And I must get a surcingle and fix it up alone -And then they brought my tea up on a tray.

"HENRY FORD IN \$11,000,000 SUIT."-West Indian Paper. We doubt if it will go well with his cheap bonnet.

From a law-report :-

"Up to the time of his demobilisation in 1919 she received no allowance, but since had received nothing."—Provincial Paper.

What Wordsworth would have called "the lore of nicely-

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR FATHERS.

As the result of careful inquiries Mr. Punch is able to present the following valuable expressions of opinion collected from a number of leading representatives of modern thought.

The Princess Pipisquico writes from Salt Lake City: "We have only ourselves to blame if we do not employ drastic measures to end the unfair competition of our elders.

"Victorian parents had at least this saving grace, that they retired to the sofa and the shelf by the time they were forty. Nowadays we are confronted by the distressing spectacle of matrons of fifty and more invading the preserves of youth, whether in the region of sport, pastime, letters or art."

Mr. Elzevir Muxley, the famous poet and short-story writer, is equally severe in his comments on the intrusions of old age; but he admits its uses as subject-matter for the romantic vivisector. "The vagaries of the senile heart form the best theme for satiric portraiture. Aged people, viewed aright, are never venerable, but almost always gruesome or grotesque. In my forthcoming volume, Satyrs and Strutdbrugs, I have endeavoured to illustrate these aspects of longevity, crudely treated by SWIFT two hundred years ago. In JEFFREYS phrase, they titillate me voluptuously. It is not necessary to pole-axe our parents. They serve their purpose better if allowed to survive in the special limbo prepared for them by their considerate children.

Dr. Herbert Fells writes: "I can see no hope for England until the passing of the generation which deified the Hanoverian fetish. But as a convinced humanitarian I shrink from accelerating the process by rudely interfering with the course of nature. I have therefore drafted a brief Memorandum of some hundred thousand words, which I am presenting to the League of Nations, and in which I suggest that all persons now living who were born before the year 1866—I need not explain the paramount necessity for choosing that date -should, in the best interests of civilisation, be requested to exercise the privilege of self-extermination at the earliest possible date.'

Sir Gilbart Hampden, the illustrious publicist and author of Divinities that I have Dined with, pleads eloquently for the maintenance of filial piety. He says "Gratitude is the gold of the gods; the gracious blossom of the beautiful soul. At a small dinner-party given by the Duke and Duchess of Brentford, the Duchess said something which I



A BOON TO BUSY MEN.

Trained Pairel. "Every day and in every way you are defter better and better. Every day and in every way . . ." (and so on ad infinitum).

not begin to live without parents.' The the Duke, said, 'John, hand the cake.' past is strewn with nobleness. What O magical memories from the maelblossoms of the Spring ere we have lived into days of turmoil and disquiet, words to hear my friend Lord Rowton show reverence to rank or to pay allude to Lord Beaconsfield as 'dear tremulous homage even to the imbeciold Dizzy.' Respect for age is the lities of eminence. Only those who antiseptic of society. Life's rubbish are born in the purple can weave the rots away; its diamonds are deathless. I can only recall but one spasm similar life. to that which Lord Rowron's painful familiarity caused me, and that was when I heard the late Duchess of Axminster address her husband, a Cabinet Minister as well as a Duke, as 'John.' The first time I heard it I nearly live without children; but children can- tea-table, and the Ducliess, turning to still five shillings in the £.

boots it for us to strain towards the stroem of the past! Though I have gathered of the harvest of the Autumn? I can at least solace myself with the I confess that I felt it painful beyond reflection that never have I failed to purple patches into the tapestry of

> "The popular picture of the Chancellor of the Exchequer preparing his budget is quite wrong. Practically all the work is done for him by permanent officials, and his task to-day mostly amounts to crossing the i's and dotting the t's."—Sunday Paper.

have always remembered: 'Parents can fainted. I was the only visitor at the And that is why your income-tax is

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Hostess (to small boy). "Wouldn't You like to have your meat cut up for you, dear?" Small Boy (very politely). "OH, NO, THANK YOU. WE OFTEN HAVE MEAT QUITE AS TOUGH AS THIS AT HOME."

"TINKER, TAILOR . . . " (A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE GENTLEMAN.

THIS old - fashioned trade is more wretchedly paid

Than any profession I know, For, although the supply is undoubtedly

The demand is undoubtedly low.

The training is hard, the rewards they

But this is the duty he loathes-For you must not suppose he has nothing to do-

He is constantly changing his clothes.

He rises at ten and is dressed by his

In a suitable suit for a stroll,

In a lavender hat and a spotted cravat, With some gloves of a delicate mole.

But before he knows what he is dusty and hot

And his shoes are a positive sight, So he has to go home for a brush and a comb

And get ready to lunch with a Knight.

He retires for a change and a clean, For you have to take care what trousers vou wear

If invited to tea with a Dean.

After that he can rest till it's time to be dressed

For one of the better-class dramas; And that, you will say, is the end of his day-

No, no, there are still the pyjamas.

For, though any old hue may be proper

He is made of a different clay, And he can't get a wink on a Thursday

And he never can sleep in a grey.

Oh, what shall he wear? He is tearing his hair

And his nerve is beginning to crack; On Monday, it's said, he reposes in red And on Sunday it has to be black.

But t s always a puzzle to know which is right

Of the hundreds of pairs that are his; So as often as not on a Saturday night He gets into bed as he is.

The lunch is at two and as soon as it's Then he keeps a large press which is full to excess

> With dozens and dozens of hats, For riding and running and cricket and chess,

> And, of course, the appropriate spats. And when I reflect how much I object

To dressing just once in a way, I own that I feel a reluctant respect For a man who can do it all day.

Never mind-if requested to witness a

And state what he does with his time, He has only to scribble "A Gentleman" still.

And that must be rather sublime.

While wherever the flag of old England is flown,

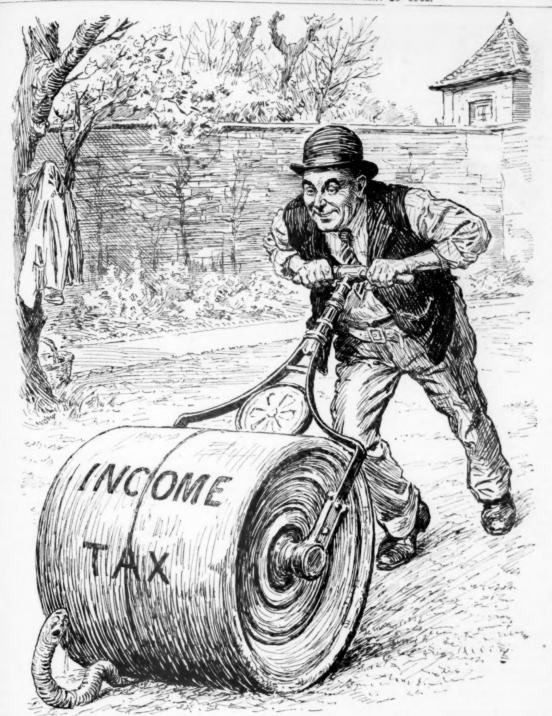
And in various parts of the East, The name of a Gentleman stands like n stone

And is good for a fiver at least.

But, alas! if he goes in a ship to the

Imagine the shame if you can !-There happens too often a thing that he hates:

An American calls him A MAN. A. P. H.



EASILY PLEASED.

SIR ROBERT HORNE. "DON'T YOU WORRY, OLD CHAP. MY NEW ROLLER ONLY WEIGHS FIVE TONS INSTEAD OF SIX."

BRITISH WORM. "OH, I AM RELIEVED. THANK YOU SO MUCH!"

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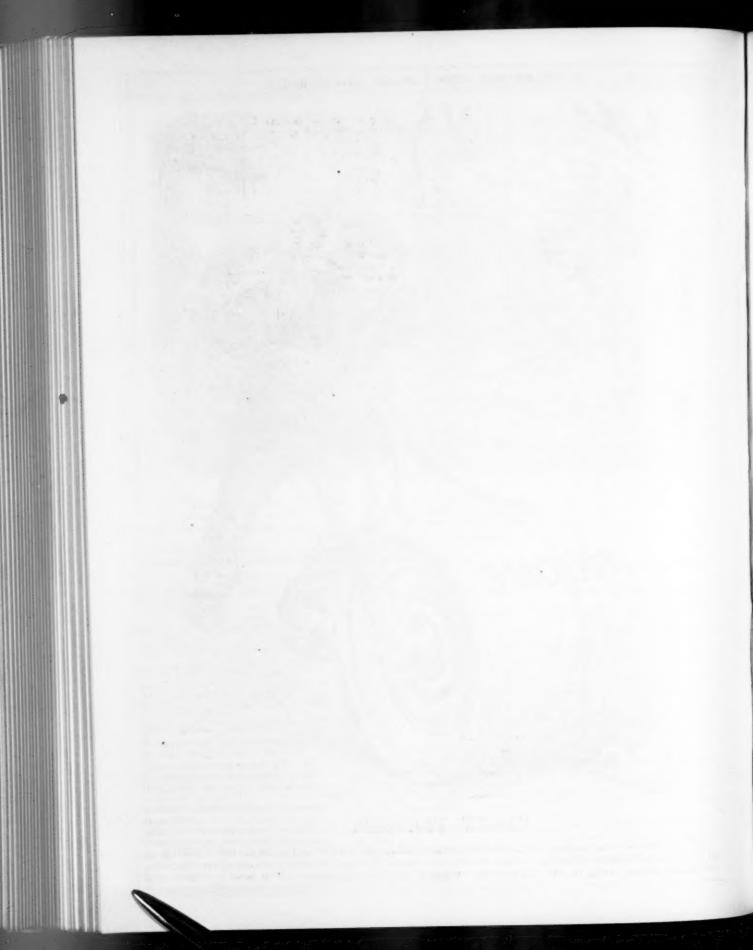
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The Fury (to successful rical). "For two pins I'd set about the pair of ver-you and ver dancin' partner."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 1st .- Sir ROBERT HORNE had a good audience for his first attempt at Budget-making. Over the clock was Lord Long, who has heard all the CHAN-CELLORS OF THE EXCHEQUER from GLAD-STONE downwards; close beside him, among the Distinguished Strangers, was Sir Eric Geddes, fresh from stalking moufflon in Corsica as a change from dislodging limpets in Whitehall; and on the Front Opposition Bench was Mr. Asquith, never so critical as when figures are under discussion.

What the CHANCELLOR had most to disappointment. For weeks past the newspapers had been forecasting his proposals with a confidence that seemed to be based upon knowledge. A shilling off the income-tax, something off tea, and a diminution in postal rates had been so clamoured for by those organs which specialize in urging measures which they know to be already intended, that there was little doubt that Downing Street had once again slopped over into Fleet Street.

After a very brief exordium describ-(amazingly good considering the disas. but not inebriating.

trous coal-stoppage that paralysed industry for a whole quarter) the CHAN-CELLOR plunged into a consideration of the prospects for the current twelvemonth. Thanks to careful pruning the estimates had been cut down by over 200 millions. "You can't do everything at one blow, even with an axe," he reminded the House, glancing up at the smiling Sir Enic in the Gallery. The estimated surplus was 46 millions. That looked healthy enough, save that no allowance was made for repayment of debt.

And very soon it appeared that no allowance was intended. A few minor fear, however, was not criticism but concessions to agriculturists and others, and an all-round reduction of postal rates to the pre-Kellaway standard, swept off eight millions of his surplus. What should he do with the remainder? Trade was reviving, but needed a little encouragement. The best stimulus, he had decided-sponte sua, and not at the bidding of the newspapers-was to take a shilling off the income-tax. With the remainder of his surplus he took fourpence off tea and made corresponding reductions in coffee and cocoa. Like those innocent beverages the ing the financial results of last year Budget might be described as cheering

Just compliments to the Chancellor on his lucidity and terseness-" In the matter of rhetoric he has shown the inbred and ineradicable frugality of his countrymen"-came from Mr. Asquith. But that was the end of his praise. The proposal to suspend the Sinking Fund shocked his financial conscience. The Government had no right to remit taxation. They were in fact inviting the House to join in a great gamble, which in his opinion would not come off. The conclusion of the most aggressive speech that the "Wee Free leader has delivered for many a long day was that the Budget was the outcome of "hasty, precipitate, provisional

Mr. CLYNES was much less censorious. He congratulated the CHANCELLOR on the reduction of the tea-duty and, admitting that high taxation was a handicap to business, was not disposed to rebuke him for taking the shilling off the income-tax. No Labour speech on finance is complete without its King CHARLES's head, and he insisted once again upon the necessity of " a graduated levy upon accumulated wealth."

Tuesday, May 2nd .- The Home SECRETARY announced that £50,000 a year would be saved by a substantial reduction in the boot-allowance of the Metropolitan police, but omitted to specify whether the reduction was jus-tified by a fall in prices or a diminution in the acreage.

Judging by the results the persons who authorised the Government investment in the British Cellulose Company must have omitted the obvious precaution, which any schoolboy would have warned them to take, "When you ask for

cellulose see that they cellulose."

The debate on the Budget was resumed by Sir DONALD MACLEAN, who for the most part repeated (at con-



A DISTINGUISHED STRANGER. SIR ERIC GEDDES,

siderably greater length) what Mr. Asquirn had said the day before, but discovered on his own account a strange discrepancy between the Government's claim to have reduced the National Debt by 300 millions and the official figures showing that it had actually increased during the peace-era.

Mr. BONAR LAW came to the rescue of his late colleagues, and thought they were wise in not trying to pay off debt during a slump. He urged them, how-ever, not to slacken in the use of the axe, and actually suggested, to the horror of Lieut. Commander Ken-WORTHY, that the Navy would be a suitable subject for its exercise.

Wednesday, May 3rd, -Lord GORELL moved the Second Reading of the Merchandise Marks Bill. It is designed as an improvement upon the Act of 1887. the measure which introduced the phrase "made in Germany" into our midst, and, in the opinion of some political theorists, first revealed to the great mass of the British public the idea that we had a potential enemy on the other side of the North Sea. That Act was full of loopholes. Under it the foreign manufacturer could and did disguise his products by the use of British names

and emblems. The patriotic housewife BERLAIN ingeniously but vainly endeavwas always being taken in by domestic utensils described as "Union Jack" or "Britannia," and, worse still, the African ance. The Member for Central Hull native, who could buy no gun that was not marked with the "broad arrow," would find too late, when his weapon had burst on him, that the mark was a fake. Now, if Parliament approves, some of these loopholes are to be closed.

The new Order in Council enabling the Board of Admiralty to retire Naval officers "for peculiarity of temper or other defect not amounting to misconduct" naturally aroused much criticism among the Naval Brigade in the House. It was felt that if this Order had been in force before the War the Service might have been deprived prematurely of many a valuable officer-almost certainly of the distinguished commander who enjoyed the sobriquet of "Lord Damietta," and possibly of Lord Fisher himself. Under such a ukase few, I fear, of the Admirals depicted by Mr. BATEMAN would ever have reached their exalted rank.

It might have been supposed that Sir CHARLES TOWNSHEND had had enough of the Turks-at Kut and afterwardsto last him the rest of his life. But, believing that he can do his country some further service as a mediator, he wants to go back to Constantinople and is naturally indignant because the Foreign Secretary has refused him a passport. Lt.-Commander Kenworthy was allowed to go to Genoa and talk to the Bolshevists; why should he be forbidden to bring his influence to bear upon Mustapha Kemal? Mr. Cham-

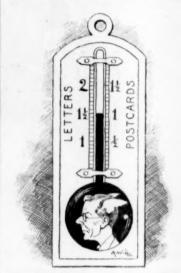


THE OLD CRUSADER.

Sir CHARLES TOWNSHEND, "CAN ANYBODY TELL ME WHY I AM INTERNED?

oured to persuade him that the refusal was really a compliment to his importcould go where he liked and nobody marked bim. But Sir CHARLES TOWNS. HEND's reputation in Turkey was such that his visit might be misinterpreted. and embarrass rather than facilitate the negotiations for peace. Sir Charles did not appear to be the least placated by this soft sawder.

Thursday, May 4th .- Last year Lord ASKWITH introduced a Bill to amend

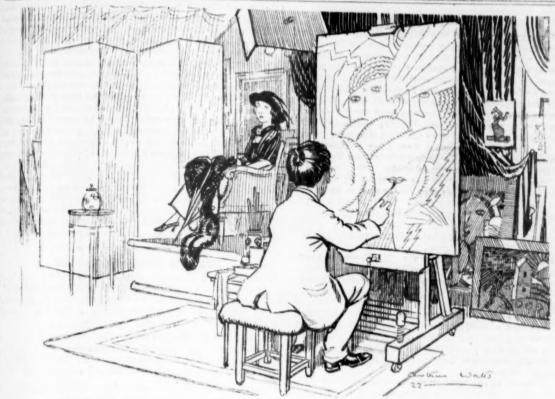


THE MERCURY OF ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND DROPS A BIT FROM BOILING-POINT. MR. KELLAWAY.

the Advertisements Regulation Act, but

was induced to withdraw it because, he said, the LORD CHANCELLOR made a funny speech against it. Emboldened, perhaps, by the knowledge that Lord BIRKENHEAD had betaken himself and his destructive humour to the Mediterranean, Lord Newton now moved the Second Reading of a similar Bill and showed that he could be quite as funny as any Lord Chancellor. He was particularly sarcastic at the expense of the advertising proclivities of other noble lords connected with stimulating liquids and sensational journalism.

Question-time in the Commons was largely taken up with a controversy as to the limits within which inquiries regarding the condition of Ireland are now permissible. The SPEAKER'S somewhat tentative ruling that the Imperial Parliament, having given Ireland a Government of her own, was no longer concerned with matters of internal administration, was freely challenged, even Lord ROBERT CECIL placing him-



Ultra-modern Portrait Painter (to Restive Sitter). "My dear madam, how can you expect me to obtain a good portrait of you unless you sit still?"

self pro hac vice in line with the Die-

A humble apology was offered by Sir Philip Sassoon for having inadvertently revealed one of the secrets of the Budget—the reduction of the tea-duty—to a small gathering of his constituents at Folkestone on Monday, a few minutes ahead of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His contrition was so obviously sincere that the House readily forgave him. The following doggered was subsequently picked up in the neighbourhood of the Treasury Bench:—

A hasty young Bart, at Folkestoun Forecasted the Chanchlor's boon; Being rapped on the knuckles, No longer he chuckles And wishes he'd not been Sassoon,

The Crare for Murder.
"Home-Killed Butcher."
Suburban Paper.

From the description of a house for sale:-

"Three large Reception rooms, spacious oak-panelled hall, 12 bedrooms, billiards-room, conservatory, 2 bathrooms, butler's pantry, and usual offices. Piggeries to house 200 pigs, detached."—Liverpool Paper.

This segregation, we notice, is generally adopted in the best circles.

SONG OF THE SILENT SOLE.

(Inspired by the increasing prevalence of hush foot-wear.)

Why to the tyranny of din Should we allegiance own When silently the planets spin Around the Solar throne? Let clamorous and blatant youth The cult of uproar spread; The wise take pattern from the sleuth And walk with velvet tread.

All harsh unnecessary noise
Poisons the springs of life,
Converting calm domestic joys
Into a sea of strife;
But wisdom's sons, alas! too few
In these distressful days,
Persistently the path pursue
That mitigates malaise.

Yet 'twere ungracious to ignore, Amid the hopeful signs That add a little to our store Of easeful anodynes,

The fact that Robert, as he roams At night along the street, More vigilantly guards our homes Thanks to his padded feet. So, since appalling snorts and hoots
Still vex us like the plague,
My brethren, let us tune our boots
In harmony with The Hague;
Till, cutting at the roots of hate
By strenuous noise-control,
We shall be captains of our fate
With silence in our sole.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.
Written in 1728. Sung by the Original Cast,"
Advt. in Canadian Paper.
Tough old beggars!

"Kitchenmaid (not under 183) Required; some experience,"—Provincial Paper.
This must be the American use of "some."

From the advertisement of a subscription dance:-

"Come in Your Thousands! Accommodation for Three Hundred Couples," Irish Paper.

It sounds like the Tube.

"Harry Vardon is thoroughly accustomed to missing putts, and now only smiles when the ball, confound it! looks into the tee and then raus off the edge."—Evening Paper.

He should use a more trustworthy ball—one that does not look upon the tee when it is green.

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ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

ONCE upon a time-it was indeed early May-there were two small boys who after lunch on Sunday found themselves with nothing to do. It is a common predicament among small boys, and greater boys too, in this country, where, on the Day of Rest, cricket (which had just begun and for which they longed with all their hearts) is forbidden.

In default, then, of any game, with its automatic organisation to occupy them, the two boys (whose names, I should say, were Henry and Harold) strolled out to be thoroughly unorganised until the clock which each carried | Dr. PARR, it is known, favoured it, so long as attendance at in his little stomach should warn them that home was again the best place. In their pockets were their trusty catapults, and they also carried sticks.

Their first stopping-place was a gate which promised a good swing, and upon this they swung until it was broken, and then they hastily passed on. The thought that their neighbour, Farmer Brown, would be put to the expense of six shillings to mend it did not trouble them; but they accelerated their steps under the fear that he might be close at hand.

Having satisfied themselves that Mr. Brown was not in pursuit, they turned their attention to his live stock, and from the security of the hedge stung up a mare and a foal so effectually with their catapults as to drive them both nearly frantic.

They next picked and flung away a number of bluebells. Then they crossed a sunny common, on which were a number of young silver birches springing gaily beside the path, and as they passed they pulled at the branches from which the little new buds were bursting into leaf, and snapped them off.

At the end of the common was a copse, and they walked warily along the edge of it in the hope of finding a nest. Soon their hopes were rewarded, for a blackbird flew screaming out of a bush-in the foolish way that blackbirds have. If only they could remain still, how many a human enemy would they frustrate! This timid bird, however, who had just completed her laying and was preparing to hatch out five little recruits to the sylvan choir, gave the show away so successfully that in a few moments the eggs were in the boys' possession.

Harold at once seized three of them and, producing a pin, prepared to blow them; but Henry remarked that it wasn't fair that Harold should have three and himself only two, pointing out that he was not only the elder, but that he saw the blackbird first. Harold admitted that Henry was the elder, but denied the priority of vision. As a matter of fact, he said, it was he who had both proposed the search for a nest at that place and who had spotted the mother's emergence.

As neither would give way, the arbitrament of fisticuffs was resorted to, during which (for they did not fight by Queensberry rules) both boys were severely kicked and all the eggs were smashed.

For a while after this they kept at a considerable distance from each other and sulked; and they might never have become reconciled and happy again but for a piece of unprecedented good fortune.

Their crowning stroke of luck was this: Harold suddenly observed a very small rabbit cross the road and hide under the bank. It was exceedingly tiny, as rabbits are apt to be early in May, and it was one of so large a family that the parents had not yet had opportunity to instruct it in the dangers of the world. It was too young to know that the rabbit, for all the pretty nursery literature which has elevated it into a hero and all its soft woolly counterfeits the hostess who didn't send the invitation had heard of his with which small children are comforted in their cots (both | sartorial deficiency.

Henry and Harold had cuddled one in their time), has astonishing powers of arousing the blood-lust of human beings and inflaming their most destructive and predatory instincts. When therefore the eager hands of Harold seized him he was only surprised. Terror was not yet.

Upon this part of my story I do not care to dwell. Let it suffice to say that both boys, having armed themselves with more than sufficient stones, the captive was liberated. . .

And the moral? There is no particular moral to this tale, unless the desirability of adding cricket to Sunday's beguilement should be seriously considered by anyone. The learned church had come first; and so did a divine of more recent activity, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, of Eversley; but the humane idea has not spread widely, although walled gardens are vociferous with "Fifteen Love," "Thirty all" and "Deuce" on every hand. But if there is no moral there is at least an odd thought that may occur to the reflective mind: which is, that among all the creatures through which Harold and Henry that Sunday afternoon cut their ruthless way Harold and Henry alone possessed immortal souls.

JAPAN FOR BRITISH CONSUMPTION.

(Describing the Imperial Mausoleum at Momoyama, a Reuter message, published in "The Pall Mall Gazette," speaks of the great dome " within which rest the ashes of the Meiji," and of "a sprig of the shinto tree" being placed on the altar outside.)

THE tombs of the Meiji (1) are sombre and grand; On Mount Sayonara (2) they silently stand; There's a domed mausoleum with portals thrown wide Where the Peace of Enlightenment lay when it died.

Through the woods of Konichi Wa (3) Shoji (4) ascends, As his reverent way to the temple he wends, Clad in Bento (5), Kuruma (6) and Fujisan (7) rare, And bearing a Waraji (8), banishing care.

And so to the Tabi (9) he'll modestly go, With a bud of Kyoto (10) or sprig of Shinto (11) To lay on the altar where worship the men Who follow the precepts of Arimasen (12).

But he meets with glad tidings of joy and surprise, And he chants the Kimono (13) and "Banzai" (14) he cries; For as he approaches that wonderful hall He finds "The Awakening" is not dead at all.

- (1) "Enlightened Peace" or "The Awakening." (2) "Farewell."
- "Good day."
- (4) The oiled paper windows of
- a Japanese house. (5) Luncheon.
- A jinrickshaw. (7) The sacred mountain Fujiyama.
- s) Straw sandal. (9) Japanese gocks.
- (10) The Second City of Japan. Before the Meiji era it was the residence of the Mikado.
- (11) The State religion of Japan. "The Way of the Gods."
- (12) " I have none." (13) The outer garment of the
- Japanese.
 (14) "Hurrah." But always for
- something national.

"Tennis Racquet for Sale, complete with frame 25/." Advt. in Local Paper.

That is the best kind, we believe.

" Norice .- Local Gentleman, Medium Build, Hitherto of good social standing, is prepared to loan out fashionable Dress coat and white waistcoat (no trousers) on the evening of the 28th and 29th inclusive. Apply to: 'Uninvited.'"—Far East Paper.

We are sorry for "Uninvited," but can only suppose that

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ECHOES OF THE GREAT SKIRT CONTROVERSY-II.



THE "INCROYABLE."



THE "CHARLIE."



THE "SHORT" (for Stock Exchange Bears).



THE "PLUS SIXTEEN."



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WHAT FEW MEN KNOW.

I RECEIVED John's telegram at lunchtime. It read: "Club light dinner-jacket."

Now that the War is over, John has no right to say how I shall dress, and the Club is just as much mine as his. But I have noticed a touch of Prussianism about him more than once since that day in 1915 when he told me to get my hair cut.

But there was nothing Prussian about John when he arrived a quarter of an hour late. He looked worried and almost modest. He was wearing a perfectly good dinner-jacket, so that my early suspicion that he might want to borrow

mine died quietly. He insisted on choosing a cold corner, where he said we should not be overheard. That put me on the defensive at

"John," I said as we sat down, "if you are going to give me another tip like your last one, when you told me to buy Mexican Vultures before the bulls could get at them, I don't want to listen to you."

He made no answer, while a waiter placed two glasses containing some liquid substance on a table in front of us. His hand shook as he paid the man, and I thought that either Love or Bankruptcy had come his way at

As soon as ever the

and said :-"How many buttons have you got

on your waistcoat?"

He tried to conceal his emotion as he put this vital question to me, but button ought to be cut off? And how there was an ill-suppressed hiss in his

I said I didn't know-how many men do know ?- and without further parley

he proceeded to count them for himself.
"But you've got four," he almost shouted after he had checked his cal-

"Well, they are all paid for," I said. "And how many have you got?"

"Four," he replied, passing his hand wearily over his brow.

"Then I suppose it's a draw and we must have a re-play.'

"You ought only to have three," he were the best-dressed officers." said in a sad tired voice.

"I often undo the bottom one after both of us; "Captain" also happened the joint," I told him; "but, as a button, it is really my favourite."

While I spoke, John took a paper from his pocket, pointed to a passage in to dinner.' in it and leant back wearily.

Then I knew. It was a weekly paper feeling grossly over-buttoned. and the paragraph was entitled "Modes for Males," by "The Major." Among other remarks the gallant field-officer said that " no man who wishes to appear even passably well-dressed would have more than three buttons on an evening-dress waistcoat."

I admit I was alarmed, the statement was so unqualified; there was no five. escape from it.

Government Inspector, "How MANY PROPLE WORK HERE?" Employer, "PRECIOUS FEW OF 'EM."

waiter had left us John turned to me | we've got eight between us and we | Jones is a fellow-countryman of the ought only to have six. . . . I wonder PREMIER. if the hall-porter has got a pair of scissors."

But here a difficulty arose. Which were we to fill up the button-holes? The world seemed very grey as we sat there. A spruce old gentleman passed us on his way out, and my guilty fancy almost heard him say, "Four buttons!" in well-dressed horror as he went by. But I was the first to recover.

"John," I said kindly, "you remember the War?

"Now that you mention it I do."

"Well, how many well-dressed Majors did you meet in those years?"

He thought for a moment. "Not many," he said. "Captains

to be the rank of both of us.

"Come, now," I said, "button your jacket if you feel nervous and we'll go

We proceeded into the dining-room,

The dinner was quite good, but it was a dreary meal. John slipped back into despair when he found the waiter had three buttons on his waistcoat. A man sitting at the next table kept his jacket buttoned up and we suspected he was concealing his shameful secret —he may have had four or even

John spent most of the meal sketch-I heard John whimpering: "And ing out a plan on which his wife was

to re-build his waistcoat on a three-button basis.

She has done it very skilfully. But John has never quite recovered. In the evening he becomes self-conscious and rarely looks a man in the face now; he looks him in the waistcoat.

Our Imperturbables.

"Turning an awkward corner his machine wobbled, went on to the grass at the side of the road, was thrown into the air, turned three somersaults over the heads of the spectat rs and another motor-cycle, and finally landed in a ditch, with Mr. Jones still clinging to it.

In spite of its adventures the machine was practically undamaged, and although Mr. Jones was badly shaken he had no other injuries." Daily Paper.

It is inferred that Mr.

"The Bolsheviki and representatives at France broke head together at Lloyd George residence,"—Canadian Paper.

A Genoa revelation which the Editor of The Times appears to have missed.

"Surrey; within 15 miles of London .- To be Let as a going concert, first-class Pleasure and Poultry Farm." - Sunday Paper.

You should hear the rooster's early morning C in alt.

"The prospective change in income tax from 6s. to 5s. in the £ means more than mest people suppose. Take the case of an individual with £100 gross dividends from investments, the actual net income received with the tax at 6s. is whittled down to £70, whereas with the tax at 5s. in the & the net income is £75."-Evening Paper.

We hate to seem conceited, but that is This, we found, was the opinion of just how we reckoned it ourselves.

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NO, THIS IS NOT A SPRING IDYLL. THE GENTLEMAN, WHO IS SITTING NEXT TO A PERFECT STRANGER, IS MERELY EXTRACTING HIS FARE FROM HIS TROUSERS POCKET,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE,

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Stronger Influence (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Miss F. E. Mills Young has re-told up to a certain point, in an original and distinctive South African setting, the story of Enoch Arden; but she has made her vanished husband an by emotion at the spectacle of his wife's remarried happiness and placid motherhood, but stay on to claim his dubiously legal rights and send the second husband packing. None of the three—Esmé, the lady; Paul, her first partner, discarded shoes on his apparently well-documented deathappears to be actuated by any supernatural view of marrage; so I cannot see eye to eye with Miss MILLS Young and Mr. Stacpoole's book in his hand. in applauding the ineffectual Esme's return to the unspeakable Paul. Still less can I tell what induces George, a thoroughly good husband on the lines of the Tennysonian be said for this humanly-speaking uncomfortable course. My only quarrel with Miss Mills Young—who has every other claim on my gratitude—is that she hasn't said it.

Much the pleasantest way of practising the excellent

perilous regions. Some of his adventurers are far from respectable, as respectability is reckoned in the suburbs; but they are one and all to be trusted in a tight corner; I cannot quite grasp the underlying strategy of The and all of them, though they may not be aware of it, represent civilised or partly civilised man at war with the forces of primeval savagery. But in the most curious instance of that conflict, which occurs in the story called "Kadjaman," the unconscious champion of civilisation is unprepossessing drunkard, and let him return, after six himself a savage. For the most part, Mr. Stacpoole's years' absence, not to vanish again in blank verse, broken people narrate the episode in which they took part, and very well they do it, sticking to the point and using the terse idiom of the vernacular. He has a nice habit of keeping a little surprise in store for his readers at the end. Sometimes, as in the story, "Did Kressler kill his Wife?" and George, the faithful old adorer who steps into Paul's the surprise is in the nature of a subtle practical joke. But no matter. I can wish the weary and bewildered soul nothing much better than a spell of leisure, an easy-chair,

The Ruritania game must be a jolly one for a novelist to play, for he can make up the rules as he goes along, and to be Philip, to hand over his wife and baby at a moment's notice able to cite a custom of the country to justify every improbto the man who never got on with the one and "bitterly ability is to be in a very enviable position, if rather a hackresents" the other. I do not deny that there is much to neved one. Miss Marie van Vorst's Ruritania is called Carmania, and The Queen of Carmania (MILLS AND BOON) is her heroine. Her hero, Stephen Crossdale, an engineer, is just the sort of young American who would have that sort of nice name, and comes to Carmania to tunnel the mountains and carry a railway line through to the Danube. virtues of resource and valiancy is the vicarious process of There are plots and counter-plots, a revolution, a wolf-hunt, reading about them. Here is your chance, generously pro- which seemed to me more like butchery, and plenty of local vided by Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, who, in his book of colour, fur caps, sleighs and folk dances and even words in short stories, Men, Women and Beasts (Hutchinson), tells the Carmanian tongue which Miss van Vorst has kindly of wild doings and desperate emergencies in remote and translated for her less instructed readers. Carmania seems to have a queer climate, for you go out in furs one week and Mr. Padstow dancing on a string and marries the penniless pick roses in the open the next; and queer customs too, for it is remarked upon when the footman comes in "without being announced" to clear away the tea-things. But here I am quite in agreement with Miss van Vosst. When you have a new country in hand and no one to interfere with you, it is just as well to make a good job of it and have it quite different from any of the old ones. The story moves gaily on to its appointed end, which is the one you would expect, and, speaking for myself, I have enjoyed it much more than any book of Miss van Vorst's which I have yet encountered.

After an interval of five years Lord George Hamilton has produced another instalment of his entertaining Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections (MURRAY). It deals with the years 1886 to 1906, a period which exactly covers the rise and fall of the Unionist Party; and as the author was a Cabinet Minister during fourteen of those twenty he has selected the most interesting, and woven them into

years he is able to give us many a glimpse behind the scenes of politics. Fresh light is thrown upon such episodes as Lord RAN-DOLPH CHURCHILL'S sensational resignation, the PARNELL Commission, the Boer War and the Tariff Reform campaign. The Irish Question fills many pages. Lord Morley's dictum (uttered circa 1886), that unless promptly dealt with it would "drift into a squalid edition of the Thirty Years' War," has been unhappily justified, though at one time it looked as if ARTHUR Balfour, whom the Nationalists jeered at as "a philosophical

daddy-long-legs," was going to settle it with his policy of its accomplishment he relies successfully on a vast store "Thorough." Not only were political parties riven as under of accumulated knowledge. His illustrations add much by it, but even personal friendships could not stand the strain. to the value of a delightful book. GLADSTONE and BRIGHT were both sitting to MILLAIS about this time; each confided to the artist that the other was going off his head. The author justifiably records his successful efforts to rescue the Navy from the wretched condition (as regards material) in which he found it; and also has wise things to say about India, where "minorities must rule," and the question is "which minority?" He still permits himself an occasional inaccuracy, as, for example, the statement that the attendance at GLADSTONE'S funeral was "meagre." But, generally speaking, the present volume, like its predecessor, with its judicious commingling of grave and gay, is a model for autobiographers.

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's Victorian (Hutchinson) is a competent compact piece of work. Seven characters appear: Clare Loudon, a conscienceless spendthrift of kisses and money (other people's); her worthy and over-patient husband; her step-sister, Christian, who gradually emerges from out of the shadow cast by the flashy character of Oliver Hawke; his sister Jane, who keeps the purse-proud tion is complete.

subaltern, Ambrose March, when the War comes (at the end of the book) to alter everybody's values. Jane is any. thing but Victorian—a really delectable creation, wild but witty, seeming irresponsible but shrewd and clever and nothing like so heartless as it suits her to appear. Mr. March will not have an easy time, but he certainly won't be bored. Christian's tactful tussle with the Victorian assertiveness and obtuseness of her entirely decent husband is skilfully described. But I found her just a little too good to be quite true, and my vote goes to Jane, precocious neo-Georgian madcap.

Mr. ARTHUR HEMING has travelled twenty-three times through various parts of the northern woods between Maine and Alaska, and it took him thirty-three years to collect the information that he gives us in The Drama of the Forests (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Of the facts that he observed

a continuous narrative. "as though it all happened in a single year. The result is entirely happy. It was under the guidance of the Indian, Oo-Koo-Hoo The Owl), and his numerous family that the author went out to learn the secrets of the woods, and a more expert and dignified instructor I cannot imagine. Mr. HEMING deals out some shrewd blows to white men ("All white men are fools," says Oo-Koo-Hoo); and he also disperses my belief in certain tales which I have cherished since my childhood; but mainly his task is to give us the real life of the forest-dwellers, and for



"'AVE YOU ANY BEASONS TO DOUBT MY WORD, MARIA?" "YES, I 'AVE." "AND WOT ARE THEY, MAY I ASK?" "I DON'T BELIEVE YER."

If there is such a thing as a modest cuckoo I cannot think that it will be pleased with Mr. EDGAR CHANCE, however much it may appreciate the systematic and sustained industry that he devoted to the exploration of The Cuckoo's Secret (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON). The cuckoo that Mr. Chance kept under observation imposed chiefly upon meadow pipits, and he tells us that these, together with reed warblers, hedge sparrows, pied wagtails, robins and sedge warblers, are the birds usually chosen as dupes. Until he and his trusty band of accomplices set to work to investigate its secret no observer had been able to determine the time, place and circumstances of the laying of a cuckoo's egg. April 20th, we are told, is a fair average date on which we may expect (in the South) to hear the cuckoo's call, a statement that I hope may give pause to those of us who imagine that they hear it soon after Christmas, and write at once to the newspapers to say so. I shall not rest content until I have seen Mr. Chance's film. After that event I Clare and finds favour in the eyes of the ultra-masculine shall feel that, as far as the cuckoo is concerned, my educa2.

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CHARIVARIA.

PERU is to have a statue of Liberty. This is regarded as the first step towards Prohibition.

for future Peace Conferences are dealt for this nuisance. with in strict rotation, and this island must take its turn with the rest.

"While visiting the cannibals of the we only just live. South Sea Islands," says Mrs. CAMERON, "Ioften talked to them about Mr. LLOYD GEORGE." A very clever ruse.

ton Orient Football Club offices. There been severely tested.

is some talk of the team arranging a return visit.

" Fine weather at last," says a contemporary. Not a word of gratitude to the Coalition, you will observe.

The Chairman of the House of Commons Kitchen Committee pointed out last week that Members obtained their whisky cheaper than outside the House. We have always felt that they do not all become M.P.'s for the sheer love of the thing.

America to England on purpose to hear his hat to the lift-boy. On being redone to persuade him to have a peep at the Die-hards while he is here.

Attention is drawn to the great prethe South Seas. It must be pointed roads in Surrey. We fear that at preout that invitations to suitable spots sent motorists have no legal remedy

> "We live in a strange time," says a morning paper leader-writer. Yes; but

According to a contemporary there crown, but only a metal framework For the sixth time during the past capable of being contracted or expanded season burglars have broken into Clap- to fit the head of the wearer. It has

TRY BRISKO FOR THE NEAD

FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF THE BRIGHT IDEA OF ADVERTISING ON THE BACKS OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.

Medical men in America can only prescribe whisky when Once the average man gets to know them, nothing can stop them coming on.

Orators, we read, live longer than other persons. Our impression is that it only seems longer to their audiences.

A Berlin strike leader has been sentenced to twenty strokes with the birch. It is said that he asked the judge to call it "strikes," just to make it look more friendly.

It is thought that if the Spanish-Morocco war drags on much longer it will eventually lead to a campaign for Brighter Wars.

"A girl has done the London to Brighton walk on tomatoes," says a light-hearted contemporary. We should ourselves have chosen roller-skates.

At the Oxford Musical Festival, we his advice to those about to marry. certain symptoms present themselves. note, Morley's "Fire, fire, my Heart! was sung. It is greatly to the credit of the audience that there was no panic.

> "Perhaps you wouldn't think it," says a writer in The Daily News, "but a hairdresser's shop is a hotbed of superstition." We have always understood that it is considered unlucky to be shaved by a cross-eyed man.

> It is announced that Ramsgate is to have ten flag-days this year. In Brighter Brighton circles some equally attractive idea is not despaired of.

> "Carmelite House," says Lord NORTH-CLIFFE, "is a place where the man who acts as hall-porter may climb to the top." We think he might be allowed to use the lift.

Dr. CASET WOOD has travelled from Lord NORTHCLIFFE's presence took off sons at church?

the nightingale. Everything is being buked by his host he explained that he was saluting a possible future editor of The Daily Mail. . *

The newspapers publish accounts of A new island has been discovered in valence of nightingales beside the main the depredations of golden eagles in Scotland, where they are said to be increasing. So far there is no authenticated case of their carrying off a fullgrown journalist.

> Two men broke into a house at Deal, and, after sleeping in the best bedroom and eating a good breakfast, they went away with an O.B.E. medal. We don't is no such thing as a German Imperial | think they were quite up to the required standard of merit.

> > Mr. Dempsey, says a contemporary, is said to be afraid of nothing in this

country. Then he can't have met Mr. LOVAT FRASER.

From an article entitled "Bad Spelling at the Mint" :-

"In 1868 appeared the last error, and that was Brittania' spelt with a 'D'."—Evening Paper.

The Mint's error was the more original.

"- HOTEL. - Newly decorated, every home comfort. Liberal table. Terms from 35s, double, 2 gns. single."

Adet. in Daily Paper. Under these conditions Mr. Punch is almost inclined to reconsider

"MOVING PICTURES OF AUSTRALIAN INDUSTRIES." Placard outside Australia House.

This does not encourage us to emigrate. We are sufficiently "moved" by the pathetic scenes of industrial stagnation at home.

"Miss Madge Saunders and Mrs. Leslie Henson will open a Kingston Boy Scouts' 'fair' to-morrow."—Evening Paper.

It is rumoured that Miss Saunders' husband and Mr. Leslie Henson were also present, with only one hat between

"The Rev. T. Willis Kidd, L.Th., has been appointed Curate of Selby Abbey Church."

Local Paper,

"The Management Committee have appointed Mr. Thomas Henry Parsons, B.A. to the headmastership of the Selby Abbey National Schools."—Same Paper.

In this connection we recall a story Isn't there some mistake here? Should of a visitor to Carmelite House who in | not the Kipp be at school and the Par-

TROUBLES OF A PRESS MACNATE.

[A Newspaper Proprietor recently gave a list of the typical troubles incidental to his position, but omitted to mention, as perhaps too obvious, the anxieties from which a Press Magnate is liable to suffer in his capacity as a model of responsible patriotism.]

How few that scan their morning sheet Conceive the welter weight of care That occupies the pillion-seat

Behind a paper-millionaire; Men picture him as fat and sleek, Think that he wolfs his breakfast victuals,

That life for him is, so to speak, A steady stream of beer and skittles.

They are in error. Morn by morn New furrows mark his massive front As he reviews with eyes forlorn The features of his latest stunt; His porridge tastes of putrid dopes,

His costly bacon turns to leather, As there he sits and mopes and mopes Cursing the forecast of the weather.

What is it puts him off his food? Is it dyspepsia? No, it ain't; A deeper trouble sours his mood And makes his appetite so faint; Tis the conviction, strangely strong, That, if on any given matter

There is a choice of Right or Wrong, England is always in the latter.

Genoa proves it, where his sleuth Camps in the tents of France and tracks

With Gallie flair the hideous truth, Cheek close by jowl with "PERTINAX" What if the Paris pressman's bile

With hate of England be infected? All who expose our Premier's guile May claim to have their views respected.

Not that our hero briefed his man In France's cause against our own; No doubt his sealed instructions ran :-"You'll take a patriotic tone;

But such was George's devious way, So hotly after Peace he lusted, That honesty was bound to say That he had got the Entente busted.

That is the bitter thought that makes Our Magnate's coffee turn to gall :-England, in whom such pride he takes, England to hell must shortly fall;

And, when she topples o'er the brink (And all the signs seem pointing thither),

No joy is left him-save to think LLOYD GEORGE has gone a mucker with her. O. S.

"It is a fact that to refer to the men of China as 'Chinese,' either in word or print, is looked upon by them as an insult." Picture Paper.

"Chink," of course, is far more polite.

THE CUIDING HAND.

His linen as much as anything attracts attention. It is always so immaculate, if one is to judge by the and the blank cheque was, of course, cuff (and if a cuff is clean it is a pretty fair criterion). He shows just as much of it as is consistent with good breeding, seldom offering more than a mere day, and I knew by then it would be glimpse of the cuff-link. The nails are too late. Any apology of mine would exquisitely manicured, the wrist shapely be inadequate in the circumstances, for and unhirsute; then comes the delicate ring of cuff, followed by a hint of the I don't know what he'll think of me jacket fitting well round it, and after that -enigma. No further identification will be permit. Of a retiring and shy disposition he shrinks from publicity. Again and again I have tried to picture to myself his complete form, and wondered if he is dressed as well as his cuff would lead one to believe.

The aristocratic shape of his index finger makes me think he wears pointed tie was "Quite New," which made it hoots (buttoning), with patent toes. I saw him yesterday with unctuous finger pointed directly upwards, and I approached him reverently with uncovered head to gather the purport of his heavenly message. "Tea Room Upstairs," I read. I attended a charity matinée and realised that he could be benign or scornful as occasion demanded. There was a kindly air of benevolence as he indicated, "Stalls bers of Jockey Club only '). I met him Downstairs to the Right;" but it was on a strange golf-course on the Lincoln a finger of scorn which intimated at coast where the links are cut by a road. the corner, "Gallery this Way.

I visited a second-rate town recently, and for the sake of something to do in the evening witnessed a third-rate play in a fourth-rate theatre by a fifth-rate company (if such a thing is possible). My weary eyes left the stage during gentleman, but I prefer to ignore such the first Act and idly followed a dado from its commencement at the side of the proscenium. It started with a tulip, then a whirl, a botanically im- himself for the sake of others. The possible rose, another whirl, a cornucopia, a super-whirl (a maddening thing without a definite beginning or end), and then the tulip again. I got as far as the second super-whirl, and right in the middle of its intricacies it broke off abruptly to make way for-There he was, very blunt and to the point this time. "Exit," he said and pointed horizontally. I devoutly thanked him as I fished out my hat from under my so-called fauteuil.

He greeted me excitedly last week from both sides of a handbill delivered through my letter-box. He was wearing black gloves on this occasion and that little action of mine-the pausing, urged me to take this, my last chance, of procuring one or more pairs of boots ing my hat-caused quite an amount of at 12s. 6d. per pair out of a consignment of 500,000. He drew attention so emphatically to its being my last face and give personal expression to my chance that I resolved to send a blank gratitude.

cheque there and then and ask him to allot me one or more pairs. I didn't like to specify any number. "One or more pairs" threw the onus on him, meant as from one gentleman to another. I much regret that other matters intervened and made me forget until next he had used both hands-with gloves, about this.

I caught sight of him in a butcher's window. He pointed to a mass of bloody and glutinous chops and said, "Note the Price." I immediately did so-1s. 101d. it was-and have duly filed this valuable information among my most treasured archives.

He likewise told me that a spotted distinct from the thousands of others which are, no doubt, worn once or twice by the manufacturers or the retailers before being offered to the public, a point I had not considered previously. So I bought it, and shall expect him to say of similar ties, "As Now Worn."

Quite a democrat too (" Four Ale Bar through the Archway"), and yet accustomed to move in highest circles ("Mem-"To the Sixth Tee," he urbanely said, and refrained from making any movement while I drove off.

Some people might take exception to his pointing as being contrary to the etiquette governing the conduct of a pedantry and accept gentlemanliness in a much wider sense, honouring him for the unselfish way he distributes vulgar question of remuneration does not enter into his task at all. It is a self-imposed duty and no reward is sought. It seems to me that we are sadly lacking in our appreciation of this gratuitous kindness. I counted over a hundred people the other evening who found their way to the "Trains for Hampstead and Highgate" platform at Tottenham Court Road by his kindly aid, and (you may believe it or not) I was the only one who stopped on the stairs and said "Thank you." And so self-centred have we become, so oblivious of the little courtesies of life, that saying "Thank you," lifting and replaccomment among the crowd behind me.

One day I hope to meet him face to

LEAVENTHII

"BROADCAST" WIRELESS.

FIRST CLUBMAN. "AH! THE NIGHTINGALE!"
SECOND CLUBMAN. "THAT SOUNDS LIKE A KNOCK-OUT."

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Guest (to hostess). "Well, Goodbye, my dear. Great success. I haven't been so squashed since 1914."

LINES FOR A WEDDING.

Sorr speeds the stream

O'er gleaming shallows spreading, A sun-and-silver dream

Through cloth of kingcup gold athreading;

Lay down a moment reel and rod, For pipes the old, the horned god, And mays and lilacs beck and nod, And Spring has come to wedding.

The cuckoos call

To see so sweet advancing; The whispering reeds bend all-

The whispering reeds like gossips all romancing;

And dragonflies so blue and gay, And kingfishers more blue than they, Flash up and down the happy day That sets the meadows dancing.

Yester-morn still

This nubile maid was never Aught but reluctant, chill

And coy despite of all her swain's endeavour;

But here 's her hour of lovely shame, So ardently she breaks a flame, And yields her heart at Summer's claim For ever and for ever.

So bare the head

And wish her love and kisses, Ere the brief hour is sped—

The lilac hour that 's queen of all the blisses:

For, though you'll see full many a morn From now until they've cut the corn That's blue, that's white, that's

halcyon-borne, There's never time like this is.

Notice in a shop-window:—
"Trousers Pressed 6d, a Leg.
ALL SEATS FREE."

Although this did not appear in a newspaper it might fairly be described as "The Humour of the Press."

"Events of outstanding and transcending importance occur in despite of Genoa. The little seaport town in the Adriatic merely projects the limelight."—Weekly Paper.

The writer seems to have got Genoa on the wrong side of the boot.

"Nelson Corporation last night levied a consolidated rate for borough, county and poorlaw purposes, of 0s. in the pound."

Manchester Paper.

If only other municipalities would cultivate the Nelson touch!

WHO'S WHO?

As you are doubtless aware, Who's Who's is a game in which the "outs" impersonate public characters (from life or literature), and the "ins" guess whom they are impersonating.

Ernest and I, at our own suggestion, became the entire "out" company, refusing all assistance. Game was to be

the best of five.

In our first impersonation Ernest took the stage. He arranged an imaginary meal on the Bridge table and proceeded to despatch it with such gusto that every Hun from ATTILA to HINDENBURG was guessed. But they never got it, and even when we told them that he was Father Hubbard, they did not identify him immediately, but thought that it was some early-Church dignitary.

"The husband of Mother Hubbard, of course, stupids!" said Ernest. "We may justly presume that, as Mother Hubbard had expected to find eatables in the cupboard, it was Father Hubbard who had been there before her and emptied it. That choking fit, when Nancy told me not to be disgusting.

was Father Hubbard swallowing the

poor dog's bone."

"You'll have to play the name part this time," said Ernest, when we were outside again. "Let me see, some starveling, someone suffering from famine and plague." (This was a reprisal for my insistence that his figure suited him peculiarly to the part of the gourmand, Hubbard.) He considered a mo-

"I know, Young Sprat, the son of Jack Sprat and his wife, who between them licked the platter clean. Go in

and look hungry

They missed Sprat Junior also, and

we were two up.

"We must win one more," I said; "I think we had better steer clear of nursery-rhymes this time."

We stood there in the hall with pursed lips and anxious eyes.

Then Ernest went to the table and,

picking up the best morning paper, scanned its columns. "I have it," he said. "Here is a

character easy to represent and known by reputation to everyone. And I doubt if they will guess it."

He placed his finger upon the leading

article.

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"That might do," I said. "You could address the audience from the drive.'

"Or you could," said Ernest.

There was some discussion over this, as it was a cold night, but by dint of flattery-" You're so much better at that sort of thing than I am," and so on-I persuaded him.

I went into the drawing-room to prepare the stage, and was greeted by ribald cries of " Ethelred the Unready,

"The Court Fool," etc.

"You're all very funny," I said. "As a matter of fact I'm not acting. I'm only the scene-shifter.'

At that I drew aside the curtain and opened the casement, and Ernest's sonorous voice was heard without.

"Political shibboleths are of no use to me," he began. "I demand a plain answer to a plain question."

"Quite right too," said Henry; "but I shouldn't take off your shibboleths in the drive on such a cold night."

"Do not interrupt the speaker," I put in severely.

"I am a patient animal," Ernest continued, "but my patience has its limits. Ministers had better have a care or they will get the surprise of their lives.

It was certainly an extremely effective stage setting. Ernest's voice and the obscurity from which it emanated Should I be likely to go outside on to seemed peculiarly to suit the solemn the drive on a cold damp night to porwords. But at this point cries of "Shut the window, we're catching our had had any sense at all you would state of the roads.



WHAT OUR BUTCHER HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Customer (earnestly). "HAVE YOU A SHEEP'S HEART?"

window was shut, and, though Ernest threw some gravel at it as a protest, he had to come in and ask them who

They guessed most of the Members of both Houses of Parliament and several of our family bores.

"I admit that it had a touch of the Uncle William style about it," said Ernest; "but is he a public character?

deaths!" drowned the speaker; the have grasped at once that I was that well-known public character, 'The Man in the Street.' That is three love and

> It was a great triumph, and Ernest and I applauded ourselves heartily.

> "Sir Walter Scott was a very backyard pupil."-Yorkshire Paper.

Of the "Kailyard School," no doubt.

"The motor charabane proprietors are anti-cipating a bumper season."—Provincial Paper. So are the passengers, judging from the

WEST HAM AND HELICON.

IV.

There is something wrong about the poem underneath, apart from the fact that, like several others, it does not actually mention West Ham. It is quite plainly meant to be a tribute to the London General Omnibus Company, a well-merited tribute of praise to their enterprise in running long-distance excursions into the country. The excursion in this case would be to Epping Forest, I suppose, or somewhere beyond it. But I don't see (as you say) why a picnic party should start in the middle of the night, or why the bus should have grass all over it, and make no noise as it goes, or indeed why there should be so much mystery and featheriness and sadness about the whole thing at all. For want of any other explanation I am forced to guess that the poem was written by Mr. Walter de La Mare, and that he does not really understand motor-buses as you and I do.

THE LAST BUS.

Nid-nod through shuttered streets at dead of night Soundless the last grey motor-bus went home; Hailed it no watcher in its phantasm flight; Up the steep belfry stair no passenger clomb.

Mute as a mammet, bowed above the wheel
The driver. His moustache was green with moss;
Cobwebs about him had begun to steal;
Deafer than dammit the conductor was.

Red rust was on the gear chain. Hung long trails
Of bugloss and bindweed from the bonnet's crown;
Charlock and darnel cluttered up the rails;
The destination boards were upside down.

Yet still the bus moved, billowy with grass,
Tottered and laboured, spurted, swayed and slowed;
Stock still the constable beheld it pass;
Bunched sat the cat and feared to whisk the road.

Doom-loud the vegetable transport train
Thundered their hallos, ground the earth to grit;
Scavengers turned to wave and wave again;
Night revellers screamed "Toot-a-loot" to it.

And still no sound. Only a murmur, a sigh Showed it not all a thing of shadow and gleam; Fled the tall soap-works, fled the brewery by, Fled the municipal baths as though in a dream.

None knew whence came this shadowy motor-bus, What it was doing, why, and whither away It sped on into the night adventurous, Covered with lichens and all a-shake with hay.

Ay, but the forms within! What face was that Glassily seen—and that one, mild yet mum? There—with the pink petunia in her hat! There—with the purple pelargonium!

And some have parcels of meat and fish and tea,
And some eat aniseed from paper bags,
And some with sightless eyes scan momently
Novels—yet turn no page—and fictional mags.

Fares are not asked. Time here is all withdrawn;
A tenderness is here most tranquil and sweet;
As the still bus incessantly sails on,
Nobody stamps on anybody's feet.

Till see! They are out beyond the shuttered streets,
Beyond the end of the pavement and the trams,
A wonderful change! The ghosts stir in their seats.
Dawn glints. The first grey light shows fields of lambs.

Lollops a coney; peeps from tangled hedge Bright eye of weasel (so unvexed the route); Sits tit and sways on perilous blossom's edge; Squabbles a squirrel; ululates a coot.

Bluebells start up, fantastically long,
Cowslip and cuckoo-pint; all round the wheels
Dactyls wave arms and extra syllables throng
Looping the felloes. Topples the bus and heels.

And now an amazing sense of freedom from care Deliciously moves their hearts as out they get. This is the terminus. Rose-sweet the air, Although underfoot the ground is still quite wet.

Leaves his sad perch the driver. Laughing and gay, Lands the conductor a friendly slap on the snout; They bind the engine anew with a twist of hay; All breathe, dance, skip, take breakfast, scamper about.

A SHORT ESSAY ON THE BOTTLE.

The presence of a bottle of medicine in every home is one of those national characteristics which might create misgiving but for the reassurances of authoritative journals like The Lancet and The Chemist and Druggist. Medicine holds a unique position among bottled commodities. Other bottled things have more than one use. Milk may be employed in making rice-puddings, salad-oil will ease a creaking hinge, and whisky that does not happen to be needed for the purpose of refreshment may be applied with good effect to snake-bite. It is not so, however, with medicine.

effect to snake-bite. It is not so, however, with medicine.

And there is the question of flavour. There are subtle differences in ketchup, it is true, and certain brands of claret have a flavour of their own. But, when all is said and done, is there anything quite like medicine?

Again, take the question of the label. It would be considered an insult to a freedom-loving people if our lime-juice, our coffee-essence and our vinegar were labelled with directions limiting their use both as to time and quantity. Yet to such restrictions upon our medicine bottles we tamely submit.

A bottle of medicine is the symbol of the authority of the doctor and the submission of the patient. A man-to-medical-man talk makes servants of us all. Emperors, princes, labour-leaders, prize-fighters and lady assistants at our post-offices, all of whom would scorn to call any man master, at one word from a doctor will breathe deeply and say "Ninety-nine"—or even "One hundred" if need be. And they swallow his medicine, not because they enjoy it, not because, having paid for it, they deem it well to experience its benefits, but in simple obedience.

As for what the bottle of medicine contains, that must remain one of the most closely-guarded secrets of the profession. The patient does not need to know what is set down in the prescription; the average chemist is intelligent enough to be able to dispense with it—or without it; and the doctor, if indeed he ever really understood, soon forgets. A bottle of medicine, while the symbol of the doctor's authority, is also an expression of the art of the chemist, to whom a prescription is like a simple theme to a musician, something to be elaborated and ornamented into a great and beautiful composition. Looked at in this way, three-and-sixpence a bottle is not dear.

[&]quot;'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers' is a famous line from Wordsworth, which might very well be written over the threshold of every school in the country."—Evening Paper.

Together with that still more famous line from Tennyson, "The child is father of the man."

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ROYAL ACADEMY-SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Slage Manager, "THERE—THAT WILL DO. YOU MAY ALL GO HOME. NOT A SOUL IN THE HOUSE, AND THE ORCHESTRA HAS JUST GONE ON STRIKE."

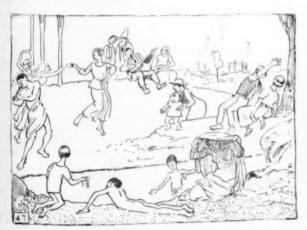




"COME, LET US TALK IN THIS COOL PLACE ABOUT THOSE HOT UNCOMFORTABLE PEOPLE DOWN THERE ON THE FLOOR."



Botticelli (to himself). "How I LOATHE SHOW SUNDAY!"



STUDY FOR A BRIGHTER LONDON. HOW TO USE THE PARKS.



SIE ERIC IS DETERMINED THAT THERE SHALL BE NO WASTE OF SPACE ON THIS CANVAS.



The Eady (to the Artist). "PLEASE DON'T FORGET I'M HERE!"

PSYCHC-ANALYSIS ON THE LINKS.

ABOUT three weeks ago, near the end of one of the worst of the many atrocious rounds of golf played in the last quarter of a century, I came to the reluctant conclusion that my case was incurable. All the old faults were there, the fluff complex co-ordination of muscular or flub, the peck, the mashie shot to movements required in golf to procover point; and then at the short duce the desired result should be auto-

one more chance, especially as I have since read an article in The Atlantic Monthly with the alluring title, "What is the matter with your Golf Game?" As a result of the careful study of Duncan's masterly monograph and the joint work of the WETHEREDS, it had been borne in upon me that everything was the matter. But ex America semper aliquid novi; and, besides, the qualifications of the writer were a potent incentive-"Joseph Collins, M.D., Neurologist, author of The Way with the Nerves." I have read many treatises on golf, but none by a neurologist. There was a poet of the name of CoL-LINS, who wrote an Ode to the Passions, in which, had he lived about a hundredand-seventy years later, golf might have furnished him with admirable material for illustrating the development of ornamental objurgation; but he died too soon, and he was not a neurologist; still less was he versed in the lore of psycho-analysis, and his namesake is both. More than that, he is a golfing enthusiast who finds the game health-giving, diverting, the destroyer of care and the enemy of ennui. The average man may study the works of FREUD with

profit or repulsion, yet fail to realise how they are best acquired in early life. mate the value of his essay. We can his theories can be correlated with the The golfer must be caught young. at least cultivate vacancy of mindhis theories can be correlated with the practice of golf. Dr. Collins in his "He must acquire a stroke of some essay bridges this gap and shows us kind, then entrust it to the unconscious how the Freudian hypothesis supplies us with the means of remedying our defects and "displaying the physio- it makes a mess of it." Training, dislogical and psychological factors upon cipline and practice are needed, but which success in golf is dependent.

At the very outset the author in- automatic. spires respect by disclaiming, like M.

is "fundamentally opposed to golf-intelligence, which is "possessed by perfection," and, though this infirmity tends to diminish with age, the present generation cannot hope to be completely freed from it. They can only look forward to a partial release from the tyrauny of the conscious mind. The home hole I wound up with a perfect matic and involuntary, and directed by a chaos of conflicts." Golfers who begin two. So I am going to give the game the unconscious mind. In other words to play at thirty and win scratch medals

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." MR. G. K. CHESTERTON IS RECOMMENDED TO TAKE A DIET OF McConnachie Bations.

"He must acquire a stroke of some self to operate it. Every time the conscious self takes a hand in its direction always with a view to render the stroke

Consolation is administered in the Coue, to work miracles. He reveals admission that training in other games what is wrong, but does not promise a is not essential for the golfer; also by cure, at least for the elderly. Self- the remark that exceptional co-ordina- champagne "was nearer the mark than consciousness is the root of the evil; it tive capacity has no relationship to all the neurologists of New York.

some high-grade imbeciles to a very remarkable degree, as is shown by worldrenowned pianists and dancers." our hopes are somewhat dashed by the reserve that the development of coordination in golf is best promoted by assiduous practice at a time "when the tissues are plastic and the unconscious is not yet a jungle of repressions and

> when they are grandfathers must clearly be regarded as freaks and not as fruitful examples: "the potential and ambitious golfer must yield to the lure of the game in his early years. Golf is a mistress who must be approached with plan and assiduity; to win her she must be wooed; to keep her she must be dominated." Yet concentration is a hindrance. not an aid. "Indeed success with the game bears a close relationship to the vacant mind, or, if not entirely vacant, nearly so."

> Conscious of frequent moments of mental vacuum I breathe again, only once more to be depressed by the statement that "the psychic structure of self-consciousness is largely constituted of unsolicited unwelcomedarts from the limbo of repression into the stream of conscious-This momentous ness." pronouncement almost approaches in luminosity the famous declaration of Dr. EMIL BUSCH in his Oxford lecture, that "the mind is merely a chunk of space-time happenings which alone form the basic funda-

mentum of everything."
Dr. Collins adds that there are no short cuts to golfing proficiency. But surely this is to underesti-

even though we do not aspire to highgrade imbecility-avoid concentration like the very devil, and strive manfully against "the inhibitions of self- or sexconsciousness.

But the real difficulty with our golf game is that it not only costs us more, but is beginning to cost us a great deal too much. The indignant Scot who declared that golf in the South of England was "nothing but stockbrokers and by

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THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

From The Daily Gale :-

April 10th, 1923 .- We have good reason to believe that one of the means suggested to the CHANCELLOR OF THE Exchequer of raising money to repair the ravages of Waste is the imposition of a Tax on Perambulators. Our readers will know from past experience how much importance to attach to the indignant denials which may be expected from the inspired Government Press.

April 11th, 1923.—The proposal to raise money by taxing perambulators is proving very attractive to the CHAN-CELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

April 12th, 1923 .- Waste and Squandermania have bled the country white, but anything so iniquitous as a Perambulator Tax must be fought tooth and nail.

April 13th, 1923.—The country must be on its guard against the insidious efforts now being made to bring about a Tax on Perambulators.

April 14th, 1923 .- The whole country is now thoroughly roused by the re-velations of The Daily Gale with regard to the threatened Tax on Perambulators. On page 7 to-day appears a powerful article on Perambulators by a Mother of Nineteen.

April 16th, 1923 .- Nothing has stirred the country in recent years so much as The Daily Gale campaign against the Tax on Perambulators. From all parts correspondence supporting our action is pouring in.

April 17th, 1923 .- The imminent danger of a Tax on Perambulators must be resisted at all costs. The Daily Gale will play its part.

April 18th, 1923 .- The Daily Gale fight against the Perambulator Tax has aroused enormous enthusiasm throughout the country. To-morrow an important development will be announced.

April 19th, 1923 .- To-day we print a Form of Petition against the Perambulator Tax which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER proposes to introduce. It is your urgent duty to sign without delay and forward it to your Member of Parliament.

April 20th, 1923. SIGN TO-DAY! April 21st, 1923 .- SIGN TO-DAY AND EVERY DAY!

April 23rd, 1923 .- SIGN TO-DAY, EVERY DAY AND SEVERAL TIMES A

April 24th, 1923.—No movement in the last century has met with such amazing success as The Daily Gale Petition against the Perambulator Tax. Tens of thousands of the signed forms are pouring into the House of Commons.



Mistress. "You aren't going, Mrs. Stubbins?" Charlady, "YES, I AM, MISS. IF I STAY 'ERE ALL DAY I SHAN'T BE FIT FOR THE WHIST-DRIVE TO-NIGHT."

fill two battleships.

Office yesterday to assist in the delivery of countless sacks of Daily Gale petitions at the House of Commons.

April 27th, 1923 .- There is Still have saved England. TIME TO SIGN!

April 28th, 1923 .- Again a grave menace to the welfare of the nation has been averted by The Daily Gale. The Budget introduced by the CHANCELLOB OF THE EXCHEQUER yesterday makes no provision for a Tax on Perambulators. Daily Gale readers may well be proud to think that they exerted the pressure which forced the Government at the April 25th, 1923.—The whole country last moment to abandon this disastrous Surely a case for "Turn again, Whitis stirred to its depths by excitement scheme. The statement of the Chan-Tington!"

over The Daily Gale Petition. The CELLOR that no such Tax had ever been number of forms delivered at the House considered by the Government will be of Commons yesterday was sufficient to taken for what it is worth by those who have studied the revelations published April 26th, 1923 .- Five thousand exclusively in The Daily Gale. We motor-lorries were hired by the Post regret the levity with which the Chan-CELLOR saw fit to allude to this grave subject; the fact remains that once more " The Daily Gale" and its readers

The Pocket Hercules.

"A coal-heaver can earry a sack of coal weighing two hundred-weights, or about twenty times his own weight."-Weekly Paper.

"LANCASHIRE C. GLAMORGAN. At Manchester. Scores :-

T. A. Whitington, Bow, b Parkin T Evening Paper.



"TAKE CARE, DEAR; I DON'T WANT TO GET RUN OVER."

"IF YOU WAS RUN OVER I COULD FIND MY WAY HOME FROM HERE BY MYSELF."

A CRUSHING HANDICAP.

[From a natural history note in a contemporary we gather that cricket-bats are made, not from the flower-bearing male willow, but from the female plant.]

VAINLY each season I take my habitual

Turn at the nets, irrepressibly keen; Vainly on match days observe all the ritual,

Taking my centre and shifting the screen; Bowlers who know me just smile at me breezily,

Casting aside all their usual guile, Knowing a "dolly" will get me out easily, Deeming me hardly worth wile.

Well do they know that the bat when I handle it Almost appears, in its aim at the ball,

Groping in dark where there isn't a candle lit, Seldom contriving to hit it at all;

Seldom contriving to hit it at all;
Or, if it does, it uplifts and despatches it
Straight where it never was meant to have gone;

Mostly my drive goes where second slip catches it, Cuts are a gift to mid-on.

Why should the willow be (speaking in metaphor) When in my hands but a mere broken reed?

Why should I never be able to get a four?
Why is my prowess thus putrid indeed?

Why is my prowess thus putrid indeed? Why should ill-fortune for ever adhere to me?

Thus have I pondered for game after game; Now the reply to these questions is clear to me— It is the bat is to blame. Fashioned of wood that turns out to be feminine,

Moved by a different caprice every day, Always it slaughters my hopes, doing them in in Woman's well-known irresponsible way;

That's an excuse that will certainly palliate
Somewhat the shame I am feeling about

What has for years been my usual tally (eight Runs for as many times out).

Others, I grant you, can cope with this handicap, And, though their willow has similar flaws,

Know all the splendour of doffing a dandy cap
(On their way out) to acknowledge applause;

These, I assume, understand femininity, Maidenly hearts they know how to annex;

I, who am gauche in a damsel's vicinity, Never could handle the sex.

A Problem in Nutrition.

- "Birth.—Gladys and Philip have received a little vegetarian daughter."—Weekly Paper.
- "A woman's dress, for instance, may appear but a small thing." _____ Magazine.

That certainly is how we had visualised it.

From a cricket-report :-

"Two strokes for which he scored two boundaries were worthy of Ranji. He stepped right out of his wicket and drove a leg ball to fine slip."—South African Paper.

We never saw Ranji do this; he had too nice a regard for the wicket-keeper.



THE BEAR HUG.

Mrs. Europa, "AREN'T YOU RATHER SQUEEZING ME?"

Russian Bear. "WELL, YOU WANTED ME TO DANCE; AND THIS IS MY ROUGH SOVIET WAY OF DOING IT."

[The Bolshevist Delegation at Genoa has refused to grant the demands of the Powers unless Russia is simultaneously supplied with a heavy loan. The sum of two hundred millions sterling has been mentioned.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 8th .- "NEW WRIT. For City of London, in the room of the right hon. Sir ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. K.G., O.M., now the Earl of BALFOUR, baldly and unemotionally the Official



THE END OF A LONG RUN, 1874-1922 THE EARL OF BALFOUR, K.G.

Report records the greatest loss that the House of Commons has sustained since Gladstone slipped away from it, just as unobtrusively, in 1894. Nearly half-a-century has passed since "Captain A. Balfour," as he was then quaintly described, took his seat for Hatfield. In "another place" one may wisdom aptly phrased.

Mr. Baldwin must have felt a little nervous when Mrs. Wintringham cross questioned him on such eminently feminine topics as French silks, cotton gloves, safety-pins and hooks and eyes. But he emerged from the ordeal successfully, and displayed an omniscience which extended on this occasion to the fact that some ladies now use elastic instead of hooks and eyes to hold their inner garments together. After all, it would, I suppose, be difficult to tell a Coalition Minister anything fresh about the virtues of elastic.

At this season the gourmet's fancy lightly turns to plovers' eggs, with the result, according to Sir Charles YATE, that this bird, so useful to farmers, is in danger of extinction. The Home SECRETARY was most sympathetic and promised that a clause protecting the bird and its eggs should be inserted in a forthcoming measure. The line in Locksley Hall should now read, "In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself a better Bill.'

department. Sir J. T. Ago-Gardner "cats is dawgs and rabbits is dawgs, is not unmindful of this obligation, but but this yer tortoise is a hinsect"). called up to the House of Peers." Thus I think his little quips would be even his predecessors—the giant magnifying- a reduction was desired by a majority of

glass of the late Mr. JACOBY and the effulgent carnation of Colonel Lockwood.

I don't suppose anyone out of Bedlam believed the account of Mr. LLOYD George's conversation with M. BAR-THOU as telegraphed to The Times by its Editor. The attribution to the PRIME MINISTER of such statements as "the Entente between Great Britain and France is at an end.'

and malicious invention" seemed almost otiose

On the Report of the Budget resolutions the economists of the House of Commons proposed a series of Amendments which, if accepted en bloc, would have landed the CHANCELLOR with a still hope to hear from his lips ripe deficit of some twenty millions. The debate was not altogether useless, for



THE TRADITIONS OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE.

SIR J. T. AGG-GARDNER.

The House expects that the Chair- we learned from the Secretary to the man of its Kitchen Committee should TREASURY that "in the eye of the law flavour with a spice of humour his re- apricots were plums, and peaches were plies to the questions addressed to his almonds" (compare the railway porter's

Tuesday, May 9th .- Mr. Lyle, in urgmore effective if he were to arm himself ing the Home Secretary to reduce taxiwith the adventitious aids affected by cab fares, asked him if he was aware that



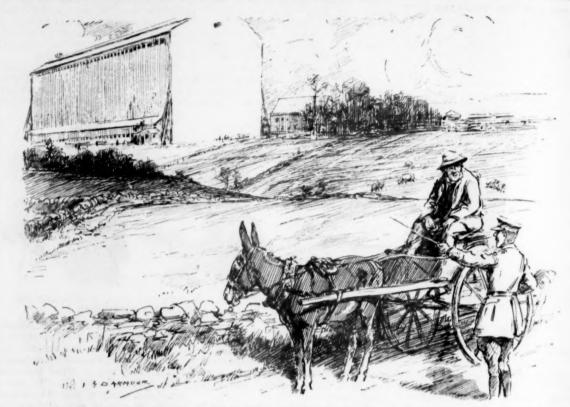
THE TAXI-MAN ASKS FOR LESS. A SURPRISE FOR THE HOME SECRETARY.

and "the British nation is hostile to | the drivers themselves. As Mr. Short France" was sufficient to condemn it has received no intimation to that effect, in the eyes of the ordinarily sane. In it is supposed that the taxi-men are the circumstances Mr. Chamberlain's afflicted with shyness; and it is suggested description of the story as "a deliberate | that an easy way to reveal their real feelings would be for them to give a pour-boire, nicely calculated in proportion to the amount on the "clock," to every customer,

Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy called attention to the arrest of certain British trawlers by the Iceland Government, and complained that the British Consul at Reykjavik was an Icelander. "Why," he asked, "cannot some suitable exofficer of British nationality be employed?" The applause that followed from all parts of the House was so loud and prolonged that Lord WIN-TERTON had no option but to say that, if his hon, and gallant friend had any names to bring forward-" his own or that of any other suitable person "-he would gladly have them considered.

A proposal to abolish certain rights belonging to the municipalities of Oxford and St. Albans in regard to the sale of wine was stoutly opposed by Lord R. CECIL, who urged the importance of preserving "these ancient relics of the past." Mr. Hilton Young thereupon quietly pointed out that the "ancient relics" in question dated no further back than 1888.

Wednesday, May 10th.—The Lords spent an afternoon, more instructive than amusing, in Africa. First Lord EMMOTT, in a speech of almost encyclopædic dimensions, inveighed against the export duties laid on palm products.



Countryman, "I 'eard tell as you 'ad an old shed for sale 'ere, Mister; and, as I were wantin' summat o' that sort to keep my ducks in, I just come along to 'ave a look at un." R.A.F. Officer (indicating airship hangar). "Well, That's IT."

Originally imposed to assist the "crushing industry" in England, they seem to have actually resulted in crushing industry in Nigeria. The Duke of NORTH-UMBERLAND with some difficulty staved off this attack and was then called upon to make a hurried journey across the whole breadth of the Dark Continent in order to meet the complaints of Lord HINDLIP against the overtaxation of the natives of Kenya Colony. But here he received the support of Lord Long, who thought the native was not so depressed and downhearted as his champions represented him. If his tax, as the DUKE said, is only twelve shillings a year, some of us might even be inclined to envy him.

The rest of the day was devoted to Ireland. First Sir HAMAR GREENwood procured a Second Reading for a Bill making provision for the disbandment of the R.I.C. His tribute to these gallant Irishmen was fully endorsed by every speaker who followed. Mr. As-QUITH's meed of praise will indeed appear almost extravagant to some members of the force who recall certain incidents during his Administration.

that the internal affairs of Ireland are three British officers was suitable mat-



A PRESENT FOR ICELAND. LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY.

The SPEAKER so far relaxed his ruling as to admit that the kidnapping of no concern of the Imperial Parliament | ter for an adjournment-motion. If the attack had been confined to Dielards like Mr. RUPERT GWYNNE and Sir HENRY WILSON the Government might have been content with a perfunctory reply from the CHIEF SECRETARY, but when it spread to such steady-going Conservatives as Mr. LANE-Fox and Mr. INSKIP it was evident that heavier metal was required. Mr. Chamberlain confessed that his heart was largely with those who urged the Government to direct action; but his head warned him that it would not be statesmanlike to bring the Irish experiment to an end-and incidentally to delight Mr. DE VALERA—till it had had a longer trial. He received valuable support from Colonel Guinness and Mr. Aubrey HERBERT, and perhaps still more valuable hostility from Lieut. Commander KENWORTHY, who announced his intention of voting for the motion. Non tali auxilio, thought some of the wayerers, who thereupon flocked into the "No" Lobby, and gave the Government the substantial majority of 258 to 64.

Thursday, May 11th .- Under the convention-now, surely, a little absurdby which one House pretends to know nothing of the proceedings in the other House, the Lords spent several hours in listening to a repetition of yesterday's Irish debate in the Commons. There was very little fresh in Lord Carson's speech, save his reference to the fact that all over Southern Ireland lawabiding citizens were being forcibly evicted from their homes by one or other section of the "gunmen." To-day an Irishman's house is liable at any moment to become somebody else's castle. The LORD CHANCELLOR, in a reply practically identical with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S, revealed a hopefulness which he was quite unsuccessful in imparting to Lords LANSDOWNE and SELBORNE.

What the collective opinion of the Commons may be regarding the proceedings at Genoa it is impossible to say, but on one point it is clear enough. The cheers that greeted Sir ROBERT Horne's statement that the Government are not prepared to lend any money to the Soviet Administration were almost loud enough to awaken the PRIME MINISTER from his siesta in the Villa de Albertis.

Being by nature much more of a Mark Tapley than a Dismal Jimmy, Mr. Baldwin was delighted when his "tear-off" Calendar this morning bade him "Seek happiness in limiting your esires rather than in satisfying them." He commended this advice to the attention both of Capital and Labour as the best way of securing the revival of trade which he was confidently expecting. Everybody was pleased with the speech, and even Captain Wedgwood Benn, while delivering some pungent criticisms of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, was most complimentary to its adoptive parent.

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MY FIRST CATCH.

This is the truthful tale I tell In haunts where anglers take their

When catches swell 'neath Memory's

To any size you please.

I sing no paltry fario, grassed With tedious art and sordid guile; With my first cast, held hard and fast,

I hooked a crocodile! I prattle to unheeding ears; I brave the jaundiced sceptic's bile; With subtle sneers and brutal jeers

They flout my crocodile. They ask, was Jumna up in spate? Or was the mayfly on the Nile? And can I state the average weight

Of fresh-run crocodile?



AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD. (A Lesson to Genoa.)

Nay, it was by a Hampshire brook, When lusty April led the Spring: I'd heard they took a smallish hook. Gold twist and mallard wing.

I flicked my fly with conscious swank Because just then there came in file And ordered rank along the bank A numerous crocodile.

It walked in beauty, two by two, Miss Primmer's school of nymphs demure:

E'en as I threw, my bosom knew A far more fatal lure.

My wobbling cast in airy swirls Flopped till I felt a dreadful tug: Mid all those girls I'd caught the curls

Of sweet Matilda Mugg.

My guilty hand alone could dare The deadly barb to disentangle; From felon snare I loosed the fair, The angel from the angle.

Her ransomed locks she gaily shook; She smiled to see my clumsy art; With one bright look she took her hook And stuck it in my heart.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flaneur.)

It was only to be expected that the disclosures of the distress among the upper branches of the medical profession-in many cases so acute that eminent specialists can scarcely afford their own advice-would have immediate effect in the "Help Harley Street" movement, the promoters of which are people with the strongest objections to letting the grass grow under their feet; and in the forthcoming Pathological Ball we shall see their first steps in this excellent cause.

As the name indicates, the occasion is to be a fancy-dress one, in keeping with its object, and everybody attending will be expected to represent some disease or ailment. This offers wide scope for ingenuity in costume and makeup, and already I hear whispers of the amazingly clever conceptions of some busy brains. Those inseparable dancingpartners, Rowens Schnorrer (daughter of Sir Lazarus) and "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation, are sure to be effective as Russian Influenza and Spanish Influenza; Lady Lathery and her husband as Insomnia and Beri-beri will be another notable pair; the Hon. Mrs. Burn-Lighthead is certain to be very taking as Cerebral Meningitis, and as Pyorrhea Count Jumbowski is bound to be enormously impressive.

The culminating event of the night will be the triumphal entry of Lady Catherine Wheeler as Materia Medica, with her escort of Bronchia-Busters. Tickets are five guineas and the profits, if any, will be used to pay the Harley Street fees of deserving victims of the strain of the London Season.

. . . An impending lawsuit, as eagerly awaited in legal circles as it is in Society, is the action for Breach of Promise-to-Divorce which Lady Kilconey-more familiar perhaps as the Tessie Nitouche of her revue days-is bringing against her husband, the well-known sporting peer. The damages claimed are believed to be pretty heavy; but, apart from the prominent position of the people concerned, the point of extraordinary professional and public interest is that the success of the suit would revolutionize our matrimonial

Lady Kilconey's case is that, after Lord Kilconey's means had proved quite inadequate to supply her tastes, she received an offer of marriage from Lord Shylock, son and heir of the Earl of Spitalfields, the great financier, which she accepted on the strength of Lord Kilconey's verbal and written promise to divorce her; and she alleges that the delay in fulfilling this promise was the cause of the fit of pique during which Lord Shylock's sudden wedding to Sarsa Parilla, the Balearie danseuse, took place a few weeks ago. Lady Kilconey declares that the sum she is claiming is absurdly nominal in comparison with what she has lost, and that in bringing this action she has at heart the interests of the hundreds of other women who may be similarly situated.

Lord Kilconey, whose defence is that the promise was given under duress, and that he himself has suffered pecuniary disappointment through his wife's neglect of her stage work, will be represented by Sir Probyn Worritt, K.C. Sir Hector Batterbrow, K.C., having been briefed for the plaintiff. In view of the tremendous social issues involved in this exceptionally intricate case it is hoped that the LORD CHANCELLOR may decide to override precedent and try it himself.

by occasional glimpses of wasp-waisted ladies wearing pecked by the old ones.

"bustles," chignons and "pork-pie" hats or little bonnets. and of be-whiskered gentlemen whose style of dress suggests that they also have stepped straight out of the family album. As rumour has connected them with the film it is incumbent upon me to explain that these are members of the newly-formed Mid-Victorian Revival Association, which has for its object the recovery of as much as possible of the sane atmosphere of half-a-century ago by way of antidote to the tendencies of to-day.

I am informed that, not only in their attire, but in every detail of their daily lives, the "Mid-Vies," as they are called, observe a most scrupulous fidelity to the period, and that antimacassars and chandeliers have reappeared in their homes, from which all electric appliances are banished. At their periodical gatherings a dinner of the substantial type n vogue fifty years back is served at six-thirty sharp, and encouragement is given to appreciative discussion of the works of geniuses nowadays neglected, such as Miss Braddon and Lord LEIGHTON.

No subscription is asked, but the Association expects to derive its funds from the fines imposed for breaches of the elaborate code, so full of pitfalls for the younger members, that has been drawn up by a special committee consisting of Cassandra, Lady Ostridge; the Hon. Mrs. Van Whelk Miss Crowshay-Purle; the Dean of St. Doldrums; Admiral Sir Noah Arkwright and Mr. Hanno Dominy, R.A.

The "Mid-Vies" express confidence that, with time and support, they will be able to counteract even the dangerous activities of the Brighter London Society.

"TINKER TAILOR . . . "

(A Child's Guide to the Professions.) THE METEOROLOGIST.

I know a little lady who sits in the King's own home, And combs her hair with the greatest care and a beautiful golden comb;

Her hair is worth a thousand pounds, although her face is plain,

For she is the Queen of the Weather and she knows when it will rain.

Her hair is like the sea-weed that father hangs indoors Because it feels as wet as eels the day before it pours;

She combs it through and through and then she combs it through again, And then she cries with flashing eyes, "I think we'll have

some rain."

Then you should see the Weather-men; they skip like little lambs;

They make up dreadful fairy-tales and fairy-telegrams; They like to think they did it all of that we won't complain-

But you and I know very well who said we'd have some

I wish my hair was useful, but it's hopeless, I suppose; It never feels as wet as eels, not even when it snows

Oh, I would like some work in life that does not need a brain-

I'd love to be Queen of the Weather and manage all the A. P. H. rain.

"In all statements of the inevitable everlasting struggle between old and young there is a fallacy latent. Why should we oldsters fear to be ruled by the young hens of all our ages?"—Evening Paper.

Many people have been puzzled in the West End lately Why indeed? What we are much more afraid of is being

MANNERS AND MODES.

THE CULT OF THE CHILD MANNEQUIN.

The youngest exhibit proves too popular for commercial purposes.

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THE ANTI-ADVERTISER.

Vantous recent disheartening experiences have forced me more than ever to the conclusion that the advertisers have it too much their own way. They are allowed to say just what they like and to use all the best adjectives about themselves. "Self-praise," according to the proverb, "is no recommendation;" yet they employ this means the whole time. Everyone else in the world is liable to contradiction; but not they. It is time, I said, that the facts, as distinguished from their partial statements, were made known; and I therefore collected from friends whose honesty is beyond suspicion a number of signed played. "Five laughs a second." And testimonials bearing upon the difference so on. Don't you believe it! between the promise and the realisa-

tion of some of the leading advertisements of the moment. I chose ordinary individuals with ordinary names, believing that the evidence would thus be the stronger; because a normal man's disapproval is of more value than an abnormal man's.

I will admit that when the testimonials first came in they had one peculiarity in common. They were all signed "Verb. sap." It was not until I had pointed out that in these matters anonymity is futile that I succeeded in extracting the full signatures.

A few anti-advertisements follow to illustrate the nature of the campaign that I was contemplating.

> THE HOTEL SPLENDIFEROUS. SEAWEEDVILLE.

I want it to be widely known that no matter how satisfactory the Splendiferous may be found by the uninitiated and inexacting, a fastidious person can be as uncomfortable there as anywhere in the world. The cooking is bad, the food is inferior, the waiting is slow and the condition of things upstairs is a disgrace. There are very few bath-rooms, and no chambermaid attends to a bell until it has been rung three times at least. It is also very dear.

I appeal to all those who want to be well looked after to avoid the Hotel Splendiferous, Seaweedville.

(Signed) JOHN JONES.

HEELAND CREAM.

Having been pestered on all sides by advertisements of Heeland Cream-in

newspapers, on omnibuses, on hoardings so warm and enthusiastic as to cause and in the Tube-I bought a bottle two one to feel that not to see it would or three days ago, and now wish to state on oath that it is the worst whisky I have ever tried. It is crude and fiery to the palate, and even the most moderate drink of it is followed by a headache.

WILLIAM JAMES. (Signed)

SUPERBUS CHOCOLATES.

Don't eat them. They have a very unpleasant flavour. (Signed) LUCY SMITH.

"BEDS AND BEDDING." New Farce at the Rioty.

This piece has been described by a servile Press as the funniest ever

> (Signed) THOMAS SMITHSON.

amount almost to treachery. Having seen it, I wish to say that it is common and vulgar, badly constructed and badly acted. It may rejoice Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, but me it depressed.

(Signed) JAMES WILLIAMS.

PEACH BLOSSOM SKIN LOTION.

Avoid this much-puffed concoction. It brought me out in spots.

(Signed) ANN JONES.

Such were some of the counterblasts which a number of my friends prepared for me. But the campaign got no farther: it was nipped in the bud; for this is no world for candour. If one would be happy or, at any rate. moderately contented here, one must

administer truth in very small doses.

When I communicated to an editor of my acquaintance my great scheme of antiadvertising he was horror-struck.

"Advertisements against advertise-ments!" he gasped. "Why, that would be ruin.

"Ruin!" I exclaimed in my innocence. "But how could it be ruin when you would get just twice the revenue you get now-first the advertisement and then the reply, at the same rates for space?"

He looked at me with the pity which I am only too accustomed to discern in the eves of

Men of the World when I am permitted to talk with them.

"My poor fool," he said, "don't you realise that every anti-advertisement that we printed would land us in a libel action?

"But," I urged, "you have missed my point. The whole idea of the antiadvertisement campaign is that it will tell the truth. And if it deals only with the truth where is the libel?'

"Oh, my poor fool!" was his only E. V. L. reply.



" House-Parliament (superior) wanted for Shoreham-on-Sea." - Daily Paper.

"The health of the nation greatly depends upon the virility of its womanhood. Local Paper.

In justice to our girls it must be confessed that many of them appear to recognise the truth of this dictum.



Doctor. " OF COURSE WE MAY STICK TO A FAIRLY FULL DIET. I SHOULD SAY FISH, BEEF OR MUTTON WITH POTATOES AND GREENS, AND SOME NUTRITIOUS SUET PUDDINGS.

Patient. "ER-BEFORE OR AFTER MEALS, DOCTOR?"

LIGHTNING MOTOR SERVICE, LTD.

Acting upon the lavish promises of the Transport Company with the above misleading name, I hired a car, the other evening, to take a party to dinner and the theatre and home again. I think that too much publicity cannot be given to the fact that we had three punctures on the way to dinner and a collision on the way to the theatre, which we reached just in time for the Third Act.

(Signed) HENRY BROWN.

NEPENTHE CIGARETTES. I desire to put it on record that when the makers of the Nepenthe Cigarette claim that a few puffs project the smoker into paradise they are deceiving the public. These cigarettes are no better than any others; in fact, they are rather worse. (Signed) James Robinson.

"SWEETIE."

This film has been described in terms

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Sympathiser, "Go quiet, old stort, and don't say nuffin'. It'll all be took dahn agin yer."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The strong men of Mr. H. G. Wells's recent novels are curiously alike in their disabilities-men incapable of goodwill to anything greater than themselves, men whose philosophy must always be made to the measure of their own desires, men perpetually short of breath and out of temper because they cannot trust themselves to grow to a creed too big for them. Mr. Britling was easily the most lovable of this spasmodic family. He had a certain propitious humility which is quite lacking in Sir Richmond Hardy, Fuel Controller, who, in The Secret Places of the Heart (CASSELL), sets out to unbosom himself to a Freudian director, Dr. Martineau, during a three weeks' motor-tour in Wessex. Sir Richmond has outlived his diviner speculations and has some very harsh words for the Supreme Truth which would not turn up wagging its tail at his first whistle. However, Dr. Martineau lures him among barrows and cromlechs until "half his consciousness seems to be a tattooed creature wearing a knife of stone;" and then he feels better. Unluckily an American heiress of kindred antipathies turns up to rout Dr. Martineau and add a new complex to Sir Richmond's already congested sub-soul. Her well-meant withdrawal is not sufficiently inspired to be convincing; little episode of the brass Mercury, the one glint of real and shifting horizon.

On sea or land, "KLAXON" is always welcome. Sportsmen of every type will like Heather Mixture (Blackwood), for there is something in it to suit most tastes. As a-novel it is possibly a trifle too mixed: a pedant might call it incondite: but there is no denying the gusto that the author puts into his descriptions. He has got Lieut.-Commander Richard Fancett, D.S.O., D.S.C., as well as any Naval man has been drawn since the days of MARRYAT, proving in the act that the British sailor, however much he may have changed since the days of stick-and-string, still offers plenty of scope to the student of character. "KLAXON" has a pleasant way with his young ladies too. But it is for the shooting, and the run with the Kensham Hunt, and the little scrap with the brothers Packley that most will commend the book. Grouse-driving is not commonly handled at great length by our novelists, but here is one who obviously knows his subject and has experienced the difficulty of stopping a bird that, apparently motionless in mid-air, is coming straight at your face at express speed. He has had something to do also, one guesses, with a rocketing pheasant, and he has certainly been to school at Hendon or elsewhere. The not unnatural result is that Heather Mixture "goes with a bang" from start to finish.

withdrawal is not sufficiently inspired to be convincing; but neither inspiration nor conviction is absent from the little episode of the brass Mercury, the one glint of real sunlight that illuminates the book's pathetically sombre and shifting horizon.

Mr. Douglas Grant has such a brisk and pleasant way of telling a story and keeps his readers' sympathy so entirely with his heroine in her adventures that The Single Track (Hurst and Blackett) will be traversed by most people at a very rapid rate. Janetta Gildersleeve, the spoiled

darling of New York society, who during the War finds out that her own and her soldier brother's future depends entirely on the success of a copper mine in Alaska and decides to watch their interests on the spot, is a very jolly little person in spite of her advantages. Another mine, which, though she doesn't know it, belongs to an enemy of her family, has been located near theirs, and everything hangs on a race between the two as to which can first build a railway and establish a right-of-way. All sorts of accidents are delaying the work of our company (that is Janetta's), and she, with Peddar the family butler, who most unwillingly pretends to be her father, comes as the new assistant to her company's store in order, herself unknown, to discover some suspected treachery. Of course she finds plenty, and of course she foils her enemies in the nick of time, and, of course also, she marries the young engineer whose work has backed up her own so splendidly. But as I for one would have been honestly disappointed if all these things note to page 11 are, to say the least of it, uncalled for.

hadn't happened, I don't see that I have any right to keep on saying "of course" in that disparaging way.

Mr. St. JOHN LUCAS' short stories and sketches, gathered under the title, Certain Persons (Blackwood), are so varied in mood, tense, style, view-point and length, in everything indeed except quality, which is uniformly good, that he might well have designed the selection as a sort of traveller's sample of versatility to get more business from editors and publishers. I wish him the luck he deserves. "Columbina" is a fantastic and delightfully incredible episode in the life of a late eighteenth-century cardinal; "Arethusa" is

a most attractive yarn, in the Greenmantle manner, of a secret | service agent's adventures under the stars of both Mars and Venus; "The Wisdom of Ti Yung Sen" relates, something in the mode of the immortal Kai Lung of Mr. ERNEST Braman, the diverting experience of a Chinese philosopherstatesman who came to a deservedly bad end; "Benefit of Clergy," told by Smith Major, deals with an irrepressible muscular V.C. curate who was more than a match for the precocious intrigues of that youthful anticlerical; "Epilogue" is an ingenious speculation as to what would have happened to Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley and TENNYSON if they had been called up in a Great War, and is embroidered on the theme of the imminent but happily averted conscription of the most unsuitable sage of Rapallo; "My Son, My Son . . .," "Life and Death of Mr. Bagg" (a profiteer and jack-in-office—a good deal overdrawn and the least happy sketch of the series), and "The Scribe," touch the War at different angles. "The Scribe" is to be congratulated on having served under the best-hearted sergeantmajor in the Army. An excellent sheaf. To be commended for general use and as an ideal bed-book for the guest-room.

There is a delightful passage in the Rule of St. BENEDICT concerning a class of monks called girovagi, or "wanderers round." The girovagus is one "who spends all his life putting up at different cells throughout divers provinces for three or four days at a time;" and in reading A New Medley of Memories (ARNOLD), by Sir DAVID HUNTER-BLAIR who is only a baronet on the wrapper of his book, but a baronet and a Benedictine abbot on its title-page), I realized. not for the first time, how little human nature, and especially monastic human nature, has changed since the sixth century. But Sir David parts company with the girovagus in preferring country houses to cells, and there is but a pennyworth of ecclesiastical bread to an intolerable deal of secular sack in the two hundred and fifty pages of his peregrinations. His reminiscences are sometimes mildly amus ing and never, I should imagine, designedly ill-natured:

To the modish crowd whose weddings (1 counted twelve at least). luncheons and gardenparties he attends, it is only charitable to apply his own last words on the street arabs of Brazil: "It is a joy to feel that these poor people, whatever their defectand shortcomings, possess at least the crowning gift of faith."

A buzzing head would, I think, be the fate of anyone who tried to tot up the improbabilities in The Secret of the Silver Car (JENKINS). Mr. WYNDHAM MARTYN does not write for dull dogs who are unable to believe in things almost incredible, but he can transport into a very electric and explosive world those of us who will swallow any-

thing, provided that we are intrigued. Anthony Trent, whose fame as a "master-criminal" may already be known to you, is the hero of this tale; but here he is not collecting the kind of loot that had such an irresistible attraction for him in his degenerate days. In fact he is engaged in trying to live down his lurid past. Love, if you will believe me, has come into his life, and the lady of his choice is the daughter of no less a person than the Earl of Rosecarrel, who had been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Fortunately for Anthony the Earl's future career depended upon the recovery of a document of which a bold bad baron who lived in an inaccessible castle in Croatia had possessed himself. Not only was the Earl's honour in jeopardy, but the peace of Europe was also concerned. It is not everyone who has such a chance to show his mettle, and Anthony was not the lad to miss it. But he needed a lot of carelessness on the part of the bad baron and a lot of luck on his own.



Mrs. McInlosh. "I'M FAIR WORRIED ABOOT THIS NEW JOB OOR WULLIE'S GOT ON THE RED SEA. I DINNA TRINK HE'LL STAND IT. THEY SAY THE TEMPER-ATURE IS 100 IN THE SHADE.

The Village Oracle. "AH, WEEL, DINNA FASH YERSELF, MRS. MAC; HE'LL NO BE WORKIN' IN THE SHADE A' THE TIME."

Our Infallible Press.

"SHORT SKIRTS TRIUMPH."-Daily Mail.

"LONG SKIRTS VICTORY." - Daily Express.

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CHARIVARIA.

It will be noticed that the Government marches triumphantly from one defeat to another.

Russia is anxious to have more exports from America, which is conclusive evidence that they have for given America for sending them TROTSKY in one of their earlier consignments.

Thanks to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL the high cost of getting through to the wrong number is to be slightly reduced.

described Lord NORTHCLIFFE as the greatest man in Great Britain. It is believed, however, that even in the face of this opinion, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will it can be cleared in three minutes," that denials have been issued on bepersist in struggling on.

We congratulate the Cinematograph Company that has at last managed to obtain the sole serial rights of the Spanish-Morocco war.

Up to the time of going to Press no news had been heard of the plucky little nightingale which recently set out for America to listen for the pop of a

Although Mars is travelling in the direction of the earth at the rate of 1,000,000 miles a day it will still be

gratulate it.

It seems that the wave of optimism has spread to Ireland. An Irish landlord is reported to have asked for his rent.

The Russians at Genoa are now insisting on a loan of £200,000,000. This, we understand, is equivalent to 200,000,000,000,000,000,000 (to be continued) roubles.

It is announced that the duel which was to have been fought last Tuesday between two famous French journalists was abandoned on Monday night. It is thought that they must have quarrelled at the last moment.

"A firm of caterers in London," says weekly paper, "have twenty-five thousand pieces of crockery broken

girl who manages it is being kept secret business optimism seems to be bearing jealous householder.

The recent slump in Harley Street was probably caused by the patients requiring a lot of Coueing and no billing.

"The principal exception," says Mr. HILTON YOUNG in the House of Commons, "is peaches, because in the eyes of the law peaches are almonds." that's one thing a sardine isn't.

A contemporary advocates clubs for lonely women, but nothing seems to Mr. Dempsey is reported as having be suggested in the form of homes for lonely clubmen.

First Reporter. "Is he on our side on the other? Am I to may he addressed the meeting," on he gave an harangue; ?" Second Reporter, "NEITHER. HE'S GOT NO POLITICS; HE'S AN 'ALSO SPOKE."

421 million miles away on June 18th. says a light-hearted contemporary, On behalf of all tax-payers we con- cautiously omitting to give the name of the film capable of doing it.

> "The newest complexion," says a feminine paragraphist, " is of a deathly All that is necessary to obtain the requisite tint without using powder is to take another look at the tradesmen's monthly bills.

"I saw a man leaving a public telephone call-box who was quite eighty years of age," says a London gossipwriter. Nothing is said about how old the man was when he entered the box.

Three London office-boys set out last Saturday to walk from London to Brighton. It is not true that all three were disqualified for acting unprofessionally by hurrying.

every week." The name of the servant- reported, and Lord BEAVERBROOK'S into its stride yet.

for fear she may be snatched up by some fruit despite the fact that professional etiquette does not permit a burglar to advertise in the Press.

> A tarpon nearly twelve feet long and weighing over half-a-ton has been caught off Brighton. The opinion in Thanet is that it was very unsportsmanlike not to throw the little thing back.

> It is stated in a contemporary that six sheep go to the manufacture of one tennis racquet. Still we understand that the residue can be used up as mutton.

> The real authorship of the ex-Crown PRINCE's memoirs is said to be a literary

> > half of Sir J. M. BARRIE and Miss Darsy Ash-

Force of habit is a very strong thing; it is said that on the Kent coast the other day Lord NORTHCLIFFE remarked that it reminded him of a Spring day in Thanet.

Two thousand five hundred barrels of whisky were destroyed by fire at a Morayshire distillery last week. Above the hissing of the flames rose the wail of the bagpipes playing a lament. . .

An outbreak of animal influenza in Scotland is attributed to rats. These creatures are deplorably inconsiderate about not staying quietly in their holes during the infectious stage,

The Gailtian Games are to be held in Dublin in August. It is regretted that, as the festival is exclusively Irish, Russian teams are not eligible for the bomb-throwing competition.

An evening paper says that a leading topic of the moment in suburban trains is the reason of the cuckoo's hiccough in the middle of his call just now. We prefer the more charitable indigestion

"There is more live poultry in this country than ever before," declares a poultry journal. It is only fair to add however that the season is full early Another epidemic of burglaries is and that the char-à-banc has hardly got

DRAMATISTS AT PLAY.

THE practice, inaugurated by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT and Mr. FRANK VERNON, in connection with The Love Match, and brilliantly carried on by Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Leon M. LION in connection with Windows, whereby author and manager engage in a correspondence in the Press upon the merits and significance of the play. and debate as to whether it is in need of alteration, is about to be followed by a number of other well-known authors and managers.

Thus, with reference to a letter from Mr. NORMAN McDermott, purporting to identify the Leit-motif of Misalliance with that of You Never Can Tell, and suggesting that it would be an improvement if the play could be re-written so as to make it possible for the parts of John Tarleton, Lina Szchepanowska and the would-be murderer to be played by the same actor (preferably Mr. George ROBEY), Mr. BERNARD SHAW proposes to write as follows :-

DEAR SIR,-What Mr. NORMAN MC-DERMOTT thinks of my plays is not of the slightest interest to me, you or anybody else. His reading of the character of John Tarleton shows him to be a Rosicrucian, and his views on Lina Szchepanowska mark him down as a supporter of the Nebular Hypothesis in its crudest and most puerile form. Otherwise there is nothing to say except to offer the usual condolences.

I wonder what Mr. McDermott would think if I wrote to the papers giving my views (which as a matter of fact are particularly sound) on the decoration and management of the Everyman Theatre! No doubt he would thank me for the free advertisements; but he would say with perfect justice that it was a damned piece of cheek on my part.

So is his letter to you.

Yours, etc., G. BERNARD SHAW.

Sir ARTHUR PINERO is contributing to this symposium, in reply to an appreciation of The Enchanted Cottage, contributed to Form by Mr. OWEN NARES (on behalf of himself and Mr. MEYER), emphasizing a number of subtleties beyond the comprehension of the ordinary play-goer and throwing out the suggestion that a small modification of the play to make the hero a young Red Indian, the heroine a Russian Princess and the scene of the play a Patagonian village, together with the introduction of a troupe of performing seals in the dream scene of the Second Act, and an exhibition of pemmicanpounding in Act III., would instantly

success. Sir Arthur's reply is too actually urging me to give Sir Gerald lengthy for reproduction in full. The his scene at Genoa and throw in a scene following is an extract :-

DEAR SIR .- Accustomed as you doubtless are to the eccentricities of the theatrical profession, it must have come, even to you, with something of a shock that Mr. Owen Nares, for whose qualities as an actor-manager I hasten to express my unbounded admiration, should have contributed to your columns what seems to purport to be a critical examination of the merits and meaning of my play, The Enchanted Cottage. I am well aware . . . and nothing could be further from my thoughts than . . . which moreover . . : greatly to be deprecated. Furthermore . . . and indeed such a course . . . although I would be the last to deny . . . deep and entire satisfaction.

But I feel it is incumbent on me to say this: The Enchanted Cottage, as its name implies, is an enchanted cottage and not a circus or a menagerie. It is moreover entirely self-sufficient and self-explanatory. And I must add that commentary and suggestion for members of the distinguished cast who were privileged to appear in it, however interesting to their own immediate little circle of friends and relatives, is hardly of such value to the public as to justify its appearance in the great organs of the Press. I am, Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR WING PINERO.

The following letter, which explains itself, will shortly reach us from Sir JAMES BARRIE :-

DEAR SIR,-Mr. HARRISON, in taking off my play, Quality Street, has probably written to you explaining that only my refusal to alter the title to Calamity Street-a concession to the public demand for strong plays—has induced him to end the run before the full year was up. Sir GERALD DU MAURIER at the same time writes urging me to introduce a scene into Dear Brutus in which he may have an opportunity of giving an impersonation of a foreign Prime Minister at the Genoa Conference.

This is the kind of demand that impetuous youth so constantly makes upon its Betters; and it needs courage of a kind that I, alas, do not possess to grant it. I could never again face Old Lob if I changed him in the smallest respect; nor can I bear to think of Quality Street except as Quality Street. No, such as they are, my plays must remain. Yours sorrowfully,

J. M. BARRIE. P.S .- I ought to add that, as usual, that unruly devil, MACCONACHIE, is on the other side, and not only wants to transform the play into a prodigious grant Mr. HARRISON his point, but is nurses."-North-Country Paper.

in Purgatory as well.

ROMANCE.

PIRATES and plate ships? Seas of pansy? Soft isles o' spice? A schooner fast? (So tells Romance and so says Faney), The Roger on her raking mast?

Pirates of moonshine! Strip the tinsel. The playhouse stuff that Fancy logs, And, shaking out or taking in s'l, Pirates lived foul and died like dogs.

A pirate was a tawdry fellow: He and his cut-throats combed the seas

From Trinidad to Puerto Bello. From Port o' Spain to Cocos Keys,

They drank white rum-the raw Jamaican-

And, roaring in the ken's delights, They spent the loot of prizes taken Like buccaneers and Bedlamites.

They took their toll of helpless shipping. They put about if guns were seen, And, foul with shell, and weed a-dripping,

In plague-spot islands they'd careen.

And in those steaming wildernesses They passed about the rum in cans. While most owdacious black negresses Did fan of 'em with palm-leaf fans.

Then out they hauled, with shouts and singing,

A fiddler on the dirty deck, Each with a rusty cutlass swinging, Each with a halter due his neck.

And under hot horizons lurking The hunted dogs of Teach and Kid, What didn't die of drams or dirking, Of Execution Dock they did.

Then, where the riding gulls are dotting The grey tides that go up and down, Their carcasses would swing a-rotting, All in the rain, at London Town.

As high as HAMAN hung the cattle, And, as the tall ships were to sea, The crews would hear their bones a-rattle

And tell each other, "There they be."

Mormonism in our Midst.

"A party of about forty, including the wives of the chairman, sat down to the excellent repast."-Local Paper.

More Scandal about Byron.

From an article on Seaham Hall, where Lord and Lady Byron were married :-

"A walk is still pointed out in Seaham Dene known as 'Lord Byron's Walk,' which the bridegroom frequented, probably to court the 22, ERALD scene

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WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

MR. PUNCH, FALLING INTO LINE WITH VARIOUS ENTERPRISING CONTEMPORARIES, OFFERS A PUZZLE TO HIS READERS.



Artist, "ER-YOU CAN TAKE A REST NOW WHILE I PUT IN THE BACKGROUND." Model. "AAY-THEN I 'SPOSE YOU'LL WANT ME TO TURN ROUND?"

CONTANGO.

AN ODE.

[Contango dealings were resumed on the London Stock Exchange on Monday, May 22nd, for the first time since August, 1914.]

Contango! Blessed word!
It's true,

Though possibly it sounds absurd, I never knew

Exactly what you meant.

I ought, considering the money that I spent

"Carrying" shares those days before you went.

And now they say you're back Once more,

Much as you were in days of yore, Except, alack!

That all of us are eight years older. I may be rash,

But I suspect you'll find us somewhat

And less inclined to splash; We've got so used to Settlement for Cash.

> There seem to be Prevailing here and there

Impressions that the House is filled with glee

That we (Meaning the Bull and Bear) Look for a rush of business every-

where; Once more Home Rails will soar, and

Kaffirs too And every Shipping share, Can-Pacs and all the favourites we

knew: Eagles and Shells and Phœnix will arise

And scale the skies

Even those stocks, intrinsically sound, That still persist in clinging to the ground

May go up with a bound. It may be so, Although

You never know; But for my part I don't expect to see Broker and jobber dancing the fan-

dango Merely because you're back, my dear CONTANGO.

"Female or Lady Gardener." Advt. in Provincial Paper.

FIXING UP YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

HOW TO DEAL WITH EMPLOYERS.

When making arrangements at the office for your annual summer holiday it does not do to be too nervous or diffident. As it is about this time of year that most business concerns begin to work out the details of their staffs' vacations, a few words of advice may not be out of place. By following the directions here given you may confidently reckon on surprising results.

Having made up your mind as to when and where you would like to spend your holiday, and how long you would care to be away, stroll into your employer's private room, whistling a jaunty air and carrying a pile of illustrated guides to the principal watering-places. You may find that your employer is busy with his correspondence. In that case do not stand meekly in front of him till he looks up and addresses you. This is playing into his hands. Instead, be perfectly at your ease. For instance, having deposited the illustrated guides on his desk, you might ring up Cooκ's We like these delicate little distinctions. and inquire about excursions to Ostend or trips to Thanet, and continue collecting useful holiday information until your employer is at leisure.

Possibly, however, he himself may be using the instrument. In that case do not push him away. Nothing is to be gained by being overbearing. Simply draw a chair up to your employer's desk and write a note to the Hotel Gigantic at Blackpool, asking for terms, or transact any other little business you may have to do in connection with your holiday.

Either of these proceedings will show that you have got the holiday spirit upon you and it will create the right atmosphere. If your employer stares at you and continues to stare, say pleasantly, "Isn't it a peerless day? I really do think the weather is settled at last. Now what about it?" This provides a natural and easy introduction to the matter in hand. You can then launch right into the midst of

your subject.

Explain that you have been reading the customary newspaper articles about the advisability of early holidays, and that therefore you are thinking of going away almost at once. Make it clear that last year you found your usual fortnight hardly long enough, and June being the best month, you have decided this season to take the whole of it. Add that possibly this may make the rest of the summer at the office rather a strain for you, and may necessitate your having a long week-end in July, and possibly an extra few days in August during the very hot weather. Go on to describe the things that you intend to amuse yourself with whilst you are away. If your employer's umbrella happens to be handy, you might take it up and demonstrate your new stance for a halfiron shot. Show your employer the pictures in the illustrated guides and ask his opinion about the different pleasure centres. This will flatter him, and these men are very susceptible to flattery. You can then indicate that a special holiday bonus would not be unacceptable.

Such a method of fixing up your holidays is much better than the old one, where you hardly opened your mouth at all except to mumble, "Very good, Sir; the 15th to the 28th. Thank you, Sir."

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Do not forget to ask your employer which is his own favourite holiday resort and whether he would not like a little change himself later on. Remember politeness costs nothing. Tell him you are anxious to fit in your plans to suit his as far as you can, and that on your return you are quite willing to take over his job during his absence and manage the concern, if it would put his mind at We presume he meant a pike.



Child (having stumbled on a stone). "Mummy, why pon't you look where I'm

rest. Inquire if he is going away on his own, or taking his wife and family this year. All this will please him and show that you feel a personal interest in his affairs.

It will then be your employer's turn. Settle yourself in a chair, take out your pipe, fill it leisurely and regard him with a reassuring smile. You will find that he will have listened to you attentively, looking hard at your face. He will now make any comments he may have in mind. When he has finished you are almost certain to discover that you have secured for yourself an even longer rest than you contemplated.

Extract from Smith Minor's essay on Marmion :-

4 Then followed the men-at arms, each armed with a large halibut."

Psychotherapy-Latest.

"There will be 'practically no deaths from pneumonia' when a new sermon comes into use, according to Dr. —, of London, who says he has made this wonderful discovery." West Indian Paper.

We must tell the Rector about this.

"When almost out of sight of land an aeroplane caught up the vessel and dropped a large box of ropes on the poop as a parting gift to M. Venizelos, the Greek statesman and patriot."—Liverpool Paper.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but we don't like this one.

"In connection with the Flower Show competitions have been arranged as follows:—
Class II. (Open to all): Pots of (a) Daffodils,

(b) Hyacinths, (c) Tulips, (d) Miscellaneous Pants."—Lecal Paper.

We had a well-matured pair which we might have entered for (d), but unfortunately swopped them for a fern only last week.

WEST HAM AND HELICON.

V.

OF the many poets who tried to celebrate this Borough in song, few, as I have shown, were really intimate with it. Some had obviously not been there, though they didn't like to say so; some took refuge in ambiguity. But of the few thoroughly honest efforts there are two which I select with particular pleasure. How charming is Mr. HAROLD MONRO (that, at least, is my guess) in—

ETERNITY.

I.

How shall I ever know you Now, West Ham, Or let The lives of your strange and lonely people Sink into my mind?

II.

I have missed the train;
"There will not be another,"
Says the porter,
"Not, at any rate, Sir, till the morning,"
And I, who must go
Back to the dim starred hedges, waved boughs, and
the sunlight
And the scented dust of the roads,
Go down
By the South-Eastern, Chatham and Dover Railway
To Kent,
Have lost my last chance
Of seeing West Ham.

III.

Yet I can imagine you
Lovable amiable people,
Crowding to cinemas, waiting
For news at the kerb-stone—
News about boxers
And matches at Leyton;
Rough-clothed and with toil-hardened faces,
Not caring a great deal for Genoa,
But more about housing and rent
And drowning dull care of a night in the froth and
the gloom of a pint mug,
Spitting

Spitting
And swearing at times,
Making love
And purchasing kippers
For tea.

Yes.

And to-morrow I shall see again The little tall-chimneyed old cottage, The apple and pear-bloom; And carrier Smith's Roan mare Will hinny from over the hedge; But in my heart There will stay West Ham.

VI.

IV.

And it may be—who knows?—that that image, Lit large as a lamp-globe, The white incandescent Swift moon of my brain, Not touched by the process of time, indestructible, changeless, That will burn
As I sit looking out through the dusk at the bats
as they wheel
In my garden at home,
Is Truth,
And not that unknown, unrevealed,
Undiscovered West Ham
Of Reality's Dream.

This strikes me as most ingenuous. Equally so is Mr. W. H. Davies' (or so I imagine)

I wonder . . .

COMPANIONS.

When I go in to ask for ale
At Stratford pubs in lamplight gleam,
More sweet than any nightingale
The sounds of men do seem.

I rub my hands, I laugh, I smoke, I tap my coins upon the bar, Like woodpecker that strikes an oak When woods most tranquil are.

But when I see two men that fight
Outside the pub for all the world
As though they'd clench their hands more tight
Than bracken-fronds uncurled,

Thereat my heart gives such a prick,
I feel the wound for months and months,
I take my library and stick
And leave West Ham at once.

In fields where tiny daisies grow
And throstles sing I then do drowse
And often see small birds that go
Quite close to hooves of cows.

The titmice perch upon my thumbs
And cock their heads to ask for food;
More sweet than any urban slums
Is then my solitude.

And so say all of us.

Evor.

Another Impending Apology.

"His resignation of the office of chairman, which he has held for the past eleven years, was the subject of a special resolution of thanks passed at the annual meeting of the club."—Trade Payer.

"During a whist drive at —, Surrey, the M.C. announced that diamonds were 'trumps,' and it was then found that one man had 14 diamonds and his woman partner 13 spades."

The presence of a "joker" is indicated,

"The chief distinction went to Scotland in scoring a grand slam against Wales, and one of her players did 14 holes, measuring 180 yards, in one stroke."—Irish Paper.

It suggests not only grand slam but chicane as well.

From the report of a municipal meeting:-

"After much wangling the House agreed by 55 votes to 37 to accept Messrs. ——'s offer."—Scotch Paper.

This sort of thing is often done, we believe, but is rarely reported.

"It is symptomatic of the popularity of small racing that Lord Beatty, who has joined the up-river Minina Club, should have purchased a 72-foot racing dinghy, in which he anticipates getting a lot of sport this summer,"—Weekly Paper.

And if he proposes to sail her single-handed, his Lordship will get a lot of hard work too.

Ir.

THE ADVENT OF THE CHAMPION.

[It is extraordinary how apathetic and undemonstrative we are as a nation. Take, for instance, the case of Wally Tuff (champion of the world at his own weight, mark you), who came over here the other day for a quiet holiday.]



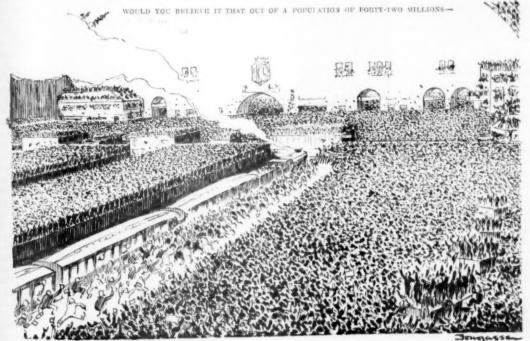
ALTHOUGH - NO ONE -

HAD ANY EXCUSE-



FOR NOT KNOWING -

THAT HE WAS COMING-



NOT MORE THAN TWO PER CENT, TURNED OUT TO SEE HIM ARRIVE?

THE DEFEAT OF GENEROSITY.

This morning I received a letter in which occurs the following passage:-

What I really write about is not my health, but to say that, if you have any opportunity of getting a Calcutta Sweepstake ticket, I'd like one or even two. You see, even in this quiet retreat a flutter attracts.

Now the odd thing is that I have had other letters to the same effect, and several friends-strong men and beauti-

in the street or elsewhere and have asked me to oblige them in a similar way. Why it should be thus taken for granted that I indulge myself in sweepstake tickets I cannot explain; I don't talk about them and I don't look like a gambler or behave like one: but there it is. As a matter of fact I have seven.

Now I want to be perfectly truthful. I am interested in the case principally for the sidelights it throws on my character, but also for its bearing upon the whole question of games of chance, superstition and avarice. For the possession of these seven tickets is undermining more than one good quality, and I shall have to try very hard to induce myself to endow almshouses or build a church with the proceeds of the first prize if the stain is to be expunged.

Understand that I don't pose as a man of any particular generosity. I can, for instance, avoid an ex-service collecting - box shaker's eye with as much skill as you can; but as a general rule, when I have seven of anything, I am prepared to part with two or three. My cigar - case would be at your service if we were to meet. I carry cigarettes as much almost for others as

springs of altruism dry up. Generosity disappears. I can think of no living soul to whom I could surrender one of these seven. I should like to: my wish is always to oblige, to say "Yes" rather than "No"; I am ashamed of this sordid acquisitiveness and tenacity, but I can't fight it. You could, if you seemed to want it badly enough, have my watch. You could have ten times the cost of any of these tickets. But the ticket itself-no. Not one of them. Impossible. Not even if you offered me an

ner may be among them makes my dissociation from them a contingency not to be contemplated.

If I were to give away or sell any one of those seven tickets I should not sleep a wink until Derby Day. I should be in a fever of fear that its new owner would be the lucky one. For this year the first prize is to be greater than ever.

While I am being so frank I may as well grovel a little more, and confess ticket and it won, the embarrassment

ful women—have recently stopped me that I did actually promise one of the of the winner would be very painful.

Captain of Scratch Eleven. "WHAT THE DICKENS DID YOU MEAN BY TELLING ME THAT YOU WERE A GOOD BATSMAN IN THE ABMY?

Rabbit. "No, NO, MY DEAR CHAP; I SAID BATMAN."

myself. When, however, it comes to seven tickets to a young friend. (A boy, Calcutta Sweep tickets I find that the fortunately. It is bad enough to break fortunately. It is bad enough to break a promise to a boy, but it would be worse to a girl.) I promised it to him unequivocally, in his mother's hearing. "Stephen," I said—and these are my exact words—"I'll get a ticket for you." And when I said it I was prepared to do it. But when the tickets arrived I found that I couldn't. It is impossible to carry out the undertaking; I can't separate one from the others and send it to him, for the reasons I have already given. What he thinks about me I daren't guess, nor what his mother absurd sum. The chance that the win- thinks. But there it is; I have failed. With that height it should be.

I am no longer trustworthy. I know that breaking one's word to a schoolboy is rather a serious matter, but I am doing it. (Perhaps there is something in the anti-gambling movement. after all?)

I don't pretend to be continually worried by this decline in liberality, this decay of moral sensitiveness. I can collect peace of mind by assuring myself that if I were to give away a

> Pity for me, who allowed it to leave my hands, would be so powerful an emotion that the recipient of the fortune would have no fun at all. Nothing but remorse. There would be offers to me to go halves; refusals on my part; more offers; more refusals. The whole thing would be intolerable and must be prevented.

> Now, although I may, by plunging into diversion or calling up reserves of sophistry. avoid reflecting too much upon the ill effects on my character which the possession of these seven tickets is creating. I cannot defer speculation as to what will happen if I win. I know exactly what I shall do. I shall write to Stephen, saying how sorry I am that his ticket (which I was keeping for him in a separate envelope) was not the lucky one, but I am sending him a present as a solatium. My idea of the size of this present is, at the moment of writing, considerable. Something really substantial, which, invested, will be enough to bring him in a nice little income for life. That is how I view the matter to-day. But to-day I am poor; to-day, except for this unfortunate affair of the seven sweepstake tickets, I am not too squalidly mean.

But what shall I be like when I have won the prize and shall be worth something very near a hundred thousand pounds? Persons who own as much as that are, I am told, apt to be minutely scrupulous about the way they spend it. It may be that when the sense of the responsibility of great wealth permeates me, as it will almost immediately do, I may consider that a pound note is all that Stephen is entitled to -if indeed he is entitled to anything. E. V. L.

"Gr. C. B. Gelding, aged 7, 15 ft. 0 in., up to great weight."-Advt. in Indian Paper.

DIVIDED AFFECTION.

[Dr. DAVID FORSYTH, the psycho-analyst, maintains that it is possible for a man to be partly, but not wholly, in love with two women at the same time. "A man," he says, "has only a limited fund of love on which to draw, Any affection that he gives to No. 2 means that something is withdrawn from No. 1."]

WHEN Sylvia and Phyllis meet And I am privileged to see Their rival beauties, I entreat The gods to lend their aid to me. No eyes with Phyllis's compare;

No bloom's like that of Sylvia's cheek And sunbeams dance in Sylvia's hair; And I, in my distress, am weak

With envy of the finger-tips That Phyllis places on her lips.

If I could put the thought away Of Phyllis's abundant grace I would be Sylvia's to-day,

And take amid her slaves my place; Or, if some whim persuaded me From Sylvia to step aside

And Phyllis, there, I chanced to see, Her charms would never be denied. So either of them I might love All other tempting maids above.

But can I hope to bear me well And make my Sylvia content If, loving Phyllis, I dispel

My love, say, twenty-five per cent.? Or will my loyalty be such

As that which Phyllis may require If I love Sylvia-not much,

But with a dull, restricted fire? Will either take me to her heart If I am truly hers—in part?

No! I must pray that I may find Some dispensation from my pain. If either maid should prove unkind All hope of happiness were vain:

So now I beg the gods recall This form that, foolishly, I prize And as its vital core instal

A heart of twice the normal size, That I may ask the witching pair A fifty-fifty love to share.

INSIDE INFORMATION.

(From our Own Secret Historian.)

Look out for an interesting announcement shortly. I understand that it is quite possible Thanet will be introduced and admitted to the League of Nations as a visiting member.

It would be interesting to have the name of the Independent Liberal who recently invited Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to visit America on a long lecturing tour.

In view of the statements of a wellknown scientist that the world will end in two thousand years there is some talk of Sir Eric Geddes being recalled to the Cabinet as a protective measure.

A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty



"ALL RIGHT, DON'T SHOUT ABOUT IT; I DON'T WANT MY AFFAIRS BROADCASTED ALL OVER MAYFAIR.

to Celebrities has been formed. Lord LEVERHULME was elected President, beating Mr. Augustus John by a head.

My friend Mr. LOVAT FRASER has experienced a very heavy loss this week. It seems that burglars broke into his office and made off with several handfuls of very valuable italics.

I am now able to deny the rather foolish rumour current last week to the effect that Dean Inge had been found exceeding the speed limit over a measured smile.

I am going ___ [You're gone. - ED.]

Another Sex Problem.

"Wanted, Trustworthy Women for Farm (Stirlingshire); father and sou." Scotch Paper.

Another Impending Apology.

From a report of Middlesex v. Warwickshire:-

"A. R. Tanner, who is probably without inferior in the 'gulley,' dived full length to gather a wonderful catch in dismissing R. J. Scorer."—Sporting Paper.

"FRENCH DELEGATE'S WITTY STORY, 'One o fm yancestors took part in building the Towel of Babel,' he remarked to the Prime Minister."—Daily Paper.

And confusion of tongues still seems to run in the family.

"WANTED. - Comfortable Home, Plain Food (Piano), by bright, musical elderly Lady."

Local Paper.

Who evidently shares the opinion of the Duke in Twelfth Night regarding the nutritive value of music.

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MORE OF THE COMING REACTION.

Smithson. "Does your mother smoke, Thompson?" Thompson (gloomily). "YES, SHE DOES." Smithson. "How BOTTEN FOR YOU!"

FOLLOW THE SEA!

"WHAT is it makes a man follow the sea? Ask me another," says Billy Magee; "Maybe it's liquor and maybe it's love, Maybe it's likin' to be on the move; Maybe the salt-drop that runs in his blood Won't let his killick lie snug in the mud. What is it makes such poor idjits as me Follow the sea-follow the sea? Jiggered if I know," says Billy Magee.

"What is it keeps a chap rollin' around All his life long from the Skaw to the Sound, Samplin' the weathers from Hull to Rangoon, Doldrums and westerlies, trade and typhoon, Hurricane, cyclone and southerly buster, In any old drogher as flies the Red Duster, Leaky an' rusty an' foul as can be? What is it makes a chap follow the sea? Bust me if I know," says Billy Magee.

"What is it makes a man stick to the sea? Ah, you may ask me," says Billy Magee; "Stick to it hungry and stick to it cold, Stick to it after he's broken and old, Freeze in the Forties an' sweat on the Line, Shiver an' burn in the rain an' the shine:

Swear he's fed up an' keep wantin' his whack again, Curse it an' leave it an' keep comin' back again? What is it makes such darned thick'eads as me Stick to an' live by an' die by the sea? Search me if I know," says Billy Magee. C. F. S.

"BOYS WRECK A TRAIN.

Noticing that a switch-box was unlocked, the lads turned on the

Switch. . . . Dudley magistrates yesterday ordered that the elder boy should be birched."—Daily Paper.

If in future he does not know what's what, he, at any rate, knows switch is swish.

"Advertiser has few Bulgarian Bugs for Sale, 2/6 each."-New Zealand Paper.

And, as far as we are concerned, he can keep them.

"SOMERSET AT LEYTON.

Freeman had raised his score to 53 when he was eaten. So half the side were out for 179, and the players retired for tea."-Sunday Paper. In these circumstances another meal so soon savours of greediness.

"31 GNs.—Charming little Flat to be Let, at once; three rooms; geyser; bath; gasfires; 'phone; daily maid left."—Daily Paper.

It would be even more charming if the daily maid had not left.



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AUTOLYCUS, U.S.A.

UNCLE SAM. "NOW, THAT'S REAL DISAPPOINTING. I'D SET MY HEART ON THAT SKELETON."

SKELETON."

SHADE OF SHAKSPEARE. "BUT ALL THE SAME I SHOULD FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE

IF IT WAS INSURED."





Grandpa (suddenly waking from doze). "Hullo, Peggy, what's all this about?" Peggu, "WE BE ONLY SEEING IF THERE ARE ANY MORE HALF-CROWNS IN YOUR BEARD THAT THE CONJURER DIDN'T FIND."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 15th. - Mr. CECIL HARMSWORTH was warmly cheered on his return to his place after some weeks of a slight hoarseness, but gallantly strove of the high price of household coal. to overcome it, and was clear enough The Secretary of Mines suavely rewhen expressing the view that, though the Egyptian Nationalists might cast a long time before that region would pass out of British power.

The day being warm, Members were anxious to know what prospects they had of another holiday at Whitsuntide. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN bade them wait and see. It all depended upon how they helped the Government to get on with the business before them.

It is evident that the wholesome terror inspired by the GEDDES Committee has not yet died away. The Government has already appointed a number of additional Committees to consider additional economies, and when Captain Wedgwood Benn drew pointed attention to the vast discrepancy between the Admiralty reductions and the proposals of its former First Lord, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN begged him "not to attempt to provoke a quarrel between Sir Eric Geddes and me;" rather im- Christian minorities, and to that end is an attempt by Lord Askwith to give a

plying that in such a contest he would be overweighted.

Mr. BRIDGEMAN is usually the mildestmannered Minister on the Front Bench. But even he occasionally lets his sense indisposition. He is still suffering from of humour rip. Sir F. Hall complained plied that as there were several varieties the hon. Member might get some at longing eyes on the Soudan, it would be much less than the best price; and then added, as an afterthought, "but I am not sure if he would keep his cook.'

There is very little space to spare between the Front Bench and the Table, as Mr. Fisher discovered when, hurrying to his place, he stumbled over Lord WINTERTON'S long legs. Almost immediately afterwards he was called upon to explain why the Government was pushing on with the Teachers (Superannuation) Bill without waiting for the report of the Committee set up to examine the question. There was no apparent connection between these two incidents, but you never can tell.

The Turk is at his old tricks again in Asia Minor. The Treaty of Sèvres, having provided that the Christian minorities in that region shall enjoy international protection, he has deter-

deporting whole communities and literally walking them to death. In a tone unusually grave Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that Britain had appealed to the other Great Powers to co-operate in putting an end to these cruelties.

Sir Leslie Scott made his début as Solicitor - General by moving the Second Reading of the Law of Property Bill, a mammoth measure weighing several pounds and filling 355 pages, which inter alia proposes to assimilate real and personal property. Lawyers, while admitting the erudition and energy of the LORD CHANCELLOR, are a little alarmed as to the effects of his proposals on the volume of business coming their way. Possibly, however, Sir John Butcher's prophecy, that in spite of the Bill no solicitor would for ten or fifteen years hence "dare to deal with real property without consulting counsel," did something to allay their fears, for they did not oppose the Second Reading.

Tuesday, May 16th .- This was a bad day for the Government. In both Houses Ministers seemed to be affected with a sort of malaise which prevented them from defending themselves and their projects with any spirit. Lord mined that there ain't a-going to be no GORELL, it is true, managed to defeat

Protective colouring to the Merchandise Marks Bill: but he was not so successful in his defence of the Safeguarding of Industries Act against the assaults to develop much enthusiasm for a measure which discriminates between Teddy Bears with a squeak and Teddy Bears squeakless, and which, originally intended to frustrate the knavish tricks of our enemies, draws half its revenue from goods imported by our Allies. Lord GORELL, while admitting that the importance of appointing guide lec-Act was not "one of the greatest that had ever been passed," claimed that in helping to build up our chemical industries it had been a great success. But in the ensuing division the Government scraped home by only two votes.

An air of perfunctoriness was notice-

Asked if Commons. there was any truth in the reports of disagreement between the Home and Indian Governments over Waziristan, Lord WINTERTON considered it sufficient to say that they were "agreed as to the course to be followed during the next few months."

The POSTMASTER-GEN-ERAL announced that he intended to appoint "a representative of the agricultural interest" upon the advisory council of the telephone service. Did that mean a farmer, or a landlord? he was asked. "Much wider than that," said Mr. Kella-way: "someone who will represent all interests

concerned in agriculture." Chimæra, I suppose, with the head of and would omit no method of inducing its rejection. He was thereupon dea landlord, the body of a farmer and the legs of a labourer.

As the School Teachers (Superannuation) Bill is admittedly the outcome of the GEDDES Report, it was tactically a mistake of the MINISTER OF EDUCA-TION to begin his speech with a rather promised that the Treasury would put disparaging comparison between Sir no obstacles in the way of an extension ERIC and King Midas. sort of joke that invites reprisals, and after what happened this evening I can quite imagine Sir Eric retorting that if owing to the stimulus given to the sale he has not got the Midas touch he also of pictorial reproductions of the articles lacks the Midas ears.

For, after a half-hearted defence of little or no expenditure of public funds. the Government's proposal to deduct

W. JOYNSON-HICKS and Sir DONALD MACLEAN, Mr. STEPHEN WALSH and Sir FREDERICK BANBURY.

Eventually Lord ROBERT CECIL moved of Lord Beauchamp. It must be hard the adjournment of the debate. A listless speech from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN failed to break up the hostile combination; and in the division the Government were beaten by 151 to 148.

Wednesday, May 17th .- The admirable persistence of Lord Sudeley in calling attention, year after year, to the turers to our museums and picturegalleries is gradually reaping its reward. Last year there was an encouraging increase of public interest in the lectures. Lord Superey reckons that in the London museums alone there are treasures worth eighty millions sterling-a able on the Treasury Bench in the sum which should make Mr. KNOEDLER's they had broken any bargain with the

Mr. Fisher (Minister of Education). "Who did this?" Chorus of Bad Boys (Mr. Stephen Walsh, Sir Donald Maclean, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, Lord Robert Chell and Sir F. Bandery). "Me, Sir!"

people to come and enjoy their great in- scribed by Lord Newton as "a pracplaying in the National Gallery. Lord tion." HYLTON, for the Government, fought a little shy of this last idea; but, for the rest, he was decidedly sympathetic, and That is the of the guide-lecturer system. The explanation of this unwonted generosity is probably to be found in the fact that, described, last year's lectures involved

The Commons met in an atmosphere a twentieth of the teachers' salaries of mingled curiosity and apprehension. to pay for pensions promised them Would the Government treat last night's on a non-contributory basis, Mr. Fisher defeat as a mere fleabite, causing nothing heard disagreeable remarks about broken more than a temporary irritation, or

third possibility - that Mr. FISHER should be thrown overboard, like Mr. MONTAGU-was hinted at by Mr. MILLS. when a propos of a question about parachutes he asked if any application had been received from the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's first words rather suggested that the Cabinet had taken the tragic view of the transaction. It was "a serious matter," he said, for the House to refuse to support the Government in its efforts at economy. But he quickly lightened his tone, and observed that, after all, the hostile division had been taken, not on the question at issue, but only "on a dilatory motion." The Government proposed therefore to yield to the will of the House and set up a Select Committee to decide whether

teachers. It was an inglorious ending to a crisis that never ought to have occurred, for the LEADER OF THE HOUSE admitted that the Whips had warned him of impending defeat. Why the Government should rush upon their fate one day and run away from it the next, it is not easy to understand. Possibly the morning's telegram from Genoa would solve the mystery.

Thursday, May 18th .-A week or two ago the Lords gave the Advertisements Regulation Bill a Second Reading without a division. To-day, on the motion that the Bill should be considered

A sort of and Dr. Rosenbach's mouths water- in Committee, Lord Southwark moved heritance; he would even have a band tical joker of an irresponsible disposi-Lord NEWTON, who himself, of course, is always serious, asked why, if the Bill was so dangerous, the Soap Lords, the Whisky Lords, and, above all, the Newspaper Lords, had not turned up to oppose it. Lord Buck-MASTER declared that if business-men had their way they would "paint the rainbow with their advertisements:" to which Lord RATHCREEDAN replied that "trade must come before æstheticism." I should infer that both these noble Lords had recently traversed Piccadilly Circus at nighttime and been variously inspired by the dazzle-signs.

Scotch "Wee Frees" attacked the hearddisagreeable remarks about broken more than a temporary historia, bargains and breaches of faith from would they regard it as a vital injury, had vetoed a scheme for small-holding bargains and breaches of faith from would they regard it as a vital injury, had vetoed a scheme for small-holding bargains and breaches of faith from would they regard it as a vital injury, on the site of Nigg Camp, Ross-shire: SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND because he had vetoed a scheme for small-holdings F ar n It ie

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Mistress (to new cook-general). "You must have breakfast ready by seven to-morrow, as your master wants to catch THE SEVEN-FORTY-FIVE TRAIN."

New Cook-General. "I'M CATCHIN' IT MESELF."

and were much incensed when he declined to give the grounds for his debeat off the Niggers.

Attention was called to the continual attacks upon life and property in Southern Ireland, and the failure of the Government to stop them. Sir HAMAR GREENWOOD disclaimed any responsibility for law and order in Ireland since the transfer of powers to the Provisional Government on All Fools' Day. The Diehards then tried to move the adjournment, but, though they once more enjoyed the assistance of Lord ROBERT CECIL, they failed to get over the SPEAKER, who observed that to accept one of the noble Lord's propositions would be to destroy the whole fabric of the British Empire.

The Labour Party accused the MINIS-TER OF HEALTH of having taken sides against the men in the Engineering dispute by advising Boards of Guardians that relief cannot lawfully be granted Yet few possess the soul, I fear, to men for whom work is available.

They were not appeased by Sir A. Mond's explanation that, when concision. But Mr. Munro, a dour man sulted by the Guardians as to the state when he pleases, stuck to his guns and of the law, he was bound to tell them. But their attempt to move the adjournment also failed to get through the SPEAKER'S guard.

OUR PRICELESS POSSESSION.

(Suggested by an article in an Evening Paper, recalling the fact that an American scientist recently journeyed six thousand miles to England to hear the nightingale.)

They come in droves across the pond In answer to a silent call, Being at heart supremely fond Of the Old Country after all.

They pour on us with lavish hand The wealth they bring from far-off waters.

Annex our knick-knacks, pictures and, Often as not, our daughters.

Of yonder scientist, who made

The eager journey just to hear The prima donna of the glade. And I for one would like to thank The noble fellow as a debtor; For here at least he hints the Yank Can never go one better.

But most of all I love to think, Though billionaires from U.S.A. Could buy us up with pen and ink, One treasure's here and here to stay; That, though she still bewails her fate, However much for her they holler, The nightingale, at any rate, Is proof against the dollar.

"Taking possession of stray days and not notifying the police is an offence against the law of the realm."—Provincial Paper.

The Roman poet said nothing about this when he bade his readers "Carpe diem."

"The London Stock Exchange is proposing new rules to restore the 'cantango' system. Strong opposition is anticipated." Canadian Paper.

From those who can't tango, we pre-

A SONG OF SWEETNESS.

"Oh! for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy." BYRON (" Beppo").

Mr. CLUTTON BROCK, in a recent article on "Disaffection," scents danger in a too violent reaction towards sentimentality and simplicity. "Those who turn too violently from sweets to unsavouries will rush back to yet sweeter sweets to get the taste out of their mouths." Simultaneously the Federated Confectioners' Association were debating whether as a country we ate enough sweets, and decided that we did not.]

WHAT ails thee, O timorous CLUTTON, To dread the reaction at hand, When man shall once more be a glutton For Art that is blameless and bland; When grown paradisal and placid With generous zeal we combine

To purge the sick earth of its acid, The sea of its brine?

Though rudely the militant masses In menace resentfully rage, The solace derived from Molasses Is potent their ire to assuage; While verse that is tender and treacly And prose that is luscious but sane, Administered daily or weekly, Refresh and sustain.

Perpetual pepper and pickle, In letters no less than in food, Though sharply the palate they prickle, Engender a decadent mood Strong spices that burn us like lava May pleasure the gullet of some-

O give me the jelly of guava, The jam of the plum.

Disdaining dictation, what care I If one of the poets of eld The doctrine of surgit amari In dolorous dactyls upheld? Let us honour the past when it cheers

In peril and gloom as we grope, But, whenever it saddens or sears us, Look forward in hope.

O coiners of sour little phrases, O singers of shrill little songs, Who trumpet your mutual praises And brood on your fanciful wrongs; Too long with your venom and virus, Your bleak and unsavoury lore, Have we let you bedaub and bemire us; We need you no more.

Ignoring the truth that the better The health is the sweeter the tooth, Ye harshly endeavour to fetter The taste of ingenuous youth; Ye stint us of sherbet and shandy, Of buns and their sugary bloom; Ye grudge us our portions of candy

And Rahat Lakhoum!

We are sick of the cult of miasma, Of music that grovels and grunts. The daughters who jazz and the jazz-

The passion for scares and for stunts;

Fed up on exotic emotions.

On strong and unsavoury meat, We hanker for saccharine potions-The cane and the beet.

We are sick of your endless muckraking,

Your fulsome exploiting of FREUD, Your feverish zest in forsaking The tasks which your elders enjoyed;

The scavenger, honestly toiling, Keeps dirt and disease from our ken ; You shame Cloacina by soiling

Ye shall fly, who affect to be tricksy When really intending to pain; Ye shall die, and the daughters of Dixie

The trade of the pen.

Resume their beneficent reign; Ye shall pass to the desolate limbo Of things that are foul and effete, And the world from Cockaigne to

> Coquimbo Grow simple and sweet.

No more to the serpent beholden, From acrid secretions set free, Let us worship in lays that are golden

The bag of the bombinant bee; And cry, with all sensible critters.

The Norman, the Saxon, the Dane, "Come down and redeem us from

Sweet Child of the Cane!"

TERTIUM QUID.

He sat at his desk waiting. The morning's letters lay neglected in front of him. He couldn't give his mind to them till he knew-one way or the

Half-past eleven . . . She had said she would ring up by eleven. She had given her promise, when he had seen her yesterday, to ring him up and tell him finally whether she would come or not. It meant so much. Not only to

him, he thought grimly.
"Poor Ethel," he said to himself as he thought of his wife. "She's done her best. She's tried everything. I've seen this coming, though; there was no other way out of it. But I couldn't tell her till I was sure of-

B-r-r-r-r. Br-r. His hand leaped to the telephone.

"Hullo! Yes? "Mr. Tomlinson?" a girl's voice tinkled down the wire.

"Yes, yes! Is that you? Oh! I was afraid you'd changed your mind and wouldn't ring up after all. Tell me-you're coming?

"Yes," said the voice composedly; "I've decided to."

"To-night?" he said eagerly. "As we arranged?"

"Yes. Outside Number 4 platform at Waterloo, didn't you say?

"That's it. At six. The train goes at six-fifteen. Don't be late. I'll have your ticket ready.

"I'll be there," said the voice. There was a click and then silence.

He leaned back in his chair and wiped his forehead.

"Thank God!" he said aloud.

So it was decided, then. Phew! It had been a strain, waiting like that. That's what came of taking things into your own hands, going against the custom of society. Well, they'd see now whether it was worth it or not.

The picture of his home came before him. Pleasant it had been, but . . . There had been a want all these last six months-as though something had gone away. Well, it had, That was the solid truth.

They had tried-Heavens, how they had tried to find it again! Ethel and he. Ethel particularly. And now-

Well, that tangle was cut through. anyhow. The relief of it! A clean cut too. No one suspected-Ethel least of all.

He thought of the voice down the telephone. "Bless her," he said to himself, "she shan't regret it. She's coming-she's coming-

He got to Waterloo in good time and paced up and down the crowded station in front of Number 4 platform. Could she, after all, fail? He compared his watch and the station clock. Sixo'clock five minutes past-ten minutes-

Ah! At last! There she was. They greeted formally and he hurried her towards the train.

"I can't get over it," said Ethel for the twentieth time that evening. "You found her all by yourself?

Tomlinson nodded. "I took up her references too," he said. "They were excellent. Cook-housemaid she was in her last place. I'm sure she'll be a success.'

CATULLUS emended, to suit the mood of those who detest but cannot dispense with a certain paper: Odi at emo.

"Again, I would emphasise the point that stands out. Cricket is essentially a game for the young. Tate is 27 and Brownrigg 251 years old."—Sunday Paper.

Brownings's case is absolutely convincing on this point.

From a municipal election address:-

"If elected as your representative I promise you that I will not support neither Sewerage nor Water Schemes. The ratepayer during the past six years has been bled to white heat." We should have liked to hear the candidate's views on education.

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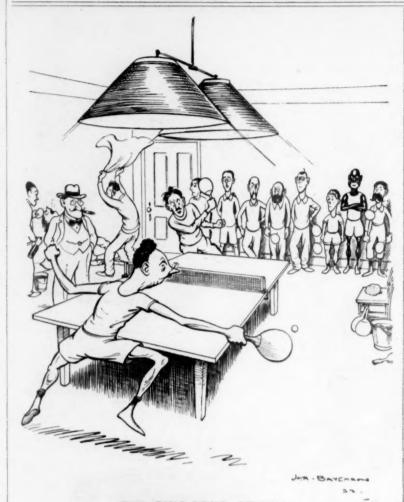
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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOTOR-PRAM AT KENSINGTON.

CHRISTENING-CUP DAY AT THE ROUND POND TRACK.



THE PING-PONG REVIVAL.

THE CHAMPION OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE GETS INTO CONDITION FOR DEFENDING HIS TITLE BY ENGAGING A FEW SPARRING PARTNERS.

DON'TS FOR PASSENGERS.

"DO NOT LEAN OUT OF THE WINDOW."
ONCE, a friend of mine departing
By express train to the North,
Waved his hand to me at starting.

Leaning head and shoulders forth.

I stood watching, lost in wonder, His affectionate display, When a bridge the train passed under Took his hat and head away.

Let this incident deter you
From unduly leaning out,
For the Company prefer you
Not to leave your head about.

And, apart from meeting bridges, Things may hit you in the eye— Soot and cinders, poisonous midges, Or a steak-and-kidney pie. Even that may be expected,

For you're apt to bear the brunt
Of the articles ejected

From the carriages in front.

Regulations are a bother—
They are dull and overdone—
But, compared with any other,
This is quite a clever one.

A Popular Programme.

"The work before Congressmen at present is the constructive programme adopted at Bardoli, preaching of the duty of lifting up the depressed glasses."—Indian Paper.

"To-DAY'S ABRANGEMENTS.

Order of St. Michael and St. George.—Annual Service insides at Festival Dinner, Hotel Cecil, 7."—Daily Paper.

The notice seems to lack something in precision, but the general idea is fairly clear.

THE PEACE-MAKER.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau affects people in different ways. Most, after eight hours on a hard seat, are only anxious to find a more comfortable one; but just a few are irresistibly impelled towards good works. To the latter class belonged an American lady who insisted on introducing me to a German officer. She was sure we should find so much to talk about, now that our little differences were over and forgotten.

Probably the worthy Hauptmann agreed with me that, just for the present, English and Germans get on very well as long as they do not see too much of each other. At any rate the introduction was a little stiff, but the good lady was inexorable. She guessed we must have both been on the same Front. We had not. She then tried a further attack.

"I think this Passion Play just too beautiful. All the time I felt that it is drawing the nations together again. It is not as if either side really got beaten—"

I felt my bristles rising. The "unconquered-in-the-field" legend, which is now being worked so assiduously in Germany, has never impressed me in the least.

"—and now that it is over," she continued, "the sooner we forget about it the better."

The Hauptmann thought of the Peace Treaty and shivered slightly. I discovered later that he came from the Saar district. Grimly we waited for the next attack.

It never came. The little lady had seen another couple who needed to be reconciled and had left us alone. The relief was so unexpected that we both murmured an involuntary "Gott sei Dank," and the ice was broken. A little later, over Munich beer, we became quite friendly on the subject of Dempsey's recent triumphal progress through Berlin.

Good News for Dentists.

"The bewitching lady of the bathing suit has enlarged her smile, and her 1922 teeth are calculated to rouse the envy of the most attractive picture-postcard queen."—Daily Paper.

"Gli antilloydgeorgiani implacabili."

Italian Pare

Our dictionary does not give this phrase, but we rather fancy it is Genoese for "Unbridled Steeds."

From the description of an alleged criminal:—

"Has only one eye and a distinct squint in the other."—Daily Paper.

We can't think how the police find out these things.



"I'M AFRAID, MY DEAR, WE'VE BEEN DIRECTED WRONDLY. THIS DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE ONE COULD HAVE A HIGH TEA IN COMFORT.

3n Abemoriam.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH-what a perilous name! And yet to you it proved no giant's robe, Who lent fresh lustre to the splendid fame That rang around the globe.

The ancient glories of our blood and tongue Revive, rekindled by your vivid praise; Yet who so generous to acclaim the young, The makers of new lays?

Hail and farewell, deeply beloved and mourned! Scholars and airmen mingle round your bier, Who all you touched illumined and adorned With high heroic cheer.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It was a sound and original notion in the Baroness vox HUTTEN to make the Mothers-in-Law (Cassell) of Sappho and Nino Gamba the chief characters of her vivacious melodrama of cosmopolitan life in Naples. The young people themselves are little more than symbols of conventional America and conventional Italy, parted per pale, like two charges on the same shield, by their strong national prejudices. But the undeniable vigour of the whole design is excellently sustained by its two rampant supporters, Mrs. Milly Roper, mother of the bride ("the pelican," as devoted dragon, Donna Laura Gamba, mother of the bride- plot for a very simple fellow, invites Christine, a senti-

groom. How these two make a virtue of necessity and bring about the marriage of their idolised but impecunious children through the means (and very material means too) of Mrs. Roper's old admirer, Sir Bartle Sandys, takes up the first, and to my mind the most interesting, half of the book. The installation of little Mrs. Roper in a salottino in the Palazzo Gamba, and Donna Laura's anguished prayer for grace to put up with "this added cross," might, one feels, have led up to something more profound than the welter of infidelity, gambling, assassination, conspiracy and madness from which the two Americans emerge, like two water-rats aur longues haleines, into the sunshine of a happy ending.

I don't think that Miss G. B. STERN has put into The Room (Charman and Hall) quite her best furniture. At any rate she has arranged it all rather queerly. Ursula Maxwell is one of a large family living at "The Laburnums," which is further crowded by a paying guest, Aunt Lavinia, a very charming and entirely selfish middle-aged lady. Ursula has a room of her own and hands it over to Aunt Livry as a bribe to purchase her silence concerning the deplorable and inexplicable conduct of Hal Maxwell in the matter of a one-pound note, and then the scene (on which much detail has been lavished to give us authentic pictures of all the Maxwell children and their parents) changes abruptly and we practically never hear anything about the family again. Ursula is now married to a preposterous athletic sentimentalist entirely unfitted for the difficult practice of monogamy. She is consumed-and no wonder-with the idea of getting back to the peaceful haven of a room of her she was once nicknamed for her maternal piety), and that own, discrete and virginal; and, conceiving a very simple

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squint in find out mental flapper, to their lonely Cornish cottage. The plot begins to work, but is foiled by the unlikely behaviour of the professional amorist, Louis, whom Ursula has invited to elope with her, with the reservation that it is to be a merely technical elopement to provide her husband with the necessary evidence. Louis however turns preacher and sends her home to the egregious Doug. To add to the general muddle of the plan there is interpolated an entirely irrelevant revue of the adventures of a number of shadowy people in quest of a house. I must in justice add that the parts are much better than the whole. Miss STERN is never dull.

Golf from Two Sides (Longmans) is so excellent that to some of us, at any rate, it will be dangerous. Mr. Roger and Miss Joyce WETHERED (the new Lady Champion) have an alluring way of giving instruction, and not until I have tried to follow their advice shall I rest content. But life is going to be difficult. Among many things that have to be remembered we must hold our left sides firm

and not allow our left hips to relax and fall away if we are slicing. and if socketing with iron clubs is our trouble we must stand well back on our heels, straighten our arms in the address and hollow our backs. There ought to be a pocket edition of this book, so that we can refer to it on the spot. Although I see troublous days ahead. my main feeling is one of thankfulness to the authors. I have read many books on golf, but not one of them has been more helpfully illustrated and written. In return for all the good advice bestowed

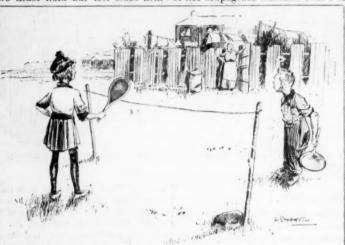
upon me by the WETHEREDS, may I offer them one little | weakest part of an irritating yet far from colourless novel. atom in return? It is only to beg them in future to avoid the word "commence" as they would avoid a bunker.

I don't suppose that Mr. ALEC WAUGH intended Roland Whately, in The Lonely Unicorn (GRANT RICHARDS), to be especially likeable, but however that may be I found it easier to sympathise with his point of view than to care at all for him. Roland, as I understand him, is the representative of youth in its rather incoherent struggle to avoid being oppressed and suppressed by age and convention. He was the son of self-respecting middle-class parents who lived at 105, Hammerton Villas, Hammerton, and, if romance ever entered into their lives, it had certainly departed before their son was grown up. Almost unconsciously Roland became attached to April Curtis, whose parents were as commonplace as his own. Without any definite engagement it was understood that he and April were eventually to be married. But Roland was an ambitious and not too scrupulous youth, and such a future as this was not attractive enough for him. How he rescued himself from the Hammerton net is Mr. WAUGH'S story, and it is told with considerable skill. I was not a worshipper of The Loom of Youth, but here one can see literary qualities that should lead their possessor to successes that do not depend

in the least upon notoriety. Mr. WAUGH's judgment is still a little lacking, his sense of humour is still in need of development, but he has gained so wonderfully in vision and sympathy that without hesitation I write him down as one of the most promising of our young authors.

Miss Leonora Eyles has given me quite a Roman holiday procession of captives in Captivity (Heinemann). The patriarchal Scotch father of the heroine is a slave to drink So too is the husband she picks up in the steerage of the Origna on her way to Sydney; only, as he is an Anglo-Australian remittance-man, he substitutes "square face" for whisky. Hunchback Wullie, the mentor of her Gaelic youth, is a prey to mysticism. And Professor Kraill, the idol of her years of discretion, is dragged first at the chariotwheels of Mr. Wells's biology and secondly at the cart's. tail of psycho-analysis. Marcella herself gets implicated in all these latter-day shackles, except drink, and against this she struggles so gallantly but so ineffectually on behalf of her scapegrace husband that I found myself continually

wishing for both her and her clever creator more constructive discernment, so that Marcella herself might see what madeforandagainst the redemption of Louis; and Miss EYLES might grasp what furthered and what hindered the progress of her story. Marcella's married life at Loose End, a squatter's homestead in the far Bush, was a very crediblenightmareuntil Professor Kraill turned up and started talking about "inhibited thoughts"-and then I lost heart. The subsequent speeding - up of the conversion of Louis seemed to me the



"'ENRY, BRING IN THAT TENNIS-BAT THIS MINUTE. YER FATHER'S 'OME AN' I'VE GOT TER COOK 'IS 'ADDICK!"

Play'd in a Box (MILLS AND BOON) is carefully constructed, and, apart from the fact that Miss Sophie Cole, when writing it, was suffering from a severe attack of italies, it is pleasant to read. Sebastian Leaf was "down and out' when we are introduced to him. Constant misfortune had been his fate, and he was taking a most sombre view of life when he was pounced upon by *Perdita Raimon*. *Perdita* had a husband of her own, but she was of a predatory type, and to satisfy her adventurous disposition she required something more exciting than domestic bliss. Her interest in Sebastian was one in which neither she nor he could take legitimate pride, but it did have the effect of rousing him to take an interest in himself and to give his creator an opportunity to draw many intimate pictures of London. London, indeed, is the chief character of Miss Cole's story.

From Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's parting speech on the Genoa Conference :-

"'It will remain for ever,' he said, 'an inspiring landmark on the pathway of universal peace, although it has not progressed so far as the most sanguine expected.' "—Evening Paper.

That's the worst of landmarks; they will not move with the times.

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CHARIVARIA.

FIFTEEN massed Welsh choirs sang compositions at a Carnarvon musical the slump. festival last week. And yet Mr. LLOYD George, who ought to know his Wales. says the whole world is anxious for peace.

Mr. Dempsex is reported to have "Bickmore has yet to win his spurs taken to wearing a monocle. Now that in county cricket," says an evening the Atlantic is safely between us we venture to say that we don't care.

The effect of a disturbance which astronomers have observed on Jupiter is described as being as if Ireland had drifted across the Atlantic, Some planets get all the luck.

"Baking starlit nights," says The Daily Mail, "varied by sudden thunderstorms which did little to reduce the temperature, have heightened the delusion of a tropical clime." This looks seriously like a plagiarism of their Thanet correspondent.

"What we have we hold." says Sir James Craig. We have tried to act up to this excellent motto, but in the face of our CHANCELLOB OF THE EXCHEQUER it is a very uphill fight.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, we are reminded by The Daily Express, wore a new silk "topper" to a Cabinet meeting last week. It is

a new hat at every Vote of Confidence. see a bobbed nut, crack it."

"The demand for iced drinks is simply overwhelming," says The Ice do is to ask The Whisky and Soda Review what they know about that.

"Mr. Herman Darewski is in search of a lyric-writer," says an evening paper. It is not known what the lyricwriter in question has been up to.

The largest sleeping-car is one hundred and fifty feet long. It is said to be just the thing for very tall sleepers.

In Ireland it seems that many a truce word is spoken in jest.

Professor FLINDERS PETRIE said in a lecture the other day that the object of the Romans in building a vast theatre, Gaol sixty-six out of every hundred from a hot spell.

with seating for eight or ten thousand first-timers never go back to prison.

held at the Hague. We hear that the Autumn fixture list is filling up nicely.

paper. The custom of conferring spurs on deserving young cricketers is, of course, an interesting survival of the days when there were no boundaries and the out-fields were mounted.

people, at Oxyrhynkhos, is a mystery. Much is hoped from the various schemes Our theory is that they didn't foresee for making the life more attractive.

For the forty-first time in succession The next Peace Conference will be there were no prisoners for trial at the Tenterden Quarter Sessions. The Brighter Tenterden movement seems to be hanging fire.

> "Oxford is literally flooded with visitors," said The Evening News last week. Owing to the heat-wave, we suppose.

Cockroach-racing is said to be the favourite sport at Constantinople. "The 'bobbed' head, allied to the Whatever the Turk's faults, it is imshort skirt," says a lady-writer, "has possible not to feel a sneaking affection presented a formidable nut for the for a fellow who loves a good cockroach.

> "Satan," says a magazine writer, "made sin." Yes, but man invented golf.

Statistics show that Americans are not marrying as early as they used to. On the other hand they are making up for it by marrying oftener.

Castor oil, we read, is a cure for many things. It certainly goes far to cure small boys of drinking it.

In connection with the new "Swat that Fly" campaign, we gather that if every person kills every fly he sees, the pest will be wiped out. Nothing could be more simple.

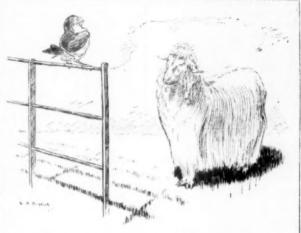
"New York," says The Boston Transcript, "has had ninety-one murders in ninety-three days." Two slack days in A naturalist writes in The Evening ninety-three certainly does not seem excessive.

> "THE FIVE PER CENT. TAX. It amounts to an income-tax of 6d, per € of salary on teachers, and on teachers only. The Schoolmaster.

Lucky teachers! On ordinary people it would be 1s. in the £.

"Wanted, lady or gentleman to invest £100 in smart seaside illusion."—Daily Paper, Nothing doing here.

"The coolest-looking people were the women in summer dresses. I nost picture hats and flimsy charmeuse, crepe de Chine, georgette, or muslin, and thin silk stockings, they were envied by perspiring men in onge sits an bower hats."—Daily Paper.



LAST ECHO OF THE GREAT SKIRT CONTROVERSY. Sparrow (to sheep), "HA! EARLY VICTORIAN-WHAT?"

said that the COLONIAL SECRETARY moralists to crack." The moralists' hopes to beat his own record by wearing motto appears to be, "Whenever you

Standard that many birds continue to Cream and Soda Journal. All we can sing long after mating. In rare instances this also occurs among human beings.

> The termination of the Spanish-Moroccan War is announced. There is no truth in the rumour that it had been offered to Mr. C. B. COCHRAN as a going concern. * *

> A pre-historic tooth in a New York museum is described as being too waterworn to give much information. The same experience accounts for the comparative taciturnity of the modern American.

According to the Chaplain of Durham Even printers have obviously suffered

VOL. CLXII.

Genoa

en the far as with

INTERLUDE.

Through woods that fledge the sheer cliff's ledge My windows watched the blue sea-shine;

Sea-music rippling at its edge
Came softly up with scent of pine;
And London felt whole worlds away.

London and all its deafening clatter, And those great Matters of the Day Seemed, for the moment, not to matter,

Loudly its lips The Times might smack At Genoa's hopes unrealised, Sniff at the Premier's welcome back And write it down as "organised;" Such trifles, by perspective's aid Shown to be barely worth a button,

Left me, at eighty in the shade, Cool as a Canterbury mutton.

The good time's gone, and here once more
In the old streets the surge and stress
Seethe round me of the traffic's roar
And-of the far, far noisier Press;
But still for comfort, when my brain
With that intolerable scream aches,
I close my eyes and hear again

The lovely little sound the sea makes.

No doubt that in this state of trance
I shirk my duty as a man;

I know I ought to "STAND BY FRANCE:"
I know I ought to "WATCH JAPAN;"
My tastes should run on Northcliffe lines,
And still, instead, I hanker after

A south-west wind among the pines
And ripple of the sea's low laughter.

O. S.

TRADE PSYCHOLOGY.

Perry is the bookseller and stationer of the town. He does not sell things himself; he just stands in the forefront of the shop and comments on the weather to customers. Should they happen to disclose what they want, he turns with a little bow, calling in a weary though courteous voice to one or other of his assistants. "Miss Nevins, a Church Times," or "Mr. Green, a penholder, if you please." He is not vexed at your asking him, any more than the Dean would be if, knowing no better, you accosted him in the cathedral and asked where you might sit. Did I say this was a cathedral town? Perhaps you may have guessed so already.

Bitton took Perry's for his text when he began his lecture on English trade. He and I have been spending a week with Pelligrew, who settled here after he retired. Bitton has just come back from the States and he has passed most of his visit telling us exactly what is the matter with

"Our business methods are all wrong," he boomed. "We wait for demand to arise before we produce supply. Over there they create both demand and supply. There is no push about us, no psychological sense. We never suggest to the purchaser that he wants to buy; we wait till the idea has entered his thick head of its own accord. Only the other day I went into that bookshop of yours to get some stylograph ink. They were so long in fetching it, I had time to read the first chapter of this book." He held up a novel as he spoke. "Even when the girl came back she stood patiently beside me until I had done reading, and allowed me to leave the shop without the slightest attempt to persuade me to buy anything I didn't want."

"Yes, that's Perry's all over," laughed Pelligrew. "It's a great economy to me. I get through quite a lot of reading there."

"So, it seems, do most of the neighbourhood," continued Bitton. "While I was in the shop there was an elderly lady deep in a romance, another browsing leisurely on a gardening book, and a clergyman engrossed in an 'advanced' novel. Now, in America if——" and so on,

"My wife says it's immoral of them," said Pelligrew.
"Not at all," rejoined Bitton. "Perry has only his incompetence to blame."

"I also say it is no economy," put in Mrs. Pelligrew.
"George seems to me to be perpetually in and out of the shop buying rubber rings, drawing-pins and heaven knows what else he doesn't really want."

what else he doesn't really want."

"But what was worse," resumed Bitton, "when I went into the shop again next day to buy a paper, the book was nowhere to be seen. Something in the first chapter happened to arouse my curiosity and I had positively to ask for the volume. It was produced from some obscure shelf, where it had been stowed away out of sight. Conceive of such a thing! Why, in America my tastes would have been noted and at my next visit a skilled salesman would have caused me to buy the book in some such subtle way as a conjurer compels you to draw the card he intends you to take."

"All the same you did buy the book," I remarked.
"My fault, not Perry's," protested Bitton, and then went

on about national degeneration and racial decay.

"By the way, Pelligrew, have you any luggage-labels among your purchases?" I asked, for our visit was to end next day.

It turned out that he had none, so I put on my hat and hurried down to Perry's.

It was just closing time as I arrived. The shutters were up but the door was still open. Mr. Perry was not at his accustomed station, but I could catch his voice from somewhere in the back addressing his assistants. As I stood invisible in the darkened shop I could overhear his remarks.

"Miss Nevin," he was saying in his courteous weary way, "you might remove that gardening book from the counter. I think Miss Wilkinson is sufficiently intrigued now to buy when she finds it out of her reach. Mrs. Maitland's novel? No, don't move it yet. Wait till she gets to the letter from Australia about the other husband. Oh, Mr. Green"—here Mr. Perry's voice sank, but not so low as to be inaudible—"put out another novel for Canon Saldow. He has finished 'Fleshings.' What do you say? No, no, he won't buy. He couldn't allow such a book to be seen in his house. But I see his stationery account for last month is quite satisfactory. Make a note too of books he samples and order extra copies from the publishers. Remember the boom last year after his Lenten Address on 'Pernicious Literature'.

An inadvertent movement on my part attracted Mr. Perry's attention, and he sent an assistant to inquire my wants, so that I heard no more. But I had heard enough to convince me that Mr. Perry's sense of psychology is acuter than Bitton in his eleverness supposes, and that our race is not so decadent after all.

"Wanted a second hand baby or a small cabinet organ, in good condition.—Y.W.C.A. Educational Department."—Chinese Paper.
The Y.W.C.A. is evidently crazy for music of some kind.

"At Limavady, county Londonderry, he reported he was to inherit £40,000, and believing this a lady advanced him £1,000, and got six months' hard labour."—Previncial Paper.

We dare say it served her right, but it seems a little rough, all the same.

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THE OUTSIDER.

JOHN BULL. "WHAT PRICE 'ECONOMY'?"

BOOKIE. "HUNDRED TO ONE-TO YOU, SIR."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, I'VE BEEN LOSING ON ALL THE FAVOURITES LATELY; I THINK I'LL HAVE A FLUTTER ON THAT."



THAT CHARMING WIDOW, MRS. GOLIGHTLY, IS MAKING ONE OF THOSE NICE LONG CRAZY PAVEMENT PATHS, AND SHE GETS A FEW MEN FRIENDS TO HELP HER.

HYGIENIC BATHING.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

THE mania for frugality, not to say miserliness, by which large sections of the community are infected to-day, admits of many illustrations. Not the least remarkable is the article on "Fitting up the Bathing-hut" which appeared in a recent issue of The Daily Chronicle. We do not quarrel with the writer on the styptics, glyptics, antiseptics, anticachoice of his subject; its timeliness is beyond dispute. But we cannot too vigorously protest against the underlying assumption that a charming and useful hut can be bought out of Government surplus stock more or less cheaply. It is an insult to the dignity of Marine Balneotherapy to suggest that adequate provision for the comfort and safety of bathers can be made without a considerable outlay. Sea-bathing, with proper precautions, is one of the most potent aids to the maintenance of health; but it would be foolish to minimize the dangers by which it is beset. Within the last fortnight there has been an epidemic of Gongoristic be dealt with on the spot. As HIPPOpseudo-thrombosis amongst the visitors of a well-known seaside resort on the South coast, which has been traced to an inscrutable element, and the return the presence of an unusually large of influenza, if and when it comes, is number of acalepha. It will hardly quite as likely to be due to the infective be believed, and yet it is true, that influences disseminated by an undue a judicious balance between the austere several of those afflicted by this dis-indulgence in crabs, lobsters or other and the frivolous. Bathers who are

take out the special insurance policy covering disablement from the stings of the jelly-fish and other deleterious and anthropophagous denizens of the

This episode brings me at once to the first and most paramount desi-deratum of a well-equipped marine pavilion-a medicine-chest stocked with taleptics, restoratives and, in fine, all the best specifics against the toxic influences to which bathers are subject. The writer in The Daily Chronicle does speak of "a small medicine cup-board," but unhappily suggests its perversion from its true function to become a receptacle for spoons, knives and other tea-table equipment. These I need hardly say should be relegated to a special annexe or pantry. I would also strongly recommend the addition of a small operating theatre, where persons suffering from shark bite or wounds inflicted by the octopus, porbeagle, or any of the marine thanatophidia could CRATES remarks, it is well to be prepared for all emergencies. The sea is

tressing complaint had neglected to shell-fish immediately before bathing as to any other cause. I cannot therefore too emphatically reiterate the warning that I have so frequently ingeminated in these columns and impress upon my readers that immediately on the appearance of any disquieting symp toms they should at once go to bed and send for a doctor.

This brings me to the second great desideratum of the ideal bathing huta comfortable bedroom with an electric kettle, hot-water bottles and all the necessary requirements for keeping the patient warm and comfortable until the arrival of the specialist from Harley Street. Local practitioners are seldom capable of dealing effectually with serious balneo-pathological cases, or indeed any cases indicating an acute polysyllabic cachexia. It follows therefore that the exemplary marine pavilion should be equipped with an aerial apparatus for transmitting urgent messages to the principal medical centres.

The literary equipment of the exemplary bathing mansion-it is far better and more honest to abandon the ridiculous word "hut "-stands next in importance. The choice of books is no easy matter, for while the conditions are not exactly favourable for concentrated mental effort it ought to be our aim to strike threatened with encephalitis lethargica may safely embark on the perusal of stimulating and expergiscent literature. On the contrary those who show symptoms of megalomania of the cyclonic or Carmelite type should avoid inflamma-

tory fiction. I recommend that all books included in our bathing library should be printed on waterproof paper and with waterproof bindings, so that they can be read while we are swimming. JULIUS CESAR is reported to have escaped from shipwreck carrying the MS. of his Commentaries in his hand or, if my memory serves me aright, in his mouth. It is now possible, by the use of an apparatus strapped to the shoulders and provided with a projecting book-rest. to keep one's hands free for swimming and yet peruse the printed page without any apprehension of its loss. should not, however, recommend the choice of heavy books - e.g. the volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica-for aquatic reading, as they might tend to depress the head even to the point of suffocation. But pamphlets or short biographies of famous swimmers, such as LEANDER, or of famous plungers like the Jubilee Juggins, or sparkling brochures like those of Lord Thanet on the muzzling of millionaires, may be commended without reserve to the studious bather

Needless to say our Balnearium should be amply provided with writing materials to jot down thoughts, reflections, scenarios for novels or plays, unsolicited testimonials to the taste and enterprise of the greatest of newspapers, or passionate protests against the madness of incompetent Ministers. A playroom with a gramophone, a billiard-table and a ping-pong set is scarcely less indispensable.

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One word of warning in conclusion. Eat oysters if you will, but do not take old brandy in large quantities immediately afterwards. On this point, at any rate, all Balneotherapists are absolutely unanimous. Even the most iron constitutions are unable to cope with the consequences. In the luminous phrase of the late Sir Andrew Clark, "Nature forgives but she never forgets;" but in this case she neither forgives nor forgets.

At the Royal Tournament :-

"The musical drive by a battery in the rocket group of the Royal Horse Artillery, the men being in handsome full dress of the Horse Guards, was beautifully carried out, and will be a striking event during the coming fortuight."—Evening Paper.

Better still was the rope-climbing display by troopers of the Horse Marines in the full-dress uniform of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.



Fast Bowler (guest at country house, about to retire for the night), "Well caught, Sir. We could have done with you in the slips to-day."

DON'TS FOR PASSENGERS.

THE ALARM SIGNAL.
WHEN next you travel in a train,
Observe the tantalising chain
Stretched taut below the ceiling,
And, if you feel your fingers itch
To give it, oh, the merest twitch,

Eradicate the feeling.

For it, the chain, runs right along
And warns the Guard that something 's

wrong
And wakes the Engine-driver;
And, if they find you not in pain,
But smiling and as right as rain,
They'll touch you for a fiver.

That chain is specially put there To catch the unsuspecting fare And mulct him of his money; And so are furnished day by day What dividends the Railways pay; It is their crude commercial way Of being rather funny.

"OUR MINER MAGNETS.

A bomb thrown at the home of a Pennsylvania miner destroyed his motor car."—Seetch Paper. The consequence, we suppose, of his fatal attraction.

"Brooklands obviously has much in common with the sport of horse-racing. There is the paddock, the 'boxes' where the iron steeds are sheltered, the parade to the starting post, the starting bell, and then off goes the limit 'bus, soon picking up speed, with the bookmakers rearing in purauit."—Sporting Paper. But surely on a race-course it is more usual to see the crowd roaring in pursuit of the bookmakers.

WEST HAM AND HELICON.

VI.

I foreout to mention when speaking of motor-buses that there was also a poem in this garland entirely devoted to trams. It is the more remarkable, because I believe it to be by Mr. John Drinkwater (in his lyrical, not his dramatic, vein); and Mr. Drinkwater quite recently wrote an article in an evening paper stating that machines were practically the ruin of poetry. Poetry, so far as I remember, represented the spirit of man in conflict with his environment, which tended always to become more monotonously mechanical. Out of respect however, as I suppose, to the susceptibilities of West Ham folk Mr. Drinkwater seems for once to have found a beauty, nay even a soul, in our most popular system of transport. It is called (rather gloomily, I think)

DEATH.

Trams,
Huge electrical trams,
Fulfilling designs,
Moving swiftly along,
By the power of machinery sped,
Upon lines; upon lines,
Lest ye ramble away from the road and do harm,
As ye might if ye only held on by an arm
To the wires that are hung
Overhead,
Very craftily there overhead.

All the day ye go on,
And long after the end of the day,
Till the sound of the taxis has gone
And the drone of the dray.
Wearied out at the last, you repose
Unaffected by cares, unacquainted with woes,
Huge electrical trams in the sheds
Where they put you away;
But when dawn bids you back from your beds
Ye obey.

And we ride
Without care
On our way
On the top, or it may be inside,
Every day,
Little thinking, so lovely ye are and so fair,
That this beauty in time must decay.
We remember it not
Nor reflect that these cars, even these,
Indescribably sweet,
Where we rest with luxurious ease,
Writing odes without very much plot,
Must, like men, become old, get effete
And be swapped by the Council at last
For a brand-new and up-to-date fleet.

They must rot,
All their loveliness past,
All their beauty be wrought
Into kettles or something like that
Hidden deep from our thought;
Till one day, on the kerb as we chat,
A strange shape not the shape that we know
Heaving suddenly into our sight,
We shall hall the conductor, "What ho!
A new service. But where is the old?
Has it passed into ultimate night?"
We shall ask. But we shall not be told.

I cannot refrain from appending a pleasant little poem, which, if it is not Mr. EDMUND BLUNDEN's, has at least some of his passion for detail, delight in sibilance and sympathy with lowly lives:—

THE CIGARETTE GATHERER.

Now all the lispering runnels are dried up
That swilled the orts and refuse in time of rain;
Down the hutched gateway hollowed like a cup,
Match-sticks strew gutters and chaff cheats the drain,

The dog-day sun now pitilessly glares,
Street-lightning flickers from crossed rails of trams.
Puffs powder noses. Newsboys bleat their wares
Shrill as to browsing yoes baa food-foiled lambs.

Stewed asphalt softens. Barrow-trundlers ply Good trade for scoop of tongues from horn twist roll; Butchers beat off the blackening thunder-fly From meat; in houses gas replaces coal.

But out in that dry gutter sloven and bent
The old fag-gleaner still goes channering* on
With pale blotched face and in his hat a dent
And coat green-slimed as sluice when mill-flood's
gone.

Holding an elmen stick in knarréd * hands He mucks and mouches, prodding here and there Mongst pips and paper, heedless of what brands The found stumps be; to him they all are fair. EVOE.

• I wonder too.

THINGS PEOPLE MIGHT SAY.

(After the manner of our Contemporaries.)

- "Scotland is dearer to me than ever, but prices will fall some day."—Sir Harry Lauder.
 - "Who is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?"-Mr. Justice Darling.
- "Wherever the English language is spoken there you will find one of my cars . . . and what language too,"—Mr. Henry Ford.
- "The optimism of Lord Beaverbrook is the most pessimistic thing I have ever noticed."—Mr. George Bernard Shaw.
- "There is a good time coming, although it is a good time coming."—Mr. Jack Jones, M.P.
- "Watch Japan—and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and if you are too busy put your watching out to be done by The Daily Mail."—Lord Northcliffe.
- "Houses will go up when building materials come down."
 —Sir Alfred Mond.
- "Do right and fear no man. Don't write and you will never hear the last of it."—The Poet-Laureate.
 - "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."-Dean Inge.

"With the addition of nine suns Shepherd was bowled."

We deeply sympathise with Shepherd. For ourselves, one was enough to bowl us over.

¹¹Q.—To what medals am I entitled? Enlisted in the Sherwood Foresters, T.F.. March, 1909; went to France February, 1915; commissioned November, 1917; demobilised November, 1919.

A.—As you did not complete at least one month's service on an offensively armed ship at sea before November 11, 1918, you are not entitled to prize money."—Evening Paper.

There's always a catch somewhere.

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MANNERS AND MODES FOR THE YOUNG.

WHY NOT A JUVENILE DERBY ON THE BROAD WALK?

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As ye might if ye only held on by an arm
To the wires that are hung
Overhead,
Very craftily there overhead.

All the day ye go on,
And long after the end of the day,
Till the sound of the taxis has gone
And the drone of the dray.
Wearied out at the last, you repose
Unaffected by cares, unacquainted with woes,
Huge electrical trams in the sheds
Where they put you away;
But when dawn bids you back from your beds
Ye obey.

And we ride
Without care
On our way
On the top, or it may be inside,
Every day,
Little thinking, so lovely ye are and so fair,
That this beauty in time must decay.
We remember it not
Nor reflect that these cars, even these,
Indescribably sweet,
Where we rest with luxurious ease,
Writing odes without very much plot,
Must, like men, become old, get effete
And be swapped by the Council at last
For a brand-new and up-to-date fleet.

They must rot,
All their loveliness past,
All their beauty be wrought
Into kettles or something like that
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From meat; in houses gas replaces coal.

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MANNERS AND MODES FOR THE YOUNG.

WHY NOT A JUVENILE DERBY ON THE BROAD WALK?

ELIZABETH'S ADVENTURE.

"My new young man," said Elizabeth, pausing to breathe hotly and gustily on the tumbler she was polishing, "is wot you'd call a one."

"The right one at last, I hope," I said politely, though I felt my voice

mistress and maid, and I have always encouraged Elizabeth's artless confidences. But when she launches on the subject of her young man a sort of pulseless inertia descends on me, and I would fain divert the conversation. So quick-changing are her love affairs that I have long ago lost count of the characteristics of the Bobs, Joes, Erbs and Bills that have caught Elizabeth's fancy.

"We will have apple fritters for a sweet to-night," I began, choosing an impersonal topic.

"Fritters? Orl right, 'm. Talkin' o' fritters, you orter see the way my new young man fritters away 'is money—flings it about as if it was water, 'e does."

"Is he drawing the unemploy-ment dole, then?" I inquired with cold sarcasm.

"'Im!" Elizabeth drew herself up proudly. "'E'd scorn to do it. Why, 'm, 'e 's a gentle-man—'e wears a ruby scarf-pin an' three rings on 'is fingers with dimonds in 'em as big as peas, an'—an' a tall 'at an' frock-coat with brown boots on Sundays,' she finished breathlessly.

I looked at her reproachfully. I am not sure if love of exaggeration is a general characteristic of the Cockney character, but Elizabeth possesses it in a marked degree.

"'E's got a motor-car, too," she went on, elinging tenaciously to her topic.

"You should never believe all that young men tell you," I said with emphasis; "they are not to be trusted.'

"Well, 'm, I'm sorry if that's been your experience, but p'r'aps they re different now from wot they used to be. An' 'Arold didn't only tell me 'e 'ad a motor-car-I see 'im in it with my own eyes. An' the clothes 'e 's got, 'm-why, I beleeve 'e 's got a different 'at an' pair

o' trousers for every day in the week!"
"Absurd creature," I murmured,
smiling to myself as I left the kitchen. I was not to know the awful effect of Elizabeth's exaggerations until later.

"Henry," I said, hurriedly sitting up in bed and switching on the light, " wake up! I'm sure there 's a burglar downstairs; I heard stealthy movements.'

Henry gave a profound sigh of resignation and rose to put on his dressing-gown. "Say no more, my dear," he put in; "it is no use reminding you lacked enthusiasm. I am a fair be- of former occasions when you have heard burglars all these years?" he demanded liever in perfect understanding between | the same stealthy movements-always | "But women are beyond me."

"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." "IF WINTER COMES."

on the coldest nights in the year-and | I have searched the house from cellar to attic-

"Take the poker with you, dear," I said soothingly.

"Pshaw!" said Henry, and went out on the landing. A moment later he returned and I saw that the apathy had died out of his face.

"You're right for once," he said with suppressed excitement; "there's a light coming from under the dining-room satisfied that you're not likely to visit door, and I think-

"It is a burglar," I gasped. But as Henry turned to go out of the room again I intercepted him. "You shan't go down," I whispered; "he might kill you. Let him take what he likes as long as he doesn't hurt us.'

Henry stared. "Then why have you been making me go down and look for

> He now went into his dress. ing-room and returned with an Army service revolver, unloaded but warranted to click. "This will scare him anyway," he said with satisfaction.

> "Henry," I said, now in a frenzy at such desperate action. " you shan't go down-alone, at any rate! Wait a moment." And breathlessly I dashed into Elizabeth'sroom. Elizabethisnot what you would call a light sleeper, but so vehement was my shaking it proved instantly effective.

> "Come down at once," I whispered; "there's a burglar in the dining-room. I want you to help Master and me to grapple with him.'

"I'll claw 'im," was Elizabeth's comforting assurance.

I dashed back on the landing in time to see Henry, resolute and indomitable, descending the stairs. Trembling I followed him to the dining-room. He flung open the door. "Hands up or I fire!" commanded Henry.

Yes, it really was a burglar. Lots of stories like this end up by its being the cat, of a neighbour coming into the wrong house by mistake, or a policeman trying the window. But I wouldn't have brought you all this way for nothing.

The room was in the wildest disorder; all the contents of the sideboard, cupboard and drawers were turned out, the old bureau in the corner was rifled and its contents-mainly rejected articles - were strewn about the floor; and in the midst of it all stood our burglar, taken by sur-

prise and sullenly holding up his hands.

"The fact is you've come to the wrong house," said Henry, and I firmly believe he was actually enjoying the situation. "You see, we haven't any silver, nothing that you could melt down, and no valuables that you could convert quickly into ready money. Will you kindly mention the fact to yourer-colleagues, so that my wife will be us in future?

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A long low wail startled us all at this moment. We turned to behold Elizabeth standing in the doorway. She presented a remarkable spectacle. Her lank form was wrapped as far as the knees in a mackintosh cape, while bevond that an eiderdown trailed about her. She was clutching an umbrella -clearly for purposes of self-defenceand a hat-pin. After staring at the burglar with a fascinated gaze, there suddenly broke from her the raucous ery, "Oh, 'Arold!"

"Do you mean to say you know this man?" I gasped.
"'E's my new young man," she

wailed.

"Stow it," broke in our burglar. "Wot about the silver sets you said they had here—the gold cups, the joolry lyin' about all over the place?"

In a flash I understood. Elizabeth, in her love of exaggeration, had endowed us with an opulence to which no journalist could hope to aspire (unless he was in the advertising department).

"'Ow was I to know you'd come 'ere like this to find out, 'Arold?" asked Elizabeth. She spoke mournfully, and as she looked at Henry and me there was reproach in her eye. I felt we had disgraced her. The shame of our electroplate lay heavy on me. I was wondering if I could delicately explain that we possessed a valuable Kilmarnock edition of Burns, or touch upon the monetary value of our collection of etchings, when Henry commanded, "Telephone for the police-at once."

He had turned his head to speak to me; I moved towards the door. Our burglar saw his opportunity, dashed to the door before me, upsetting Elizabeth and switching off the lights.

To my relief he got clear away; and when Henry would have pursued him into the street I restrained him. "It has saved no end of trouble," I explained; "we don't want police-court proceedings."

A low moan came from Elizabeth at my words. "I knew somethink bad was goin' to 'appen after I went and cut my nails on Friday," she lamented.

I regarded her coldly. "What has happened is all your fault. Didn't you promise me that you would never speak to strange young men in the street after having your purse stolen by one of them at the Water Carnival last summer?"

She sniffed. "I did, 'm, but-" "And you've broken your promise." "Broken it, 'm!" She drew up her lank form as if to start a campaign of self-defence, but force of habit was too strong for her. "Well, 'm, an' if I did," she returned triumphantly, "it was cracked afore!"



THE LIGHTS O' LONDON.

Uncle (to niece up from the country, absorbed in electric advertisements). "Come on, my DEAR; DON'T LOOK AT THOSE CONFOUNDED THINGS-IT ONLY ENCOURAGES THEM.

Several Impending Apologies.

" Dr. B- said he attended returned a verdict that the deceased drowned R—for nervous debility. The Coroner himself, being of unsound mind at the time."

Provincial Paper.

From an opera-advertisement :-

" Parsifal, 8.15. La Bohème, 8.30." - Daily Paper.

The modern policy of applying "cuts" to masterpieces can hardly further go. The next announcement should be "Quarter-hours with our best com-

"£1,000,000 Thought Lost."

Headline in Daily Paper.

An almost priceless notion!

A New Ancesthetic?

"To mark the victory of his filly Frisky in the French Thousand Guineas at Longehamps, Lord Derby has given a thousand trances to the Jockeys' Hospital."—Yorkshire Paper. An adaptation, we suppose, of the Twilight Sleep system.

"SEASIDE WEATHER.

The following reports show the various types

of weather yesterday around the British coast :

Hrs.

Sunshine.

Weather, Fine. Loudon 9.5 Fair or fine," Leamington . . 9.5 Daily Paper.

But we learn from Birmingham that, owing to a high tide, the Pierrot pavilion erected on the beach near Snow-hill station was washed away.



Hostess (repeating formula). "How sweet of you to bother to come in fancy dress, dear! Makes it so much brighter for the kiddles, doesn't it?"

"TINKER, TAILOR . . . "

(A Child's Guide to the Professions.)

THE SAILOR (Chantey).

The sailor he sits in the harbour if he can; He was obviously meant for a literary man; He loves to see the ships putting out for Rio Grande, And he gives three hearty cheers for the good dry land:—

So away, boys, away! putting out for Rio Grande! There's a lot to be said for the good dry land; And the sea is a thing he never could stand. For the wind's in the mizzen cross-trees.

He sits in the sun with a pannikin of gin And remarks with an oath that the tide 's a-coming in; And when the tide is up, if there 's anyone about, He remarks with a curse that the tide 's a-going out:—

So away, boys, away! with a pannikin of gin, For the tide goes out when the tide comes in, And the sailor he hates the sea like sin When the wind's in the mizzen cross-trees.

When a ship comes in with a complicated rig He can tell you at a glance if she's a brigate or a frig; And the one sort of ship that he never could abide Is a ship that's at sea with himself inside:—

So away, boys, away! in a brigate or a frig, Or a dandy, or a ketch, or a Captain's gig, Provided that the boat is reasonably big, For the wind's in the mizzen cross-trees. He can mouse you a hook and he can strop you a spar, And you know what a help these little things are; But he ties his tie with a Blackwall hitch, Or a bowline-on-a-bight—and he don't care which:—

So away, boys, away! with a bowline-on-a-bight!
It's a difficult thing to do quite right,
But he tries all day and he tries all night,
And the whites of his eyes go a ghastly while,
For the sea is a most unpleasant sight
When the wind's in the mizzen cross-trees!
A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

From a Malay tradesman's circular :-

"We beg to inform you that we are undertaking packing contract of crockery, porcelain, brass wares, pictures frames, furnitures, etc., etc., so in case if you require our servise of packing, please inform us. We pack carefully and guaranteed breakage."

"A deep depression between Scotland and Iceland will maintain a strong westerly wind current over these islands, with some rain or showers in all districts, though some bridge periods are likely in the south."—Provincial Paper.

We have noticed that wet weather invariably causes an increased demand for rubbers.

"Companion-Help (Presbyterian) wanted, attend a few poultry, do all the work of the house if necessary, play piano, harness or drive a pony; two in family; no maid kept; good references. State salary."—Irish Paper.

The last two words should surely have been omitted. They introduce sordid considerations into an otherwise idyllic scheme.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARL-MAY 31, 1922.



A SON OF LIBERTY.

Messes. Collins and de Valera (together). "YOU BELONG TO THE GREATEST AND MOST INTELLIGENT NATION ON EARTH, AND YOU ARE THEREFORE ENTITLED TO CHOOSE YOUR OWN REPRESENTATIVE..." SOUTHERN IRISH ELECTOR. "THANK YOU SO MUCH."

-WHOM WE HAVE ALREADY SELECTED FOR YOU." MESSRS, COLLINS AND DE VALERA, "-



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

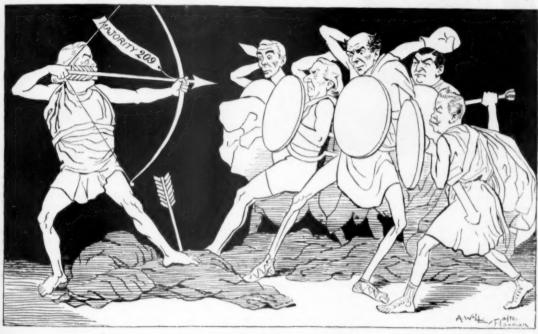
Monday, May 22nd.—Eighty-six in the shade! The LEADER OF THE HOUSE, in a light-grey frock-coat, with trousers and hat to match, looked delightfully cool. Rather too cool, in the opinion of the combined Oppositions, when he announced that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would not open the Genoa debate on Thursday, but would depute that task to the for a reply to whatever his critics might have to say. Mr. Asquith, Lord R.

Violence and Bigotry. In Ireland, unfortunately, things do not happen like that. From Mr. Churchill's statement it would seem that Mr. Collins and Mr. DE VALERA in agreement may be more dangerous to the ultimate peace of Ireland than if they continued at loggerheads.

Tuesday, May 23rd.-The internal combustion - engine, which has caused so many revolutions, has incidentally WAR SECRETARY, and reserve himself falsified the popular belief that he who pours oil upon troubled waters is a public benefactor. On the contrary he of the odd results is that an officer who

usually requires the SPEAKER to stop, was left quite mumchance when Lord WINTERTON explained his refusal to answer certain questions about Burma by reminding him that he would shortly have an opportunity in Committee "of subjecting me to a long and extensive cross-examination, which I hope he will find both pleasurable and profitable.

The representatives of the War Office had to answer a number of Questions arising out of the new regulations for the retirement of Army officers. One Cecil and Mr. Clynes vied with one may be a public nuisance, as Lord is retired compulsorily as being rela-



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER. [The wily Ulysses gets busy with his long-bow.]

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MR. RUPERT GWYNNE, MR. ASQUITH, LORD R. CECIL, LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY AND MR. CLYNES.

what they apparently regarded as a Parliamentary innovation, and were not appeased by Mr. Chamberlain's naire explanation that "the PRIME MINISTER feels that he is not at his happiest in making statements to the It rather looks as if the Leaders of the Opposition do not want him to be "at his happiest."

Ever since Christmas it has been supposed that the greatest obstacle to peace in Ireland was the lack of agreement between the Collins and DE Valera factions. Now it is announced that they have come to terms; and in con-

Bill, was at pains to show. He annoys efficient, retires of his own accord. bathers and beachcombers, condemns fish and birds to a sticky death, and if not curbed in his activities will one of these days set the Thames on fire.

The new Under-Secretary of State FOR INDIA is an excellent example of the poacher turned game-keeper. For twelve out of the last sixteen years he did little else than badger the Treasury Bench at Question-time, and consequently he is familiar with every conceivable device for evading inconvenient questions. Even such experisequence we ought presumably to be on the eve of a great transformation scene, in which the good fairies Confidence and Toleration drive out the demons wentled the eventled the experiment questions. Even such experiment questions and experiment questions. Even such experiment questions are experiment questions. Even such experiment questions are experiment questions and experiment questions are experiment questions. Even such experiment questions are experiment questions are experiment questions. Even such experiment questions are experiment questions are experiment questions are experiment questions. Even such experiment questions are experiment questions are experiment questions are experiment experiment questions are experiment experime

another in expressing their surprise at | SOMERLEYTON, in moving the Second | tively inefficient may be better off fin-Reading of the Oil in Navigable Waters ancially than an officer who, though

Possibly because of the continued heat Mr. Churchill was in no mood to suffer opponents gladly. Within a very few minutes he told Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who had objected to the Colonies being promised a preference, that when he became a Minister he could, if he liked, "in this as in other matters break faith with the Colonies; accused Colonel Wedgwood of "a very offensive suggestion" in describing the introduction of the finger-print system into Kenya Colony as "part of the



First Lady (partisan of losing side, noticing bent-legged pony). "HE LOOKS MORE LIKE SAYING HIS PRAYERS THAN PLAYING POLO." Second Lady. "PERHAPS HE KNOWS THAT'S ALL THERE'S LEFT TO DO."

cally, "We might try it on the 'Wee Frees."

The debate on the Navy Votes was chiefly remarkable for revealing the truth about the "mystery-towers." Originally intended to prevent German U-boats from running through the Straits of Dover, the Armistice found fourteen of them unfinished. Twelve were at once demolished, and of the remaining two one is at the Nab as a lighthouse, and the other is at Shoreham, awaiting disposal. The suggestion that Lieut. Commander Ken-worthy should have it as an official residence when he goes to Iceland appears to have been turned down.

Wednesday, May 24th.—SIR ALFRED MOND is no Mr. Pliable, as is proved by his sturdy refusal to revive the State housing scheme. At the same time he is always ready to oblige if possible. A shower of Questions regarding the milk-supply included a suggestion by Mr. SEXTON that "it would expedite matters if a few of the distributors of impure milk were boiled as well as the milk itself;" and Sir ALFRED MOND promptly replied, "I will consider all these questions.'

"Look at that man throwing away his natural advantages," said DISRAELI

me when I heard Mr. Howard GRITTEN solemnly urging upon the Speaker that some penalty should be inflicted upon Members who did not appear to put the Questions standing in their names. No less odd than the complaint was his reason for making it-namely, that Members who had taken the trouble to frame "supplementaries" were prevented from putting them. As the SPEAKER wages a relentless and not entirely unsuccessful war against "supplementaries," it is hardly surprising that he gave Mr. GRITTEN no encouragement.

Mr. HAILWOOD is to be congratulated on having managed to keep a House for an academic motion in favour of making wheat, instead of gold, the basis of our internal currency. His own speech was decidedly ingenious-its most arresting passage perhaps being "I have here a golden sovereign in my hand "-and it brought effective replies from Mr. W. GRAHAM, Sir F. BANBURY and Mr. HILTON YOUNG. The gold standard which resisted the assaults of Balfour the Bimetallist thirty years ago is not likely to fall before Mr. HALLWOOD.

Thursday, May 25th .- The Commons, waiting to learn from the PRIME of the Conference as "distressingly MINISTER whether they were to regard meagre," but was obviously annoyed when he saw a deaf Member using an the Genoa Conference as a success or by his sarcastic allusion to "the tocsin ear-trumpet. The remark recurred to failure, were relieved to hear from Mr. of peace." A little balm for his wounds

HARMSWORTH that at any rate it was not an expensive failure. Thanks to the generosity of the Italians in providing hotel accommodation the total cost to the British taxpaver will not much exceed seven thousand pounds.

In deference to the wishes of the House, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE opened the Genoa debate. His critics had shown no disposition to respond to the invitation, "Gentlemen of the Opposition, fire first!" But they gained little by their refusal, for, though the Pume MINISTER spoke for an hour and a-half, he was careful to say nothing provocative. Even the Northcliffe Press escaped without rebuke on this occasion a veritably noble example of selfrepression. Nor was there any mention of difficulties with the French; while the Russo-German agreement was lightly referred to in the phrase, "pariahs are more gregarious than paragons." He did not put his claims unduly high -" we have captured positions from which a further advance can be made" -and altogether appeared in an unusually modest and chastened mood.

But not for long. He did not mind Mr. Asquith's description of the results

came from Mr. CLYNES, who said the Labour Party admired his strenuous efforts to make the Conference a success. Mr. GWYNNE's hostile epigrams were countered by Sir A. SHIRLEY BENN's declaration that Genoa marked "a great beginning in the restoration of a broken world." But then came Lord R. CECIL, who declared that nothing had been gained at Genoa and the friendship of France had been lost.

That brought the PRIME MINISTER to his feet with a second speech as unlike his first as champagne is unlike cocoa. Ridiculing Lord ROBERT's air of superior virtue he exposed the inconsistencies of his policy-"You must have no difference with France, but you must not do what France wants." Mr. Asquirt was snuffed out in a sentence: "He delivered a 'prepared' speech which had no reference to anything I had said." Mr. CLYNES was more kindly handled, and in return announced that while the Labour Party could not vote for the Government, they would not vote against it. A few Die-hards insisted on going to a division, but the Government triumphed by 235 to 26.

A ROWING SPELL

Unwonted memories o'er me steal With thoughts of once familiar places Baitsbite, The Plough, The Pike and

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e tocsin wounds Once more along Post Reach we're sped:

My lively forty-two has borne her (A boat's length from the boat ahead) To Grassy Corner;

And on away-by rhythmic blades The furrows of the Cam are smitten, As past the eyes of men and maids We swing round Ditton,

Spurt up the straight and, gaining fast With quickened breath and heart a-thumping,

Dance in the wavy wash at last, And end by bumping.

Dreams, dreams! To yellow leaf my life

Is fading; I'm an oldish fogey Content to wage inglorious strife With Colonel Bogey.

Or if on other streams I ply (No Clasper craft, no oars of Ayling!) Tis but to flick a gentle fly O'er trout and grayling.

What magic started to unfold Scenes that the door has long been shut on?

Just now I chanced upon an old Leander button.



Golfer (after the fourth miss). "Dear me! Whatever can I be thinking about?" Caddie. "MEBBE YE 'RE THENKIN' ABOUT YER NEW BREEKS."

From a short story :-

"Her eyes, as she gazed laconically at the traffic in the street below, seemed full of a fatigue which was not, perhaps, entirely physical."—Weekly Paper.

Evidently they were not speaking eyes.

"LES MISEBABLES"

The cinema epic of the age, adapted from the immortal work of ALEXANDRE DUMAS."

South African Paper.

Hugo's Three Musqueteers now running. some instrument.

"Young Lady desires convivial Employment, office, or otherwise; adaptable."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

She ought to get called to the Bar.

"The question of who shall shave the in-mates of the Workhouse was debated by — Guardians yesterday. Mr. —— said that at this period when the Geddes are was needed everywhere, he thought the inmates ought to learn to shave themselves."-Procincial Paper.

Only to be compared with Victor But, we trust, with some less cumber-



"WHAT MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SHOWING YOU, MADAM?"

"A GRAND PIANO-THE GRANDEST YOU'VE GOT."

PASSING SHOWS.

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT. THE League of Nations has my ardent support. I yield to no one in my affection for Peace (and Quietness) or my determination to take no part in any further war. But I do hope that Peace will never become violent enough to spoil the fighting services for spectacular purposes. In the whole of the great Capital Ship controversy no one, so far as I know, had the courage to advance the real argument against scrapping all our "Lions" and "pauloprope - post - Dreadnoughts," which is that they are such admirable and-dare one say it?-beautiful toys, such excellent things to see about the ocean or lying in the ofling-yes, especially lying that, when you are staying at Anywhereon-Sea and H.M.S. Anything steams in a good temper for weeks, even though My Lords have given her the repellent name of Viper, Adder, Scorpion, Tiger or Toad. Yet she makes nobody on the like. Very well, then-expensive toys, but surely worth it.

Thus also I trust that the League horses. Surely the wildest Pacifist has War,

a warm (though secret) corner somewhere for them and their like; surely the meanest Anti-Waster will always spare a penny or two for those glittering breast-plates and glittering silky horses and sturdy glittering troopers, lancers or what-not.

All of which is a silly sort of introduction to the Royal Tournament at Olympia, which would have the same justification if it had no other. Almost the best thing in the show on the opening day, for anyone who had ever had the most amateur dealings with a rifle, was the superb rifle-drill of the King's Guard of Honour (were they Coldstreamers? I never know). It was hard luck on the Navy, who do not specialise in the handling of the "hipe," to make them do rifle-drill next-door in the offing. You know perfectly well to such artists, well though they acquitted themselves.

And of course the Navy can do nointo the bay, she puts the whole town thing (on land) that will compete with the Musical Ride of the 1st Life Guards. What magnificent fellows, able (with one hand only-for the other is holding a fearsome weapon) to make their horses Marine Parade feel the tiniest bit war- trot or canter at will! Nay, they can make them walk and sidle and even stand still in a manner which would put the Christmas circus to shame. I will never be allowed to put its stern can only suppose that mere troopers' foot down on the Horse Guards, and horses are easier to manage than the the Changing of the Guard, and those volatile Officers' Chargers on which civijolly shiny men who trot down Fleet lian adjutants used to barge into the Street on state occasions and jet-black band on important parades during the But we must not be carried away by

The Musical Drive of the R.H.A. O" Battery), though less thrilling, is, I imagine, even more difficult, especially the much-applauded diagonal-crossing manœuvre, during the whole of which it was quite clear to me that at least four teams would be inextricably entangled together the next instant; but they never were. A masterly performance.

Another pretty and interesting military turn was the display of Guard-Mounting in the 18th (I beg the Committee's pardon-xviiith) century by the Brigade of Guards. The performers were dressed as I imagine one dressed for Hunt Balls of the period, in scarlet tail-coats and wigs and epaulettes and frills, with a nigger or two to bang the menial drums and shake the vulgar tambourine. They strutted about with a leisured dignity, giving each other such charming orders as "To the leftfice !" to incidental music from The Beggar's Opera, and doing it all, I am sure, much better than they did it in the 18th, or even the xviiith, century. But -one little carp-while the commander of the Old Guard said, "Shoulderhar!" the commander of the New Guard told his men to "Shoulderhipe!" I speak under correction, but surely the "hipe" is a comparatively modern weapon. If I remember right the old-pattern smooth-bore "har' was still in use in the Crimeananachronisms.

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Meanwhile the Navy has not been idle. Officially, I understand, it is the Navy's Tournament this year, but ships, alas, are seldom at their best on land, even when mounted on motorcars ingeniously begint with cardboard waves (KING ALFRED's galley was followed by a powerful cloud of petrol or other fumes). Perhaps the most interesting part of the Naval Pageant is the development of the Ordinary Seaman's costume. One wondered through what reckless revolution of policy the shiny black-straw hat of 1805 became a dull black-straw hat in 1861. And why was it black, anyway? Mourning for NELson? I am sure the rest of the ignorant public would have liked to have as much information about the men as was provided about the ships.

In spite of the thinness of the illusion, the circling submarine in the O-boat scene managed to be quite sinister; but the commander of the Q-boat was too comic; and in general the scenes "illustrating present-day methods" were disappointing to one who (secretly) holds the view that sailors are better than soldiers. It would be more convincing to do this sort of thing with miniature war craft in the river Thames, and I can imagine a very pretty and instructive and, properly managed, a paying show, done on the same lines, but done in the right element at, say, Hammersmith Bridge.

Then there were rapier combats, and broadsword combats, and officers jumping, and the Royal Engineers building Lieut.-Colonel Inglis's ingenious bridge -"in constant use," we are told "during the latter stages of the late war." ("The late war!" That phrase was first employed by one of these humourists: and now it is official. Ah me!)

But no, let us be frank about these events. We did not stay for them; for it was a hot day to see men hitting each other with quarter-staves, however shrewdly; and, in fact, at this point we went down to the Hammersmith Thames to put our theories to the test by practising a few complex manceuvres in a dinghy; and, as we expected, a crowd gathered on the bank almost immediately. We present this notion to the authorities (being well aware that they will requisition it if we don't).

But we know well that you, being wiser, will stay to the end; for it is a good show, and "in aid of" Service charities, which are a good kind.

A. P. H.

From a feuilleton :-"For the moment he temporized in the ope of gaining time."—Local Paper. We often employ this mancuvre with They perch, the tiny fays and elves, the same object.



"THERE'S ROOM FOR US BOTH, HEXRY-IF YOU'RE QUICK."

THE LITTLE FOLK.

Sometimes, when I woo sleep in vain, And resting cannot rest, While troubling thoughts perplex my And care sits on my breast,

From many a glade of giant oak. Far in the forest gloom, The little folk, the fairy folk, Come to my shadowy room.

They ride upon a golden car Shaped like a baby moon,

Whose head-light is a wandering star Fallen through night's dim noon; And there, upon the chairs and shelves-

A peeping peering throng-And croon a fairy song.

It is a little sleepy tune,

With strange, slow, drowsy words, Sweeter than any sung in June By Summer's happy birds; And as I listen thoughts arise Of old still forests deep In fairyland, and on my eyes Falls the soft veil of sleep.

"Wanted, a Pastry Cook; second-hand." Local Paper.

Somebody must be meditating competition with the railway-station bun.

"A description of the missing man stated that he was forty years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, slender build, dark hairgoing bald hazel eyes, shallow complexion."—Daily Paper. Another example of beauty being only skin deep.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

ONCE upon a time there was a small boy (whom we will think of as Hamish) who, having finished with his little private school, was made ready for a big public one. It was in a distant Northern county and his mother dreaded the time when she would take the child-for he was hardly more than a child-and leave him among all those strangers. She had been to look at it a few weeks before and ever since had shuddered at its vastness and Spartan simplicity, its bare dining-hall and cold dormitories, so different from Hamish's normal surroundings in London, where everything was cosy. Mothers can suffer agonies for their sons, and this mother was more sensitive and tender-hearted than any.

What Hamish thought about it, when a lull in his exciting life gave him opportunity for thinking, no one knows. If he had misgivings he did not allow them to be seen. But it was generally guessed that he could have gone on very happily as a day-bug in Kensington.

And then the fateful morning dawned, and Hamish and his mother, who had been staying in the neighbourhood for the previous night, set out for the school, and Hamish, who had clung to her hand all the way, was swallowed up in the great stone building, and his mother returned alone.

All the way back she thought about his remoteness and friendlessness, picturing him forlorn and miserable; and when she reached home again, Hamish's father had the task of his life to persuade her that all was well-a task that was not made more easy by his total disbelief in what

In fact, openly or secretly, both Hamish's parents were in a state of considerable anxiety until the post brought the little boy's first letter, together with one from his housemaster's wife. Both contained the same news; but perhaps the adult epistle is the better one to quote. "Hamish, it ran, "has found his feet and is as happy as can be. In fact he is a hero and the envy of the school, for not long after you left he went for a walk and discovered the nest of a long-tailed tit with a number of eggs in it. We are great ornithologists up here, and this gave him a magnificent start.'

We never know when we are performing a fateful act. How little could those long-tailed tits have guessed, as they built their house and prepared to bring up their family, that they were merely paving the way for a small boy to find his new school bearable, and incidentally soothing a mother's fears!

II .- LITERARY GOSSIP.

Newspapers have their uses. I am not for a moment referring to their tips for races, but to the fact that they are large enough, when opened, to retreat behind.

It was while I was hidden in this way in the coffee-room of the hotel that two young Naval officers entered, and, after remarking that there was just time for a couple of quick ones, began to talk.

They had evidently just met after some period of absence, for one asked the other his news. The answer indicated that he was doing some work in association with the junior service, and his friend then inquired, "How do you find soldier-men?

"Oh," he replied, "some of them are quite decent."

The first quick ones having arrived, one of the youths picked up a novel from the table, and this led to a discussion of literature, one voting for E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM and the other for Austin Freeman.

It was at the end of their rival eulogies that one said,

"My governor always carries a book about with him called Tristram Shandy.

"Who wrote it?" the other asked. "THACKERAY?"

"No," said the first; "a cove beginning with 'S.' It's all about a corporal."

III.—Breaking Point.

"And now"-Mr. HUTCHINSON I am sure will like this-"and now," said the hostess as we reached the dining-room and were taking our seats, "do you mind if I say just one word before we begin our very indifferent dinner? Whatever else we talk about, don't let us talk about If Winter E. V. L.

A DETHRONED IDOL.

[On some of the big ranches of the Far West the cowbov now carries a small wireless set as part of his equipment.]

WHEN, as a child, I first conceived ambitions I did not find the choice of calling hard Nor hesitate between the high positions Of bus-conductor and of railway-guard; I felt no fond desire to be a bandit; I deemed a pirate's but a dull career;

The life for me, as boyishly I planned it, Moved in a cowboy's sphere.

Superbly mounted on a half-wild sorrel, Roping the steer that seemed disposed to bolt, Deft with my horse and in a righteous quarrel Considerably defter with a Colt-

That was my role, with chums who rode like madmen, Rough in their horseplay, but with hearts so sound

They simply terrorised the local bad men For several miles around.

But now I have my doubts about my hero; The glamour fades, my envyings decline. What boot the wearing of the wide sombrero, The trousers so exotic in design,

The joyous round of happy days and tireless, Far from the City's enervating air, If one is doomed to be in touch by wireless With almost anywhere?

No longer now the West seems wild and woolly; No more I feel the immemorial thrill: The ranch's radio has made me fully

Content with London and its daily mill; Gone are my longings (always unavailing); To-day the cowboy does not seem to me Much more romantic than am I when failing To get "Hop double-three."

Our Modest Advertisers.

"ICE CREAM

Made and Served in 10 Seconds! Scarcely creditable is it?" Advt. in Scotch Paper.

"Space is needed on the present occasion to say a word or two respecting the Oxford crews, which commence their Eight weeks racing next Thursday."—Sunday Paper.

Hardy oarsmen! "Robins have built a nest in a tool-bag belonging to a workman employed by a Bath firm."—Evening Paper.

We believe this story.

From a "stop-press":-

"3.15-Lord Thanet also ran."-Evening Paper.

We do not wonder that this distressing intelligence temporarily stopped the Press, but are only surprised that it was able to go on again.

ON EPSOM DOWNS. Jocose Vendor. "Toddle up, you toffs! These eels is the very finest quality. If they makes you ill you can 'ave YOUR MONEY BACK, AN' I'LL GIVE YER AN EXTRA TANNER FOR ONE OF THEM 'ARLEY STREET SPECIALISTS.'

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS V. SACKVILLE-WEST is a most accomplished painter of still life, and I know nothing more attractive in its way than her handling of the Stuart chairs and Arcadian tapestries and red velvet curtains and candles in silver sconces which embellish The Heir: A Love Story (Heine-MANN). This feudal idyll of an encumbered old estate and its embarrassed new possessor rather misleadingly lends its title to a whole quintet of short stories. I say "rather misleadingly" because I for one was so pleasantly possessed by the notion that Mr. Peregrine Chase's inheritance was the topic of a whole novel that I found myself well in the middle of story number two before I realised that the bizarre revenge of Miss Lydia Protheroe, Theatrical Coswith "The Christmas Party" in the deserted shop which also pervades the three remaining sketches, "Patience," "Her Son" and "The Parrot." Sentiment, not cynicism, seems to me her strongest suit; and next time she takes up her pen I hope it will be to provide a direct successor to The Heir.

If for my sins I were to publish a novel I should be very and wound up by having a woman-friend's diamonds copied

careful to exercise a rigid censorship on its wrapper. Here is Conn of the Coral Seas (HURST AND BLACKETT), a really bracing and mettlesome romance of South Sea cannibal islands, sadly belied by a jacket representing a lady in a bathing-dress lolling on a chalky beach. Apart from Miss BEATRICE GRIMSHAW'S title, there is nothing here to suggest that you are in the New Cumberlands and not on the Isle of Wight; and you would never guess that Deirdre, so far from laying herself out to look attractive, is "crying terribly" because Conn the Hundred Fighter is scandalised by her candid revelation of her first marriage. This, you must understand, was a purely formal affair with a chivalrous revolutionary in Dublin; but, having got her fate and her fortune into her own hands and lost sight of her selfdenying accomplice, Deirdre found her rôle of mysterious widow increasingly hard to maintain, and, after she lost her tumier and Wigmaker, on her prudish relatives could not heart to Conn, impossible. The apparatus of her ultimate possibly be made to dovetail into my little insurance agent's emancipation is no more subtle than such machines usually adventures among the mortgages and peacocks of his are. But what does that matter to a book full of "bat-like moated grange. Lydia's tinsel stock-in-trade is just as gods with eyes of mother-of-pearl," and "corpses in ceredelightfully described as The Heir's genuine antiques; but ments of green leaves," and "sienna-brown skulls set in rows there is an asperity about Miss Sackville-West's dealings like jam-jars"? The subsidiary characters—commissioners, pearl-fishers, missionaries and natives-are all excellent.

> Gregory Churt, about whom Miss Henrietta Leslie has written-and quite pleasantly too-in Other People's Property (Page), was a young man who succeeded very often in turning to his own advantage what didn't belong to him. He began with a roll of notes dropped by somebody in a fog,

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ence temprised that in paste and selling the originals. In between he accepted countless benefits and kindnesses from his friends and the love and practical assistance of a very charming demi-mondaine, whom he abandoned without much compunction when he fell in love with Amanda Selwyn, above reproach and fresh from a convent school. As Amanda happened to be the sister of the woman whose diamonds were to furnish him with the means of marrying, the whole affair was sufficiently shabby to destroy any sympathy I ever felt for him, which had never been robust. In the last chapter Amanda has succeeded in making him turn over a new leaf, and they are married and on their way to some place, probably one of the Colonies, where black sheep grow white under the influence of honest toil, preferably on the land. I feel fairly certain myself that the sheep will remain at least speckled and that Amanda will have to do the digging. In spite of "Univ." (which is the author's unusual way of referring to Oxford) and a fine family record Gregory was a cheap young man, not even very interesting as a sinner;

and Miss LESLIE has honoured him too much in wasting her skill on him.

The horizon of that versatile writer on field sports, Mr. RICHARD CLAPHAM, is apparently limited by the Lake District, and it may be objected that, as The Book of the Otter (HEATH CRANTON) ignores even the delectable waters of South-West Wales that provide the very cream of otter-hunting, the first "The" in his title is hardly justified. Still, he reveals once again his remarkable powers of observation as a sportsman-naturalist in his own region, and his efficiency as a whipper-in receives a handsome testimonial from

Mr. WILLIAM THOMPSON, a well-known North-country M.O.H., in an introduction of more than usual interest. Mr. Thompson, a keen advocate of the rough-coated true otter-hound, debates the author's preference for draft foxhounds or cross-bred hounds, which is nevertheless supported by the fact that only two packs in these islands are entirely composed of pure otter-hounds. Their friendly argument should quicken the interest of the tyro in this beautiful branch of hound-science, which can be enjoyed for fewer pence than the pounds demanded by fox-hunting. Readers by no means fastidious about literary style may well be irritated by certain perfunctory mannerisms, suggestive of commercial correspondence or journalese, which bristle in Mr. Clapham's otherwise admirable writings; at any rate the use of the first person plural with reference to oneself, "We blew our nose," is best confined to editors and kings. But the worst fault I find in this little book is that there is not nearly enough of it.

The psychology of cats is so interesting in itself that to confuse it with the psychology of human beings really matrimonial arrangement.

seems a pity. Besides, the result is apt to be a trifle morbid. Miss Elizabeth Bruce Adams, in My Cat Prospéro (Hutchinson)-why, I wonder, the accent?-states. that Prospéro's cat-soul was evolved into a human soul, The only evidence adduced by the authoress in support of so remarkable a metamorphosis is that his eyes changed and his face acquired a human expression. Miss Adams says that he used to see ghosts. This uncomfortable gift. which has been attributed to other animals, was utilised by Prospéro for the detection of the presence of evil spirits in the town house taken by Miss Adams, who, perceiving that their malefic influence, and not the default of the workmen, was responsible for delay in the completion of repairs, fled back to the country ere worse befell. For the rest, Prospéro seems to have behaved much like any other cat a good deal spoiled by injudicious petting. As for the vision beheld by Miss Adams after the animal's decease, showing his soul changed into a small star decorating the gardenseat beneath which his mortal remains were reverently

interred, it cannot be divested of at least the suspicion of being an hallucination.

Mr. HAROLD BRIG-HOUSE'S theme in Hep-plestall's (CHAPMAN AND Dodd) is a great Laucashire cotton house, founded in the time of the Regency by a country gentleman who risked the favour of the county for his belief in steam. A hard man this Reuben Hepplestall, who seduced the daughter of his fellowmanufacturer and instructor, Bradshaw, and reduced her father to the position of overlooker. Bradshawdidn't believe in steam, and the devil had to take the hindmost, according to the iron law that operated at its toughest

in that glorious period of British progress. The issue is rather reasonable than moral. From Phabe Bradshaw springs a race of ne'er-do-wells, who repeat a formula, "A hate th' Hepplestalls," instead of working; while the house founded by Reuben is consumed by a passion for service which rises above the thought of personal comfort or material gain, though its profits are in fact enormous. The long ineffectual feud is closed by the marriage of a post-war head of Hepplestall's, young Sir Rupert, who falls frantically in love with the famous Galaxy actress, Mary Arden, who was in fact a Bradshaw. A sound story, well told.



TRADE PROSPECTS.

The Stranger. "I THOUGHT OF SETTING UP AS A MAGICIAN IN THIS TOWN. DO YOU THINK IT A SAFE SPECULATION?

The Natire. "I FEAR NOT, SIR. THERE WAS OLD JOHN, THE SHOEMENDER. WHO USED TO DO A BIT IN YOUR WAY, BUT HE GOT NO ENCOURAGEMENT.

The Stranger. "I EXPECT HE WAS ONLY A DABBLER, WOULDN'T COMPETE WITH ME SERIOUSLY.

The Natire. "OH, NO. SIR. THEY BURNT HIM ABOUT A MONTH AGO."

Our Candid Advertisers.

"Thick-Set Pony; Relli trap and harness; also cob mare; any trial; owner in hospital."-Provincial Paper.

"HELP WANTED.

Farmer-Married man by month or on shares."-American Paper. Mr. Punch does not quite see how the advertiser expects to better what appears to be an unusually advantageous 12.

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CHARIVARIA.

"A TYPHOON," The Daily Mail explains, "is a violent whirlwind or storm." This should dispose of the idea that it is just a refreshing breeze, like Lord NORTHCLIFFE fanning Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with a newspaper.

According to The Daily Express, America is deeply impressed by the burden which British taxpayers have to bear. But not half so impressed as we are.

Push-ball played by teams of three nishes all the excitement we want at | them pretty close.

We hear that an enterprising firm of travel agents is arranging a series of tours of the Conference-fields.

A band has played in the courtyard of New Scotland Yard lately. The matter has not escaped the vigilant notice of the police.

"How to get the best out of a Ford" is the title of an article in a motoring journal. Our own opinion is that it is always better to leave it in the car.

It is interesting to be reminded that the sun which has been shining so brilliantly of late is the same

as the one which shines over Thanet every day of the year.

A New York message points out that FELIX DIAZ and the Carranzistas bave joined forces for a general revolt in Mexico. This rather suggests that it will be a friendly revolution the procharities.

A speaker at the Music Industries Convention said that all pianos leaving England should be tested. Our own view is that, so long as they are capable of emitting any sound at all, they should be encouraged to slip out of the country unhampered.

There seems to be some truth in the statement that the Scotsman who last week put a twopenny postage-stamp on a letter when a three-halfpenny one made this mistake if somebody had object.

given him a newspaper containing the announcement of the postal reductions.

A light hand and a flexible wrist are night." essential to the success of the professional carver. This probably explains why so many surgeons play golf.

English law, says a contemporary, forbids a man marrying his mother-inlaw. It would be interesting to know at what peculiar stage in our rough island story such a law was first considered necessary.

Attention is again drawn to the admotor-cars a side is providing America's new thrill. Push-pedestrian, with an In this respect we fancy that many of unlimited team of motorists, still fur- our most prominent spectators run

Applicant for Unfurnished Rooms, "I like the rooms; but your advertisement states that pittings must be bought—seventy-five founds. Which are the fittings in question?"

Lody of the House, "This gas-beacket, and-er-er-er-Mary! what 'ave yer done with the globe that goes with the gas?"

"You cannot eat your cake and have | the Steppes, notice-boards bear the This of course is the distressing experience of many people at sea.

A prisoner who appealed against the sentence of one year's imprisonment had it increased to fifteen months. This ceeds of which will be devoted to loca! only bears out the rule that you can get nothing nowadays unless you ask for it.

> The Japanese, says a weekly paper, have no hobbies. Except, of course, that of being watched by Carmelite

"Dreams go by contraries," declares a contemporary. That must be how our Derby-tipster got his information.

According to meat market returns, Welsh carcases are advancing in price. Still, when Printing House Square sets would have sufficed, would not have its heart upon a thing, money is no It sounds rather like the navigation of

We admire the enterprise of a certain seaside band which offers to set any visitor's jazz-dress to music on "request

A London magistrate has advised a street bookmaker to persuade his clients to use the telephone. Even if they pick the wrong horse there is always an outside chance of getting the right number.

On the Swiss Federal Railways the red caps of the station-masters are to be abolished for the sake of economy. It is typical of British lack of foresight that our station-masters have no red caps to abolish. + +

The Festa del Grillo ("The Festival of the Cricket ") took place at Florence on the twentyfifth of May. When the game has caught on a little more in Italy, no doubt the Florentines will make a week of it, like Canterbury.

> Blindness in strawberries, we read, is increasing. Deaf gooseberries, of course, are fairly common.

> A WILLIAM III. four-shilling piece has been found in the sand near Berwick-on-Tweed. It must have been there a long time; but then Berwick-on-Tweed is not in Scotland.

In proof of the depreciation of the Russian paper currency it is said that, on

it," says a physical culture journal, intimation that roubles may be deposited there.

> We are asked to say there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has decided to become President of a Brighter Peace Conference campaign.

Is England going Dry?

"To Let, furnished, in pleasant rectory, 4 rooms, including kitchen, use of bathroom. Not water,"—Weekly Paper.

"Mrs. Grimes won the fourth prize-15 bars of Soap."—Canadian Paper, Well, somebody had to win it.

From the Chairman's speech at a company-meeting :-

"You may rest assured that no stone will be left unturned to steer this ship into smooth

the Round Pond.

VOL. CLXII.

H. B.

THE FOOT OF FRIDAY.

A LAY OF GOLF.

FAR-FLUNG explorer-men and pioneers Have told us many times in many-books How in the God-forsaken wilderness

They and their chums, their coolies and their cooks, Have found some relic spared by Time's duress,

Some memory of the years—
A blackened stone where cooking fires had smoked,
Derelict bottles or a trodden floor

Where tents had stood—and, pausing, have evoked Some picture of the Man who Went Before.

Taking this much as parable or trope,
I will proceed to my veracious lay.
The Secretary came to me and said,
"There is a competition on to-day;
Enter, and you will win it on your head."

And I said, "Not a hope!

For I am all unpractised and I note
To enter this will cost me half-a-crown."

But he blandandered me and, like a goat,
I paid the entry and he put me down.

Who knoweth not the demons that prevail
In places where they golf, especially
On days of competitions? Who requires
The detailed record of my misery,
Of hope that flames and flickers and expires?

Omit the tedious tale.
But at the thirteenth, in a most profound
And dismal bunker, there my second lay,
And by the scattered cardboard on the ground
I knew a kindred soul had passed that way.

And, musing o'er the wreck, I thought, "Ah, Sir, Haply I never met you in the flesh; Perchance you are a bounder or a beast; Yet this day we are taken in the mesh Of brotherhood, and for an hour at least

Our destinies concur;
And, as the jungle camp, the abandoned gear,
Speak of the traveller long or lately flown,
So in this ruined record you appear
And I can read your story as my own."

"Enter!" they said; and you said, "Well, why not? Let us e'en risk it. I am none too good,

But then I have a decent handicap,
And if I get my tee shots as I should,
And do not shank my irons off the map,

Why then, why then, the pot May yet be mine!" "Ah, friend, eschew these 'if's,' These fell and siren-like hypotheses—

Ay, shun them as the Hags and Hippogriffs— For I myself in turn was had by these.

"You started well—above yourself a bit;
Hope soared and beckoned; then, as I observe,
At the grim seventh your card records an eight,
And that presumably upset your nerve
Because you bessed the post, I wines to chate

Because you bossed the next, I grieve to state,
And took a six to it;
The ninth and tenth were fine—hope soared again,

But then a second six appals the eye,
And at the twelfth—ah, kindly saints!—a ten;
And then, at last, this bunker and—good-bye.

"And so hope fled and peace of mind came back And with the struggle vanished your despair, And cheerfully you said, 'Well, let it go;
Behold this May-tide morn is passing fair;
Some other man can win the thing,' and so
You loosed you from your rack
And compassed with an ease that seemed absurd
The fatal step to freedom—i.e. (viz.),
What I do now." And, as I said the word,

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

I rent my card and mingled it with his.

(By our Fleet Street Flaneur.)

Only the hopelessly hide-bound and incurable martyrs to false pride will cavil at an innovation in which a few of our most discerning hostesses have seen a means of enabling some, at any rate, of London's entertaining to be done by the right people. This is the very sensible notion of giving guests an opportunity of sharing the expense of the private functions they attend.

The logic of a scheme which not only makes it possible to keep doors open that would otherwise be closed, but also offers a solution of the problem of returning hospitality, should be especially appreciated by bachelors. The method adopted is to send out invitation-cards marked in one corner with a price—say five guineas—which represents the estimated cost per head, plus a small margin for eventualities, acceptances being expected to be accompanied by cheques or money-orders.

The idea was initiated by the Countess of Skerries in connection with her dance at her house in Shetland Gate for the coming-out of her niece, Miss Kilda McKelpie, and among several others who have followed her lead are the Hon. Mrs. Lee-Shore, for her dinner-party last week at Scrummidge's, and the Duchess of Flint and Mica, Lady Peeble, in arranging their joint afternoon gramophone-concert in Cromlech Gardens. That the practice has not yet become general is due, I hear, to a hint that the authorities, with their usual greed, are considering it in relation to the Entertainment Tax.

The disappearance of the distinctive and picturesque garb of the genuine costermonger has been so widely deplored that people, who have been startled and perhaps a little shocked of late to hear the most august echoes of Mayfair resounding with "Ripe bananas!" and "Fine strawberries!" were much gratified to discover that the cry was uttered by the wearer of as gorgeous a suit of "pearlies" as ever knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road. Even greater has been the surprise of those who have recognised him as Lord Jasper Jervey, for the Marquis of Dungarron's younger son's announced embarkation in the fruit trade was hardly expected to take this original and attractive form.

Lady Jasper, who ably assists her husband, makes a charming "donah," and her rich velvets and magnificent curling ostrich feathers are, at their present prices, evidence of a thriving business. The sleek condition of the "moke," too, is in keeping with the family's great sporting traditions.

Lord and Lady Jasper both assure me that if the life has a drawback it is to be called away from a dance just when it is getting into full swing in order to fetch the day's stock from Covent Garden.

Their enterprise, of course, is not quite without parallel. Lady Madge Grey-Malkin, Lord Sealyham's aunt, has for some time been a familiar figure in the West End in her capacity as a vendor of cat's-meat, and on her rounds it is interesting to note that her love for domestic pets is warmly reciprocated by her four-footed clients.

Whatever the reactionaries may say, there is not much

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.-JUNE 7, 1922.

A BRIGHTER THAMES.

THE OLD TIDEWAY (adapting Byron). . . A PALACE AND A HALL ON EITHER HAND. MIGHT BE MISTAKEN FOR VENICE, IF ONLY I HAD SOME MORE PLEASURE-BOATS."

With Mr. Panch's congratulations to the L.C.C. on their new Hall and his regrets that they have not given London a new river-service.]

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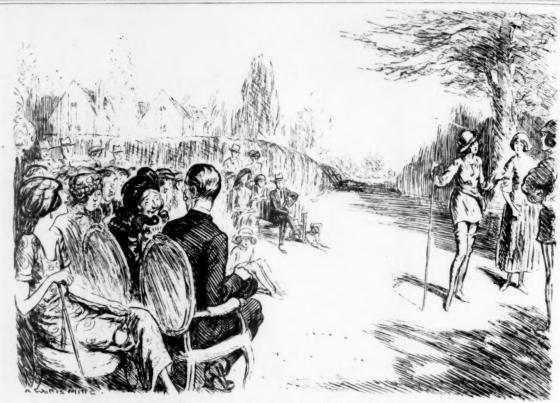
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[At a Pastoral play by distinguished members of the Profession.]

Deaf Old Lady (with penetrating voice). "Charming, Charming! But tell me-what do they do in the winter-time?"

wrong with a fashionable world in which a respectable calling is no longer considered disgraceful.

Among the seriously inclined nothing is more appreciated just now than Mr. and Mrs. Torquil Freke's Sunday Afternoons at High Brow, their delightful place at Hampstead. The primary object of these reunions, of course, is to interest the interesting, and it is by means of the special attractions provided each week that High Brow as a plexus of London's intellectual life is exercising so potent an influence on contemporary thought.

Last Sunday, in introducing Mollusky, who has brought from Odessa the reputation of being the greatest living guimbardiste, Mr. Torquil Freke gave an erudite little dissertation on the technology of this neglected instrument, vulgarly known in England as the "Jew's-harp," of which he himself is an accomplished amateur. Mollusky's subsequent recital created a profound impression, his masterly rendering of Vodkadin's abstruse Dance of Caviare-Curers being received with marked enthusiasm. A vogue for the quimbarde in advanced music seems inevitable.

Of the distinguished and attentive audience assembled on the lawn I noticed in particular Lady Gapes; Princess Vaseline, of Russia; Mr. and Mrs. Miles Standish Gulp, of Boston, U.S.A.; Knut Konk, the leader of the Lapp renaissance, and Madame Konk; Sancho Burro, the Andorran vers libriste; Eugénie Suet, the auto-analytic novelist; Arne Old, the eminent man of letters; Edwin Eccleshaw, a pioneer of the Back-to-Manchester movement, and Granville Walham-Green, the latest rising dramatist.

It is not extravagant to say that these High Brow unsuccessful backer.

gatherings are doing as much to promote international understanding as all the Peace Conferences put together.

I have what I hope may be the gladdest of tidings for those who have been disappointed in their applications for vouchers to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. It will be remembered that Mr. Gordon Selfridge generously came to the aid of the artists whose works had been rejected by the Hanging Committee of this year's Royal Academy and placed his premises at their disposal. I am now informed that, encouraged by this triumphant precedent and realizing with his characteristic and unfailing perception and sympathy that many high hopes have been dashed with regard to the great Berkshire race-meeting, Mr. Selfridge has decided to hold an Overflow Ascot in order that the imagination and thought expended in the conception of beautiful toilettes for the Enclosure may not have been in vain.

My information is to the effect that in all probability Hurst Park will be the venue, and that, if Mr. Selffidge's negotiations are successful, two lovely lawns will be reserved there for the disappointed of Ascot on an early Saturday of the server of th

How China gets the News.

Fernanagh, commandant of the Ulster Forces, and Monaghan, commandant of the Free State Forces, have agreed to institute a neutral zone in certain districts,"—Hong Kong Paper.

"Until yesterday I only knew of Mazeppa as the name of a horse."—Evening Paper.

We, on the contrary, had always thought of him as an unsuccessful backer

ELIZABETH WON'T BE EDUCATED.

I turned away from the Exhibition feeling that I had done Elizabeth a gross injustice. Remorse bit into my soul. The awful sermon preached against domestic drudgery seemed to have been preached against me alone. Had I not allowed Elizabeth to drudge? Had I not even encouraged it? Had I not, with complacent eye, seen her lank form kneeling painfully over the task of floor-scrubbing when she might have performed it standing upright, a pean of praise bursting from her lips the while (like the girl in the advertisement)?

Had I tried to gladden her life with a patent boiler? Never. Have I ever lightened her lot with the latest idea in sweepers, slicers or knife-cleaners? I have not. But I hurried home now anxious to make redress.

"Elizabeth," I said, as she opened the door to me, "I've bought no end of labour-savers for you to day."

of labour-savers for you to day."
"Laber-saviours! Wot's them, 'm?'
asked Elizabeth, looking distrustful.

"Well, I've got an arrangement that will wash the floor without your having to go down on your knees to do it—and a special knife polisher, and a thing to go on the gas-stove so that you can put two saucepans on one jet, and a lovely vegetable cutter—"

"Thank you, 'm," interjected Elizabeth, but her voice had a certain frigidity. And she sniffed.

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"Elizabeth," I said sternly as, a week later, I stepped aside to avoid treading on her as she scrubbed the hall, "why aren't you using the patent floorwasher?"

There was a tense pause. Then Elizabeth straightened herself and put her dank red hands on her hips in an attitude of defiance. "'Oo ever 'eard of anyone washin' a floor without goin' down on their rans-an'-knees?" she asked contemptuously; "and as for them other things wot's been brought into the 'ouse, orl I can say is that if people calls laber saviours another name for sayin' they 're not satisfied with me an' think I can't scrub a floor or clean knives or peel a potato properly and that I'm wastin' the gas—well, they can look out for someone else at the month's end."

It took me a long time to pacify Elizabeth that time; and if ever I try to save anything in future it certainly won't be labour.

A Castle in the Air.

"Furnished Cottage to Let, July and August, ot long period. Three bedrooms. Five miles above Bath."—Weekly Paper.



Mother (to Bobby, whose sister is going away). "Why are you crying, dear? You're always fighting with Delia and don't seem to love her."

Bobby, "I don't love her, but I need her."

DON'TS FOR PASSENGERS.

THE LUGGAGE.

Don't label your baggage for Looe
When booking to Haverfordwest—
The sort of thing passengers do
In moments of mental unrest.

But see that the labels make clear
The station at which you alight;
And there will your luggage appear—
At least, if you're lucky, it might.

Beware of abusing the rack
With articles heavy as lead,
In case there's an ominous "crack"
And a subsequent lump on your head.

Such luggage goes under the seat, And, if other people complain, Well, let them distribute their feet Wherever they can in the train. Or else, if it's nothing you prize, Despatch it at once to the van; Some porter, it's safe to surmise, Will lose it as soon as he can.

Make certain that when you get out You've left no belongings behind; The more that you travel about The better you'll bear this in mind.

How much has been lost in this way
I will not attempt to compute;
The Companies only can say

The Companies only can say, And they are advisedly mute.

I know that the mansions and flats Of magnates who manage our line Are full of umbrellas and hats

That once were undoubtedly mine.

For they and their children and wivesI say it with passion and pain—

Have battened the whole of their lives On things I have left in the train.

WORM-CASTS.

The joys of Radio-Broadcasting, or whatever the thing is called, are becoming very real. In a New York despatch to The Times, headed "Brighter Village Life," I read: "It offers a solution of the terrible dulness of village life... There is no village in the British Isles so poor and unbefriended that it will not be able to afford or find a patron to give the necessary receiving instrument to the Village Institute."

"Will?" But, goodness, at Little Dithering we have already—or had till recently—a complete equipment. Any night you might have seen us sitting together in the Village Institute, Squire and the Vicar, Nabbs the little grocer and all the rest of us, waiting eagerly like prisoned gold-fish for a few bright worms to be flung to us from the great world.

Last Saturday we had a very good house. Hodge was there, the aged labourer; Galloway the farmer, his employer, and young Blunt, another labourer, but a Socialist, by Jove!—for this new toy of ours brings all creeds and classes together. There was still half-an-hour to go, and we were heavy with dulness.

" Roots be turr'ble bad," says Galloway at last.

"Wheat be powerful bad likewise," says Hodge.

"G-r-r-r," says Blunt, with his eye on the Squire. Everyone yawns.

The Vicar is toying listlessly with a billiard-cue; Nabbs is pretending to read a book; but in cold fact all are on edge, wanting nothing but the Hour of Brightness. This thing has become a

"Roots be turn'ble bad," says Galloway again, the cheery fellow. Then no one speaks for a long time.

Eight o'clock strikes. At last! How those wan faces light up, those weary old eyes glow again, as we rush to our receivers and catch once more the glad familiar, "K-k...k-k-k-k... schlick!"

And what a programme they gave us that night! I should mention for the sake of the uninitiated that, for some reason not clear to me, the various items are not worm-easted as complete worms, but cut up into lengths and served out by instalments, like those curious tape-messages on the notice-boards of clubs. What is lost in coherence by this arrangement is more than gained in brightness.

Thus we began with part of a romantic play of Irish life then being performed in London, and charged with the devotional mysticism of the race:—

"Let you go out in the bog beyond, Terence O'Brien . . . crr . . . crr

. . . crk," said a purring female voice, "for it's hard set I would be to keep himself from striking you with the butt of a loy if he found you within and you as drrrunk as hell . . . crk . . . crk"

"It is not drrrunk I am, though indeed I have drrrink taken . . . crr . . . crr . . . but what 's a bottle of potheen, or maybe two, to a man that has the polis hunting him for no more than a common murder in the dark of the night . . . schlick . . . schrunck . . . k-k-k-k . . ? That is why the British Empire Delegation are proud that they took a leading part in upholding and fighting for the high ideals . . . yck . . which will ever be associated with the great Conference at Genoa . . . yck."

"Play-acting," said Hodge briefly. But Nabbs, the grocer, gave him a cross look, knowing well that we had left the stage for the House of Com-

And now what strange caressing voice is this? Is it Mr. Asquith replying to the PRIME MINISTER? Is it MELBA? No, no; it is a man's voice. Good heavens, "himself" has come in! The Vicar's brows meet. He is doubtful about this play.

"Himself" has a deep deliberate voice. He says:—

"By the holy cow of Kilray, Terence O'Brien, will you quit off out of this place before I do you a harm with the butt of a loy, or maybe with the old swordthat does be hanging in the stable beyond, and I after burying six sons that was drowned on me at the great wake of Paddy Molloy, the craythurs . . . ckk . . ."

"I will not, then. It's a hard man you are, Timothy Rourke, and it 's the fine doings there will be at your own wake, I'm thinking . . . elk . . . elk . . . for I am bound to say that the results are depressingly and even distressingly meagre . . , yckh . . . The PRIME MINISTER occupied nearly an hour in discussing the various evolutions of the diplomacy of the Conference . . ."
(Yes, it is Mr. Asquith replying. The Vicar's face clears again. He is a Liberal. The Squire looks black. He is not.) . . . "on the restoration of economic relations, with which no one has insisted more strongly than I have . . . And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood, And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good . . . crk."

Heavens! we have side-slipped into the Children's Radio-Corner. The Vicar's face assumes an expression of almost ethereal—in fact, absolutely ethereal—tenderness as the soft voice goes on:—

"Clk . . . yckh My receiving set.

bed is waiting cool and fresh with linen smooth and fair, And I must off to sleep again and not forget my ... yekh ... It is not dr-r-r-unk I am, Timothy Rourke, but destroyed travelling in the dark of the night."

"Let you stretch out now before the fire, Terence O'Brien" (who on earth is this now? Oh, it's the girl again), "for it is a lonesome thing to sleep in a bog...yckh...and it's a great encouragement to the Bolshevists to learn on such high authority that the basis of conservative society in Russia would be found, according to historical precedent, in the adoption of a policy of confiscation..."

"Oh, shut up!" cries the Squire, with intelligible irritation, for he, likeme, is mad keen to find out where Terence O'Brien does spend the night in the end. Indeed the whole atmosphere of the Institute is becoming a little close. Hodge and Blunt are quietly having words about Russia over their receivers, while the Vicar, who thinks that Mr. Asquire is being unfairly closured by the Radio, is no longer on glaring terms with Squire. Fortunately a soothing influence intervenes for a moment.

"Yck . . . Once upon a time there was a good King, and he had two sons. Now one of these sons was good also, but the eldest was . . . yck . . . a very bad man. And one day the King said, 'Do not let us have another International Conference, which leads to no result, because it does harm . . . yck

... Has anything been lost at Genoa?'"
("Lord Robert Cecil," hisses the Vicar, beaming; "I once had breakfast with his brother—Lord Hugh, you know. This is sure to be a good speech.")
So it is. And, by Jove, what a voice!

So it is. And, by Jove, what a voice! "Signore! Signori! Scusate mi seda sol mi presento. Io sono il Prologo." "Parsifal," the Vicar whispers with-

"Parsifal," the Vicar whispers without hesitation; "but I do wish they'd finish Lord ROBERT first. . . ."

And now at least we are perceptibly brighter. The Squire is crying feverishly into his receiver, "Hullo! hullo! . . . hullo! You've cut me off. Put me on to the play again. . . ."

"Turn on LLOYD GEORGE," grunts Galloway.

"Do'ee go on with the song, Mister," croaks Hodge. "Tes a fine song surely, so'tes."

"Let's hear what CLYNES said about Russia," shouts Blunt.

"You and your Russians!" cries Nabbs contemptuously. "What did the good King say, Miss?"

good King say, Miss?"
"Silence!" roars the Squire; "I can't hear myself listen!"

And at that we are silent, for after all it was the Squire who gave us our receiving set.



"THE MAY-FLY IS UP!"

YOU NEED NOT BE MUCH OF A FISHERMAN TO FEEL THE THRILL OF THIS GLORIOUS FESTIVAL.

Then out of the stillness there came that awful utterance which caused the great riot, or the great brightness, of Little Dithering, and the smashing of our installation by an outraged village:—

"Hok . . . hok . . . It is drrrunk you all are," said a fierce voice. "Yek!"

you all are," said a fierce voice. "Yck!"

* And now I shall never know where

Terence O'Brien spent the night.
A. P. H.

Commercial Generosity.

"Special Offer.—The company is supplying one copy of this book (value 10/-) and one—Valve (value 5/-) post free for £1. This offer is to encourage the beginner, and will only last for another fourteen days."

Advt. in Trade Paper.

We are not encouraged.

"At the 19th he hit his iron shot off the heel, and the ball struck a spectator learning over the staked rope running alongside the tee on the waistcoat. The man was not hurt, but the ball dropped dead."—Daily Paper.

"The dog it was that died."

"Notice.—Anyone Allowing Poultry to Stray from their Allotments on Land occupied by the undersigned will be Destroyed."

Provincial Paper.
We had no idea that poultry-farming was so perilous. The Daily — ought to include it in its insurance-scheme.

HEAT WAVE EFFECTS.

The exceptional weather of last week resulted in many strange happenings being reported in the Press, but the following items, evidently overlooked by our contemporaries, are reported for the first time:—

In deference to the intense heat *The Daily Express* extends its Insurance Scheme to cover sunstroke.

The Daily News goes one better and includes frost-bite.

Owing to the action of the sun's rays a fire breaks out in the corner of one of Mr. Garvin's Observer articles. Feared loss of several columns in the West wing.

A plumber while stalking a gas leak in Kensington forgets to send for his mate. Realising his terrible blunder and fearing that he will be expelled from his union for unprofessional conduct, he collapses in a heap on the floor, his teeth tightly elenched in a piece of lead piping.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton mops a portion of his brow.

The Daily Mail calls upon the public to let Mr. LLOYD GEORGE alone and to

leave him to carry out his schemes free from petty annoyances.

On reading this the Editor of *The Daily Chronicle* feels faint and sends out for iced-water.

Mr. Churchill's halo recovered from the Serpentine.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR!

(New style.)

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star! I don't wonder what you are. Teacher told us yesterday Why you come and go away: And she let us have a wrinkle Why you seem to twinkle, twinkle: You are just a whirling mass Of different sorts of burning gas, Rushing through the places where There really isn't even air; Rushing on at miles a second (Teacher told us how it's reckoned). And she told us yesterday You're so many leagues away That, if some great water-spout Were to burst and put you out, None would know your light had fled Until long after we were dead. So you may twinkle, little star, But I don't wonder what you are.

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Applicant, "Would you be LIKELY TO BE NEEDING A MODEL, SIR?" Humorous Artist. "Whatever for?" Applicant. "PROFITEER, SIR."

BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIERS.

This thing happened to the man whom we call Pongo because he has such a simple and hearty mind. It happened about ten days ago, and he was feeling heartier than ever because he had just been to a village festival and had driven straight from it through avenues of chestnut just in flower, and between hedges of may that had all come out in a single night, to catch an in blue who got in later. But another afternoon train to London. The world man, in a quite smart grey suit, rather seemed a very beautiful place to live in. He had a cup of tea at the station. and the barmaid was quite pretty and in and scowling a little. "I shall go seemed to like him. When the train further on.' came in he got into a third-class carriage. There were two men in it, seated at opposite corners, working-men, as Pongo called them, nice-looking men.

"Hullo! is this a smoker?" he said. " No, Sir, but we'll make it one," they replied; and that established a bond of familiarity at once. He mentioned to them what a wonderful day it was, and that the may had come out in a single night. They talked about flowers for a little-flowers and vegetables, for they both had gardens of their own, it seemed. They also talked about the heat. It

in. There was a nondescript, rather shy young man in blue with a straw hat and a very stout, very shabbily-dressed elderly man. It amused Pongo to wonder what their professions were. The young man, he thought, might be connected with the Press, and the stout man, he liked to fancy, was a plumber. Anyhow, they both looked extremely friendly, and so did a middle-aged man elderly and stout, was less agreeable.

"Too many in here," he said, looking

Pongo was not sorry to be rid of him. However, just before the train started he reappeared.

"The train's pretty full this afternoon," he said. "Couldn't find a seat anywhere;" and he sat down heavily next to Pongo. He seemed nicer now, and Pongo did not mind him.

"What a wonderful place a thirdclass railway-carriage is," he thought. "The best of England. A melting of caste."

Conversation began, and Pongo felt was hot, they agreed, but not too hot. Mr. Galsworthy's plays, or like Mr. fifteen, so it wasn't that.

At the next station other people got Mark Sabre in If Winter Comes. Happiness suffused him.

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"You're right there," said the shabby man. "Fair odds is what I say. I've just come from a little competition of my own at Brighton, so I ought to

"Does our friend over there say that he's been meeting CARPENTIER?" said the well-dressed man, with a rather unnecessary note of sareasm which Pongo resented a little on this beautiful May afternoon. "Because if he did I should say CARPENTIER made a pretty good fair mess of him.'

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I needn't really go on, need I?

But consider for a moment the psychology of poor disillusioned Pongo. The May sunshine seemed a flatter, tawdrier thing at once. As in a familiar dream he saw two very dirty white cards and one with a number on it (36, I think it was) shuffled about with amazing rapidity; saw the welldressed man rather coldly and haughtily point to what he said was obviously the numbered card; saw his satisfaction when he was proved to be right; saw one after another, yes, the shy little man in blue, yes, even the two nice workingmen join in the discussion, offer to back their fancy; saw the whole carriage, in a few minutes it seemed, flutter with rustling one-pound notes that passed rapidly from hand to hand.

Two things, you see, embittered Pongo. First of all the breaking of his beautiful bubble of brotherly love; and, secondly, the thought that he, Pongo, of all people should be selected as a dupe. Wasn't it almost exactly twenty years ago that he first lost money at the three-card trick in a railway-train? Gold too. None of your rubbishy paper

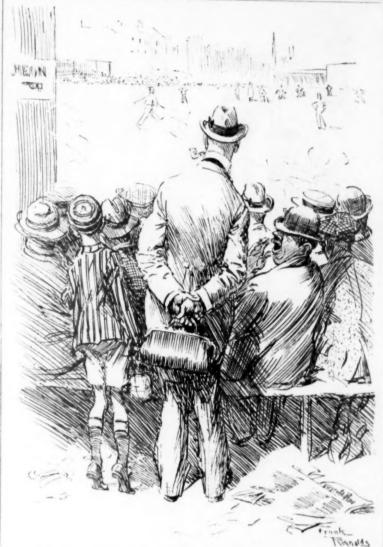
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"And what did they leave you with?" we asked.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he confessed, "I hadn't enough for a taxi to my club. I had to walk."

Then, of course, we let him have it. "As a matter of fact, though," he getting out, one of them, I forget which, said, 'And don't you forget to put your shirt on Captain Cuttle for the Derby.' It hadn't been my intention, but I have ten new shirts.' EVOE.



New Comer. "ANYTHING EXCITING IN THAT LAST OVER?" Student of Sporting Press. "Excerting! I should bay so! Why, the old Cantab 'ELPED 'ISSELF TO SIX SIXES IN SUCCESSION AT THE EXPENSE OF '18 ERSTWHILE CLUB-MATE."

LONDON AS A SCHOOL FOR SPORTSMANSHIP.

NOBLE SPORTSMEN.

DEAR SIR,-I note that in his recently published volume of Reminiscences, the Duke DE STACPOOLE observes said at last, "it wasn't quite as bad that his wife's uncle shot snipe on the as you might think. When we were Cadogan Estate as late as the year 1830. I think it only right to inform you that, when I was a boy at Westminster in the 'seventies, I once shot a pelican in St. James's Park with a covered completely and, to the best of lery, Mr. WALTER GREAVES states that

my belief, is to-day not the least lively of the quartet which minister to the pleasure of the passers-by to-day. was the same pelican, I may add, which inspired EDWARD LEAR'S lines :-

"Pluffskin, Ploffskin, Pelican Jill, I think so then and I thought so still."

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, AN ORIGINAL MEMBER OF THE OLD PELICAN CLUB.

THE WONDERS OF CHELSEA.

DEAR SIR,-In his Notes on Old thought it might be lucky, you know, catapult. I am glad to say that the Chelsea in the catalogue of his pictures like a black cat, so I did. And now I bird, though wounded in the pouch, re- now being exhibited at the Goupil Gal-

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DEAR SIR,-I note that in his recently published volume of Reminiscences, the Duke DE STACPOOLE observes that his wife's uncle shot snipe on the Cadogan Estate as late as the year 1830. I think it only right to inform said. And don't you forget to put your shirt on Captain Cuttle for the Derby.' It hadn't been my intention, but I thought it might be lucky, you know, like a black cat, so I did. And now I bird, though wounded in the pouch, relief to put your shirts."

DEAR SID, Chelsea in the catalogue of his pictures now being exhibited at the Goupil Gallows to put your shirts. Evoe.

my belief, is to-day not the least lively of the quartet which minister to the pleasure of the passers-by to-day. It was the same pelican, I may add, which inspired Edward Lear's lines :-

"Pluffskin, Ploffskin, Pelican Jill, I think so then and I thought so still,"

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, AN ORIGINAL MEMBER OF THE OLD PELICAN CLUB.

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House Agent (who has taken particulars of country cottage with a view to a summer let, to owner). "Well, we shall do our best for you, Sir; but I should like to ask your good lady not to roll that bit of grass."

Owner, "Why not?"

House Agent, "WELL, SIR, WE WOULD LIKE IN OUR ADVERTISEMENT TO MENTION 'UNDULATING LAWNS,'"

his father shot porpoises in Chelsea Reach. No date is given for the exploit, but it was probably in the 'thirties or 'forties. I am surprised, however, that he makes no mention of a much more remarkable feat of marksmanship achieved by WHISTLER in the 'sixties and recorded by Mr. Joseph Pen-NELL in his recent volume. WHISTLER kept a duck-punt on the river, and one night after a late supper he went out and succeeded in bagging a very fine Bombay Duck which had escaped from the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. The bird was afterwards stuffed and is, I believe, now in the possession of that veteran sportsman, Sir Bertram Bowlong, the uncle of the Duchess de Blacpoole.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, VERAX.

A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.

Dean Sir,—My father, who died in 1879, told me that when a very young man he distinctly remembers flushing a covey of capercailzie on Primrose Hill. I cannot help thinking that the brightening of our beloved Metropolis, of which we hear so much in the papers, would be greatly assisted if these splendid birds could be induced once more to roost on that picturesque eminence.

I am, Sir, Yours obediently, SAPPHIRA PHIBSON.

A NEW USE FOR THE ZOO.

DEAR SIR,—Why should sportswomen or sportsmen in search of big game be obliged to go to the ends of the earth, or, at any rate, as far as Somaliland, to gratify their instincts and exhibit their skill? I have long been of opinion that the problem could be economically solved by the process of occasionally letting loose all the animals from the Zoological Gardens. To begin with, it would satisfy the humanitarian impulses of all those generous people who resent the keeping of wild beasts in captivity. Secondly, it would brighten London by providing excitement and riskthe salt of modern life. And thirdly it would furnish sport to those equipped with weapons of precision. The experiment might be attended with a certain number of casualties. but they would not be likely to prove more numerous than those caused every day by the reckless driving of inconsiderate motorists. I regret to say that neither Lady Astor nor Mrs. WINTRINGHAM, to whom I have already communicated the suggestion, has evinced any desire to promote the necessary legislation, but I am not without the hope that you, Sir, may exert your powerful influence in its support.

Believe me to be, Yours appreciatively, Léonie Messalina Sanguinetti.

VICTORIAN VIRILITY.

DEAR Sin .- It is the fashion to deride the Victorians for their namby-pamby sentiment, and their shrinking from the display of primitive passions and emotions. I cannot agree. One of my earliest recollections is that of seeing an acrobat discharged nightly from the mouth of a cannon—a performance which Georgian public opinion would probably condemn as dangerous and even cruel. My grandfather not only shot snipe in Belgrave Square and grouse in Battersea Fields, but used to indulge in badger-baiting on Wimbledon Common long before it was abandoned to the activities of the marksman and the golfer. To-day, by a strange reversal, it is only decadent and degenerate writers who display ferocity with their pens, while our able-bodied youth are given over to indulgence in pastimes in which the maximum of agility is combined with the minimum of risk.

I am, Sir, Yours respectfully, JOSEPH BAGSHOT.

A Piano-tuner's advertisement :-

"To customers who are changing tuners without any reasons such customers should require my services again, my charges to them would be double or total refusal."

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by-and-by will make the music
mute."



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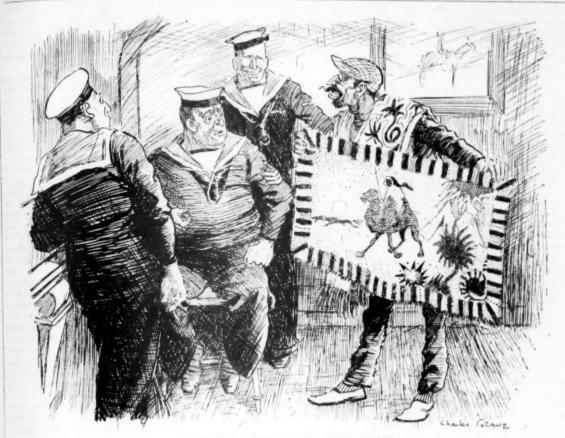
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THE HALF-PROMISED LAND.





HOW TO GET ON IN THE NAVY.

Sailor. "But look 'ere, Rufus. Supposin' I did buy if, what am I going to do with a flamin' calico camel?" Rug Merchant. "You putta da mat in da Capitan's cabin, an' da Capitan so pleased that he givva you da promotion."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 29th .- At a pinch hour or so on their Allotments Bill, a our great cities. measure which appears to be capable of infinite amendment. To day they got it through Report, and subsequently Thus Lords DENMAN and NOVAR spoke he should get the Act repealed. especially of the needs of Australia, the Empire should denude the British postponed sine die. countryside of its best workers; but agriculture was depressed they would day sentenced "Horatio Bottomley, bound, supported the "capital levy,"

and it was better they should go to fill to seven years' penal servitude. the open spaces of the Dominions than Peers can always spend a profitable add to the congestion in the slums of ness. No one would care to leave the

In the Commons Mr. Baldwin underwent his usual cross-examination over the Safeguarding of Industries Act. I gave a Second Reading to the Empire | really believe he is beginning to enjoy Settlement Bill. All the ex-proconsuls explaining such conundrums as why gave it their blessing and directed the empty bottles are liable to taxation and particular attention of its promoters to not full ones; at any rate he paid no the provinces over which they had attention to Mr. WILL THORNE'S kindly recently had the honour of ruling, suggestion that to save himself trouble

the House and answered a few Queswhich must have a much larger population if it is to remain "white," and tions. As two of these related to the the Duke of Devonshire was greatly high price of beer, and as the right hon. concerned about the demand in Canada gentleman held out no hope in his an-

certainly migrate from the country, a member of the House of Commons,"

The heart knoweth its own bitter-House of Commons for the dock; Sir Ernest Wild can hardly bear to leave it for the Bench. With almost unnecessarv wealth of detail the new Recorder of London explained how he had hoped, like most of his predecessors in that distinguished office, to continue his membership of that honourable House, and how dis aliter visum; in other words the LORD CHANCELLOR wouldn't have it.

In moving the rejection of the Finance The PRIME MINISTER came down to Bill, Colonel Wedgwood assigned some credit to the Labour Party for not having taken the same course before. Apparently their view was that so long as Budgets imposed taxation-mostly for lumbermen. Lord Selborne was a swer of an early reduction, it is assumed on other people—they were tolerable; little disturbed lest the attractions of that the General Election has been but that to lower the income-tax, an impost falling, as everybody knows, almost The Speaker read a letter from Mr. exclusively on the idle rich, was an Lord Chawford very wisely said that if Justice Salter stating that he had that outrage. Of course "Josh," as in duty asked for a definition of wealth, to reply, which came from all parts of the House for three-halfpence, it costs two-pence "Wealth is that which is produced by were, I think, inspired not only by his Labour out of Land.

Sir Robert Horne's defence was practically that finance depended upon circumstances, and that he had done the best he could with the means at his disposal. As for the capital levy he prophesised that any Chancellor of the Exchequer who tried it would find himself in the unhappy plight of Tantalus: if he tried to pluck the rare and refreshing fruit that hung over the Pactolian stream it would remove itself out of his reach.

The Second Reading of the Finance Bill was carried by 163 votes to 21.

Tuesday, May 30th.—The House of Lords is so accustomed to receiving new members that as a rule it takes little interest in the old-fashioned ceremony attending their in-

Occasionally, however, the new Peer cal treats in store. reflects as much lustre upon the Gilded

and Peeresses, Privy Councillors and M.P.'s who came to see ARTHUR BALFOUR become an Earl, there must have been a few-the new Peer himself and his old colleagues, Lord LANSDOWNE and, Lord CHAPLIN-who remembered the corresponding ceremony in 1877, when BENJAMIN DIS-RAELI blossomed into the Earl of BEACONSFIELD. As on that occasion, an Earl of DERBY was one of the new Peer's sponsors. But they had a more sprightly novice to deal with than their predecessors of forty-five years ago. Actually "ARTHUR" is a year or two older than "DIZZY" was on that occasion. But you would never have guessed it from the easy grace of his genuflection to the LORD CHAN-CELLOR (who thoroughly

the pet nostrum of his new party, but clearness and volume of his voice Pease announced that the Irish Post I think he showed more zeal for his as he recited the Oath. When, having Office had decided not to adopt the old love, the taxation of land, and he doffed his ermine, he took his seat on British reductions. Accordingly, while was obviously delighted, when someone the Government Bench, the cheers a letter from England to Ireland goes



THE SWAN OF UPTON GIVES A LONG FAREWELL. SIR ERNEST WILD.

troduction, picturesque though it is. past services, but by a hope of oratori- | years.

Chamber as he receives from it; and own Government would be so lightly his Bill without a division. then his introduction becomes an taxed as to be the Paradise of the New event. In the great assemblage of Peers Poor has receded a little. Mr. Pike awaited statements on Ireland were

On the ground of expense Mr. CHURCHILL declined the request that he should "issue as a White Paper particulars of the concessions in Palestine granted to Mr. Pinhas M. Rutenberg," but undertook to place them in the Library.

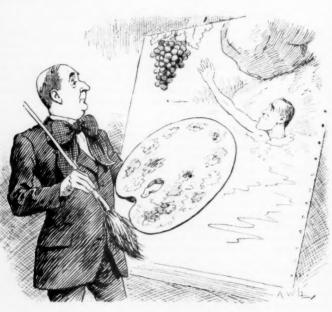
The Ministry of Transport apparently acquired so much momentum from Sir Eric GEDDES that it now goes on of its own accord. Nevertheless the production of a Bill by Mr. NEAL enabling dock companies to increase their charges caused some surprise. Mr. A. Shaw seemed to think it positively indecent that the Parliamentary Secretary of a moribund Department should "with a specious air of immortality" promote a measure which assumed its continued existence for the next three For one in articulo mortis Mr.

NEAL showed astonishing vigour in The prospect that Ireland under its reply, and got a Second Reading for

Wednesday, May 31st .- The long-

made in both Houses, but as the Commons met at 11 A.M. Mr. CHURCHILL got a long start of Lord BIRKENHEAD. Considering the counter-attractions of Epsom the Co-LONIAL SECRETARY had quite a good audience. In the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery were Messrs. GRIFFITHS and Collins, whose strange compact with Mr. DE VALERA for an agreed election was the main theme of Mr. Church-ILL's speech.

Apparently it was hoped that the compact would render it possible to separate the politicians from the bandits; and unless it did so there would be nothing to counterbalance its obvious disadvantages. Already it had imperilled the hope of an understanding between Northand South on which the peace of Ireland depended.



DESIGN FOR A WEDGWOOD TANTALUS.

[Answering Colonel Wedgwood and others, Sir Robert Horne said that enjoyed the humour of the story of Tantalus would be reproduced if any attempt were made to snatch the situation) or from the at capital by means of a levy. The capital would disappear.] 22.

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There were hints here and there that the Government were preparing to take drastic action if it should become necessary; but on this point Mr. Churchill declined to give any explicit information, and he advised the House not to press for it until after Whitsuntide, when it would be possible to take a more searching view. Meantime we must go on believing that the Free State leaders were doing their best. That was not only the best way to help them to establish their authority, but also would ensure us the sympathy of the rest of the world.

The speech was in fact a plea for wait and see " tactics by the Minister whose impulsiveness is a by-word, and as such it secured the high approval of Mr. Asquith, who expressed his "unqualified admiration" of it. As he showed, we were "at the critical stage of a great and generous experiment, and ought to do nothing to increase the difficulties. Needless to say, Colonel GRETTON, the leader of the Die-Hards, did not agree with him. But the House as a whole took the advice, and de-Whitsuntide would bring forth in Ireland, hoping for the best and fearing the worst.

A DAY OUT.

TO A HATCH OF MAY-FLY.

DAINTILY delicate darlings that dust Shallow and deep with your elegant numbers.

Carried on summer-time's kindliest

Every kingcup your company cumbers:

Oh, you're part of the tune Of this morning of June,

When Mammon is dead and Care slumbers.

Clad in the gossamer green of the

Gaily we greet you and make you ovation

Swallows and fat yellow trout and ourselves

Watch your advance with divine expectation:

What though we say You are joys of a day?

So are half the nice things in crea-

parted for its holidays, wondering what Dance then, you darlings; swing high or swing low;

grass is:

Ere it comes eve here's a moral to know

Equally ours and your carnival masses'

Putting it pat,

Since we end as "spent gnat," Tired of the twirligig, borne away flat, It's play while we can, dears, remembering that,

And that every holiday passes.

Notice in West-end shop :-"STARTLING REDUCTIONS IN MOTOR MASCOTS."

Then it is true that the cost of living is coming down at last.

From the report of a municipal meeting:-

"Mr. —, contractor for keeping the town clerk in repair, wrote, etc."—Irish Paper.

Rather a speculative business in Ireland just now.

"Caravan (large converted pantechnicon); new double bed, cooking stove, etc.; every convenience; in private garden; Benfleet, Essex (can move Canvey Island)." Daily Paper.

But this pantechnicon will find the May-fly, like all flesh, the merest of island much heavier to move than furniture.

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THE PARAGONS.

Some artists are so unpractical, live so far removed from ordinary life and its needs, that they are not the best of hosts. Needing little themselves and keeping no fixed hours, they get into the way of forgetting that less gifted men require comfort and rhythmical nourishment.

But Parkes is not like that. Parkes, who is not dependent upon his brush, respects the time-table and abhors a vacuum equally in himself and his guests. This perhaps is because, as certain less fortunate craftsmen say, he is more of a painter than an artist. I am not, however, concerned with causes, only with tinued," was the gardener. He too was the effect, and the effect is a general a treasure. He allowed me to pick my feeling of well-being when one is under own fruit and flowers. He mowed the cousins in the kitchen. Parkes's roof.

I was there the other day.

One of the pleasures of visiting a friend who is also a collector is sending one's eyes on voyages of discovery to learn what is

"Hullo!" yousay, "that little water-colour wasn't there when I was here last." "So it was you," you say, "who bought that DAUMIER at CHRISTIE'S.'

"What a lovely piece of red lacquer!" you say, turning to another recent trouvaille, "What luck you have!"

Things like that.

On this occasion there was not so much that was fresh until I came to Parkes's own little study,

of the walls. They were what are called never ill. He didn't say that he must kit-cats, or less than half-length, and have two boys to help him. four were men and four were of the sex that is alleged to be gentler. They were all pleasant-looking but not exactly distinguished, and I couldn't place them. They were too modern to be ancestors; they suggested no relationship either to each other or to Parkes. They were, I felt sure, not public characters.

Parkes was evidently amused by my interest.

"Those portraits," he said. "They puzzle you?

"A little," I replied. "I don't know who they are, and yet I feel as if I ought to know. Something faintly familiar. No, not exactly familiar. 'Desirable' is perhaps the better word. But do tell me."

said. "Servants of mine. I painted them.

"They 're not with you now?" I asked.

" No," he said, " not now. The man at the end was a chauffeur. A capital chap. I miss him every day. He drove steadily and surely. He never jerked the car and he changed his gears without fuss; he saw that the windows would open and close easily; he knew the way. Perhaps his most noticeable quality was his willingness to go slowly. He was never cross, not even when I told him to go back. His bill for repairs was almost nothing a month.

"The man next to him," Parkes con-

had them mended. If I dropped a collar stud it didn't matter because he always had another. He never spoke first. He was a misogynist. I once overheard him saying something about me which led me to suppose that I might have been a hero to him." "And the maids," I remarked, "they

look as if they were exceptional too.'

"They were," he said. "The cook there, on the left, she was splendid. She used to send up the most delicious things. Her omelettes were a dream. Her salads were like a Frenchwoman's. Nothing was ever sodden. Nothing was late. Everything was hot. She gave me something attractive for break. fast every day. She knew how to bake bacon in the oven. She had no male

"And those other girls were so good too. Particularly the last, the parlourmaid. Her discretion was wonderful. And she was so clever with the telephone; almost a secretary. Pretty too, wasn't she?

I said that she was. Almost perilously so. He sighed.

"But what I can't understand," I said, "is how they came to leave you. Because you're so jolly with all your people. They must have realised they were well-placed. Why did they leave? Not merely one, but all?

"They didn't," he said. "But I haven't seen any of them," I exclaimed. "Quite the reverse." I might have added.

" No," he said. I gave it up.

" It 's like this," he said ; " they didn't leave because they were never here. They were never here because they never existed. They're the servants we all want and can't find. The ideal. I painted them to remind me of perfection. The Greeks surrounded themselves with statues of the loveliest women and the comeliest men; so why shouldn't I try to get a humane influence from these perfect ministrants and live, so to speak, in the benediction of their aura?

"'Myes," I replied. "But I should have thought that the difference between these and the servants we have to put up with would have been so unsatisfactory as to cause too much melancholy.

He groaned. "Then you noticed at lunch how cold the claret was?" he



The Doctor, "IF YOU ARE TROUBLED WITH SLEEPLESSNESS YOU OUGHT TO TAKE SOMETHING SOLID BEFORE GOING TO BED."

The Patient. "WHY, DOCTOR, THAT'S EXACELY WHAT YOU ONCE FOR-BADE ME TO DO."

The Doclor, "Ah, that was two years ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

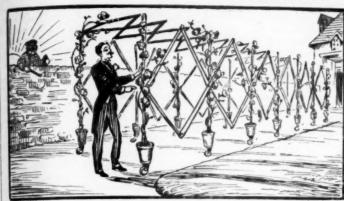
where my roving gaze alighted upon a lawn cheerfully every other day. His set of portraits grouped together on one children didn't scream. His wife was

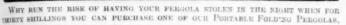
> "The third man was the butler," said Parkes. "A priceless fellow. You could trust him not to shake the claret, not to decant too much. More, you could trust him to take the chill off without mulling it. He may have helped himself a little freely, but that doesn't matter. A butler ought to know what his wines taste like. You know how a man sometimes will pour out the last glass of hock all muddy. Well, he never did that. He always saw that the soda-water was on the ice too."

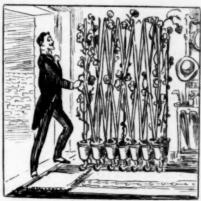
"You were lucky." I said. He smiled an odd smile.

"The other man," he went on, "was my valet. No one could have had a better. He saw that I never ran out of cigarettes or cigars; he watched my "It's a group of servants," he socks; he found holes in gloves and asked.

PERGOLAMANIA.







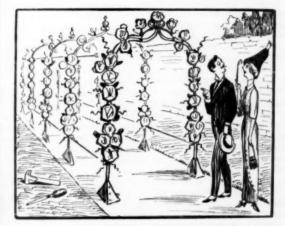
AND TAKE IT INDOORS EVERY EVENING AT DUSK?



ANOTHER ADVANTAGE ABOUT OUR PORTABLE FOLDING PERGOLA IS THAT WHEN YOU GO AWAY TO THE SEASIDE YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH 100 AND SET IT UP ON THE BEACH AND SIT BENEATH ITS GRATEFUL SHADE. REMEMBER, ONLY THIRTY SHILLINGS.



TO THOSE, HOWEVER, WHO PREFER IT WE CAN SUPPLY THE UNFORTABLE ARTICLE AS ABOVE. PREEHOLD PERSOLA. LOVELY SITUATION, GRAVEL SOIL; ALSO ADJOINING RESIDENCE IF DESIRED.



BUT WHY BOTHER WITH MESSY REAL ROSES, WHEN WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH ONE OF OUR ALL-IRON, GALVANIZED, UNSHRINK-ABLE, WEATHER-PROOF PERGOLAS (FLOWERS PAINTED TWO COATS WITH LIFELIKE EFFECT AT FOUR SHILLINGS THE FOOT)?

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noticed at was?" he E. V. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"EILEEN" (GLOBE).

WHEN Eileen Bellamy suddenly decided to retire from the boards into rural obscurity at the height of her success and while still a mere chicken as actresses go (or stay), she gave two reasons for this unusual departure. To give two was rather wasteful, for either of them by itself would have been sufficiently improbable for stage say that if one thing more than another arrange to have the liaison revived. share of the acting, was very sound.

was likely to make her pursue, for solace, the distractions of play-acting, it would be a blow like that. The second reason was that she had resolved to leave off in good time, before her attractions began to wane, and not "lag superfluous on the stage. Precedents based on this motive are so rare, and so very seldom found apart from happy domestic conditions, that I need not insist upon its unlikeliness.

Her next course, while betraying a very probable egoism, showed also a greater lack of imagination than one would expect in a woman who presumably had made it her business to interpret character on the stage. She has a grown-up son (legitimate) in France, of whose existence she has for years taken no cognisance. It might be amusing to develop her maternal instincts, hitherto sadly neglected; so she requests him (by wire) to come and live with her. Not for a

in a bit of a house that has been left to her in a remote district of Ireland (of all places) will satisfy the ideas of a son in the full vigour of manhood and accustomed to the urban amenities of France. But, under the delusion that he is being invited to share the luxurious menage of a popular actress and cut a gay figure in London Society, he comes. And with him he brings an ill-bred wife and a small son.

The first shock over, Eileen recognises in this revelation of her grandmotherhood something to fortify her resolve to fix an age-limit for her exit. So off they start the very same evening

heard of Sinn Fein). She finds every thing delightful, including the filthiest weather; rain indeed so persistent that it has to be permanently recorded on the painted scene. For the young people, however, it means mere desolation, and they sustain a boredom which not even the good-humour of a genial priest can dissipate. (How pathetic it is to see these old traditions of the Irish priesthood survive on the stage!)

purposes. One reason was that her of Eileen's renegate lover, who, quaintly lover (she had also a husband some- enough, regards himself as having been where) had announced his intention to deserted by her. His marriage is off, Mr. Dion Bouckault, though perhaps marry and se ranger. Yet you would and he would be obliged if she would a little too anxious about doing his

MASELDEN

ADOPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

Eileen MISS IRENE VANBRUGH. Edward (her son) MR. JACK HOBBS. Lucette (his wife) MISS HELEN SPENCER.

moment does she consider whether life | She struggles with success against this | divorced may in her home life be a patold passion; but the other passion—the tern of domesticity, living only for her ruling one-prevails, and the reading husband, her children (twins, it may be), of a play with a fat part in it for her determines her to go back to the stage. So, having left it for two reasons, she returns to it for one; but this time it stupid and egoistic and unimaginative was a probable reason, and at last, by as any of us, I really don't think it is the end of the Second Act, we began worth doing. faintly to regard her as human.

Also we were permitted a little fun -not very intoxicating-over the necessity, for professional purposes, of giving out that her son was her brother. And there was some humour, toothough not, I think, designed-in the suddenness with which this young man of the above paragraph, "please tell for Rosscorthy. Here she proposes to plunges into a course of dissipation, farm "or do," as she says, "whatever to the more ascetic atmosphere of 375 feet."

France; Eileen being thus left free to renew her relations with her lover. But as we only knew of the original liaison by report, and indeed hadn't set eyes on the gentleman till the middle of the Second Act, and had never really been in the least concerned as to what happened to anybody, this conclusion left us unmoved.

As Eileen Miss IRENE VANBRUGH'S personal fascination and delicate tech-A diversion is caused by the arrival nique triumphed over a part in which she could hardly have believed. As Montague Bax, her faithful servitor.

> and there was at least one moment when he came near to touching my hard heart. Miss Rosina Filippi made the rough fidelity of " Coley' (a sort of maid-companion) seem as easy as breathing: but that was only because she happens to be a great artist. Mr. Jack Hobbs, who played the son, was a little sticky at first (as well he might be); but he developed an admirable assurance. The rest were excellent; indeed the performance was far too good for the play, adapted by Mr. H. M. HARWOOD (I can't think why) from the French of Messrs. Bousquer and ARMONT.

Dramas that expose the private life of an actress are supposed to be rather intriguing; but I honestly think we are best without them. It is no doubt an excellent thing that the Kodak press should let it be known that a lady who on the stage is encumbered with a lurid past or has the habit of being

her flowers and her dogs. But when a popular idol of the limelight is shown (under the same limelight) to be as

I am all for keeping my illusionsnone too many as it is.

"Holderness created a championship record with a huge drive of over 300 feet to the eighteenth."-Evening Paper.

"Dear Mr. Punch," writes the sender

1922.

free to lover. original dn't set middle er really to what nclusion BRUGH'S te techn which red. As servitor. perhaps oing his sound, east one me near d heart. 'I made · Coley ipanion) eathing: because a great BBS, who a little well he eveloped nce. The indeed s far too apted by (I can't French ET and



From a cricket report :-- "After luncheon, Robinson was quite unflayable, neither batsman being able to get him away."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Whenever my gratitude to the Coalition wanes, I pull myself together and recall that exquisite poster of the all-British father displaying War Bonds before the glittering eyes of his little son and daughter which used to enliven the bank of which I was, in the days of the Great War, what the ornithologists call a "shy frequenter." In the Aged Uncle and the Seven Young Nephews of Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC's incomparable new romance of the financial picaresque, The Mercy of Allah (CHATTO AND WINDUS), I recognize the benign complacency of the old investor and the acquisitive sparkle of the young ones in a curious and original Levantine setting. Once a week, at the hour of the public executions, the seven lads, sons of a poor surgeon of Bagdad, appear before their uncle the millionaire to hear how his "unceasing appetite to snatch and hold," combined with "that profound mystery, the Mercy of God," have established his favour with the masses and their governors. destroyed the middle classes and left him "with what supreme wealth alone can give, The Strong Peace of the Soul." The ups and downs of his career, from its earliest deals in pearls and pipkins to its final exploiting of a creative enthusiast (than whom Allah presents nothing more lucrative to the financier), are told with the irony of Gulliver in the language of Rasselas. The Seventh Nephew is worthy of a monograph to himself.

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Lonely Lady (GRANT RICHARDS) is exactly what its title would lead me to imagine. That is to say it is somewhat perfunctorily bizarre and quite resolutely and tenaciously sentimental. It has a wistful old Englishman and a shrewd managing old Frenchwoman whose only daughter deserts the paternal cabbage-fields for the stage and sends back another only daughter (inevitably the filia pulchrior) to be reared by the grand-parents on the same provincial lines. It has this daughter Eve's escape to England, her sojourn in a haunted vicarage, her courtship by a stalwart young artist (Adam, of course), the tender supervision of the Lonely Lady (a local enigma whose own happiness has been dashed by a matrimonial misunderstanding) and the marriage of Adam and Eve. It has the death of Eve's mother on her daughter's wedding-tour, a piece of stagemanagement which enables that unrepentant prodigal to be carried, an exquisite corpse, into the polished parlour of the original little house among the cabbage-fields. And it has also the very touching romance of Eve's vicarage host and hostess, which, if Miss CLOSE could only have refrained from double-crossing its t's and double-dotting its i's, would have lent an element of real charm to a book over-lavish of spurious attractions.

It has been remarked that we are not, as a race, good haters. We seem unable to keep up the proper spirit for any length of time; and various publicists trace from this fact our greatness or our decay, according to their several convictions. Reading the Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany, issued in this country by Thornton Butterworth, I confess that passages here and there moved me

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AT THE PLAY.

"EILEEN" (GLOBE).

WHEN Eileen Bellamy suddenly decided to retire from the boards into rural obscurity at the height of her success and while still a mere chicken as actresses go (or stay), she gave two reasons for this unusual departure. To give two was rather wasteful, for either of them by itself would have been sufficiently improbable for stage purposes. One reason was that her lover (she had also a husband somewhere) had announced his intention to deserted by her. His marriage is off, Mr. Dion Bouchault, though perhaps marry and se ranger. Yet you would and he would be obliged if she would a little too anxious about doing his say that if one thing more than another arrange to have the liaison revived. share of the acting, was very sound.

was likely to make her pursue, for solace, the distractions of play-acting, it would be a blow like that. The second reason was that she had resolved to leave off in good time, before her attractions began to wane, and not "lag superfluous on the stage." Precedents based on this motive are so rare, and so very seldom found apart from happy domestic conditions, that I need not insist upon its unlikeliness.

Her next course, while betraying a very probable egoism, showed also a greater lack of imagination than one would expect in a woman who presumably had made it her business to interpret character on the stage. She has a grown-up son (legitimate) in France, of whose existence she has for years taken no cognisance. It might be amusing to develop her maternal instincts, hitherto sadly neglected; so she requests him (by wire) to come and live with her. Not for a

in a bit of a house that has been left to her in a remote district of Ireland (of all places) will satisfy the ideas of a son in the full vigour of manhood and accustomed to the urban amenities of France. But, under the delusion that he is being invited to share the luxurious menage of a popular actress and cut a gay figure in London Society, he comes. And with him he brings an ill-bred wife and a small son.

The first shock over, Eileen recognises in this revelation of her grandmotherhood something to fortify her resolve to fix an age-limit for her exit. So off they start the very same evening

heard of Sinn Fein). She finds every thing delightful, including the filthiest weather; rain indeed so persistent that it has to be permanently recorded on the painted scene. For the young people, however, it means mere desolation, and they sustain a boredom which not even the good-humour of a genial priest can dissipate. (How pathetic it is to see these old traditions of the Irish priesthood survive on the stage!)

A diversion is caused by the arrival of Eileen's renegate lover, who, quaintly she could hardly have believed. As enough, regards himself as having been

ADOPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

. Miss Irene Vanbrugh. Eileen . Edward (her son) MR. JACK HOBBS. Lucette (his wife) MISS HELEN SPENCER.

moment does she consider whether life | She struggles with success against this | divorced may in her home life be a patold passion; but the other passion—the ruling one-prevails, and the reading of a play with a fat part in it for her determines her to go back to the stage. So, having left it for two reasons, she returns to it for one; but this time it was a probable reason, and at last, by the end of the Second Act, we began faintly to regard her as human.

Also we were permitted a little fun not very intoxicating-over the necessity, for professional purposes, of giving out that her son was her brother. And there was some humour, toothough not, I think, designed-in the suddenness with which this young man of the above paragraph, "please tell for Rosscorthy. Here she proposes to plunges into a course of dissipation, me how t farm "or do," as she says, "whatever to the more ascetic atmosphere of 375 feet." plunges into a course of dissipation, me how to enter for the championship. which entails his return, with family, I once, with the wind behind me, drove

France; Eileen being thus left free to renew her relations with her lover, But as we only knew of the original liaison by report, and indeed hadn't set eyes on the gentleman till the middle of the Second Act, and had never really been in the least concerned as to what happened to anybody, this conclusion left us unmoved.

As Eileen Miss IRENE VANBRUGH'S personal fascination and delicate technique triumphed over a part in which Montague Bax, her faithful servitor.

> and there was at least one moment when he came near to touching my hard heart. Miss Rosina Filippi made the rough fidelity of " Coley" (a sort of maid-companion) seem as easy as breathing: but that was only because she happens to be a great artist. Mr. JACK HOBBS, who played the son, was a little sticky at first (as well he might be); but he developed an admirable assurance. The rest were excellent; indeed the performance was far too good for the play, adapted by Mr. H. M. HARWOOD (I can't think why) from the French of Messrs. Bousouer and ARMONT.

Dramas that expose the private life of an actress are supposed to be rather intriguing; but I honestly think we are best without them. It is no doubt an excellent thing that the Kodak press should let it be known that a lady who on the stage is encumbered with a lurid past or has the habit of being

tern of domesticity, living only for her husband, her children (twins, it may be), her flowers and her dogs. But when a popular idol of the limelight is shown (under the same limelight) to be as stupid and egoistic and unimaginative as any of us, I really don't think it is worth doing.

I am all for keeping my illusionsnone too many as it is.

"Holderness created a championship record with a huge drive of over 300 feet to the eighteenth."—Evening Paper.

"Dear Mr. Punch," writes the sender

1922.

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From a cricket report :- "AFTER LUNCHEON, ROBINSON WAS QUITE UNFLAVABLE, NEITHER BATSMAN BEING ABLE TO GET HIM AWAY."

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to a certain compassion; and in order to recapture something strange, is emphatically one of the sort that does get into of the old feeling with which we used to regard the "Little print. It is what Big Jim would describe as "a darned Willie" of war-time it was necessary to turn to one of the stiff yarn"-a blend of a Jules Verne adventure story numerous photographs of the author with which his book is and Poe's Descent into the Maelström. studded. And even then I found that perennial grin rather fatuous than wicked. Clearly it annoyed some of his own countrymen; he refers sadly to those German journalists practice of republishing the fugitive first-night impressions, who called him "the laughing murderer of Verdun." Among the fisherfolk and peasants of Wieringen he has succeeded at length (by his own account) in living down the slanders circulated by the mendacious Press of the Through the Fourth Wall (Chapman and Hall), contain Entente. In these Memoirs he appears a pattern to princes, possibly too fond of riding and sport in general, but a lively wit. Nor is he afraid of setting himself difficult model of the domestic virtues, a Paladin in the field, a problems—and solving them, which takes a fine courage: Nestor in the council-chamber. If the so-called statesmen nor in general of being dogmatic in a pleasant way. A who stood at the helm in those dark days of 1914 had only critic's besetting temptation is to hedge, and criticism can listened to him! He knew, though it was hid from the never be of value if there be a mean refusal to take risks. purblind view of Bethmann-Hollweg, that England could I should like to be allowed to pay Mr. Darlington the (1 never consent to forgo this opportunity of crushing her hope not too back-handed) compliment of saying that he

great commercial rival. GREY, interviewed at the time of KING George's coronation, had as good as told him that nothing would satisfy us but worlddomination. In short, it is clear that the Ex-CROWN PRINCE might have saved his country and Europe could be have got a hearing. Officialdom triumphed -and Europe must be content with these Memoirs.

The aftermath of the War at sea has endless possibilities in the way of romance, and Mr. FREDERICK SLEATH, the author of A Breaker of Ships (Hutchinson), has had the happy idea of turning some of them to account in a series

Though one may reasonably hesitate to approve a general occasional articles and reviews of dramatic critics in solemn book form, one gladly allows that Mr. W. A. DARLINGTON'S comments, collected from The Daily Telegraph under title many interesting ideas and judgments expressed with a lively wit. Nor is he afraid of setting himself difficult

could write a helpful book on the theatre, which I would frankly rather read than these collected snippets. I have a feeling that he has not given his excellent teeth sufficiently tough food to bite on. . . He has my gratitude for urging the need of sounder elocution in our players of to-day.

Dr. R. W. G. BISHOP. the author of My Moorland Patients (MUR-RAY), spent many years of his most active life as a doctor in the moorland country of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. In 1915 he was stricken by a painful disease, and this book was written during the last year of his life (he died on December 31st, 1921).

It is indeed well that with many deliciously humorous stories thrown in. A moorsider, when asked how he spent his hours of leisure, replied, "Ah sits an' smokes an' thinks; sometimes Ah sits an' thinks; an' sometimes Ah just sits." On the whole one gets the impression that the Doctor's patients were a tough lot to deal with, but he understood and sympathised with them. Not only did he relieve much suffering, but he also gained the friendship of men who, in spite of all their faults,



Convict 99. "Do not be alarmed, dearest. I have escaped and I must HAVE A SUIT OF CLOTHES TO GET AWAY IN. EVERY MOMENT IS PRECIOUS. His Wife. "OH, WHAT A PITY, JOHN! YOU DON'T LOOK NEARLY SO WELL IN CIVVIES.

of stories concerning Big Jim Martin, managing director in the intervals of acute suffering. and joint owner of the Carn Shipbreaking and Salvage he had the courage to face the task, for he was a man with Company. Big Jim certainly seems to have got rather a wonderful gift of observation, and from his pages we get a an undue proportion of surprise packets in the job lot he real knowledge of the canny people who were his patients, bought from the Government. His purchases generally demolish their own and other crews either piecemeal or wholesale, a habit which suggests that shipbreaking under such conditions should rank high among dangerous trades. Mr. SLEATH has a knack of telling a good yarn as undeniable as his eclectic taste in horrors. Moreover, he knows his subject well enough not to feel called upon to make an excessive parade of technicalities. But he works the element of coincidence rather too hard and too often in connecting were real men. It is a fine and a courageous record. up Big Jim's salvage jobs and his adventurous past, and he has an irritating way of leaving loose ends in his plots. What, for instance, had actually happened to the second Old Man of Craa? And what precisely was the significance of all the feminine gear in the cabins of the Arctic Belle? One of Mr. SLEATH's characters shrewdly remarks, "The strangest stories of the sea are the truest, and they seldom the concluding story of the collection, though certainly stay on after she has washed.

Opening of Smith Minor's essay on "A Penny":--

"On one side is the head of a man with some writing round it, and on the other is a figure commonly known as Tails."

"Black Country Girls (clean, respectable, domesticated), waiting situations."—Advt. in Midland Paper.

if ever get into print." It is to be feared, however, that It is something in these days for a girl's complexion to

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CHARIVARIA.

Russia is losing its nerve, says an essayist. This must be very sudden, for they certainly had it with them at Genoa.

During Lord NORTHCLIFFE's tour in Germany, it appears, he went under a opinion is that it was just like him not found this out, to adopt a nom de paix.

The Morning Post expresses surprise Mr. John Harrison, of the Observatory, Lately they have turned to "Did Lady

that Lord NORTHCLIFFE visited Germany without being recognised. One theory is that he walked into the place backwards, thus giving the impression that he was going home again.

There is no truth in the rumour that in future the kilts of the Atholl Highlanders, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S private regiment, are to extend to the ankle.

With reference to the suggestions of a General Election we can only say that nothing shall keep us from our duty of watching Japan.

It is some consolation to know that if the General Election is decided upon it cannot now come in time to clash with the coarse fishing season, which opens on the fifteenth.

A money prize is being offered in Petrograd for the man who does most for Russia this year. There should be an excellent chance for TROTSKY to win it by leaving the country.

"After all is said and done," says a contemporary, "where

concerned all is never said.

Agentleman connected with the stage writes that a millionaire is wanted for producing new operas. Many poor men before now have been wanted for much smaller crimes. * *

In connection with the Admiralty order providing for the retirement of officers who have bad tempers, one Thames bargee is open to accept engagements from officers who would by an expert.

For one half-crown you can buy 1,750,000 Russian roubles-unless of course you prefer to buy something useful with the money.

To order everything on the menu, says Dr. J. E. Elliot, of Montreal, is a great mistake. Those who have run through everything else and then ornom de guerre. In Downing Street the dered the printer's name have often

Mrs. Giles (ignorant of the latest form of stunt advertising). "Coom, Jarge, quick! One o' them woireless messages 'as caught foire."

matter." But surely our contemporary course of the Gulf Stream has been worry about these secondary details. should know that where women are altered. We prefer the more natural theory that it is due to the excellent arrangements made by Carmelite House.

> It is said that a certain glacier in Switzerland moves a hundred yards in a year. We have no glaciers in England, but those of us who employ plumbers will understand what this means.

a Croydon photographer now makes a film record of the proceedings and supplies the apparatus for showing it at home. It seems the very thing for dull Instead of the usual wedding-group like their swearing put out to be done home. It seems the very thing for dull evenings on the honeymoon.

A famous bishop recently wrote an article entitled "Why I am an Optimist." Weawaita prominent pessimist's explanation of "Why I am a Dean."

In a robin's nest on a Buckinghamshire farm a ten-shilling note has been found. Suspicion had been aroused by the bird's unusually flush appearance.

Not long ago correspondents of The Sunday Times were discussing the The exceptionally fine weather, says question, "Did Lady Macbeth Snore?"

> Macbeth Commit Suicide? We deplore these persistent attacks upon the memory of a woman who at least stopped short of autobiography.

"Cellaritis," according to The Daily News, is a term applied by doctors to a form of debility due to living in a house where there is an improperly cared-for cellar. Damp cellars, of course, are unhealthy; but some people get that tired feeling much sooner where the cellar contains insufficient moisture.

Ex-President TAFT, during his visit to England, intends to study the procedure in our Law Courts with a view to legal improvements in America. We trust that steps are being taken to copyright Mr. Justice DARLING.

The manager of a London hotel laundry recently advertised for a lady with a University degree for telephone duties. It takes a wrangler to get the right number.

Lord ROTHERMERE writes that he can see no alternative Prime Minister to Mr. LLOYD

women are concerned men do not Clapham, is due to the fact that the George. Lord Northcliffe doesn't

"Bag Golf Clubs; good." Advt. in Provincial Paper. Yes, but don't get caught doing it.

"Ruler Wants Sit; full time or temporary." Provincial Paper.

He might try Ireland, which is a fulltime job.

This scores off the caterpillars badly.

VOL. CLXII.

THE "PRIVATE PRIVATE" SECRETARY.

Being a reply to an applicant for the post (not vacant).

"The 'private private's' job calls for a woman's finesse. . . . It calls for an understanding of the man who is employing her, an intimate understanding of his weaknesses as well as his virtues."

The Times.

Madam, your favour of the 10th to band.

I note the subjects you're expert on;
You have a woman's tact, I understand,
And the degree of B.A. (Girton);
Also by your account you have, I see,
A sense of humour, swift and airy,
In fact I gather you were born to be
My private private secretary.

Alas! I cannot do as certain men
Who, lacking (like myself) for leisure,
Contrive to share their labours of the pen
With such as you—an obvious treasure;
Because for other eyes, howe'er discreet,
Some of the letters which arrive at
The portals of my bachelor's retreat
Might be a shade too private private.

Dealing with stuff that calls for no reply—
The proffered loan, the begging letter—
Upon your sterling gifts I should rely:
No one, I'm sure, could do it better;
For church bazaars or charity appeals,
A civic banquet's heavy session,
A Band-of-hope parade, one strongly feels
That one could trust your nice discretion;

But there are sentimental missives too,
In which your nose might seent a scandal;
These it would be embarrassing for you
(A spinster, I assume) to handle;
Go then, dear Madam, try some heart of stone,
Or soft as mine but more unwary;
I think it wiser to remain my own

O. S.

UNDER CAPRICORN.

Own private private secretary.

It began months ago, when I had the letter from the people in Alex.

"Alex.," by the way, is a sort of pet name for Alexandria. If you've been there, or want people to think you have, you always say "Alex."

Now the trouble with the people was their kind hearts and their long memories. Years and years ago I'd said a wish, like the humble hind in the fairy stories. I'd said my wish about slippers. I'd said I'd love to have a pair of those red pointed slippers that Arabian Knights wore.

When the people in Alex, were arranging to sail home to South Ken, they remembered my wish, and in due course they and the slippers arrived.

Well, I was delighted to see them, particularly when they took me out to dinner and told me Pyramid stories and all about asps and things, and I was cheered as a child when they presented the slippers. I never suspected any trouble.

Now you can take it from me that there is something in those stories about the Mystery of the East. The slippers had it. They were Djinn-ridden. I didn't realise this for some time, because, you see, I had a childish idea that slippers were meant to be worn. That's where I made a mistake.

These slippers weren't. They were meant to be treated with distant reverence. If you were them the Djinn got loose and began to protest in his subtle Eastern way.

It happened like this. About the seventh day after the moth out of my old uniform.

slippers possessed me I was shaving in the bath-room when I became conscious of something dimly mysterious. That was the Djinn protesting. At breakfast I asked my wife if we were having curry for lunch.

She said, "No. Why?" I said I didn't know, I just wondered.

Next morning at shaving-time the curry complex was aroused again. At breakfast my wife said she'd been into my dressing-room and was there a dead mouse under the boards?

I said, "No. Why?" She said she didn't know, she just wondered.

This sort of thing went on for a day or two until we began to be a bit afraid of things, but didn't like to mention it.

Several nights I Coued myself to sleep, saying every minute and every second that the curry complex was getting less and less in every respect. But it wasn't. It used to bob up aromatic as ever next morning.

I don't mind admitting that it got on my nerves. I used to go sniffing round the flat when my wife was out to see if I could trace it. Once I caught her doing the same thing and we both pretended that she had lost a brooch.

Then the General came to dinner.

The General arrived bluff and hearty. As he

The General arrived bluff and hearty. As he was taking off his coat he sniffed and said I was a splendid fellow and nothing would please him better.

I said I was glad about that. I hadn't the slightest idea what he was talking about, but you have to say something. When my wife arrived he said she was a clever little woman and it was kind of her to remember.

She didn't know what he was talking about either; she had a would-the-soup-be-burnt complex on her mind at the moment, I think; that 's why she gave the show away. She said, "What?"

He said "Curry." That did it. She broke down.

He said, "Come, come," and "There, there," and made other sounds appropriate to the occasion. And we all pretended to forget the haunting odour.

But after dinner, when we were going up to the drawingroom, he suddenly sprang smartly to attention and sniffed.
Then he turned on me and spoke quite hotly. He seemed
to forget that I'd been demobilized three years ago. He
said why did I tell him it was curry? He said it was nothing
of the kind. He said he hadn't lived in the East for forty
years without knowing that aroma.

Then he glowered at me and said did I keep goats?

I said "No," there was a clause in the lease against it, but he didn't believe me. He said that's what it was, and not curry.

Then he burst into my dressing-room to look for goats. He found some. Not goats exactly, but bits of them. He found my slippers.

He seemed to take it personally. He said what was I doing with them? He said hadn't I enough sense to know uncured goat-skin when I smelt it? He said only trippers owned such things and any fool might know it.

That ought to have laid the ghost, but it hasn't helped me much, because, you see, I don't know how to get rid of the aromatic things. It's most awkward. We were going to bury them, but I was afraid the cats would have them up. I daren't burn them because when they get warm they get more active than ever. It's like being a murderer and having the result on your hands. And I don't know of any deserving goatherd who wants a present.

Besides, even if I could get rid of them, there are those people from Alex. Any day they may be coming back to

South Ken, and will be sure to ask about them.

At the moment they re in the box-room keeping the moth out of my old uniform.

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THE HAPPY BORROWER; OR, SQUARING THE VICIOUS CIRCLE.

JOHN BULL. "BUT WHY SHOULD I LEND YOU ANYTHING, WHEN YOU ALREADY OWE ME A LOT?"

GERMANY. "AH, BUT YOU SEE, I COULD THEN PAY FRANCE MY DEBT, AND FRANCE COULD PAY YOU HER DEBT, AND SO WE SHOULD ALL BE QUITS."



Waiter. "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT THIS BILL-ER-DOESN'T INCLUDE THE WAITER. Provincial Party. "WELL, I DIDN'T EAT ANY WAITER, DID I?"

"A HIVE FOR THE HONEY-BEE,"

THE scene is a garden in early June. It has the usual things in it that one finds in a garden in June, but they are all feeling the drought. The Profound Thinker is discovered talking to his wife, who examines mournfully a wilted rose. They are both dressed for tennis. Quite suddenly a loud sizzling and humming noise is heard, rather like a kettle about to boil and rather like a distant aeroplane. In a moment the sky is half blotted out by circling and swooping things

The Profound Thinker (in undisguised terror). Whatever is happening? She. It's bees.

The P. T. (moving towards the Frenchwindow). We may be brave, but we must not be foolhardy. There seem to be millions of them. Completely out of hand-

She. It's all right. They're going to swarm.

The P. T. Yes; but where? I sort of knew if I put this beastly hairwash

She. They'll swarm in that appletree probably.

The P. T. (garrulous with fear). How can you tell? They're funny things, bees. I read in a paper the other day that some bees swarmed in a church-clock-

How doth the little busy bee Improve the shining hour

By getting mixed up with the works Inside the old clock-tower?

Or dead lions. "Out of the eater came forth meat." We haven't got a dead lion in the garden, have we?

She. No.

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swarm in the yew-hedge.

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She. I know what to do.

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She. The Vicar keeps bees.

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She. Good-bye.

The P. T. (still feeling strongly anti-clerical). Wilkinson!

Wilkinson (from over the wall, where he is hammering something). Yes. What is it?

The P. T. I say, you've got an old bee-hive, haven't you?

W. I have.

The P. T. Well, I happen to have a lot of jolly good bees if you'd like some.

W. Rather. I'm a bit busy now, though. Do you mind bringing them round?

The P. T. Well, I'm rather busy too ...

Thinking of rhymes for "honey." I thought if you could get a professional in the village, somebody who's been brought up amongst bees, man and boy you know anywhen these fifty

W. All right, I will. I'll get old Marley at once. He'll have to bring a bellows and a skep.

The P. T. (shouting). The blacksmith has a bellows.

W. (also shouting), Shut up!

The gate latch clicks. Enter an elderly man wearing golfing clothes, looking very warm and leading a bicycle.

The Elderly Man. Very sorry to trouble you, but I believe my bees have swarmed in your garden.

The P. T. (with hauteur and surprise). Your bees? A party of beautiful wild bees has swarmed in my garden, Sir. They're on the hedge there. That thing to the left of the chaffinch's nest. I was just going to put a bottle down to catch the honey-flow while I borrowed a hive. "Nine bean rows"-

The E. M. (mopping his forehead). Well, that's a relief. I've been chasing them for over an hour.

The P. T. (to a laburnum). Chasing bees! Tireless old sleuth! On a bicycle too. I should have thought the police . . . I see now why Sherlock Holmes became a bee-farmer. "The lithe-limbed bee-keeper was not to be baulked of his legitimate prey." (Turning to the E.M.) I suppose you're quite sure they are your bees, aren't you, Sir? Brown with gold markings. Blunt at the prow and pointed at the helm. I remember noticing a bee very much like one of these at Thumpingly last Thursday. On a lupin it was.

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She (triumphantly). The Vicar is coming to take the swarm in about twenty minutes.

The P. T. It is not possible, I suppose, that he is going to bring a skep and a bellows with him?

She. Hallo! I didn't know you knew till I find a piece of cardboard. anything about bees.

The P. T. We live and learn. As a matter of fact there has been rather with a placard). This ought to do: know.



THERE IS TALK OF A MOVEMENT FOR BRIGHTER SUITINGS FOR MEN. THE BATHING DRESS SEEMS A GOOD THING FOR MAKING A START.

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The P.T. (re-emerging after a minute After he had murdered Nemesis, you



Waiter. "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT THIS BILL-ER-DOESN'T INCLUDE THE WAITER. Provincial Party. "Well, I DIDN'T EAT ANY WAITER, DID I?"

"A HIVE FOR THE HONEY-BEE."

THE scene is a garden in early June. It has the usual things in it that one finds in a garden in June, but they are all feeling the drought. The Profound Thinker is discovered talking to his wife, who examines mournfully a wilted rose. They are both dressed for tennis. Quite suddenly a loud sizzling and humming noise is heard, rather like a kettle about to boil and rather like a distant aeroplane. In a moment the sky is half blotted out by circling and swooping

The Profound Thinker (in undisguised terror). Whatever is happening?

She. It's bees.

The P. T. (moving towards the Frenchwindow). We may be brave, but we must not be foolhardy. There seem to be millions of them. Completely out of hand-

She. It's all right. They're going to swarm.

The P. T. Yes; but where? I sort of knew if I put this beastly hairwash

She. They'll swarm in that appletree probably.

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NEW LIGHT ON THE HONOURS LIST.

(By a Student of Nomenclature.)

THE Birthday Honours List has been subjected to a good deal of discourteous and even acrimonious criticism. This attitude is not merely to be deplored as swelling the volume of discontent. It is also to be reprobated for its unfairness, since the List, if impartially studied, reveals the application of a new, wise and fruitful principle in the selection of the "decorands." We are weary of the recital of "public services" as the ground for promotion or decoration. It is high time that this method should be abandoned for the more philosophical and judicious plan of bestowing recognition on potential merit rather than actual achievement. The evidences of a new departure, though not observable in every instance, are none the less unmistakable. And the principle at the back of the change is to be found in the old Latin saying, " Nomen omen."

Just as you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear you ought not to regard the possession of a fat purse as the reason for making a new peer. The bearer of a strange, arresting or unfamiliar name is really a much fitter recipient of public acknowledgment. And here I may observe that it is one of the ironies of fate that America, so rich in strange surnames, is debarred by her Republican constitution from bestowing titles on their bearers-such for example as Joseph Tumulty or LORENZO DE MEDICI SWETT. It may be argued that plain TUMULTY or honest Swerr cannot be improved upon. That may be so, but I cannot help feeling that with the added force of an honorific prefix they might have gone even further on the path of glory.

In England we are less generously provided with arresting names, but happily they are not wanting, as I can attest from the study of Professor Weekley's works and The London Directory. Let it suffice to mention Bucktrout, Buggins, Bugsgang, Ear-waker, Gaukrodger, Hoggins, Pipkin, Pook, Stunt and Whalebelly. Indeed it may be argued that in some cases it is only fair to indemnify the bearers of uncomely names, for which they were not responsible, by conferring on them consolatory handles or suffixes. But on the whole I am inclined to believe that, as in the classic example of Sir CLOUDESLEY SHOVELL, such names act as an incentive to heroic effort rather than as an incubus.

In any case it is most gratifying to note that in the present list quite a substantial number of those selected for honour are conspicuous for the originality of their names. Indeed my Allotted to "effective" cats.

only complaint is that the ratio between the oddity of the name and the grade of distinction conferred has not been properly or directly kept. For while Mr. Esch only gets a C.V.O. and Mr. COCKERLINE a knighthood, Sir WILLIAM VESTEY, the great Refrigerator, is elevated to the peerage. Still the baronetcy conferred on Mr. John Frederick DRUGHORN makes amends for everything. The slur long cast on that Order by generations of novelists, who persisted in associating baronets with devious courses, is now happily removed. SZLUMPER is fine, but, as for DRUGHORN, we can only say with Byron:-

"Pheebus! What a name To fill the speaking trump of future fame!' Feeble and inadequate though it may be, I cannot refrain from closing these remarks with a brief pæan in honour of those whose names have lent a special lustre to the Honours List :-

Adeste. O fideles. O adeste And hymn the praises of Sir WILLIAM VESTEY. Ye football-players, foremost in the Soccer

Extol the might of WALTER HERBERT COCKER-

LINE.
Ye minstrels, hail euphoniously and freely
In song great Harry Mallaby-cum-Deeley;
And dauntless to your lips O set the slughorn
To blow a fanfare for Sir J. F. Drughorn.

TO A WAR-OFFICE CAT.

(About to be demobilised.)

Tabs-for I doubt not that 's the name That lifts thee clear of lesser cats Who, furtive and with eyes aflame,

Frequent the roofs of Whitehall flats And orphan many a suckling mouse Twixt Craven Street and Scotland House-

Oh, not for thee, whose inner cat Ne'er felt an unassuagéd pang. To face, a sleek aristocrat,

The feline world of Sturm und Drana Or tread the lean marauder's tracks Among the whispering chimney-stacks. Plebeian cats with mangy skins

Must get their meat as best they may; E.g., explore the bulging bins

That dustmen come and take away, Or batten on the scraps that fall Beneath the odorous coffee-stall.

Theirs haply to secure a meal From milk-cans left on area-stairs, Through open kitchen-windows steal And bolt a haddock unawares, Or leave, as may be, void of loot,

Searched by the knife-boy's nimble boot.

Oh, not for thee such devious shifts; Aloof, superior, free from care. Thou tak'st the best of Fortune's gifts,

The plain but ample bill of fare (See Regulations, passim) that's

Such have no need to prowl o' nights. Who daily welcome at the door Their ration of delicious lights.

Brought by the Army Service Corps. At six ac-emma to the tick. Impaled upon a pointed stick.

And, when in sleeping Whitehall Court Thy vibrant basso takes the night. Tis love, perhaps, or idle sport

Or that imperious urge to fight Which Generals, pale above their map. Know (after lunch) 'twixt nap and nap.

But not the chase. Thee miles and

Of well-moused coverts prepossess Jungles of departmental files.

Reports whose number none can guess.

Where thou and others I could name Pursue the small official game.

Yet who can match thy speed and length

Or who such battle claws unsheath? What jouster not upon the strength Waves such a tail or bares such teeth.

Or on the stricken foeman falls With such congealing caterwauls?

None like thee, none! But, oh, my

What news is this that goes the round.

How that the tax-collector grabs Five shillings from my every pound That bureaucrats, a pampered swarm, May keep the State's upholstery warm?

And not alone the human breed; Three senior cats, the Powers decree. Are surplus to the nation's needs. And thou art numbered with the three.

But why enlarge the tale of woe? The Axe has fallen. Thou must go.

And shall a cat whose glossy sheen Field-Marshals have enjoyed to pat, Whose firm but not unkindly mien Was praised by office-boys, a cat That Colonels cultivated, pals With several Major-generals-

Shall such a cat, I ask, retire To languish, nameless and ignored, Beside some sparse plebeian fire, Or, sold by the Disposals Board, Repel the horrid race of mice From bales of tea and bags of rice?

Nay, come with me, an honoured guest, And thou shalt have the best of fare, Take, as seems good, thy well-earned

Or teach the cats in Grosvenor Square,

With gleaming fangs and dreadful miaouw,

Who really won the War, and how. ALGOL. rt

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THE CHARM OF VILLAGE CRICKET.

THE CHARM OF VILLAGE CRICKET LIES TO A GREAT EXTENT IN THE STRESS IT PLACES ON THE INDIVIDUAL PACTOR. FOR INSTANCE, ONE KNOWS THAT, OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL, IF ONE HITS THE BALL DIRECTLY TOWARDS A-



FIELDER IN A CLOTH CAP ONE CAN RUN A SINGLE-



AND IF HE'S WEARING BRACES ONE CAN RUN TWO-



BUT IF HE'S GOT ON ONE OF THOSE FANCY SWEATERS ONE STAYS WHERE ONE IS.



SIMILARLY, A BELT WITH A SNAKE IN IT MEANS A SINGLE-



SO DOES A CLUB



WHEREAS A GENT'S FANCY BOW MEANS TWO.



ONE TAKES NO RISKS, OF COURSE, WITH A HANDKER-CHIEF ROUND THE NECK-



BUT ONE GETS IN TWO FOR TROUSERS TUCKED INTO SOCKS—



STRETCHING IT TO THREE
FOR A STRAW HAT-



AND FOUR FOR A BLACK WAISTCOAT-



WHILE FOR CUFFS BUTTONED AT THE WRIST-



OR A DICKEY ONE JUST RUNS IT OUT.











WITH SMALL BOYS IN SHORTS ONE NATURALLY TAKES NO CHANCES WHATEVER—

THE COMPENSATION ELEMENT.

Captain Nuttlebury and Lieutenant Sparkes of the 1/Rutland Fusiliers, having both decided to send in their papers and seek jobs in civil life, were discussing ways and means in the light of an Army Order just published dealing with the reductions under the Geddes recommendations.

"You see," said Nuttlebury, "it comes just in the nick of time. These com-

compulsorily retired."

"Hang it all," said Nuttlebury, "you're right; and now I come to think of it I know the C.O. has had a letter from the War House telling him to submit the names of any officers considered inefficient.'

The question evidently required deeper thought, and for an hour the two held earnest consultation.

Next morning both Nuttlebury and Sparkes attended at Orderly Room, the former at his own request, the latter at the request of the C.O., Lieutenant - Colonel Trickett, C.M.G., D.S.O.

"Well, Nuttlebury, what is it?" asked the C.O.

" I am afraid, Sir," said Nuttlebury, "I am not the man I used to be. I find a growing disinclination to exert myself, and the efficiency of my Company suffers in consequence. In fact I feel I am no longer a credit to the regiment.'

"My dear Nuttlebury," said the C.O., "I'm sure you are suffering under a delusion. I

have no fault to find."

"Well, Sir," said Nuttlebury, "you may remember when you inspected my Company's kits you remarked that the towels were all folded different sizes?

"My dear fellow, a mere trifle," laughed the C.O.

"Worse than that," went on Nuttlebury; "as you quite rightly observed, several of the tooth-brushes had actually been used."

"I tell you what it is," said the C.O.; "you want a bit of leave. Your nerves are wrong. Take a month."

With visions of cricket weighing heavily in the scale against the failure of his effort, Nuttlebury left the Orderly Room and Sparkes was ushered in.

"You wished to see Mr. Sparkes, Sir," said the Adjutant. "You remember he was absent from early parade this morning.'

"How was this, Mr. Sparkes?" asked

"I have quite a good excuse, Sir," said Sparkes, "but you would hardly believe it, so I won't offer it."

"Nonsense," said the C.O. "What was the reason?"

"Well, Sir, my watch-

"Hold on a bit," said Sparkes. "This boy now."

"Hold on a bit," said Sparkes. "This boy now."

name as one of the officers considered inefficient." he said.

The Adjutant smiled.

"I rather think you would be doing him a service if you did," he said. "You see he means to send in his papers in any case, and if he is reported inefficient he will get the decapitation grant."

"The what?" said the C.O,

"The Compensation Element," said the Adjutant.

When Sparkes appeared he got a good telling off, and as he was leaving the room the C.O. stopped him.

"And Mr. Sparkes," he said, "don't overdo it or I'm hanged if I don't try you by court-martial.

That evening Nuttlebury and Sparkes compared notes.

"This is tricky work," said Sparkes. "He threatened to try me by courtmartial. I think I shall chuck it."

" My luck's dead out too," said Nuttlebury. "He told me he had no fault to find, and this afternoon I'm blessed if my Company didn't go and win his shooting cup. I think I'll take the month's leave he offered me and remain efficient.

Meanwhile the Adjutant had explained the effect of the Army Order to the C.O.

"Monstrous!" said the latter. "I call it putting a premium on inefficiency. As you know, I had myself intended to retire next month, and I imagined that I should drop in for any little extra emolument that happens to be going."

"I'm afraid not, Sir,"

said the Adjutant. "Well, give me the letter," said the C.O. "I'll answer it; and I shan't report anyone as inefficient. I don't keep that sort of officer in my Battalion.'

He made several attempts and tore them all up. Then he sat lost in thought. At last he said: "Of course Major Pooter is not a great success as Second-in-Command, but I believe he's looking forward to stepping into my shoes if I retire before my time's up. "Be more careful in future," said I suppose he might run the show all right?"

"Oh, yes, he might," said the Adjutant.

"I shall sleep on it before I decide," said the C.O. Next morning the C.O. entered the



MR. PROHACK. "I knew you wouldn't believe it, Sir,"

said Sparkes. "How has he been doing his work?" asked the C.O., turning to the Adju-

" Very well, Sir."

"I think it only right, Sir," corrected Sparkes, "to remind you of that incident of my Orderly Officer's Report last week. You will remember that I visited the cook-house only four times instead of five."

the C.O.

But next day Sparkes was on the mat again. This time his delinquency was more serious. The C.O. consulted the Adjutant.

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Lady (who has bought a setting of eggs and is disappointed with the result). "Look, Bridget, Isn't it too bad? All cockerels; not a single pullet among them." Bridget (making the best of it). "FAITH! AN' BLESS 'EM, THE FINE MANLY LITTLE FELLOWS."

Orderly Room with the air of a man who has made up his mind.

"Send for Major Pooter," he said. "Pooter," said the C.O. when the Second-in-Command appeared, "I believe you've seen this War Office letter?

"Yes, Sir," said Pooter uneasily. "I've decided to forward one name only," said the C.O. "I feel it may be rather a shock to you. Read that.

Major Pooter took the letter in a trembling hand. Was this the realisation of his fears?

It was not. This is what he read :-From the Officer Commanding 1/Rutland Fusiliers,

To the Secretary, War Office.

Sir,-In reply to your X2367, requiring me to submit the names of any Officers in the Battalion under my command considered inefficient, with a view to their being compulsorily retired, I have the honour to submit the name of the following Officer:-

Lt.-Colonel L. C. Trickett, C.M.G., D.S.O. I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

CRIMES I HAVE NEVER COMMITTED.

Two men were lately charged with "harbouring uncustomed saccharine."

When I survey in retrospect the stages Of a rather insignificant career,

I search in vain for any purple pages Suffused by an heroic atmosphere;

For, though I 've weathered life's tempestuous billows,

And though I'm fairly free from carking cares,

The memory of my petty peccadilloes My inner equanimity impairs.

A temporary failure in "Divinners" Was balanced by a second-class in Law

But the backing of potential Derby winners

Remains an ineradicable flaw I can't deny that I proposed to Mabel When only just accepted by Elaine; But in view of their escape I am unable

To reprobate the act as inhumane. I'm not a saint; my temper's rather

fiery But in defence this may I soothly

L. C. TRICKETT, Lt.-Col. I 've never published a malicious diary Commanding 1/Rutland Fusiliers. Or given my friends or family away; the latter suggestion a jolly good idea.

I have not falsified my declaration

Of income, and, although my purse is lean.

I have not yet succumbed to the temptation

Of "harbouring uncustomed saccharine.

From an advertisement :-

"Light hauling done, on trucks, by the late F. — ."—Provincial Paper.

May we all get off as easily!

"Three young Kids for Sale, cheap; room wanted,"—Birmingham Paper.

"We shall now beable to use the nursery for your study, my dear."

"In addition to the members of the Royal family present the guests will embrace the members of the Royal suites in attendance." Evening Paper.

It sounds rather embarrassing.

From an article on "Hot Weather in the Larder'

"Cream should be whipped immediately it comes to the house and then placed on ice."

Daily Paper.

Smith Minor, who has just had an interview with the head-master, thinks

FRANCOIS.

LIFE is not entirely denuded of romance. To this day you can buy an Italian lizard in Shaftesbury Avenue. Nay, you can rescue him from Shaftesbury Avenue and give him the freedom of your garden to run about in the sun and eat your insects in the Italian manner. Surely a good thing to do.

But when I rescued Antonio I also rescued François, who was one of those jolly little French tree-frogs. I call them French because I have been to France and I saw one there. But any friend of mine who has been to Italy looks at them and says, "Oh, yes, they have those in Italy; and any friend who has been to Spain says, "Oh, yes, the Spanish frog." Anyhow, they have the true Continental vivacity and are most attractive, not like your oily lumbering English frog, but tiny and dryish and painted a beautiful vivid green.

Well, we walked down to Covent Garden Station, the three of us: at least I walked and the others rode. They rode in a nice tin-can, with holes in the top, and naturally we were all rather elated, for it was no weather for living in Shaftesbury Avenue, even if you were accustomed to the hot suns of Italy. or France, or Spain. But when I sat down in the train naturally I just raised the lid of the tin the tiniest fraction; not to look at my companions, of course, but merely to let them know that everything was going well and we shouldn't be long now, and they mustn't excite themselves.

Just the tiniest fraction, but . . One of these days there will be a new Underground poster. It will say-

Do Not Buy Your LIZARDS DURING THE RUSH-HOURS.

Yes, Antonio did the unpardonable thing. He darted out like green lightning and traversed the persons of four different people before any of them had time to scream; then paused on a welldeveloped lady who clearly, like myself, had been committing the sin of shopping between five and six. She carried a large basket of grapes, and no doubt it was this familiar fruit which caused Antonio to halt where he did and not on the City man next to her. He halted on the lady's shoulder, slipping his little black tongue in and out in a perfectly friendly way.

Unfortunately he did not stay there. With the marvellous instinct of animals he began to dislike the stout lady as much as I did, and even sooner; and he darted off again.

an emergency. During the desperate scene that followed, two thoughts occupied most of mine: (a) I seemed to have heard somewhere that a lizard, if overexcited, is capable of discarding his tail as a protest, and I had a hideous fear that Antonio would make this gesture. and make it probably on the stout lady; (b) I remembered vividly the leading case of Rylands v. Fletcher, which decided (as, of course, you know) that, if a man keeps a wild beast or a reservoir or a bad smell on his property, and it escapes on to his neighbour's through no fault of his own, he is responsible for the consequences. And I kept wondering whether Rylands v. Fletcher would cover a lizard on the Tube.

I had no doubt that the stout lady would bring an action, for shock or what not. I could tell that by her scream.

Let us not dwell on these moments. Enough to say that Antonio was caught at last, tail intact, and the panic sub-

And now imagine me, standing meekly in the middle of the crowded compartment, clutching the tin like a bomb in danger of bursting, and suffering a barbarous cross-fire of remarks.

Perfectly just remarks-I admit it. Still, they were remarks. The stout lady's were the worst. She said that Antonio was poisonous. And she said something subtle about "reptiles."

Anyhow, we are both sensitive creatures, and after a station or two of this we determined to leave the inhospitable train and take another.

And then-it must have been about Dover Street-my blood ran cold.

I saw Francois.

pursuit of Antonio.

These frogs have extraordinary climbing powers, very prehensile paws, and a love of being on an eminence, however slight. François had raised himself to an eminence. He was perched upon a maiden's hat, quite still, staring at an advertisement.

The maiden was not three feet from me, though there was a man between us. I opened my mouth, I moved my arm and I did nothing.

Now what would you have done? Remembering all that had gone before, would you, at the risk perhaps of another panic, of more remarks, of Rylands v. Fletcher-would you have stretched out your hand across a strange man's shoulder and remarked to a strangethough pleasant-looking maiden. "Excuse me, that 's my frog "? Would you really?

You lie.

Or would you have slipped out of the train at Hyde Park Corner and aban-The human mind moves strangely in | doned François to his fate? Never!

I began edging towards the maiden hoping for a chance to recapture François in some more secret manner.

At Earl's Court I was still edging. Imagine, if you can, my sensations during that terrible period. François looked cool and collected enough, but at the best, anyone might see him at any moment and raise the alarm. Worse, at any moment he might take a wild leap and land upon some other lady. If that happened I knew that the great case of The Stout Lady v. Me would never be called. I should be lynched.

At Earl's Court the maiden was swept out of the train and bolted up the moving stair-case, I followed. We just caught a Putney train. I did not want to go to Putney. I never want to go to Putney. But I followed.

I began edging again.

At Putney Bridge she got out. I followed. I followed her up the hill. What would you have done? Would you have let that poor girl go home in ignorance and have hysterics when she took off her hat? Never! Besides, I wanted Francois.

She glanced behind her with suspicion as she walked, and once, passing a policeman, she seemed about to stop. prepared to be arrested.

But she went on. I was close behind her now, steadily plucking up courage; and at last she turned and faced me.

"Why are you following me?" she demanded.

Then I said the impossible thing. "I beg your pardon, but you've got a frog of mine in your hat.'

Superb creature! Not a shriek, not He must have escaped during the a shiver. She simply smiled in a curious way and said, "Oh! I'm very

sorry. Please take it."
I raised my hand and, coyly enough, took hold of Francois.

There were green leaves like waterlilies' on the hat, and the little thing looked quite at home. In fact, he clung on firmly with his prehensile paws, as if reluctant to be moved.

He was reluctant. He would not

Then the maiden began to giggle. "Don't pinch him," she said; "he's only celluloid."

Antonio and François are both doing A. P. H. well in the garden.

The New Drama.

"Her most frivolous 'flapper' admirer must have overlooked the white and silver gorgeousness of her dress; in wonderment at the passionate face, lengthened by car-rings daugling to the shoulders, which rose above it.

Daily Paper. "Fancy her wearing her shoulders above her face, dear!



HEAT-WAVE BILLIARDS.

Fastidious Guest, "I SAY, THIS BEASTLY CHALK HASN'T BEEN PUT ON THE ICE."

THE TRUE CAUSE OF WORLD-UNREST.

I was recently coerced—I need not explain how-into subscribing to a Philatelic Club. I did not then realise the African state of Wangal-Wangal, that my subscription made me a mem- whence, it appeared, several stamps of ber, but I have since been very glad of a half-pottle value had been received, it, for that modest payment has put me in which through wearing of the type in touch with the real cause of the the word "REVENUE" had become world-unrest of the present day. My "REVENUE." In addition to tracing name had scarcely appeared in the the office from which these stamps had year-book of the Club when I realised emanated and securing the balance of that I was en rapport with the forces that make history, and from that time bouring states to an interest in philately. scarcely a day passed but what some communication reached me from rest- tion, but, two weeks after the deparless moulders of nations.

General Finickin. He was prepared Society circularised me to the effect to found a new state in the Double Baulkans as soon as he had filled the list of applications for his new issue of stamps. He was confident, he said, of the success of his venture, and no part gal-Wangal Problem," as it has come of the issue had therefore been underwritten. Now, however, I find his confidence to have been misplaced, for a terse official note from the Baulkan offices by the expedition during its Director of Posts informs me of an issue fruitless search, it is the general opinion commemorative of the defeat of the of philatelists that the Government to the victor is held out the alluring "insurgent, Finickin."

Then I had an invitation, by circular, to join a party of gentlemen of Imperial interests (references given and required) in an expedition to the progressive litthe stock, it was hoped to rouse neigh-

I was unable to accept their invitature of the stamp-hunters, the Secre-Among the first to write to me was tary of the Brighter Wangal-Wangal that the limited stock of the "REVENUF Error" was now on sale in London at nineteen times its face value.

Further developments in the " Wanto be known, will be awaited with interest, for, in view of the amount of British capital sunk in native postwill demand either the immediate sur- prospect of making a further handsome

render of a limited issue of half-pottle stamps bearing some new error, or the establishment of a British Sphere of Influence

The Stamp-Lovers' Association is, however, the great force behind all. I do not know whether they financed such military adventurers as General Finickin, but I do know that most of the philatelic atrocities of New Europe have been perpetrated by their subsidised "timbrological artists." To this body are due the crude presentments of iron-muscled workers forging great chains, of iron-souled workers bursting greater chains, and of rising suns of liberty bristling like hedge-hogs with rays, lighting up whole worlds of chains. The psychological effect of these postal horrors is incommensurable, and it is not surprising that nations determined to adopt such designs for their stamps will go to any lengths to provide opportunities for new issues.

Now that the stamp-collectors of the world are numbered by millions, the cost of a revolution or upheaval is soon defrayed by the sale of the stamps issued by the conflicting parties, and

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Mabel (to brother, who has got the best of the cherries). "You beally are a pig, John." Mother. "IT'S NOT VERY NICE TO CALL ANYONE A PIG, DARLING." Mabel. "ALL BIGHT, I WON'T. BUT THE NEXT TIME I SEE A PIG I SHALL CALL IT 'JOHN."

revenue by the introduction of "minor varieties. A full-stop left out here, a slight variation in the perforation there, a change in the flavour of the gum, an issue de luxe on hand-made paper-all these mean more money from the collector. It will be a glorious event in human evolution when Governments are brought to see that stamps commemorative of some peaceful occurrence, like the teething of the Heir Apparent, will be just as eagerly purchased by ardent collectors as those issued to celebrate more sanguinary events. When those days come we shall not hear so much of ruinous postal rates or of the need of a burdensome tax on incomes: indeed, the profits from the special Millennium Series which every country will then certainly issue should suffice to render the world tax-free for ever.

"He declared that Topp, when stopped, said that he was a member of the Rumanian Legation, and that, as he had Mrs. Asquith and Prince Bibesco (the husband of her daughters) in the car, he thought he was privileged to drive at the speed at which he had been travelling."—Evening Paper.

It does seem some sort of excuse.

REVISED HISTORY.

THE discovery recently made by a medical expert that HENRY I. died from appendicitis and not from a surfeit of lampreys will surely be an incentive to further research with the view of testing the authenticity of other historical

We venture to anticipate a few future Press paragraphs:-

"An article in the current number of The Wine and Spirits Trades Review effectually disposes of the legend relating to the drowning of the Duke of CLARENCE in a butt of malmsey. Our contemporary points out that from a very remote period wine casks have always been closed at both ends, and that any person wishing to commit suicide in one would have to crawl through the bung-hole. It is suggested that the unhappy nobleman met his end in an ordinary water-butt."

"In an interesting little brochure issued by the Underground Railways modern invention but dates back to bowler is making the ball "talk."

the days of Queen Elizabeth. It has been ascertained that the Earl of Leicester installed a moving stairway of a primitive type in Cumnor Hall. He is thought to have had this in his mind when he wrote on the window the famous lines, wrongly attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, 'Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.' This throws a new light on Amy Robsart's tragic end, which is now supposed to have been occasioned by the unfortunate lady stepping off with the wrong foot."

The Land of the Midnight Sun.

"At twelve o'clock last night the shade temperature in the centre of London was 76." Daily Paper.

"Bed Room and Sitting Room to Let; use of ball room and scullery

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

This will be nice for Cinderellas.

"Though well over 40 he [Seymour] has probably more strokes in his vocabulary than most batsmen."—Evening Paper.

it is stated that the escalator is not a The very man to send in when the



ELEMENTARY.

BRITANNIA (in holiday mood). "'WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?'"
MR PROOF "WELL IF YOU ASK ME MA'AM THEY'RE SAYING THAT.

Mr. Punch. "Well, IF You ask me, Ma'am, they're saying that, If You want to go on ruling 'em, you've got to rule the air too."

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Kindly Old Lady (to boy who has been hit by cricket-ball). "My poor Child! Are you herr?" Boy. "No; BUT IT'S SQUASHED MY SILKWORMS."

A SOUTHERN WAIL.

that there is some wild talk of a even now whether the haggis is a food, National Band of Pipers being started a weapon or a missile, or just a trap in your wonderful country, and it is under a deep sense of duty that I write, as one who feels the threat is prompted I ever visit Scotland again, travelling by a certain sense of vindictiveness which it is not usual to associate with a country so busily engaged in standing tease the things, but will always treat where it did.

I will confess that Scotland is my raw material—as it is of all alleged humourists-and that if Scotland were ever cancelled much of my occupation would be gone. I notice the trouble caused to innocent folk if ever anything of mine steals out into the world without some flippant comment upon your great race, yet I beg you to take it in good part, and realise that your country is the rock upon which most of the world's joyous jokes have been built since Diogenes bequeathed those that band, providing you get each member are now being used on the music-hall to promise that he will never touch the

mine have caused pain I unreservedly withdraw them and confess at once that, DEAR SCOTLAND, -I note with pain if the truth must be told, I do not know for such men as I.

Yet I promise here and now that, if incognito like a Carmelite in Germany, I will never go near a haggis farm, or them with the deference due to their national services.

I have playfully toyed with that great virtue of your race-Thrift, and even once invented a burglar who set up a burglary business in a small way at Aberdeen, and was compelled to file his petition in bankruptcy within a month. He too is unreservedly withdrawn.

All this I undertake if only you will give up that threat of starting a bagpipe band of one hundred strong. have no objection to your starting the bagpipes. I am not alone in saying I will plead guilty to expressing a of the pipes that they are wonderful land, the haggis; and if any words of complain so long as they are left alone. would be guilty of doing honest work.

If your idea of starting this band is to have a weapon of retaliation, or a sort of Army of Defence, against the abuse of your countrymen at the hands of humourists, I beg you to accept this humble apology. But, oh! abandon your terrible project. Let us shake hands and live at peace one with the Yours in repentance, other.

"PEACE AT ANY PRICE."

A Veteran of the Craft.

"Handsome Brass · Faced Grandfather's Clock by Tempus Fugit."

Advt. in Scottish Paper.

"Wild Mice wanted, alive .- Textiles Department, Leeds University

Yorkshire Paper.

The University authorities have apparently set themselves to solve the ancient problem, "Why does a mouse when it spins?"

"Synge got into trouble for satirising his countrymen in 'The Ploughboy of the Western World.'"-Local Paper.

Synge was pretty severe upon them in The Playboy, but never went so far hazy doubt on that noble fetish of your instruments about which no man could in that play as to suggest that they

THE DELIVERER.

THE initial participants in the drama that I am about to release are a few strands of an aromatic and narcotic weed grown with great care in the State of Virginia; an ancient briar pipe; and a preparation of wood and phosphorus. These, some time in the forenoon of last Whit Monday, were in the hands of a tramp who was resting common above a Surrey town that I will call Bramberley.

Having finished his repose he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and passed on. It must have been a few minutes later that I met him, although I had

he is among the readers of these lines, he will probably go down to his grave unaware that the dottle of his pipe, settling among the dry grass on a day when all was tinder, set it alight: so that, by the time I arrived, some square yards of heather and gorse and young brake fern were smouldering and crack-

My first impulse was to fling myself upon it; but I realised how futile would such an action be. The area was already too large for one opponent. I banged about a little, it is true, but to no purpose, and so went miserably and helplessly on my way, for there is

something very sad about wanton de-|sound of scales laboriously played in a | was reached and then I burst in. struction of any kind, but particularly more remote part of the premises. the destruction of new growth, so early in the year. It was depressing to think of those beautiful fronds fighting their way up through the sand and peat to spread out their green fingers-all in vain; to think of those vigorous gorse bushes now being reduced to blackness and sterility. Fire is the most terrible of destroyers.

Still, one man could do nothing. If I met anyone I would give the warning; but otherwise I was useless. Having come to this conclusion I passed on, doing my best to live up to La Roche-FOUCAULD's maxim about bearing the calamities of others cheerfully.

It was at this point that I came to the gates of a red-brick house, standing to be a school for the sons of gentlemen, young and sporting. and, loitering there, amid the warm fragrances from the garden, I was aware them out in no time. These fires break of such a dismal buzz as the sons of my heart."

gentlemen can make over exceedingly insipid lessons on a noon of great heat, when all the rest of the world is Bankholidaving. For it is not the habit of schoolmasters to let their pupils off on the festivals of St. Lubbock-at any rate in the mornings.

Through the windows I caught sight. here and there, of a listless head. What lessons were in progress I cannot say, but as I stood there the old and not too beside the road on the edge of the deeply venerated name of Hamblin SMITH crossed my mind—for the first time for decades. Do they still acquire mathematics. I wonder, with the assistance of that formidable elucidator? And was there not one TODHUNTER? His name also I am sure I had not thought then no notion as to his share in the of for decades. The low murmur of events that were to follow. Nor, to education being acquired against the Tome, however, it was; and I left them

Disgusted Wife (to husband who has lost his collar-stud whilst bathing). "ERE! THIS IS THE SORT OF COLLAR-STUD YOU WANT, 'ENRY."

Meanwhile the fire was burning. . . As I realised this, suddenly the real purpose of all these boys burst upon me. It was they, of course, who should extinguish it. Why I had not immediately thought of this I had no notion, unless the fierceness of the sun is to blame. But no sooner did I think of it than I advanced briskly to the frontdoor and asked to see the Head-master. He came, and I explained.

There are Headmasters who might demur to such an adventure: who would think prudently of burnt boot-soles and even of burnt hands and legs; who might have in the background a wife or matron of whom they stood in awe. I can conceive of such pedagogues. But back, with a brass plate announcing it this was of another breed. He was

"Of course," he said, "I'll have

He vanished, and I went outside ready to show the way.

Through one of the open windows I heard him giving his commands, "Now. boys," he said, " you've all got to belo put out a heath fire. Each of you get a stick and leave his coat behind. We must beat all round the edges till it's out."

A wild cry resounded, followed by an avalanche of volunteers.

The same routine was enacted in the other rooms, and in a very few moments five-and-thirty sons of gentlemen, their masters and I, were on our way to the attack; and I can tell you they attacked with zeal.

It was nothing to them that the thermometer was exceeding all records. do him justice, had he. Indeed, unless grain still went on; mingling with the after a few minutes, for I was due at

the next village for lunch.

But my philanthropic work was not vet done. for, as I passed the school again, what should once more smite upon my ears but the dreary cadences of scales. The musician had not been told! He alone remained a prisoner: a kind of inverted Casabianca: the one boy not privileged to be on the burning heath. I felt that it was impossible to pass on and leave him there out of all the fun. He would never forgive himself: nor should I me.

So, through the empty passages I tracked the doleful sound until the door of the practising room

His finger paused at C sharp, and he looked at me dazed.

"There's a fire on the heath," I said. Down the road. All the rest of the school is there trying to put it out. You are to leave your coat behind and take a stick.'

He was dazed no longer. He streaked from the room and in another minute or so the sons of gentlemen who were engaged on the beneficent task of extinguishment numbered thirty-and-six.

Alas, my poor Hamblin Smith! Alas, my poor Todhunter! E. V. L.

Brighter Days in Harley Street.

"An enormous amount of research work is carried on in all of the metropolitan musicians by individual students,"—Daily Paper.

"THE -- ARMS HOTEL.

The Leading Hotel for Golfers and Ladies and Gentlemen."-Advt. in Scotch Paper. That'll teach golfers to talk shop at meals.

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Aunt (up at Cambridge for May week, to rowing nephew). "Remember, Victor, none of those horrid bumps while I am in

A RIFT TO MEND.

When a man gives a recital at the Magnolian Hall, it is not unusual for him to be assisted by a lady who sings recitalist revivifies his throat with jujubes, or massages his box of golf-balls or a few bundles of asparagus. bow arm, or coaxes the dents from his cornet, according to the requirements of his performance.

Yet, although this lady is not the principal figure on the platform, it is she who receives the bouquets. Why should this be? After all, the man is giving the recital, isn't be?

In these enlightened days an invidious distinction of this kind between the sexes ought to be abolished. No one begrudges the lady her trophies; they do little harm, except perhaps that the wire of the bouquets may sometimes scratch the surface of the piano when they are tossed upon it in their profusion. But let the male musician receive at least equal treatment, even if it involves the hire of a second piano.

The gift need not necessarily be flowers. Not every male musician would be made really happy by having to taxi home beneath twenty pounds' worth of roses and carnations, interspersed with smilax and maiden-hair fern. Sometimes a nice pot-plant for the table would be more appropriate. I have heard several men on the concert platform to whom I would myself like to present an aspidistra or an indiarubber plant.

There could be little objection to members of the audience choosing other tokens. We would not advise the genuine music-lover to offer cigars, for the prospect of receiving a box from a lady admirer might have a harmful effect on a violinist's tone. A silver watch suitably inscribed, how-

ever, or a biscuit-barrel could hardly come amiss to any instrumentalist.

Let discretion be used, by all means. No one of course would be so foolish as to dangle a basket of choice grapeor plays. It is for her to keep the ears of the audience fruit before the eyes of a flautist until he had quite finished employed during those necessary intervals in which the blowing; but there is no reason why he should not have a

IRELAND.

(A Child's Guide to . . .) Air-" Green Broom."

On, there was an old man and he had a young son, And his son was a crazy young loon, For do what they would be would never be good, But he sat and he sighed for the Moon, the Moon -" Will nobody give me the Moon!

They gave him a horse, with a bridle, of course, And a ship and a silvery spoon, They gave him a cat, but he didn't want that, He continued to cry for the Moon, the Moon-" Will nobody give me the Moon ?"

So his father one day, with a curious look, Went up in a penny balloon; You cannot imagine the trouble he took, But he managed to get him the Moon, the Moon-

He jolly well gave him the Moon.

Oh, he shouted for joy, that ridiculous boy, And he whistled a bit of a tune; But I'm sorry to say that he cried the next day,

"Oh, what shall I do with the Moon, the Moon? What AM I to do with the Moon?"

THE MISSING MONKEYS.

A Long stone-paved corridor in which a few scattered electric lights carry on a losing contest with the gloom. Ranged in brass buttons has just taken up his to do with my time.' along either side are tanks of dull green water where fish of various kinds swim mournfully about or mouth dumbly at the glass. Outside it is day, but here eternal twilight seems to reign; a sound above, and in due course a cloud of of dripping water fills the air and occasional footsteps echo and reverberate with a note of doom.

The man at the turnstile told me that I was just in time to see the fish | boredom. "Fed on shrimps." fed, but at present nothing seems to be happening. I turn my attention to the mean to have his time wasted by any first tank, in which a solitary crab is stupid curiosity he leads relentlessly on stalking with a mysterious air of purpose through a jungle of anemones.

"Wot's the good o' that?" suddenly

breaks in a discontented voice. I turn to meet the questioning gaze of a small man carrying a paper bag.

"Of what?" I in-

quire. "That," he repeats, indicating the tank with

the stem of his pipe. " Annie moans. wants to look at them?" I venture to remark

that I do for one. "P'raps so," he concedes after a moment's thought. "They 're all right in their way, I s'pose-for them that likes 'em. But answer me queshun. Are they worth eightpence?"

"Worth eightpence?" I echo, staring, | and the performance is repeated. Sud- | and let other people enjoy the lish?" "Zac'ly my point," he assents obscurely. "You're right-they're not."

Evidently well satisfied he pauses to relight his pipe, then suddenly fixes me outskirts of the group. with an accusing eye.

"Where's the monkeys?" he demands in aggrieved tones. In the face of anything as unexpected as this I am quite speechless.

"'Fore the War," he resumes severely, "there used to be monkeys 'ere, an' now they've bin an' gone an' taken 'em away. Wot right they got to do that?"

I murmur my sympathy at his bereavement.

"Fourpence it used to be," he pursues, "to see the fish with monkeys thrown in. Now it's eightpence for fish without monkeys. Where's the sense in that?"

"It takes some finding," I admit.

"You're right," he assents. "Tell yer wot-if you feel like goin' round to the pay-box an' makin' a row about it informin' nobody?" I'm quite ready to back you up.'

Providentially at this moment he monkeys?" exclaims the keeper with darts hurriedly from my side to join a general rush of sightseers towards the opposite tank, before which an official any monkeys. Got something better stand. With a glance round his audience the latter taps with a key upon the glass, whereupon a ghostly presence becomes dimly visible at a skylight small food morsels descends slowly into the tank.

"Bull-head, whiting and plaice," announces Brass Buttons in tones of acute | the next tank.

With the air of one who does not to the next tank, followed in docile fashion by his audience. Again the ghostly presence manifests itself above

"WHERE'S THE MONKEYS? THAT'S WOT WE WANT TO KNOW."

denly the harmony of the proceedings is disturbed by the voice of the man with the paper bag, coming from the

"That ain't nothin'," he states emphatically.

The audience turn and eye him in

"'Oo wants to see a lot o' bloomin' fish guzzlin' shrimps?" he demands. Why, I cud do that meself.

The keeper, who does not seem disposed to dispute this claim, regards him unmoved.

"Well, what of it?" he inquires.

"Wot of it!" echoes the other indignantly. "Why, where's the monkeys? That's wot we want to know.'

"There's no monkeys here now." says the keeper shortly.

"Jest wot I'm complainin' of," rejoins the small man. "Wot right you got to abstract the monkeys without

"What d'ye mean-abstract the you're like a woman," pursues her

the first approach to emotion that he

"Never mind 'oo abstracted 'em." retorts the malcontent firmly. "You 'old official persition 'ere an' I make you responsible. Wot right you got to charge eightpence for fish without monkeys?

With a glance of disgust the keeper ignores him and, turning, leads on to

"Common stickleback," he announces sourly.

"Not worth seein'," interpolates the persistent small man, who has followed with the rest. The keeper glowers at him out of the corner of one eye.

"Fed on filleted whiting," he adds.

"That ain't nothin' neether," declares the interrupter. "Show us some monkeys."

With an obvious effort the goaded keeper controls himself.

"The lifetime of the common stickleback," he resumes with suppressed wrath, "is about five years.'

"Wot's the lifetime of a monkey?" inquires the small man freshly.

"Oh, dry up about your blessed monkeys,' suddenly bursts forth an anæmic-looking woman with a green feather in her hat. " Why can't you keep quiet

"Enjoy the fish!" echoes the small man resentfully. "I never came ere to enjoy no fish. I came 'ere to see the monkeys."

"Then go and look at yourself in the glass," retorts. Green Feather triumphantly. "You'll see one then."

There is an outburst of amusement from the group, who seem to appreciate this very much indeed.

"That's what you'd better do," adds Green Feather, elated by success. "Much more like a monkey than a man you are.

"Ho!" observes the discomfited small man and regards her for a while with intense hostility. "Praps I am," he concedes at last. "An' p'raps there's other people that's like other things. P'raps you're more like a fish.

"You keep a civil tongue in your 'ead!" exclaims the woman, flushing angrily.

"Much more like a fish than wot



BRIGHTER LONDON: THE U.S.A. EXPEDITIONARY FORCE ARRIVES.

adversary with relish. "A flat-fishthat's wot you resemble."

athletic-looking man on the outskirts by the ear. of the group, "that's no way to talk "Outside to a lady. Just you be ave yourself."

the small man defiantly.

"Call that be'aving yourself?" demands the incensed stranger. "Coming ere comparing ladies to fish?"

"An' wot about 'er comin' 'ere comparin' me to a monkey?" retorts the other hotly.

"Serve you right if she did," declares his critic. "She's got a right to compare you to what she likes. She's a woman."

"Glad to 'ear it," replies the small man satirically. "I shud never 'ave guessed it meself. Person'ly I think she'd look better swimmin' about in one o' them tanks." And, regardless of an angry murmur from the bystanders, he turns and addresses a little group of children who are peering into the tank with their noses flattened to the glass.

urges, "an' let the lady 'ave a look at 'er and marches him discomfited to the relations!

Simultaneously the athletic man, who his ear and, giving him a powerful shove has pushed his way through the group, "Now then," sharply interposes an extends a brawny hand and grasps him

" Outside!" he commands briefly.

"'Ere, wot's the game?" squeals the "So I am be'ayin' meself," asserts small man in astonished protest. With-



"ERE, WHAT'S THE GAME?"

"Stand out of the way there," he out a word his captor wheels him round Londonderry. bend of the corridor. There he releases

round the corner, returns to the tank. "Carry on, mate," he remarks tran-

quilly to the keeper. "You've 'eard the last of 'im."

Presently, however, his prediction is falsified, for of a sudden a strange hollow voice comes rolling and reverberating through the corridor.

"Where's the monkeys?" it booms. "I never paid eightpence to see a woman like a flat-fish.

The athletic man slews round and takes a few quick steps towards the sound. Instantly a tremendous clatter is heard beyond the bend and the noise of swiftly retreating footsteps echoes down the stone passage. Gradually the sounds die away and all is silence save for the continued drip of water and the toneless voice of the keeper resuming his observations on the common stickleback.

The Irish Political Machine.

"The Hon. —, Unionist, was on Friday returned without opposition as M.P. for North

The inquest is fixed for to-day (Saturday)." Provincial Paper.

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THE MOWER.

I'D fished, to thunder, all the afternoon
And now the dusk came full of sweets untold;

I heard the nightingale begin her tune
Up in the copse by Pennefather's fold—
Honey and tears, those golden notes of old;
And pushed the bike—a tyre was badly down—

And pushed the bike—a tyre was badly down— Through Shooter's Lane that leads you to "The Crown."

I find tobacco to the scent of may
The sweeter for anticipated ale;
I like blue duskings of a summer day
Spilt in deep lanes where the soft white owls sail
Hunting dim hedgerows lit by blossoms pale,
The mimic moons the guelder's pomp incurs
And chestnut candles sought of cockchafers.

I love it all, and loitered, as I can,
While through the oak-copse greener gloamings spread,
Till up the road behind me came a man.

Till up the road behind me came a man,
Mid-aged and over, tanned a country-red;
Some extra hand for hay-crop, you'd ha' said,
For a great scythe lay on his shoulder high;
"The rain's not stopped the cutting, then?" said I.

"There's naught stops me," he said, as one who'd joke,
And went with measured stride that drew me on
To join him, for I like the country folk,

Men of the fields one used to come upon, Shepherds and suchlike, of the breed that's gone Now for the most part: scarcely here and there You'll find 'em shape like what their grandads were.

"Naught does?" quoth I; "I wouldn't mind a bet But that you stop when we get down along; Beer's good at all times when you've been a-sweat, But beer at evening's sweeter than a song, And that's a truth that wants some putting wrong; Jim Stevens's—if I may make so free— Tisn't two hundred yards—and drinks on me?"

Then he: "Lor', lad, I've sweated many a day,
But, since I may not stand, 'tis rare I'm stood;
Old JOSHUA perhaps, as you might say,
He stood me, not a pint, but eight hours good;
A rest—I'd do another now, I could—
A rest; not much to them, I rather doubt,
What leans on bridges watching of a trout.

"And, if I stopped for aught, might well be here,
June and the owl-light and a lover's moon,
And the fine smell o' woodlands, warm and near,
All sweeter for the rain this afternoon,
And that brown bird, still at her plaguey tune
(Ah, Philomel, there was a likely lass!);
But not to-night, mate, not with this yer glass."

Then, large as lantern, in his hand I saw
The Hour-glass, and I guessed and said, "Old Lad,
Take it as kindly meant, you're your own law;
I've heard say you must always be a-pad;
But thank you kind for all good hours I've had
Along o' you since I was but that high;
Go if you must, then, but go slow," said I.

Anon I supped beside an open door
(Trout and cold duckling make a Cæsar's meal),
All in a drift of stocks and garden store;
Then ran my line, to dry it, off the reel,
And stepped outside and watched the planets wheel,
With a cigar beneath the jessamy,
Contented that The Mower should pass by
Bringing to-morrow and its hatch of fly.

OUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(From the Sporting Column of any paper you like in a few years' time, or possibly sooner.)

Next month it is hoped that we shall settle, once for all, the vexed question that has been agitating marble-playing circles ever since the institution of the first championship of that popular sport. Young Mr. Dumbleton, at one time holder of the All-British championship, is again entering the field, and is hopeful of demonstrating this time the supremacy of the underhand throw as against the knuckle and thumb-nail school so prominent in the United States. Last year, it will be remembered, he had to yield in the semi-final to "Buck" Kirschenheimer, the boy wonder of Dubuque, but only after a struggle that will live long in the history of the game.

It is sincerely to be hoped that there will be no question this year as to the absolute fitness of the contestants. It has been said, we cannot say on what authority, that the all-important match last year was lost owing to Mr. Dumbleton's right hand being badly swollen. Rumour even went so far as to hint that the pride of Alley-Road School had actually been subjected to a severe caning the evening before the championship on the absurd ground that he had been indulging in a little surreptitious practice during "prep." Discipline is discipline, but surely the sternest successor of Keate and Bussy might have been satisfied to use the rod where it would have been less damaging to the chances of retaining a championship.

It is much to be regretted that there should be any talk of a split between the adherents of Ping-pong and Table Tennis, even to the extent (possibly) of the introduction of a double championship. We have always set our faces sternly against the needless multiplication of these affairs, especially since the A.C.A. resolved to introduce what has been termed the Decade System. It was obviously undesirable that we should have separate championships for players under and over ten years of age. However, the authorities have spoken, and it has never been our custom to embarrass them by suggesting minor objections. The Association has plenty to do as it is: on the whole it does its work sufficiently well.

Talking of the good old game, we have seldom seen anything more marvellous than the exhibition given at Bunting's last week by young Rufus Batt, who must certainly be a coming champion. Handicapped as he was by the necessity of playing on one of the firm's ordinary diningtables with any chance opponent who turned up from among the spectators, his control of the celluloid was all but perfect. No player, to our knowledge, has ever been quite Batt's equal at the adroit use of the bevel edge.

The outburst of feeling that took place at Olympia yesterday evening during the final of the Shove-Billiards Open Championship was perhaps natural under the circumstances. None the less we consider it regrettable. Certainly there were times when M. Kovacs, the Czeeho-Slovak champion, seemed to have misread Rule XIV. Possibly it is interpreted differently on the tables at Praha; even here the definition of a "scoop" has occasionally given rise to dispute. The habit of following the ball up with the hand until it disappears within the pocket is open to misconception, though it has been employed by some of our most successful players. But in any case the wisest thing to do is to wait for the appearance of the delayed action film, now recognised as the ultimate arbiter on all disputed points.

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"I'VE BEEN HAVIN' DREADFUL BAD LUCK, SIR-



MY WIFE'S IN THE INFIRMARY-



MY CHILDREN'S TOO YOUNG TO WORK-



AN' I'VE JUST LOST MY JOB-





USED TO PLAY IN A ORCHESTRA, SIR______BUT IT'S BROKE UP AN' WE'RE ALL SEP-ARATED. DREADFUL BAD LUCK I'M HAVIN'.



WHAT INSTRUMENT DID I PLAY? IT WAS THE-ER-THE-ER-THE TROMBONE, SIR,"



"SPLENDID! I'VE GOT A TROMBONE. I'LL FETCH IT. I'D LOVE TO HEAR A



"Lumme! That he should 'ave a trombone of all instruments! Didn't I say I was 'avin' bad luck?"

THE INQUIRER.

"WILL you say that again slowly, Jane? I am not at my brightest at seven o'clock in the morning.

Jane is our young maid-of-all-work, our One-and-Only Jane, our Inquirer.

Her inquiries come to me through the kitchen-door into the lofted chamber where I am introducing one part of fish-meal to two parts of middlings and one of Sussex ground-oats. From which you may infer, rightly, White Leghorns and things of that sort.

It is my early-morning examination, and there is no escape from it until the mash is mixed; and General Knowledge is my weak subject.

Jane tried again.

all shiny brass with a -you know-a sort of long piece and a twist which goes all round and comes back again ; you know-

"I don't," I interrupted.

With a sort of wiggly bit, and you put it to your mouth," she added helpfully.

"Ah, then it can't be the stethoscope. If you put an instrument to your mouth it is probably a musical instrument."

"It is," she said.

"You didn't say so, you know, Jane. Where did you first see or hear this instrument?

"I heard it at the Brotherhood." (No one has ever explained to

the Brotherhood.)

"It was possibly Trombone, surnamed 'Step-and-Fetch-It.'

"Oh, no, Sir. It was-you know' (I indicated dissent)-" a sort of-part of it was twisted round the man's ear."

"That sounds perfectly horrible. It couldn't have been the sackbut or psaltery.

"Aren't those the images which Nebucouldnever the King had set up?

"Oh, no, no. Please, Jane. Is that from one of the addresses at the Brotherhood?"

"Yes, Sir. We had a lovely address yesterday," she said. "Oh, such lovely word-pictures! What are 'the desolate places of the earth '?

"Well," I said without hesitation, "the entrance to Waterloo South-Eastern station on a dark wet evening

would take a first prize in the South of England class, and parts of Wigan would receive honourable mention in an All-England entry.

"The preacher didn't say anything about Wigan. Is it in Scotland?" (This is the invariable question in regard to any place outside our immediate district.

" No, Jane, Scotland hath her bagpipes no less than her WINSTON CHURCHILL, but so far she is not responsible for Wigan.

"You haven't told me what the instrument was," resumed the Inquirer, knitting her brows at my irrelevancies.

"I must have notice of the question, Jane. Now if you had given me an easy one, such as: 'Why did the camels "What instrument is that one, Sir, which passed down Whitehall the other

Scene-Village Inn on Sunday night. Time 7.30. Tourist. "VERY QUIET TO-NIGHT HERE, ISN'T IT?" Landlord. "WELL, SIR. THEY BEAN'T COME OUT O' CHURCH YET."

me why Jane has a right of entry to ay hold their chins very high as they maid. "What is a local emer-what went by the Foreign Office?" or 'Why did they take off Big Ben's hands before they washed his face?' I might have told you."

This unfortunately gave the Inquirer a fresh opening, with a prospect of mate in two moves.

"Is it the camel or the dundreary, or whatever they call it, which has one

"The best authorities differ," I began heavily; "but the consensus of opinion is rather against the dundreary.

"I did not know the Census people put down camels.

"Yes, they do, with a firm hand," said I, warming at once to the subject.

"How many camels are there? pursued our One and Only, while I hurried forward with the mash.

I temporised a little over this.

"Where?" said I.

"Everywhere," she said spaciously.

"Oh, a considerable number-very considerable indeed. But the section of the REGISTRAR-GENEBAL'S Report which I have in front of me (I was going to wrap up some eggs in it) indicates that their distribution is very uneven. I see that the Rural District of Cricklade and Wootton Bassett contains 46,734 statute acres (land and inland water) and yet it does not include a single camel, still less a married one with dependants. At any rate the Census Report doesn't say there are any."
"Thank you, Sir." This very dubi-

ously. "Er-do camels kick?

"They do indeed. And bite hard. They have been known to kick Censusmen and eat up all their returns and digest them-into summaries. But I

find-ah, here it is. It is what the REGISTRAR-GENERAL himself told Sir Alfred Mond on 18th August, 1921"-(Jane loves a paragraph with plenty of body in it)-"The Department had the inestimable advantage of the local support of Superintendent Registrars as a measure of precaution against any local emergency, and while no emergency arose which necessitated any serious demands being made upon them, their advice and support in many instances have been of great assistance.' So you see that they kept all the camels quiet.'

"How splendid of them!" said our little

you said?" "Judging from the noise, one of them seems to have arisen in the poultryrun," I said over my shoulder, as I escaped.

Commercial Candour.

"— Ltd. will take any Car in part ex-change, and allow best prices for same. Specialists in Deferred Payments."

Advt. in Morning Paper.

"A thick yellow smell hung on the still air."
From "The Lake," by George Moore,

Nevertheless with a pale blue smile we went on our way.

Letter recently received by a firm of perambulator-manufacturers:

"Kindly send illustration and price of cheapest type of baby-carriage, designed for two children, one laying and one sitting." The dear chicks!

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Disgusted backer of beaten favourite, "If yer can't ride outside of the 'orse why don't yer get inside?" Jockey. "So I WOULD IF HIS MOUTH WAS AS BIG AS YOURS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Compton Mackenzie's new novel, The Altar Steps (CASSELL), is not in itself an outstanding success; but as it is merely the first of a series I am quite ready to believe that its apparent chaos is the material of the more intelligent world to be evolved in "The Parson's Progress." At any rate there are fewer feminine blandishments and masculine reprisals in the story of Mark Lidderdale than in the earlier legends. In fact his father's churlishness to his mother, coupled with his own chance initiation into the tragic entanglement of a fair and devout friend, combine to give Mark a definite distaste for any but spiritual adventures. These he encounters unstintedly during his curiously hap-hazard trials of vocation in Father Rowley's Mission House at Chatsea, in the corrugated-iron cloisters of Malford Abbey and in the Theological College at Silchester. I am not so certain as I should like to be that Mr. MACKENZIE is quite the man to bring into cultivation all the spiritual ground his raillery and innuendo have cleared. But I shall wait for the promised sequel and see. Meanwhile I am grateful for new and charming fragments of the old "Guy and Pauline" landscape, and for one or two amusing portraits, among which the all-English Monsignor Cripps and the pietistic young man at Chatsea, "who brought with him his own lace cotta but forgot to bring his nightshirt," are easily the most unforgetable.

Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY having become deservedly famous, his scattered articles and reviews have now, of course, a distinct market value; but let it be added that they have

him before the success of Queen Victoria and Eminent Victorians. Of the studies in Books and Characters (Chatto AND WINDUS) I like best that on Shakspeare's final period, because it smites the pundits (image-worshippers all, cutting the real heart out of our poet to substitute one pleasantly stuffed to their own image and likeness, and symmetrical), and hoists them with their own petards of selected quotation. The essay on BLAKE and his improvers-a theme that the author, I should say, has found congenial—is very perceptive and sympathetic (one can place a man so easily by his attitude to Blake). Sir Thomas Browne, Lady Hester STANHOPE, Mr. CREEVEY, BEDDOES; RACINE, ROUSSEAU, VOLTAIRE, FREDERICK THE GREAT, HENRI BEYLE (STENDHAL) -that's the rest of the bill-of-fare. Mr. STRACHEY amusingly contrives the air of the heavy reviewer, making the reader duly ashamed of his ignorance, but happily does not disdain those strokes of wit and malice and those astonishing feats of compression (in place of dull and detailed explication) which make his two former works so diverting.

At the close of his useful and entertaining volume, The Prime Ministers of Britain, 1721-1921 (MURRAY), Mr. CLIVE BIGHAM has obligingly furnished us with a "composite portrait" derived from the life-histories of the thirty-six statesmen whom he has described: "The typical Prime Minister of the past has therefore been born the heir to a peerage, brought up in the country and educated at Eton and Oxford. Elected to the House of Commons at twentyfive and married four years later, he has first come into office at thirty-two. At forty-eight he has entered the House of Lords, and two years later has become the leader of a Government. He has finally relinquished the position a real objective interest as well. Yet one can imagine the shocked and forbidding face of the publisher if the puckish leaving a family behind him." Unless, as some believe, author had had the foolhardiness to offer such a sheaf to Parliamentary government is on its death-bed and about

to be succeeded by Soviet rule, it is probable that the Prime | guish one history from the other the present writer's more Ministers of the future will in at least two respects resemble those of the past. They may more often be men of the people than aristocrats, but they will still have to be caught young if they are to acquire the necessary art of dealing with all sorts and conditions of men; and they will need no less than their predecessors the inestimable quality of patience which PITT said was the most needed of all. Mr. BIGHAM'S volume is the result of an immense amount of research, but it is not in the least dry. The amateur of politics will find it very good reading, and the more serious student an invaluable work of reference.

Mr. Allan Monkhouse has been very clever in making his readers see My Daughter Helen (CAPE) through her father's eyes, for Helen's story, although the treatment quite justifies its inclusion among its publisher's "Novels of Today," yet bears every mark of having been filtered through a late-Victorian mind of a literary cast. It is the very simple story of a young girl's choice between two lovers,

the strong, capable, utterly eligible Antony Derwent and the pathetic, proud yet shifty Marmaduke Abney. Mr. Monkhouse will hate my adjectives, for such crude labels are a poor summing-up of the delicate and unobtrusive fashion in which he has shown in detail the characters of these two young men. Helen's choice-and you feel that it is inevitablefalls on Marmaduke. Her unhappy married life is broken up by his imprisonment for forgery, and we leave her, at her father's house once more, with her children, asking little of

life for herself and shirking nothing that is asked of he leaves no doubt of his ability to hold his readers with her. She may be a little stupid, but, with her divine lack an almost paralysing grip. An eerie sense of doom perof self-consciousness, she makes a pleasant change from the vades these three tales, which are told with great power. common heroines of to-day, who are always so busy exploring their own souls. Sex becomes in Mr. Monkhouse's hands something which, if not actually ugly, is certainly not in the least degree beautiful, and that is my only complaint against a book which, though the lovers of thrilling plots may find it flat, is full of reflections on life and character that make you pause to savour their truth and admire the clearness of sight with which they are discerned.

Of the two instalments of New Zealand's official War chronicle that have now been published by Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs, the first—The New Zealanders at Gallipoli-will naturally be compared with the corresponding Australian volume which has been reviewed in these columns. During the Dardanelles Campaign the doings of the combined forces of the Commonwealth and of the Dominion, united immortally as "Anzacs," were so closely intermingled as to be practically inseparable. Major F. WAITES, fully appreciating this fellowship of heroism, tells us nearly as much of the Australians as of the New Zealanders, and since it is desirable that there should be something more than the colour of the binding to distin- Politeness" every time.

popular style has something to commend it. Colonel H. STEWART, on the other hand, in the second volume-The New Zealand Division-which deals with later service on the Western Front, not only adopts a more classical diction but is more concerned with the strategic handling of the history of the War as a whole. But in both books, whether the writer be lingering almost regretfully over such familiar Dardanelles names as Quinn's Post, Monash Gully or Plugge's Plateau, or detailing the steps of the advance on the Hindenburg Line, there are thrilling pieces of fighting literature, with a ring of authenticity, even of passion, that gives them the right to a permanent place in the library of the War. Both writers have, it seems to me, wired themselves in rather too heavily with distinguished forewords: but, after all, that is a matter of taste. One might add that the photographs in these two volumes are quite unusually good.

I hope Mr. Sax Rohmer may regard it as a compliment

when I say that Tales of Chinatown (Cassell) makes an urgent appeal to my nostrils. In this volume of short stories the stale and mingled odours of Malay Jack's saloon bar were as penetratingly present with me as were the voluptuous scents of Madame de Melici's sumptuous apartments. From which you may understand that Mr. ROHMER is a master of atmosphere. And his gifts as a story-teller do not stop at that. In such tales as "The Pigtail of Hi Wing Ho," "The Hand of Mandarin Quong," and "The Man with the Shaven Skull'



A TRAGEDY OF THE HEAT-WAVE.

In his own line Mr. ROHMER need fear no rival, and if this line is to your taste I can recommend his book with the assurance that it will transport you for a few hours into a milieu that has a very strange and pungent flavour.

Our Teachers in the Press.

"Women who want to preserve their sanity must fight shy of wearing the fashionable red hats.

"Psychologists have long proved that red is a mad colour, and it is the very worst shade for attracting the heat to that part of the body where heat is most dangerous—namely, the head."—Morning Paper

"Red is a cooler colour than white. The old gold-diggers who wore red flannel shirts had discovered a scientific fact. yellow sunshades destroy the sun rays better than anything I know.' Evening Paper, same day.

"Pottsville, May 9 .- Mrs. Mabel Dalpaz, of Laurel, broke up a card party being conducted in her own home by her husband, when she sent for the police. She complained her husband and his companions became so interested in their game they forgot to be polite, and asked they be arrested. The husband was placed in a cell and other guests ordered to their homes."—American Paper.

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CHARIVARIA.

An oil pool was formed in the City a few days ago. This will have surprised nobody who has ever seen a financier in a heat-wave.

"The leadership of the world is going to America," says the DEAN of St. Paul's. We shall miss Mr. LLOYD GEORGE VETY much.

that a certain newspaper aeroplane then dies of a broken heart,

could not display its smoke advertisement. It is this sort of thing that makes the hardened racegoer demand his money back.

"The longer I live," says Mr. WARREN STONE, of Toronto, "the more I am opposed to the sale of liquor." We are afraid it will be years and years before they start giving the stuff away.

A new kind of microphone has been invented by means of which the human voice can be reproduced with greater purity. The very thing for a golfer who plays

The members of the British Delegation to Genoa were photographed last week at No. 10, Downing Street. It is alleged to have been done on behalf of a Die-hard who wanted to wear a miniature of this group next to his heart.

"The United States," says the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, "has gold to the value of £753,200,000." This makes our souvenir half-sovereign look very sickly.

A wireless message from Buenos Aires states that the revolution in Paraguay is ended. It is said that it was called off because the rebels complained of bad handicapping.

"Forty pounds is forty pounds to a gentleman from Glasgow," says Mr. ARNOLD LUPTON. It would, of course, be about double that amount to an Aberdeen man.

A machine has been invented which makes fifty thousand cigarettes an hour. This has been a long-felt want with the "chain" smoker.

The Chicago police have been provided with a new weapon which discharges a deadly suffocating gas.

The news that seven hundred concert parties are now working at English seaside resorts seems to suggest that a message of sympathy.

The plague of caterpillars in Surrey is ruining oak-trees. A good plan is to

WARMEST LONDON THEATRE LONDON A THEATRICAL DILEMMA.

> are introducing real dinners for dinner scenes. There is some talk of seaside boarding-house keepers adopting this

novel plan.

"The proper pronunciation of the Polish city is Bydgoszez," says a weekly journal. Nothing could be more proper.

A man accused of bigamously marrying seven women was released by the judge in order that he might straighten out the tangle he had got into. We understand that he has applied for leave to appeal against this order.

During excavation in a chalk pit in

fancy that a man we rode behind on an the South of England, eight skeletons, omnibus the other evening was smoking all in a kneeling position, were discov-some of it. * * mains of pre-historic milkmen praying

Nearly two thousand patents are now is the time for Ireland to send us granted to women every year. We can quite believe it, having tasted several.

A contemporary suggests that the Mount Everest climb has uplifted the Owing to the rain at Ascot it seems cut down the trees; the caterpillar imagination of Englishmen. But the height record for imagination is still held by a Welshman.

> Two Irish bishops recently went to Naples for a rest. They are said to speak gratefully of the comparative calm of the cool depths of Vesuvius.

> At a recent bull-fight near Madrid a barrier collapsed and the spectators fell upon the bull. In this country too there is nothing like a common love of sport for breaking down barriers, and it is no unusual occurrence for spectators to fall upon the referee. . *

The installation of the telephone system in the Highlands has been formally inaugurated at the ancestral seat of the chiefs of the Clan Cameron. It is hoped that matters will be sufficiently advanced to enable "getting the right number" to be added to the exciting contests at the Braemar Gathering.

It is announced that the house formerly occupied by Miss ETHEL M. Dell is to be sold by auction shortly. We trust that every effort will be made to prevent it from going to America.

"Schoolboys six feet in height On the American stage, we read, they have never before been so numerous, says a Sunday paper. The explanation is that they were allowed to grow unchecked when their fathers were away

> The stag-beetle is said to be a rare visitor to cities, and one which was captured in the Strand the other day was apparently stupefied by petrol fumes. We can only say that we are glad it was given the benefit of the doubt.

at the War.

The Spread of Pacifism.

"The general opinion in Peking is that an era of peace has dawned. Wu Pei-fu has de-clared that if Sun Yat-sen persists in his op-position he must be eliminated."

Daily Paper.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street'Flaneur.)

It was only the other day that two or three of the freshest young heads in Town were laid together to evolve one of the brightest schemes of this sparkling Season, but already Debutantes, Limited, bids fair to outgrow the pretty offices in Upper Crook Street, where I was received yesterday morning by the very efficient managing directress, Lady Hazeleen Gaber-Lunzie, who is, of course, the youngest but five of the Earl of Seakale's charming daughters.

As Lady Hazeleen kindly explained to me over a cigarette, the venture is nothing more or less than a revival of the old custom of chaperonage as a business proposition. It is, in short, the outcome of a suggestion that many a lady whose ample means are of recent acquisition would gladly pay handsomely to be seen in public with a girl of the highest social standing—preferably titled—under her wing, as it

Debutantes, Limited, is run on a profit-sharing system, Lady Hazeleen told me, and the fees are necessarily high; but these include publicity in any desired organ of the provincial or over-seas Press, and snap-shot photographs are also arranged.

During my short visit the constant interruptions by the telephone gave me some idea of the business transacted daily in this office. On one occasion the wife of a textile magnate rang up to book a duke's daughter for Church Parade on Sunday week; on another, Lady Hazeleen engaged herself to be the protegée of the consort of a canned-salmon king at the polo-match between Patagonia and the Bootleggers at Roelingham next Saturday.

I came away with the impression that the possibilities of Debutantes, Limited, are—well, unlimited.

The progress of another brilliant idea is less gratifying to record, and widespread sympathy will be extended to the volatile "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation, who has done so much unofficially to brighten London, in his disappointment at the discouraging reception, by the powers that be up Marylebone way, of his proposal to give us a livelier Lord's.

It was on the second day of last year's 'Varsity Match-his first experience of our national game—that he made the mot, which was in so many mouths at Nero's Club that night, about the players not being the only ones to be given the blues. At the same time he expressed amazement that nothing was done for the exhilaration of the spectators in the long interval between luncheon and tea, and he hazarded the suggestion that, for instance, a clown on stilts would be especially appreciated by the occupants of the rather forlorn-looking coaches.

His offer to carry the notion into effect this year, and also at the Eton and Harrow Match, with the help of a few kindred spirits, has, however, aroused no enthusiasm at the headquarters of cricket.

All the same there is some satisfaction in reflecting that the seed has been sown, and that even in the notoriously impervious soil of Lord's it may ultimately come to fruition.

As I pointed out the other week, the people who are identified with the "Help Harley Street" movement are not the sort to let the grass grow under their feet, and the success of the Pathological Ball, which I was the first to announce, has but proved a stimulus to further efforts in this deserving cause.

It has now been decided to take a leaf out of the book of the Stage and give the public an opportunity of realising that

physicians, like comedians, have their lighter moments, and that neither surgeons nor actors are as awful as they seem in their purely professional capacities. With this object a Medical Garden Fête in the Royal Hospital grounds is being arranged, and I am permitted to mention a few of the features that are contemplated.

Those who go in for grandfathers are invited to bring them along to try conclusions with Sir James Cantlie's troupe of Vigorous Veterans, who will also give some of their thrilling acrobatic displays. Visitors who are worried about having nothing the matter with them will be sure to find something in the Diagnosis Dip, and others under the impression that they are not enjoying themselves can have that put right in the Cour Tent. Refreshments will be dispensed according to the prescriptions, written on the spot, of eminent dietists. In the band of surgical instruments a leading aurist will operate upon the drum, and it is hoped that Sir H. A. Barker may be induced to manipulate the bones.

It is in the power of the public to make the Medical Garden Fête an annual event.

The gloom of the theatre slump is, if anything, intensified by the splendour of the continued triumph of Pressed Clothes at the Yorick. St. Maur Ixe declares in fact that, though every other theatre in London has long ago sold its "House Full" boards for firewood, those at the Yorick have suffered so much from exposure that they will have to be replaced. This surely is conclusive proof of transcendent acting, superlative dramatisation and a fastidious discernment on the part of the newspaper-reading public. At last night's performance some of the suite of Prince Abbas Abeba of Abyssinia were in a box; Lord Loosend sat in the stalls, and Mrs. and Miss Wilkins, of Wimbledon, occupied seats in the dress circle. The fact that it is possible to attract such audiences just shows that it can be done.

A SOCIAL PROMOTION.

(According to a contemporary, the burglar of to-day is not the illiterate ruffian of old, but a cultured gentleman with the manners of a duke.)

We made no moan; our hearts were far from broken,

Though all our plate had vanished in a night, The heirloom salver and the silver token

That handicappers are not always right;
E'en though my Araminta's every trinket
Had likewise gone (the burglar did not pick),

We murmured not; we did not even think it A dirty sort of trick.

For oh! we found an ample consolation
In thinking how the hand that did the deed
(According to the latest information)

Was not attached to one of common breed, Not to a ruffian in a grimy choker

Whom any decent householder would find Pure pleasure in belabouring with a poker (Catching him from behind).

This was a man of infinite discernment, Cultured and tactful, polished and urbane, The prospect of whose imminent internment Would almost move us to a sense of pain; For now we boast to all who (not a few) call

That we're the only people in our set
Whom one of manners even faintly ducal
Has deigned to visit yet.

HAGUE CONFERENCE EXPERTS ONLY ADMITTED. BY ORDER D LLOYD GEORGE

A SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

THE P.M. (in a spasm of renunciation). "TO BE A TRUE PATRIOT ONE MUST SACRIFICE ONESELF."

922.

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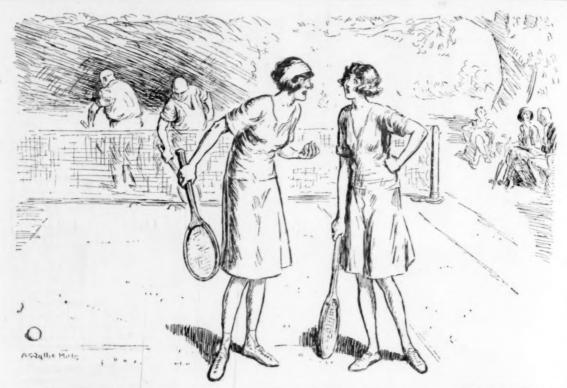
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Earnest Tennis-player (to daughter of the house). "Ask them to put something on their heads, will you? The dazzle puts

THOUGHTS IN A WATER FAMINE.

I pon't know whether it is a more beautiful or a more repellent thought that the water one is using in one's bath will soon be used to revive the love-in-a-mist, the antirrhinums and the mignonette. Anyhow, it makes one think. It makes one remember to have the water in the bath as high up as possible, so as to keep the tank they have fitted under the drain-pipe in the the Water Board sent their circular. if we used any water for the garden, that the gardener would have to come up into the bathroom at eight in the get up.

But the tank is a good idea. is wonderful how the human brain triumphs over the treachery of the elements; also triumphs, in our case,

to use second-hand bath-water, and feed the flowers with it and yet not go to prison.

case. Supposing there was a man, as there very well might be, in this or any village, a stern man, saddened perhaps by an unfortunate love affair, who tended a single moss-rose tree in a biscuits; and he would be a timid man small garden plot, and had taken a vow that he would never shave his chin or wash himself so long as life should garden fairly full. That was a bright last, because of his great sorrow. And idea of theirs. I should never have thought of it myself. I believed when almost certainly happen, either through some Scottish strain in his ancestry or saying that we would be put in prison because the stuff is so weak, or simply by reason of his grief, drank only whisky and drank it raw. Consider what the position of this man would morning and five in the afternoon and be. The Water Board would not allow that everybody would have to have him any water at all except for dobaths at seven and four, which would mestic purposes. Not a drop. As a make it very difficult to know when to matter of fact, according to their circular, it would be just the same if he cherished, instead of a single moss-rose tree, a tennis-court, a bowling-green, a motor-car, a perambulator, a shopfront or a paving-stone; he would not over the tyranny of the Water Board. be allowed a drop of water to refresh I don't suppose the Water Board ever any of these things, though that might like Isabella and the pot of basil, only guessed that we should be so clever as be the only water he ever used. I for not like that but quite different. One

got to say that he lived entirely on nuts and a kind of biscuit filled exclusively with synthetic vitamines. It But take for a moment a hypothetical is difficult, nay almost impossible, to conjecture what such a man would do. One is naturally bound to assume that he would be a man of honour. I doubt if any dishonourable men eat vitamine too, for much of the spirit would have gone out of him after the shattering of his dreams, so that he would not deign to cheat the Water Board at night-time, or dare to cheat them by day

Obviously, I think, he would be compelled to break his lifelong vow and bathe, and use the bath-water for his rose. But if he did that, as the experience with tramps at workhouses shows, he would probably be very ill, and perhaps die of pneumonia mingled with despair. His death would be at the Water Board's door. Much joy they would have of their next meeting.

There would only be two other possible courses, unless he allowed the mossrose to die, which I take it he could not do, because he would be cherishing it in memory of his faithless love, rather

course would be to walk some five or six miles (and back) with a bucket to the nearest lake. But at his age and in this hot weather one may dismiss that notion entirely. The other course would he to buy a hundred dozen siphons of soda-water in the village and squirt them at the moss-rose. That would be expensive; but of course one gets a shilling back on every siphon returned.

On the whole I feel pretty certain that he would bathe and die. The Water Board would exercise this tyranny. They would try to prevent him from using any water at all for his mossrose, although he paid for water like the rest of us; they would drive him to this subterfuge of washing-and who are they to say whether a man should wash or not ?- and hound him finally to his grave.

It comes to this, then: That there is to be one law for the rich and great and prosperous, and another for the lovely, non-washing, nut-eating, neatwhisky-drinking hermit who happens to cherish a single rose. There is a "Grand Guignol" for you. The country has come to a pretty pass when such things can be allowed.

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What makes the whole affair even more tragic and pitiable to think about is the attitude of people like Tomlinson. I asked Tomlinson, the other day, how he was dealing with this matter of the water-famine, and found that he was actually cleaning his motor-car at night by means of a hose fixed to the bathroom-tap. He said that the water he was using was only the water that one has to run off first in order to get a hot bath. Nobody will be surprised to hear that the day after telling me this he killed one of the station-master's guineahens when travelling in his guilty car.

But the behaviour of Kemp-Brown is, if anything, worse. He and his family have baths by relays the whole day long. Those who are not bathing play tennis until it is their turn to bathe again. And at night they water the tennis-lawn. The tank under their

bath-pipe is simply huge.

I should like to narrate to Tomlinson and the Kemp-Browns the story of my poor old man with the moss-rose. And to the Bartletts too. They have as little public spirit as Tomlinson and the Kemp-Browns and they have about fourteen dogs, some with long hair. They point out that nothing is said about dogs in the Water Board's communiqué, and that the very stagnant duck-pond into which Tiny and Tchitcherin and Yung Ho will keep getting has now become rather a blessing, because, although it keeps the footman busy with a tub in the yard most of the day, they have managed to save



Chalty Stranger, "Golf must be a wonderful game, Guvnor. They tell me THAT THERE'S A FELLAR OVER THANET WAY AS CAN MAKE A GOLF-BALL WRITE "Dally Mail." IN THE AIR,"

the bedding geraniums, which seem to do particularly well on dog and duckpond combined.

That reminds me that the old man I spoke of, to whom such grave and terrible injustice was done, might also have kept a dog and bathed it all day long. But somehow I do not seem to see him doing so. Misanthropic, swart and nucivorous, he was not a dog-lover, I feel sure. If he fostered anything besides the rose it was a cat or, more probably, fawn-coloured mice.

I doubt if all these thoughts, beautiful or repellent, whichever they may be, would have come into my mind anywhere except in a hot bath full to the top. The hot bath is going on to the This explains how the Y.M.C.A. maingreenhouse where the seedlings are.

EVOE.

Our Ephemeral Historians.

From an American publisher's cir-

"H. G. Wells' Outline of History. Good for 10 Days Only."

"Great disappointment was caused in Prestwick this afternoon when John Wilson, the local ayduudududududududuuuuduuuunS, was beaten on the last green."—Glasgow Paper. With such a handicap the surprising thing was that he survived so long.

From a trade circular :-

"A special demonstration of -(illustrated on Living Models) at Y.M.C.A.,
— St. No orders will be taken at the Demonstration."

tains its reputation for being somewhat strait-laced.

THE BLUE FAIRY-BOOK.

Mr. Punch's article of last week on some of the names in the Birthday Honours encourages me to explore an even wider field, if only to repel the charge that England is "less generously provided with arresting names" than America.

Everybody in the Telephone-Book is, of course, a perfect gentleman, and, having once courted publicity by having their names circulated so widely, I am sure the subscribers won't mind my discreetly mentioning them here. If they do, they shouldn't have such nice names, for a nice name is public property. I will confess at once that my name is Haddock, and they can do what they will with that.

There are some subscribers to whom we others of the telephone owe a signal debt of gratitude—which I now propose to pay. The other day, for example, as I wandered sadly through the waste of W's, what balm descended on my soul as my eye caught that little oasis on page 914:—

"Wellbeloved A & Sons, Butchrs & Frmrs,"

And not one Wellbeloved only, but at least four! I longed to call the magic number and whisper into the receiver, "O Wellbeloved, are you there? You have brightened this day for me, Wellbeloved. Farewell."

But nearly every letter, even the dullest of them, has its romantic relief. When you have waded in vain through the seventh page of that tiresome SMPTH family, pass on a page or two. Soothe yourself with the thought that, if you liked, you could have a word with Mr. Sunshine, Judah. Or by simply putting three pennies in the slot and turning the handle, you will be entitled to say, "Hullo! Is that you, Precious?" or "Good morning, TREASURE!" or "TRUELOVE, are you there?" "What's in a name?" said SHAKSPEARE, thereby gravely injuring his reputation; for you and I know that nearly everything is in a name. And I should like to ring up Mr. LOVELY and ask if I might speak to his daughter. I do hope he has a daughter.

There is no Thursday in this thrilling book, but there are two men who are Monday, and no fewer than five Fridays, four of whom are butchers. But, of course, butchers have much the best taste in names; two of the four Wellbelloveds are butchers, and three of the Lavenders are butchers; and two of the four Portwines belong to the same fastidious trade.

The objection to the Telephone-Book is that it makes fantastic works of imagination seem so dull. I mean, when them up yourself.

you realise that in this London of ours there are twelve people called STARKEY, and eleven people called SMEE... I wonder if the STARKEYS are lucky on the telephone. Or do they mean along the wires, "Wrong number again, Miss! O miserable STARKEY!"?

The trouble is, I fear, that probably very few of these delightful people really know each other. And what marvellous dialogues don't happen in consequence! Can't you imagine them?

"Hullo! Is that you, PLATO? HOMER wants a word with you."

Or-

"Hullo! Is that you, Japhet, my boy? Hullo! This is Noah." Noah is a butcher, of course.

Or-

"Hullo, Mars! Venus speaking."
For all these fine old English names are to be found in the Blue Fairy-Book. How is it one never comes across them in real life? Why does one never see Mr. Herbage comparing notes with Mr. Grass? Why, oh why have I never been introduced to Mrs. Silvertop? Or Mrs. Twopenny? Virtue and Vice are both subscribers; but are they in touch?

Perhaps, however, I am wrong. It may be that things are better ordered than I imagine, that every morning GCODLAD has a word with GOODLASS; and Mr. BUTTAR has a word with Mr. CHESE; and Mr. SOFTLY has a word with Mr. YELL; and Mr. BUSY murmurs a few home-truths to the Misses IDLE; and MOCK and TURTLE get together.

If not, there is something wrong somewhere, and I feel that there ought to be a Society for Getting into Touch with Telephone Subscribers with Jolly Names. Perhaps we had better found it at once. The names I have mentioned are a mere handful gathered on the surface. I propose that anyone wishing to become a member should compile a list of his own and send it in to the Secretary. Prizes will, of course, be awarded for the best list, and when all the lists are in we can set to work. I am sorry, but I cannot reveal the plans of the Society in detail at this date.

The prize for the best Literary Name has been already awarded, provisionally, to Mr. Benjamin Crimp.

The prize for Making the Best of It is awarded to a suburban gentleman, or rather to his parents. Others have been born into the world under the name of Death; but—at least in the Telephone Book—there is only one

DEATH, JOLLY.

And now, I suppose, you think I invented them all. Very well, then, look them up yourself.

A. P. H.

MORAY JUNE.

EXILES may wander far a-field
And find them deep delight
Where tropic suns their magic wield
And tropic moons delight:
Yet one old corner will there be

Whereto their hearts will stray, And year by year there calls for me The Moray June on Spey.

I never knew the season yet
A ghost-wind did not blow,
Ere ever the moon of May was set.
From hills of heather and snow,
And stole into the tropic noon

This message to convey:—
"Come, taste again the Moray June,
Come north again to Spey."

Good are the burns of the Indian hills, Pykara, Periyar;

Good are the ghats and the running rills That hurry to Malabar;

And oft my heart is merry with these,
Yet wearying for the firs,
The birch and the broom and the reverse

The birch and the broom and the rowantrees

Twixt Insh and Fochabers.

Who knows not Spey, the river of song, The rushing river and free? Who knows not Spey, the gallant and

strong,

And who will not agree
That summer and winter, rain or sun,
Blue day or silver noon,

Rarest of all the rivers that run
Is the Moray Spey in June?

Who knows that land in shimmer and shower,

From Dulnan to Mulben, From Advie over to Aberlour And back to the Tulchan Glen,

Who Rothes knows and Ruthrie Linn, Cromdale, Craigellachie, Let him be counted of my kin, For he is friend to me.

Year after year that north wind comes To tempt me to its will;

Through the loud bazaar and the temple drums

Its message conquers still;
And I swear that river and strath and
glen

Shall now salute the day That gives this exile back again His Moray June on Spey. H. B.

"Putting the Weight-Won by inches in 10 3-5 sees."-Scots Paper.

We are glad to see that Scotland is "speeding up" an event which spectators too often find intolerably slow.

" ASCOT.

1.30.—Trial Stakes of 10 sovs, each, with 500 sovs, added. Seven miles 166 yards." Provincial Paper.

Some trial.

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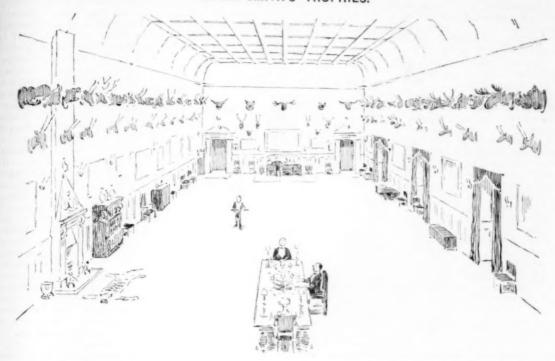
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SAFARI-SMITH'S TROPHIES.



I USED TO THINK THAT OLD SAFARI-SMITH'S TROPHIES MADE AN AWFULLY JOLLY DECORATION TO HIS DINING-ROOM-



BUT NOW THAT HE'S MOVED TO A FLAT IN LONDON I'M REALLY NOT QUITE SO SURE OF IT.

HEADSY-UP!

I was slipping out of the house without undue ostentation when my wife caught me.

"Why, you've forgotten Violet," she cried reprovingly.

I did my best to look astonished.
"So I have!" I

exclaimed contritely. "Well, that's funny But I hadn't; and it wasn't.

"Go little walkee with kind master, encouraged my wife, and our little dumb friend came prancing and puffing out tome.

I regarded Violet without favour; I dislike intensely taking her for little walkees; she is the shortest-legged. longest haired dog in

Christendom, and I have legs like stilts ! and am both bald and clean-shaven. comment.

"she hasn't got a muzzle on. And you apparent upon the face of the keen lating, very health-giving in the process

know the muzzling order is in force again in our part of Hampshire."

My wife laughed. "Headsy-up," she said to Violet. Instantly our little dumb friend tossed up her head and the vast Niagara of hair was flung back. I bent to observe, and there, half hidden in the mist below the dammed cataract, I saw the glint of the wire entanglements ordained by law.

"Headsy-down," said my wife, and once again the muzzle was swallowed up in the hairy deluge.

It is seldom that I pat Violetgently, I mean; but this morning I patted her in the real S.P.C.A. sense of the word. I felt she was going to be a companion to me.

"Come on, Violet," I called briskly; and Violet galloped on in front of me with her grotesque rocking-horse action.

I had not miscalculated. Before Violet and I had little walkeed a quarter of a mile six people had drawn my attention to her muzzle-

the corner of the High Street.

"Ha, ha," I laughed unconcernedlysix times. And four of the six counsellors to witness my imminent discomfiture.

High Street. I paused. Violet paused. The four followers paused.

"I'll trouble you for your name and animal ain't muzzled."



" · HEADSY-UP! ' I COMMANDED VIOLET."

"Headsy-up!" I commanded Violet. | need no longer be subjected to the in-The four followers laughed very The contrast between us is so marked heartily at the keen young policeman's as to cause frequent and loud-spoken mistaken zeal. So did I. Violet herself smirked self-consciously. "I can't take her," I said gruffly; there was the very antithesis of mirth



"HE WAS A BROKEN MAN."

less condition, and had warned me of young one when, rising from the squatthe keen young policeman on duty at ting position he had assumed to facilitate a close scrutiny of Violet's jaws, he gasped, "Pass along, please.

Violet and I passed along merrily. turned back and followed me in order And that was the first day of a glorious week. Every morn I walkeed her up to "Ah!" gloated the keen young the keen young policeman, and said founded mane.

policeman as we all turned into the brightly, "Headsy-up!" On Tuesday his hand twitched suggestively; on Wednesday he merely stared soddenly, and his hand was still; on Thursday address, Sir, if you please," boomed the he blinked and his gaze shifted and keen young policeman. "That there his arms were folded; on Friday he shut his eyes and kept his hands behind

his back until we had passed; and on Saturday he deliberately looked the other way and his hands hung limp and nerveless at his sides. "Headsyup!" I remarked to the back of his neck. He groaned. He was a broken man.

But this was not all, No, no. Having by now thoroughly established the fact of Violet's obedience to the Law (though screened from mortal eve). I decided that our little dumb friend

dignity of wearing a muzzle. Not content with this rash defiance, I continued to say "Headsy-up!" every time we But passed the keen young policeman.

There must be something very stimu-

of law-breaking. I know I have never felt better in my life than I did for most of the succeeding week. My step became buoyant and springy, my eye clear and challenging, and my complexion of that slightly bronzed hue so becoming to handsome men. People remarked upon my magnificent appearance and asked me if I had just returned from a holiday. But the keen young policeman got paler and paler, his uniform sagged and his moustache drooped pitiably. Indeed, I was beginning to feel a twinge of compassion for him when of course it was on a Friday, the 13th of the month, and I had seen a single magpie while shaving and had broken my wife's hand glass (not that I'm superstitious)-the end came.

I had, as usual, buoyantly turned the corner of the High Street when I saw that the once keen young policeman was not alone. An Inspector was with him, and, before I

had time to double back, a white-gloved finger shot forth at Violet. A bitter, weary, disillusioned smile contorted the haggard face of the young policeman.

"It's no good, Sir," he sighed; "but if you will 'ave it—'Eadsy-up!"

Violet proudly threw back her con-

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Local Painter and Paperhanger (to Artist). "YE'LL NO BE USING THAT SHADE O' GREEN, SURELY? IT'LL BLISTER SOMETHING

spector brusquely; and of course I was tax-payer squandered. fined the maximum penalty.

The young policeman, I am sorry to say, is still in hospital. I am told that the ward and even the corridors ring with the poor fellow's ravings.

"'Eadsy-up!" he cries uncersingly. " 'Eadsy-up!

THE WAR OFFICE AGAIN.

YET another example is to hand, as we say in The Slowshire Weekly Herald, of the dilatoriness and apathy with which the War Office treats inventors who are young and innocent enough to novice in the art of war that, with the hawk their wares in Whitehall,

It would appear that a Manchester scientist, Mr. Robert James, who was in Mesopotamia during the War, has recently perfected two inventions by the use of which he claims that we should be able to reduce our garrison in Iraq, as one should now call it, to at least one quarter of the lowest estimate battalion in the attack would cause the yet approved. In all confidence he took enemy to fly panic-stricken long before his inventions to the War Office, but, the picture came to close quarters. incredible though it may seem, the mandarins of that establishment have safeguard and would only be used in returned them with a curt note to the the event of the failure of the projector effect that they regret that they are or should some unusually fanatical body them. Particulars will be published in unable to avail themselves of his kind of tribesmen venture to attack the mirage | due course.

"Name and address," said the In- offer. Thus is the money of the poor

Put briefly Mr. James's inventions

Being struck during the War by the lifelike appearance of the mirages which are so frequently seen in the deserts of Mesopotamia, he has, by an ingenious adaptation of the einematograph, perfected a machine by which one is able to reproduce upon a front of one hundred yards complete details of a force occupying a defensive position or of a battalion moving to the attack, supported by machine-guns and artillery.

It is patent therefore to the veriest exception of a few operators, no troops at all are required to quell an Arab rising or to extract taxes from recalcitrant tribesmen. The lifelike presentation of a defensive position would be certain to stop all attacks, while the immunity from rifle bullets and the mechanical steadiness of the mirage

The second invention is merely a

army. The inspiration for this invention was received by Mr. James whilst sitting in his tent one afternoon in July, 1917.

He proposes that each mirage operator should be provided with half-a-dozen conical tins similar to those containing fire-extinguishers. On driving in the bottom rod by a smart blow on the ground a triple-proof, self-stropping, non-reversible dust-storm of one hundred per cent. efficiency would at once be released at the advancing Arabs.

Under cover of this cloud the operator could repair his machine or steal silently away. In this latter case the mysterious disappearance of an entire army would be sure to cause havoc among the imaginations of the superstitious Arabs and impress them with the futility of waging war with so great a Power.

As Mr. James reckons that only one sporadic kilowatt per hundred yards per half-hour is required to project the mirage, and as the local price of each such unit is only two mahelas, one finds it hard to realise that the War Office have refused so tempting an offer.

It is understood that, rather than offer his inventions to a foreign Power, Mr. James has decided to commercialise

THE ROSY PARKERS.

Rosy, because we are so healthy, or or least make such efforts to be; Parkers, because it is in the Park-Hyde Park - that those efforts are made. Every morning, while you, dear, slothful and, I am seriously afraid, too corpulent reader, are still in bed, those efforts are resumed. Yes, every morning we, in the horrid search for fitness and slimness, are walking in the Park before us it is all duty. more fortunate or less vain people are up; before, really, the Park is ready

at work harpooning yesterday's paper bags, and those who look upon this green expanse as a dormitory are only just beginning to make those yawning stretching movements which to them constitute dressing. But how unready the Park is I can illustrate more vividly by saying that all its chairs are then free, there being no one to collect the tuppences.

We are the most punctual creatures in the world. We meet and pass at exactly the same spot every morning: without any sign of recognition, of course, having been properly brought up. I often wonder what kind of cataclysm would be needed to make us friendly. A terrific thunderstorm might, if it sent us to the same shelter; a tidal wave on the Serpentine undoubtedly would. The appearance of a hostile submarine near the bridge; the sudden collapse of the bridge when all the King's horses and all the King's men are crossing it-that

the Magazine. But nothing much less; for we have, as I say, been properly brought up.

But even if we pass as strangers and aloof we look at each other swiftly and narrowly-I mean those of us who are engaged in the distasteful and uncomfortable task of reduction. We look to see if there is any difference; we compare notes. "Confound the fellow," we say, "he really is getting a little thinner;" or, on happier mornings, "He's fatter than ever. Puffing more than usual too." This sends us home to bath and breakfast at peace with all mankind.

to be confused with those who ride. No doubt they too think that they are exemplary devotees of the goddess Hygica; but we know that they are really out for self-indulgence. To sit on a horse-often on a horse that is a good deal safer than a rocking-chairis not exercise. Talking to pretty girls who also are on horseback is not exercise. It is fun. Now we have no fun, we who pad the salubrious hoof; with

common with the walkers-they are thousand to one that none of them keeps for us, because the chiffoniers are still punctual too. But they also have a pair his Arctic exploits dark; so little in-

Wife (who has been awake for hours and feels she must speak to someone).

Husband. "YES-WHAT IS IT?" Wife. "I CAN'T SLEEP, DARLING." Husband. "LET US SEE, MY LOVE, WHAT A LITTLE SILENCE WILL DO."

> to the Row at a given hour; the second determines when they shall trot, when canter, when gallop and when walk. Whether they control, or whether their horses do, what mere pedestrian shall say? But horses are clever creatures.

Nor are we to be confused with the bathers. The bathers are a hardy and for the most part more youthful contingent. They arrive from all quarters necks, whereas we live in the vicinity and walk. The bathers fraternize too; all but (I imagine) the robust and insensitive perennials whose boast it is that they never miss a morning, not

What they think of the present crowd who submerge only when the weather is warm can easily be guessed. There could be no true companionship between such extremes, and one sees the stalwarts longing for the return of the season that will once more remove them from the rank and file and set them above them. Nothing else can do it. for in the water all men are equal.

They must be fairly intolerable fellows in their offices on black January days, The riders, however, have this in these all-the-year-rounders, for it is a

deed are they a secret that it would not surprise me to learn that the true pleasure of mid-winter bathing is boasting about it afterwards. But now it is midsummer, and the water is full and on Sundays fuller: in the mornings with men; in the late afternoons with gamins.

To the regular exerciser in the Park there is something new every morning. The leaves are a little larger, the blossom is coming on or going off, the ducklings are growing, the moorhens are growing. Some one different is riding with HIS MAJESTY-for it is our privilege to see the King of England, very close to, every day, and exchange salutes with him: or he has a different horse, sometimes a bay, sometimes black "Delhi." The flowers in the herbaceous border change and give place to new. The foxgloves, for example, are just disappearing in favour of Canterbury-bells. The sheep are not where they were yesterday. And this

probably would. Or the explosion of of time-tables. The first brings them reminds me of our constant problem: How do the sheep get there? Who has seen them on their way from the real country to this makeshift? Where were they shorn the other day? What becomes of them when the time is ripe for the butcher? Has Hyde Park mutton a flavour peculiar to itself, as the pre salé has? Do epicures insist on getting it? And, finally, not only of Hyde Park sheep, but all: Do they know on bicycles with towels round their that if they had no entrails there would be nothing to string tennis E. V. L. racquets with?

Another Impending Apology.

We who walk are not for a moment even if they have to break the ice. the bronze medal."—Scotch Paper.

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First Coper, "So ye've sold that mad owld erute at last. How did ye do it?" Second Coper. "Whisky." First Coper, "DID YE DOPE HIM, THEN?" Second Coper, "DIVIL A BIT, I DOPED THE MAN THAT BOUGHT HIM."

"TO SOOTHE THE SAVACE BREAST."

THE gramophone was playing a ragtime. It had played it thrice, a thing of alarming suddenness. George (14) and Bessie (16) were teaching each other the latest step.

"Can't you dance to something better than that?" I asked.

"Oh, Mother, it's awfully nice. All right-I know-put on 'By Heck! George; that's lovely.'

It was not their fault. After all, I had nevertaken them to heargood music. The thought was a shock. I was really very anxious they should grow up in the knowledge of it.

I waited till "By Heck!" had crowed and clacked itself to an end. "Children," I said, "I'm free to-morrow night, and I'm going to give you a simply glorious treat. We'll go to the Opera.

The response was not overwhelming. Bessie's face was a blank; George's positively dropped. Perhaps mine did too.

"What is it to morrow?" Bessie asked.

paper.

" Othello," said Bessie.

"SHAKSPEARE or someone, isn't it?" George mumbled.

"Yes. But it's Opera."

think me a most awful swine if -well, I'd heaps rather go to the pictures. So much more exciting. Should I be a swine?"

After all, George is only fourteen.
"All right, old man," I said, "you shall go to the pictures. What about you, Bessie?"

"I'dlike the opera, Mother-awfully." I felt cheered.

At the end of the First Act I asked Bessie if she was enjoying it. She Othello's nodded without speaking. voice was wonderful. From the first note it held me spell-bound.

When it came to the slaying of poor Desdemona I was troubled at what I had done in bringing Bessie-such a sensitive child. Her lips were drawn back from her teeth; her face was white; she stared, horrified. I was glad when the scene was over, but I almost "I don't know. Look; there's the dreaded the rest. How would she bear it? Ought I to take her away?

"Bessie," I whispered, "shall we go, dear?"

"Go, Mother? Oh, no."

I dared not look at her again till the "Mother," said George, "would you thing was over. Othello's grief was terrible. His glorious voice broke in sobs in the agony of his love and remorse-sobs that smote on the heart and clutched the throat. I wept with him. It was a grief to tear the heart

Bessie and I were silent as we drove

At breakfast the children discussed their evening.

"The pictures, George," said Bessie, in a highly superior tone - " pooh ! You don't get anything exciting on the pictures compared with Opera. You should have seen Othello strangling his wife! It was worth sitting through all the rest."

Extract from a "Tipster's" advertise-

"At Ascot to-day I have got two stone certaintys [sic] on my 2/6 special.
You can go broke on these two."

We should think it very likely.



A THEOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

- "Mother, s'posing I died, should I go to heaven?" "Yes, dear."
- "S'POSING I DIED BECAUSE A BIG BEAR SWALLOWED ME, WOULD HE HAVE TO GO TOO?"

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch has a reputation for being an importunate beggar on behalf of children. But this time—for children have to have mothers and it is just as well that they should have the best they can get—he ventures to plead the cause of the higher education of the future mothers of the race.

Bedford College (University of London), the largest, as it is the oldest, of women's colleges in England, is in urgent need of funds for the extension of its residential accommodation. Though primarily a day college, it draws an increasing number of students from the provinces and outlying districts of London, and for these the advantages of living a corporate life in the immediate environment of the college and of avoiding the long daily journeys that involve much waste of time, are sufficiently obvious. The Council have at this moment the opportunity of securing a Hall of Residence admirably adapted for the purpose. The University Grants Committee, realizing the vital importance of residential accommodation in the Universities, have promised to double any sum that may be collected, up to £10,000.

It is for help towards this end that Mr. Punch very earnestly appeals to his readers. Gifts should be addressed to the Treasurer of the Extension Fund, Miss Monkhouse, at Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.

Physical development is to-day as much a part of women's education as of men's; and it is intended that some of the fund which the College hopes to raise shall be devoted to the purchase of a permanent playing-field. An attractive offer of a suitable ground has been made, but cannot be kept open indefinitely.

In aid of both these objects—a new Residential Hall and an Athletic Ground—possibly with a preferential keenness for the latter, the Students have arranged a Dance to take place, with Lady Bonham-Carter as hostess and M. Casano to direct his own orchestra, at the Hyde Park Hotel on Monday next, June 26th, under the patronage of H.E. the French Ambassadress, the Duchess of Norfolk, Viscountess Mersey, Viscountess Rhondda and other sympathisers. Tickets (25/-) may be obtained from Miss Ilbert, Bedford College, or from the Hyde Park Hotel.

STRAWBERRIES.

QUEENLILY June with a rose in her hair Moves to her prime with a languorous air; What in her kingdom's most comely? By far Strawberries, strawberries, strawberries are! Strawberries fresh, heaven-begot— What were the Summer without'em, ah! what?

Cool as the morning they come from their beds, Splendidest scarlets and dewiest reds; Cherry and nectarine, apricot, peach, Mentioned with strawberries! out upon each! Strawberries ripe—Pharaohs deceased, Say, set they ever such seal on a feast?

Gods of old Greece had ambrosia for food;
Nectar divine for their table was brewed;
Here with the Midsummer, sweet with the sun,
Have we ambrosia and nectar in one;

Strawberries—ah! yet we believe
Apples were chosen for tempting poor Eve!



ROSE-DAY FOR WELCOME.





Owner of cheap Car. "Would you mind stopping your engine, Madam? I want to see if you are my wife."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 12th .- Only some two hundred Members were present when the House of Commons resumed business after the Whitsuntide recess. They were rewarded for their constancy by witnessing a unique sight. Up in the Public Gallery was a Baby! The infant was extraordinarily well-behaved and never uttered a sound, being apparently more interested in the contemplation of its own toes than in anything said or done by the grown-ups below.

Indeed there was nothing very ex-citing to arouse its attention. Ministers were chiefly engaged in the familiar art of evading inconvenient questions. The PRIME MINISTER, asked whether the Genoa Pact of Peace had resulted in the Soviet forces being demobilised, replied that, as they had never been mobilised, the question did not arise; but did not succeed in explaining to the satisfaction of Mr. Hogge how in that case the "great forces massed on the frontier," of which he recently spoke, had arrived at their positions. Sir Robert Horne's account of the conditions under which we had recently lent Austria two and

a quarter millions was almost as intangible as the security-" art treasures and others "-on which it appears to have been based.

A pointed question by Sir John



A POPULAR WHIP. RT. HON, COLONEL LESLIE WILSON.

BUTCHER on the prospects of the Free State Constitution Bill was neatly parried by the Colonial Secretary with the statement that it was "impossible to give a categorical reply as to the effect of a hypothetical amendment to a hypothetical provision in a Bill not yet introduced "-which sounds reasonable.

General cheers endorsed Sir DONALD Maclean's congratulations to Colonel LESLIE WILSON on having been made a Privy Councillor; and they were renewed when Mr. Chamberlain tactfully put up the new "Right Honourable" to make the usual statement about the

business of the House.

A very small audience heard Lord WINTERTON'S exposition of the draft rules for the Burma Constitution. 1 rather fancy that the knowledge of most Members on the subject of Burma is about as extensive as my own, and is chiefly derived from KIPLING. Anyway they seemed glad to know that Supi-yaw-lat and her sisters were to be admitted to the electoral roll. A lady who habitually smokes "a whacking white cheroot" is obviously able to hold her own with any mere man.

The Constitution received the valuable support of Colonel Wedgwood, Minister is accused of being either a counted himself fortunate in being able

who claimed to be the only Member of the House who had been in Burma, It is true that his visit, as he frankly confessed, only lasted three or four days, but affections ripen quickly in the East, and it was long enough to make him love the Burmese people and to arouse, he believes, reciprocal feelings on their part. The Chins, I am told, claim him as one of themselves.

The Allotments Bill received a Second Reading. Mr. ACLAND regarded it as a safeguard against social revolution. The man who has a plot of his own to look after will take very little interest in other people's conspiracies.

Tuesday, June 13th.—
The newspapers have been filled with denunciations of the Home Secretary for having advised the reprieve of the murderer, Ronald True, on the ground of his insanity.
The agitation had spread

the adjournment, and possible that the division would be a close-run thing. Rarely, if ever, has there been such a revulsion of feeling as was caused by Mr. Short's defence of his action, which was, briefly, that, both in appointing a Committee of inquiry into the convict's state of mind and in accepting its decision, he was acting absolutely in accordance with his statutory duty. Mr. Holmes, however, persisted in asking leave to move the adjournment; but only about a score of Labour Members, together with Sir F. BANBURY and a few others, stood up in support, and accordingly leave was refused. Mr. Short was warmly cheered as he left the House.

The Vote for the new Cabinet Secretariat—familiarly known as the Downing Street Garden Suburb—produced one of the best debates of the Session. Sir Donald Maclean led off with an account of the gradual growth of the Secretariat, a war-time innovation, until it now comprised a hundred persons and cost thirty thousand a year. He doubted its usefulness and feared it would turn the Prime Minister into a President

His fears were derided by Mr. CHAM-BERLAIN, who quoted the Earl of BAL-



"A NEATER, SWEETER MAIDEN.

EARL WINTERTON ASSISTS A YOUNG LADY "ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY."

to the House, and it was considered cerpuppet or a tyrant. With the growth channels on which we sailed so easily tain that there would be a motion for of Cabinet work the Secretariat had, in to the cataract of 1914 "was now im-



The Rev. Chadband Macquisten. "What is Terewith? Is it Summer Time? No, my friends, no!"

["Under Summer Time every Clock had a face which confronted the rising generation every day with a misstatement of facts. How in these circumstances could they expect the rising generation to grow up with a respect for veracity"?

Wr. Macquisten.]

to enjoy the services of a body of men "who will work with such devotion under any pressure, for any length of time, at any hour of the day or night." With commendable self-restraint the trade unionists present refrained from shouting "Blacklegs!" when they heard this description.

Mr. Asquith considered that the existence of the Secretariat was incompatible with the complete mutual confidence and absolute secrecy which—in theory, but not, I fancy, always in practice—was the essence of the Cabinet system, and declared that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield with the declared at the thought of any outsider being present at a Cabinet Meeting.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE agreed, but said that things had moved since their time, when, for example, there were no telephones. A return to "the dignified

channels on which we sailed so easily to the cataract of 1914 "was now impossible, and he prophesied that no future Administration would be able to dispense with the new machinery that he had set up. There was a good deal more criticism, but eventually the Vote was carried by 205 to 111.

Wednesday, June 14th.—The Lords were graciously pleased to give the LORD CHANCELLOR leave of absence on June 28th, in order that he might go and be "doctored" at Oxford.

Then they gave a unanimous Second Reading to the Allotments (Scotland) Bill, though the Duke of BUCCLEUCH expressed the hope that in Committee t would be made as much like the English Bill as possible. When, however, Lord ULLSWATER endeavoured to amend the Salmon Fisheries Bill in the direction of putting the English fishermen of the Solway on an equality with their Scottish competitors, his Grace was less complaisant. At present the Scotsmen enjoy several advantagessix hours a week less close-time, a smaller mesh for their nets, and "stakenets" as against the English "halfnets." The DUKE was not at all inclined to surrender these privileges, unless, indeed, Lord Ullswater could persuade the Government "to give Berwick-on-Tweed back to Scotland."



ECHO OF THE HEAT-WAVE.

Ardent Coucist. "QUITE COOL, QUITE COOL. COOL AS BLAZES, COOL AS BLAZES."

the Scotsmen would yield; "they will few holes in it. die at the stake-nets rather than surrender them."

Bill passes into law there may soon be WILLETT's ingenious idea has met with no fish for them to quarrel about. Lord MONTAGU gave a lamentable account of the disastrous effects of oil on fish and it as "agin' natur'." Mr. Macquisbird-life in the Solent. He had seen forty swans dead, killed by oil. Lord Mayo was more concerned with its inconvenience to humans. He knew of but was well answered by Mr. Hopkinladies who had emerged from the sea "perfectly filthy." Fancy Venus Anadyomene in such conditions! Even Lord Bearsted, who was at first inclined to oppose the Bill in the in- if one walked away from it it went terests of the "oilers," was impressed slower." I must try that experiment by the arguments and retired into his one day with Big Ben. shell.

The "honourable and learned" Members of the House of Commons spent a that there are less than a hundred "airbusy afternoon in amending the mammoth Law of Property Bill. Considering that it is designed largely with the advice to Britannia (vide last week's intention of reducing the public depend- cartoon) appears to have been only too ence upon lawyers, it speaks well for well justified. their patriotism (and also for the skill It was pleasant to learn from Mr. growing reputation.

The laymen had their turn when the Summer Time Bill came up for dis-Unless the Oil in Navigable Waters cussion. On the whole the late Mr. the approval of the town-dwellers, but the agriculturists are still opposed to TEN, too, denounced a measure which caused our clocks to set an example of mendacity to the rising generation; son, whom I take to be a disciple of EINSTEIN, since he averred that time was relative not absolute: "If one moved towards a clock it went quicker, while

> Thursday, June 15th.-A shock was caused by Captain Guest's revelation worthy" machines licensed for civil aviation in this country. Mr. Punch's

Lord Ullswater doubted if even then of the draftsmen) that they picked so Short that several members of the Metropolitan Police Force are acquainted with one or more foreign languages, and that it is in his opinion unnecessary to offer them inducements to improve their linguistic capacity. But his objection to furnishing them with a special badge seems less intelligent. They would, he thinks, be so constantly called upon to act as interpreters that they would have no time for their ordinary duties. But they would probably prevent a good deal of the crime now committed on or by foreigners, and the ordinary duties could be done by the monoglots.

The PRIME MINISTER was looking unusually glum, possibly as the result of hearing from the LEADER OF THE House that there would almost certainly have to be an Autumn Session. But he stayed to listen to a good part of Lord Winterton's excellently delivered and, on the whole, reassuring statement upon India. At one time, indeed, the Under-Secretary had no fewer than four Cabinet Ministers among his somewhat scanty audience—a tribute to his

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A BALLAD OF BOAR'S HILL.

Two years ago 'twas stated that every Jack and Jill Of genius had migrated from Oxford to Boar's Hill, And since divine afflatus was fostered by the cure The Hill's Parnassian status seemed destined to endure.

For there Victorian lions lay down with Georgian lambs Or pushed their precious scions, young prosodists, in prams Well-water was not ample, but those who wished to sing Could always safely sample the Heliconian spring.

But, recently week-ending hard by the sacred fount And duteously ascending this memorable mount, Where on contiguous ridges, each in his bowery dell, John Masefield, Robert Bridges and Gilbert Murray dwell.

Alas! I sadly noted, where'er I took my way, Signs of sophistication and symptoms of decay; A crass commercial coma now threatens to efface The rarefied aroma that dignified the place.

For when, the summit scaling, you pause to scan the scene, A peer's portentous paling erects its monstrous screen, Blocking from all beholders the loveliest view I know Of Oxford as she smoulders and glitters down below.

Where every prospect pleases but only Art is vile, New structural diseases the landscape now defile— Villas de luxe repeating the manners of Mayfair, Its fine luxurious eating, its centralized hot air.

The merry Oxford golfer from Frilford homeward bound, The Philistine, the scoffer, invades this holy ground; And nurses with their charges regard him with dislike As down the hill he barges upon his motor-bike.

No more are rustics bidden to plays of Ancient Greece, Uncultured and unchidden they vegetate in peace; Greek is no more in fashion for chauffeurs, maids, or grooms, Dancing is now the passion in Muscovite costumes.

The memories that cluster about the Poets' Hill Already lose their lustre; the nightingales are still; And Oxford in revival looks proudly from beneath Upon the coming rival of Hampstead and its Heath.

MORAL.

Bards of the finest feather, avoid your kind like sin; For if you flock together the world comes butting in. The facts I tell confirm it: the lights that never wane Are kindled by the hermit who shuns the crowd profane.

Very Strenuous Golf.

"The result of the first two rounds of the Scottish ladies' golf championship caused some surprise, for Miss Jean McCulloch, champion of 1913, was beaten by Miss C. Shewan, a local player, after 20 miles."—Welsh Paper.

"The feature of the first professional golf tournament at Roehampton was that Rush, a comparative outsider, defeated A. Mitchell in the first match round, owing to the latter's erratic play for the last nine hours."—New Zealand Paper.

"In his titles and themes Mr. — has covered a lot of ground. He has written and sung of mothers, babies, roses, stars, birds almost without end, and always his futile brain is on the alert for new themes."—Provincial Paper.

Wild horses would not drag from us the name of the poet thus contemptuously treated.

"The season for the shooing of game opens on May 1st."

New Zealand Paper.

In the Northern Hemisphere there are no restrictions. Cats and beetles may be shooed at any time.

THE END OF THE STORY.

I have a theory that a poem or indeed any great literary work to be really effective should be left unfinished. The last Act of all plays ought to remain unwritten, the concluding chapters should be omitted from every novel. My point is that the final solution of the problem might then be shaped and coloured by the imagination of the audience or reader instead of being merely dictated by the personal prejudice or fancy of the author.

Several years ago I accidentally heard the opening couplet of a poem hitherto unknown to me, and it brought me to realise the tremendous advantage of the unfinished work. The lines (I know not even whether I heard the authentic text) were as follows:—

"Oh, fat white lady whom nobody loves, Why do you walk in the fields in gloves?"

I am totally ignorant of the identity of the author of this couplet; I have neither heard nor read the remainder of the poem, if there be any remainder; the important fact is that by chance I became acquainted with these two detached lines and they have haunted me ever since.

One cannot deny that the imagination is stirred by them to a sense of some deep mysterious tragedy. Why did nobody love the fact white lady, and why, oh, why did she walk in the fields in gloves? These are the questions that thrust themselves inevitably into the mind, and there is no answer—there never can be any answer—unless, of course, you should have the bad luck to be acquainted with the end of the poem.

Naturally I have my own solutions: my favourite one is that the lady was an orphan employed as a governess by an unsympathetic, spiteful woman. She took a dislike to this poor governess and bullied her, making unkindly references to the size and the redness of the girl's hands. She was a timid creature with gentle eyes and was really not so very fat; she would have been quite nice-looking only her hands spoiled her. Her turbulent pupils, taking their cue from their mother, united to make her life a misery. The father of the family had at first inclined to be kind to the girl, but his jealous wife soon put a stop to that. She was alone and friendless.

Stay; there was a little curate who sometimes called, and when he looked at the girl, whose name was Ruth, there was something in his expression that caused her heart to beat wildly. Her gentle eyes attracted him and the soft modulations of her voice were as music in his ears. But her great red hands—they were too awful. He winced whenever he caught sight of them, and she noticed it and grew sad. No, he really couldn't stand those hands, and at last he ceased to come.

Then it was, of course, that Ruth took to wandering forlornly in the fields wearing white cotton gloves to conceal the roughness of her hands, which had now become hateful and ugly even to herself. Perhaps one evening she met the little curate by the stile near the spinny, and possibly, since her hands were now hidden, his love conquered and they were married and lived happily ever after; or perhaps she never saw him again . . . I do not know; I do not wish to know; I prefer to let my imagination weave its own delicate romances around this mysterious lady who wandered so pathetically in the fields.

And you must agree that the whole thing would be spoilt if one knew the author's answer to the question.

The other day I was discussing this theory of mine with Birtwhistle, and I related, as I have done to you, the fanciful story which I had developed from that chance couplet heard long ago.



"WHIL YER PLEASE OLD 'EM UP A BIT LONGLE, MISTER? ALBERT'S DROPPED 'IS 'APENNY,"

striking coincidence.

"What is odd?" I asked. "What is a coincidence, Birt-

"The remarkable similarity," he said, "between the story you have just related, which you declare to be entirely imaginary, and an incident which to my personal knowledge actually occurred some little time ago.

"Tell me," I said.

"An aunt of mine," Birtwhistle began, "whom I will call Mrs. Walton, had engaged a governess to instruct her younger children. She was a modest comely girl, but she suffered from one great affliction, even more distressing, perhaps, than the painful redness of your white lady's hands. As a result of some severe illness in her childhood she had permanently lost her hair, and was consequently obliged to wear a wig. So cunningly was this contrived, however, that only my aunt was aware of the girl's secret.

"About this time a Mr. Jones, a well-to-do bachelor, began to be a frequent visitor at the house, and everyone concluded that he had succumbed to the charms of Mrs. Walton's eldest daughter. My aunt was highly elated and encouraged him assiduously. However, it proved to be the governess who had stolen Mr. Jones's heart, and one day, to the astonishment of everyone, he proposed to her behind the summer-house and was accepted.

her jealous rage she resolved to take a malicious revenge. St. George."--Indian Paper. When next Mr. Jones came to visit his fiancée she com- He can now describe himself as a Knight Hospitaller,

"That's very odd," he observed when I had finished, "a pelled her youngest boy to take his fishing-rod and climb up into the branches of a large elm-tree that overshadowed thelawn. As the governess and Mr. Jones, strolling together after tea, passed beneath his hiding-place the child, obeying his mother's instructions, let down his book and line. Before the unsuspecting girl knew what was happening she felt her wig jerked suddenly high in the air, and she stood before her horrified lover with a head as smooth and bald as the egg of an ostrich.'

"Good heavens," I cried, "what an abominable trick! But what happened? Surely it made no difference; surely his love was strong enough to thwart your aunt's cruel intention?"

"He regarded his fiancée in amazement," continued Birtwhistle, "as the terrible truth dawned on his mind. Then he did a most unexpected thing.'

"What did he do?" I cried impatiently.

Birtwhistle reached for his hat. "Really you mustn't expect me to tell you the end of the story," he said reprovingly.

Fashion Notes.

"It is likely, writes a London correspondent, that the royal example will be followed by many, and that there will be a fashion in buttonholes. The buttonhole must not be too large."-Provincial Paper. If it is the button comes undone.

"Reuter wires that H.M. the King has invested General Sir "My aunt was furious when she learned the news and in J. A. Haldane with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Medical and

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DOVER ROAD" (HAYMARKET).

From his point of vantage on the Dover Road (where the milestones come from) it was Mr. Latimer's pleasant habit to intercept eloping couples and decoy them into his house with the point of loathing. The two couples, the humane object of proving to them it will be seen, are ingeniously conthe humane object of proving to them it will the error of their ways. By means of trasted. a private secret service, which his great breakdowns for their cars in his neighthem-he follows a regular routine of sufficient clearness that Latimer has that Eustasia could have found in

discipline, with the aid of a well-drilled staff. The man's luggage is made to disappear and he is put into a draughty room, from which he emerges next morning with a heavy head - cold and without his one suit of clothes which an intelligent footman has deliberately dropped into his bath. He is thus made ridiculous in the eyes of the lady, or else is himself disillusioned by her attitude towards him under these strange and unromantic conditions; and the escapade is cancelled in the bud.

The idea, though a little reminiscent of Dear Brutus-for Latimer is the Lobb (but more vocal) of this November Night's Dream, is very freshly conceived and very gaily carried out.

As the curtain rises on the reception - room of

Mr. Latimer's house a run-away pair arranged for Leonard and Anne to be | brilliant in initiative, his self-repression are expected, and in a few moments, lodged in different quarters of the house, was astounding. punctual to the tick, they arrive. They he drops the subject altogether. Now are Leonard and Anne and have no Latimer's avowed object was to reveal to surnames. He is a married peer and his patients the prosaic side of romance, she is a perfectly innocent girl, brought and I make no complaint of the rather up in seclusion and tempted away by his promise to show her a larger world. The sight of him next morning, unshaven, wearing a borrowed dressing- that the germs of disillusionment do do, under misfortune, and simulated a gown and very greedy over his breakfast, is enough to kill romance in her maiden breast.

Meanwhile a different kind of discase of another couple who are just least, of its most obtrusive aspects. completing their week of correction. Better to have called it a "fantasy"—a heavenly home. They are Nicholas and Eustasia (Leoname that can always be made to cover a Finally Miss I

as Leonard, he discovers in her a maternal instinct (starved by her husband, who was always fit) for playing the had to do with just any author, we ministering angel when pain and anguish wring the brow; and in tending a farcical development on Palais Royal his catarrh she presses food upon him to lines. Mr. MILNE, of course, easily

But perhaps the most original feature wealth could easily command, he antici- in Mr. MILNE's treatment of the situpated their intentions and arranged ation is his almost total disregard of the element of sex, which is popularly sup- not too likely that a type like Anne would bourhood. Having got them in his house posed to play some part in the relation- run away with a type like Leonard (or -a sort of hotel, as it is represented to ship of lovers. Having indicated with indeed any other married man); but

DOMINIC DECLINES TO LOWER HIS DIGNITY.

Nicholas						MR.	JOHN DEVERELL.
Dominic						MR.	ALLAN AYNESWORTH.
Leonard		D				MR.	NICHOLAS HANNEN.
Mr. Latin	me	p* .				MR	HENRY AINLEY

arbitrary methods by which he creates an atmosphere of disillusionment. But it never seems to occur to the author not usually operate until passion has heavy cold as well as it could be done. exhausted its novelty, and here it has had no chance.

Mr. MILNE calls his play a "comedy." man who has been disillusioned. Sub- deed there was a moment-it came her voice lacks modulation, that will

jected to identically the same treatment with the threatened collision between runaway husband and runaway wife under Latimer's roof-when, if we had avoided this, yet he did not altogether escape the taint of farce. Something very like it occurred, as so often in otherwise reasonable plays, before the curtain rose. I refer to his selection of characters for eloping purposes. It was

> Nicholas, or he in her. any single quality worth eloping with was frankly unbelievable.

> Latimer's vocation (I use the word almost in the Scriptural sense of a "calling") was, of course, very safe in Mr. HENRY AINLEY'S hands. He was the one actor for the part. He is a past-master in the art of not accentuating; the best possible exponent of Mr. MILNE'S method of elliptical understatement. He wore a monocle, and I liked his fatherly way of looking over the top of the spectacles which weren't there. Perhaps this was symbolic of Nature's abhorrence of artificiality.

> As the butler Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH WAS a very perfect model of impassive decorum. For a man so intelligently anticipative of his master's wishes and, at need, so

In the part of Nicholas I greatly enjoyed the dry humour of Mr. DEVERELL, very quaintly delivered with a most engaging crack in the voice. Harder things were asked of Mr. HANNEN as Leonard. At first he seemed a little colourless, but he improved, as good men

In Miss Athene Sevler's clever sketch of Eustasia anyone—especially those who have been wounded-could illusionment has been achieved in the But it is not a mirror of life in one, at leasily recognise the kind of ministering angel who ought never to have left her

Finally Miss NANCY ATKIN, with her nard's wife) and have no more surnames multitude of errors and omissions in youth and freshness, made a very charmthan the other two. Here it is the the matter of human probability. In ling Anne. She has personality, and if



her her

of or n-SO on n-L, ost ler as tle l a ne. ver lly uld ing

d if

an actress it was a performance full of promise.

I find I have said practically nothing about "the Staff." They too said practically nothing, but they may have thought the more. In any case their like a terrier at an object in a tobaccoefficiency was beyond praise.

1 missed the first night, and when I saw the play there were not many spontaneous outbursts of laughter; it came for the most part in ripples of quiet appreciation from the intelligent. To see Mr. Milne properly appreciated you must attend his first nights. He writes as he has always written to please just himself and his understanding friends. The change from journalism to drama has seen little change

in his manner. He has inserted some entrances and exits, adopted a few conventions of the theatre just to show that anybody can pick up the rather over-rated tricks of the trade, and here and there thrown in, rather contemptuously, a "Well, I'm damned!" to appease the groundlings; but for the rest he is still, in his later phase, the same "A. A. M." Critics may tell him that he writes too much or that his stuff is too thin, but this does not affect the flow of his fancy or the freshness of his style. He just goes his own way, the old irresponsible way; and of the ground that he has thus

covered I know no section more delightful than The Dover Road.

facing a discourse on my political views a small effigy of Charlie Charlin on by a witticism which had been well received more than once, when I found that Michael had left me, soliloquising.

I looked round and saw him pointing nist's window. I turned in disgust and walked on. In a few minutes he ran after me.

"Just look at this!" he exclaimed, aiming a miniature revolver at me, which burst into a small flame when he pulled the trigger.

"By Jove, that's neat," I said, and the rest of our conversation revolved round lighters, though by the time we parted the revolver had ceased to light. I had always understood that Michael

come with experience. For so young by chance in Oxford Street; I was pre- you say that was?" he said, standing the table.

We all guessed. "A chocolate Charlie?" "An inkpot?" "A manicure case?" "A pocket trouser-press?"
"A dud?" said I at last, knowing

perfectly well what it pretended to be. Michael looked at me reproachfully, but the corners of his mouth curled up confidently as he said, "Look!

We looked while he snatched Charlie's cane from his hand and struck him on the back with it. There was, as I anticipated, no result. He struck repeatedly, viciously, with exasperation. while we watched patiently with unlit

"Poor old Charlie," I said at length,

"leave him alone for a bit. To-day," I continued impressively, "1 bought the most reliable, the most ingenious and, for its efficiency, the most ridiculously cheap lighter on the market. I was so pleased with it, Michael. that I bought one for you.

"That's awfully good of you," he said, beaming with gratitude.

"It looks simple enough," I went on, putting my hand into my pocket, where Michael's eager gaze remained transfixed.

"The actual lighter is about the neatest thing made; why, you could carry fifty or more in your pocket without

was an artist, but when I visited him in bulging it in the least. It doesn't need petrol, and it never fails unless. of course, you leave it out in the rain all night; and the best of it is, my dear fellow "-I singled out Michael as a connoisseur-"as you can carry so many and they are so absurdly cheap, when you've used it you can throw the beastly thing away.'

With that I tossed him a box of matches.

"In a reply to the French Memorandum of June 2 on the approaching Haig conference, the Earl of Balfour says that the conference is to be one of experts,"—Provincial Paper.

The French, we gather, would have preferred a Foch Conference.

"Mr. Walter Booker plays the murdered Will Morris quietly."- The Stage

You ought to see our rendering of JULIUS CESAR during MARK ANTONY'S



The Economist. "SHAKE THE WATER OUT O' THEM BIG EARS O' YOURN BEFORE YOU COME OUT, ERNIE; REMEMBER THERE'S A DROUGHT ON.

THE LIGHTS THAT FAILED.

"HAVE you seen this?" said Michael, producing a doll's champagne bottle and drawing the cork with an air of a self-confident conjuror. I told him that I had never seen one of that size and asked him what it was for. He asked me to "wait a bit," and I waited while he replaced the cork and drew it again and again and yet again. Still I waited. After a time I guessed what he was trying to do and said-

"I see the idea, but at the moment I have not got a drop of petrol about me."

"Pity," he remarked; "it's a little

wonder when it's working."
"No doubt," I conceded, lighting my own cigarette and Michael's with a spill. A few days later our ways converged

his new studio the other day it looked more like a fancy-goods store than anythingelse. There were cartridges, battleships, motor-cars, bottles, old women, loaves of bread, boots, most of them excellent miniatures, and all alleged to be eigarette-lighters. He forgot to show me his pictures.

Last night Michael and two other men were coming to dine. On my way home from the office I went into a firstclass tobacconist's and bought what the proprietor assured me was unquestionably the most reliable lighter made. also bought one for Michael.

He was in particularly good form, and all through dinner behaved like a man who is restraining a gnawing desire to burst an unusually pleasant piece of news upon one.

When I was handing round cigars it came.

"Look here, you fellows, what should speech.



Mother (to little girl just back from party). "Did you remember to say, 'I've had a very nice time; thank you so much Little Girl. "YES, MUMMY, BUT I SHORTED IT. I SAID, 'THANK YOU. I'VE BEEN VEWY NICELY HAD.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Lucas Malet's" latest volume of short stories-of which the titular study, Da Silva's Widow (HEINEMANN), easily deserves its primacy of honour-belongs temperamentally to those pre-war days when most of us had to take our snatches of crime, intrigue and illicit passion fictitiously or not at all. This genre, when treated with the delicacy which "Lucas Maler" displays in eight out of the nine tales in question, is as much discredited by our present extended facilities for indecorum as a suburban tea-garden by the opening of a 'bus-route beyond it. But, although the book's romantic treatment of realistic subjects will appeal neither to the DEAN of St. Paul's nor to his more emancipated opponents, there must be still an audience to whom an English tourist's initiation into Etruscan religious orgies, as described in "The Higher Education of Mr. Besley Wright;" an ingenuous diplomatist's sojourn with an operasinger in a moorland cottage, as handled (not quite so tactfully) in "Boy's Love;" the passion of a poet for his unfortunately not deceased wife's sister, as traced retrospectively in "The Privet Hedge," and the apology of a maltreated wife for the murder of her husband, as put forward in "On the Boat Deck," will provide a brief imaginative escape from the blameless tenour of their lives. The case of Ivanhoe; but then Sir Walter did apologise for the blameless tenour of their lives. first story, as I said, stands apart: a very pathetic and controlled re-statement of a hitherto insoluble enigma.

One seems to remember the Golden Cockerell Press as a co-operative publishing venture by a group of young be expected that an English Government official—even a literary idealists which might, one thought, be apt to turn Sub-Divisional Officer in a remote Burmese outpostinto a clique of members busily taking in each other's should marry a girl with a name like Doggett, a Portugo-

washing and rolling each other's logs. There is no sign of any such decline to provincial standards in The Puppet Show, a series of slight and fanciful prose sketches by Martin Armstrong, one of our promising younger poets. It is a mixed basket of fruit, the produce of an energetic and competent gardener trying interesting experiments. I liked best the interview between the Rev. Theophilus Jenkinson, St. Peter and the Deity on the subject of the miracle of the Worcester Bowl. It has the authentic light touch and ought to shock none but a sham-religious person. "The Emigrants" is a sound piece of descriptive writing which shows a delight in the beauty of common and even drab and unhappy things. For those who are interested in the psychic treated without undue solemnity there is "The Labyrinth," a fantasy of confused memory; "On the Threshold," the unsolved riddle of a dream, and the very odd adventure of Mr. Perkins and Mr. Johnson in the public baths. But a catalogue raisonné, to be intelligible, would fill almost as much space as the sketches, which are admirably compressed. Mr. Armstrong has wit, humour, fancy and a nice sense of word-values.

I should have thoroughly enjoyed Snags and Shallows (LANE) if only I hadn't fallen in love with the wrong It happened once before, I remember, in the not assigning Rebecca to The Disinherited Knight, whereas Mr. Cecil Champain Lowis makes no bones at all about ridding Michael Burslade of that very charming and heroic Eurasian, Gladys Doggett. Of course it was hardly to

Burmese mother, and a father who (somewhat unsoberly) navigated the weekly mail steamer through the intricacies of the Upper Myitgyi. But Michael, in the intervals of departmental tennis at Tatkin and the stalking of that redoubtable dacoit, Bo Chet, very nearly did; and, though he was saved to marry the fair-haired daughter of the Commissioner, and Gladys bestowed her pretty hand on a man of her own jat, I am not sure that Michael got the best of it, though I am certain Gladys did. I fancy Mr. Lowis, like all open-minded Englishmen, has his doubts about the invariable moral superiority of the British Raj. At any rate the "official Te Deum" uttered by the Commissioner on his party's hairbreadth escape from Bo Chet's gang is one of the most amusing things in a book of unusual charm and vivacity.

Title Clear (HUTCHINSON) is all about a Scotch village, Kirkiebrig, affectionately called "Kirkie," and ministers and bawbees and all the proper things. But you may

an acquaintance with "braid Scots" to enjoy the conversations -and very good they are. On theother hand, even if you are quite well up in the sort of novel which has that sort of thing in it, you will still find something fresh in its pretty story. Miss SARA JEANNETTE Duncan, who is Mrs. EVERARD COTES in brackets, has run perilously near to the beaten track, for her heroine's sweet middle-age is devoted to the memory of the lover who left her long ago. Also the lost lover's twin brother comes back to his native village, a

successful maker of American millions, and lays siege to her Atherton's optimism in Dormant Fires (Murray) may affections; and then-well, even the simplest reader will suspect that he isn't the twin but the lover after all. Indeed Miss Duncan hasn't even attempted any deception or mystery or to have what reviewers call a telling dénouement. She has written her simple story with a simple wholesome pleasantness. There are sinners in Title Clear and fools and scolds, but there is humour too and love and kindliness, and only a really superior person could fail to find it enjoyable. It is what one might call a wholemeal book, perhaps without just that addition of salt which makes wholemeal bread perfect; but good enough for all that. I enjoyed it.

Short Shipments (HUTCHINSON), by ELINOR MORDAUNT, is a very clever exercise in various styles. It is almost as though Mrs. MORDAUNT had deliberately said to herself that she would astound the critics by putting into a single volume a dozen odd stories in nearly as many popular manners. She begins with one of the dampest stories I have ever read, calculated to give any susceptible reader a violent cold in the head. This is "The Fountain," and Mr. BLACKa trifle below par. It is a tolerable study in the mystical not quite so good, owes something to the Mr. Wells who had apparently got half-seas-over.

wrote Epyornis Island. Then we come to tales of mean streets and the East End, faintly recalling Mr. ARTHUR Morrison and Mr. Jacobs and the author of Limchouse Nights. "The Skipper's Yarn" reads like a Morley Roberts gone wrong. But I congratulate Mrs. Mordaunt on her pluck; it is not every lady who could make so passable a job of a sea-story. From internal evidence I gather that these experiments came very easily to her. In all probability she dictated them rapidly to a toiling amanuensis who was slightly deaf; how else could she have described a face as "coruscated" with numberless lines?

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, in the seven stories that make up Confession Corner (HURST AND BLACKETT), sees to it that her readers have plenty of variety. Those of us who like a simple tale quietly told will find it in the story that gives the title to the collection; but thrills are provided in "Grip Tarn" and "The Secret Spring:" and "The Stickit Princess" has its moments of tense excitement. But be relieved to know that it is not necessary to have "Cazalet's Secretary," which is neither very simple nor

very thrilling, pleased me most. I should have liked it even better if I had been left with a more vivid impression of Cazalet himself. As it stands, the secretary -a finely-drawn character-almost obliterates her employer. This might have been well enough if she had not ultimately marriedhim. In her telling of a story Mrs. REYNOLDS is not to be hurried, but, if she is a little too leisurely for the moderns, she will give pleasure to many who still have an appetite for substantial fare.



Two leading members of the "Keep on Smiling" Club melt on a lonely BEACH WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY THEIR MEDICAL ADVISERS TO RELAX FOR A FEW WEEKS.

Mrs. GERTRUDE seem a little excessive. I can believe that Madeleine Talbot, who for reasons that seemed to me inadequate compelled herself to drink, might get a violent distaste for any alcohol, but I do not find it so easy to think that Langdon Masters, whose father and grandfather had been drunkards, could so quickly and completely acquire selfcontrol after months of determined debauchery. Optimism. however, is readily forgiven, and for the rest Mrs. ATHERTON gives us a charming picture of San Francisco Society in the sixties. Composed almost entirely of Southerners, this Society was inclined to resent Howard Talbot's marriage to a Boston girl. But she conquered all hearts, including that of Langdon Masters. Hence grave complications, which asked a considerable skill on the author's part for their unravelling. Perhaps, indeed, it is rather churlish of me to retain a sneaking doubt about the happy ending.

"SOUTHPORT CATCHING UP WITH THE SEA.

Southport's reconstructed fairground on the shore, now entitled wood might conceivably have written it if he were feeling the official flag was witnessed by a large number of spectators." Liverpool Paper.

vein, but it does not quite get there. "Hodge," which is In endeavouring to keep up with the movement the flag

CHARIVARIA.

At the opening of the Hague Conference a cordon of police prevented the ionrnalists from getting at the delegates is they were going to tea. More than one delegate declared that the memory of the pleading eyes of the famished abolition of the tipping system. We Pressmen almost made his bun choke understand that the British railway

Among the things for which ex-President TAFT is said to be noted is his tremendous chuckle. It is hoped that during his visit a gramophone record will be made of it for the future use of the Brighter London Society.

'Mr. Taft was once a journalist," says The Westminster Gazette. Isn't it rather a pity to rake up things like saved the situation," says an official of member of our British fauna has not

this against our distinguished visitor?

"Riches do not always bring happiness,' says Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Will those who are prepared to take the risk please stand up?

The Bermondsey Borough Council have passed a by-law pro-hibiting officials from This was swearing. found necessary, we understand, owing to the fear that such demonstrations might fall under the heading of taxable entertainments.

"A recently - discovered orchid," says a

Sophrolæliocattley." It is pronounced you will notice, about the newspapers Sophrolæliocattley, and is destined to which first suggested the rains. become a household word.

Statistics show that it is safer to ride in an aeroplane than to walk in the should speak for himself. streets. The difficulty, of course, is to get pedestrians to believe this.

In its monthly "Surplus" list the Government offers fifty-four pairs of handcuffs for sale. It is felt that at least fifty very deserving cases must be walking about feeling half-dressed about they are the sort of people we should the wrists.

The L.G.O.C. sports the other day included a race for conductors in which the competitors had to stop every few yards and punch tickets. There is some talk of arranging a similar contest for pugilists, heads being substituted for tickets.

"The latest news from Paris," says a ladies' journal, "is that the waist-line is coming back." We have felt all along, peace or no peace, that something of the sort was bound to happen.

porter who suggested a similar idea to his colleagues hopes to dispense with his crutches next week.

The average Scotsman, according to a home journal, stands about five feet nine inches in height. This disposes of the cruel allegation that a Scotsman never stands anything.

PXDL LMTDS NTRPOF

Optician (to customer inquiring about smoked glasses). "Yes, we're selling A LOT OF THESE LATELY. I THINK IT'S BECAUSE THE BRIGHTER LONDON SOCIETY HAVE BEEN RATHER OVERDOING IT."

contemporary, "will be called the the Thames Conservancy. Not a word, tains, in view of the many cases not

"We drink too much champagne," writes a wine expert. We think he is said to have eluded capture by dis-

Several scientists point out that the inhabitants of Mars are probably beings utterly unlike ourselves. We have always felt that, before making attempts to communicate with the Martians, it would be just as well to ascertain if care to know.

"But for Lord Dunkellin," says Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, "I might now be a quiet Civil Service pensioner." DUNKELLIN has much to answer for.

Under a new regulation of the New York City Health Department babies' able berry.

fingerprints are to be attached to their birth certificates. The practice of using an uncle's collar for this purpose has never proved thoroughly satisfactory.

"Ninety-five per cent. of London Italian waiters are insisting on the houses," a contemporary tells us, "stick to cream paint." And the painter gets blamed for those that come unstuck.

> One of the competitors in the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Tournament is said to speak twelve languages. And yet a steady monoglot might wear him

From a sporting note we learn that there is now a Cambridge running Blue at the Natural History Museum. We "Undoubtedly the spring rains have trust that this rare and interesting

suffered at the hands of the taxidermist.

It seems that Kirkwood, the Australian Golf Champion, is a nonsmoker and a teetotaler and never touches tea or coffee. But no man is perfect, and KIRKwood plays golf.

Under the supervision of Dr. G. H. MILES. Assistant Director and Secretary of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, a number of investigators are trying to find out what causes people to drop things. Their conclusions will be welcomed by cricket cap-

to be accounted for by the bite of a butterfly.

ANTONOV, an active anti-Bolshevist. guising himself as a butcher in connection with the Red Army. He took a desperate risk. TROTSKY, if he had hap pened to come along, could not have failed to detect the mere amateur.

Superfluors Fat Flies."

Advt. in Daily Paper. The only way is to swat them.

"The strawberries, after the welcome rain, have come in quicker than was anticipated, the school having to close down rather quickly on Tuesday afternoon."—Hampshire Paper.

A little cryptic; but we fancy it means that the scholars were sent home to their beds after a surfeit of this delect-

IN DEFENCE OF SUMMER-TIME.

[It is announced that the HOME SECRETARY is bringing in a Bill to make "Summer-Time" permanent, but to reduce it by six weeks in response to the protests of farmers on the subject of early hours. In this connection it is interesting to read a record that has been taken in Lincolnshire of the exact time at which the lark, the thrush, the chaffinch and other singing birds start work in the morning.]

> OH, not because his Daylight scheme Gives me more sun in which to bask, But that I get from Phœbus' beam A longer light upon the task Involved in my laborious billet, I venerate the name of Mr. WILLETT.

> Dearly I love his "Summer-Time" That stays the hurrying feet of night, Because my instinct, when I rhyme, Revolts from artificial light, And ever, in the throes of toil, Prefers Apollo to the midnight oil.

And now I hear a grave report That, dancing to the farmers' tune, Our Mr. Secretary SHORTT Is cutting down this priceless boon Both at the Spring and Autumn's fall, Three weeks at either end (or six in all).

Apparently it angers Hodge To brush aside the morning dew; He loathes the Daylight Saving dodge; His cow, it seems, dislikes it too; Her sense of fitness it disturbs, And hence the present case of Rus v. Urbs.

But what, I ask, have farmers done That, just to suit their sleepy eyes, Our cities should be robbed of sun, Suburban air and exercise? Why should the rest of England bow Before the petty claims of Hodge and Cow?

Sharp at 3.2 begins the gush Of the lark's music, clear and strong; At just 3.8 the early thrush Accosts the early worm in song; The chaffinch comes upon the scene To start his overture at 4.16.

Why cannot Hodge, as Nature's child, Do like the birds that rise betimes? Why for his whim (this drives me wild) Must I curtail my sunlit rhymes, Or, for his cow's convenience, cramp My natural style beneath the electric lamp? O. S.

THE FLOUTING OF FANFARON.

THE band was playing really well as I sauntered from the dining-room at The Hauton Hotel into the opulently-furnished and softly-lighted lounge. My dinner had been fastidiously chosen, superbly cooked and admirably served; its excellence emphasized by glorious wine of unimpeachable vintage. I had had an interesting chat with M. Fanfaron, the courteous maître d'hôtel, and had ordered black coffee and a fine champagne as envoi to the exquisite ballade of my meal. I felt happy and care-free (for I had not yet paid my bill), and, lighting my best and most expensive pipe, with a sigh of content inhaled luxuriously the fragrance of an equally expensive and magnificent tobacco.

his square Assyrian beard a-quiver with some unusual emotion.

"Pardon, M'sieu," he began, "but it is not permit."
"What?" said I. "Smoking forbidden? Then how about Lady A. over there, and Lord B. and Admiral C. in

"Ah, yes," replied the autocrat of the dinner-table; "it is a cigarette they smoke. But a pipe, par exemple-it is not permit.

"My good Sir," I answered, puffing savagely, "you're out-of-date. Don't you know that a pipe is now the aristocrat of 'smokers' accessories,' nay, the plutocrat? None of your vulgar three-and-six cigars for me. This pipe cost thirty shillings-more than the finest Toreadoro. This tobacco is eighteenpence an ounce. There's not a man in this restaurant whose smoke is more luxurious than mine.'

"But-it is not permit!" and he shrugged his padded

shoulders. "A cigarette, of course—"
"What," I thundered—"do you mean to say that, if I were polluting the atmosphere with a pestilent gasper borrowed from the lift-boy, you would have said nothing? While, because I am grossly extravagant and smoke a pipe and tobacco worthy of my dinner, you make me put it out? Not permit! Why, it's the only smoke that should be allowed. Ask the tobacconists; they're selling diamondstudded pipes for duchesses. If your Revolution had happened to-day, instead of a hundred and thirty years ago, aristocrats would be walking to the tumbril disdainfully drawing at their 'bruyeres,' while the citizen-driver sucked A man with a pipe in his mouth is too contented with society to desire its disruption, but your Communists are eigarette-smokers to a man, corrupt and vitiated as the tobacco and paper they consume. In Russia even now the Bolsheviks' fingers are yellow beneath their bloodstains. Cigarettes are for canaille, for sansculottes. Pipes are for Princes, not for the Proletariat. Here, if anywhere in London, they should have pride of place. You're oldfashioned, M. Fanfaron, a survival of bygone mid-Victorian days, when pipe-smoking was a filthy habit only to be tolerated in rooms with sanded floors littered with 'cuspidors.'

And then I drove at him a crushing phrase in his own language. "Nous avons changé tout cela," I said, with an exotic gesture. But-I pocketed my pipe.

A few nights later I was again at The Hauton; this time blistering the air with the fumes of some tobaccofactory sweepings in inferior paper at sixpence the packet of twelve, and so was unmolested.

A very Eminent Person indeed sat near me in a group of other celebrities, glittering with Orders and redolent of Debrett; obviously en route for some official function.

He was smoking a pipe!

I stepped across to M. Fanfaron.
"You see?" I asked, indicating my distinguished brother of the briar. "Vla un vrai coq-de-bruyère. Regardez son pipe, hein?" "Hein" was a brilliant inspiration; it seemed to add a touch of triumphant colloquialism.

"Pipe! It is not perm—" he began, but, seeing the

magnificence of the person who smoked it, he stopped and, bowing his head, submitted.

Victoriously I filled my largest pipe-which has a bowlcapacity of about one ounce-and M. Fanfaron, as he lit a match and held it ready, murmured in unavailing protest, "O, là là! Nom d'une pipe."

The English Folk Dance Society, whose work Mr. Punch has already warmly commended, is holding a Festival M. Fanfaron advanced hurriedly towards me, his face at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, from July 3rd to perturbed, his smooth black hair ruffled with agitation, July 8th, under the direction of Mr. Cecil Sharp.



THE DAYLIGHT-SHORTENING BILL.

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it st,

val to THIS IS THE FARMER ALL FORLORN
WHO BEGGED THE COP TO ALTER THE MORN
THAT WORRIED THE COW WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.



Cottage-Hunter. "It's very tiny, and I thought there was a most peculiar smell. Is it healthy?" Agent. "IT IS SMALLISH, MADAM, BUT FOR ITS SIZE IT'S QUITE ONE OF THE HEALTHIEST ON OUR BOOKS."

A WINDING-UP BUSINESS.

My friend Fothergill has a clock which until a few days ago was the pride of his life. I say until a few days ago advisedly. His present attitude towards it is perhaps best summed up in the words of that excellent periodical, The Exchange and Mart, where he is described as "willing to exchange for gramophone, pair white rabbits or collection foreign stamps.'

The clock was left to Fothergill by his uncle George, and a casual examination disclosed nothing to account for Fothergill's exaggerated opinion of it. It was just a clock, a rather ornate clock, with a good deal of gilt about it. It stood on a sort of black pedestal under a glass case, and in place of a again in lazy half-circles. It also showed its works in rather an indecent

All this would probably have left Fothergill cold. But the clock had another peculiarity which fascinated him from the moment it came into his hands. It only needed to be wound up once every fifty years. Fothergill couldn't resist that.

It stood on his study mantelpiece, and evening after evening Fothergill was content just to sit and look at it. It seemed strange to think of its going on like that for fifty years, many a man's whole lifetime, all on its own. Oh, yes, a bit of a philosopher, Fothergill. Especially when he looked at his clock.

But what made it become in time the absorbing interest in Fothergill's life was the thought of some day winding it up. As the years passed, the date when it would be necessary came to represent more and more a sort of milestone whose like would never occur again on his road. For Fothergill was twenty when he inherited the clock, and it had been first wound up on the day he was born. It would therefore need re-winding on Fothergill's fiftieth pendulum it had a flat circular gov-ernor, which swung round and back hundred he would never wind it up again. It was a jolly solemn thought.

Fothergill would lie awake at night sometimes thinking about his clock. And he would picture it ticking away long after he, Fothergill, was dead, by virtue of the winding which he, Fother-gill, had given it. He didn't like to think of that quite so much, but it? made him feel that if he hadn't been a

philosopher and made money by it. Anyway, he decided that it should have a dashed good winding when he did wind it up.

And his fingers itched for the key. When they itched too much he would take it in his hand and play with it. But that was dangerous, and as he grew older and his powers of self-control grew stronger the key lay untouched inside the glass case. But his fingers never ceased to itch.

He had a hard tussle with himself on his twenty-fifth birthday. He had just got married, and in the subsequent necessary business of insuring his life he learned that he was officially considered to be good for seventy-five. If he wound the clock up now he could have a second innings. But, after all, it would only be half a wind, and the second one was really doubtful. No, better leave it. He was good for fifty

Fothergill was born early in April, 1872, and when the bells and things ushered in 1922 he was much too full of the thought of his clock to make any good resolutions. The year contained only one resolution, as far as Fothergill was concerned, and that was to wind up stockbroker he might have become a the fifty-year clock on his birthday.

He didn't tell anybody about all this, though of course everyone who came to the house was shown the clock and told of its remarkable long-windedness. Fothergill's passion was his own secret. It was morphia and cocaine and all those things rolled into one for Fothergill, and he would as soon have thought of talking about it as a drug-fiend would think of talking about his craving.

On the morning of his fiftieth birthday Fothergill dressed with feverish haste and hurried downstairs.

But with his hand on the glass case he paused. This moment had come to mean a great deal to Fothergill. Long anticipation had made it, in a way, seem to him the supreme moment of his life. His hand trembled and he couldn't bring himself to lift the cover. He suddenly felt that nothing but the winding of the clock stood between him and old age. He had a vision of empty years. He was afraid.

No, the evening was the time, not the cold unsympathetic morning. In the evening, after a good dinner, with fitting ceremony, philosophically over a good eigar, he would turn the corner. Leaving his breakfast untasted, Fother-

gill hurried away to the City.

But he could do no work. The City was full of rumours of firms which were being wound up, and every time the phrase caught his ear his thoughts flew back to his clock. At last he could stand it no longer and he hurried home.

His wife met him in the hall. "Anything happened?" he asked from habit, too excited to care.

"No," she answered placidly. "Only your poor Uncle George's old watchmaker. He came and wound up the clock."

So if you have a gramophone or a pair of white rabbits which you don't want and would like a clock which will not need winding up for fifty years, something might be arranged. But a word of warning. If you are over fifty there is no fun in it, and if you are under thirty it's a devil of a thing to have about the house.

> "A FEMININE VIRAGO." South African Paper.

Notoriously the worst species of this dangerous animal.

- said the Council had a white elephant in the Isolation Hospital.

Local Paper. In the elephantiasis ward, no doubt.

Extract from a Scottish Steamship Company's circular :-

"The rate for cruise with meals if finished within eight days is £9."

Very deliberate feeders, some of these Scotsmen.



Indignant Bookmaker. "Yer takes six ter four a bob each way, an' then 'as the sauce ter come 'ere and ask me for three an' tenpence 'alf-penny when yer 'obse 'as only dead-'eated. Ain't yer never bin ter school?"

The Art of the Epigram.

"He was a man of infinite talent within certain limits."—Provincial Paper.

" Immediately afterwards the Papal Bull of Appointment was read, after which the choir chanted the Te Deum Laudanum.

Which, we trust, had a soothing effect on the Bull.

A new "Hat Trick."

"Some Abel batting was the feature yesterday. In fourth wicket down he carried his hat for 68."—London Paper.

"Men's Print Shirts, Smart Black, Helio,

and Pink Checks, worth 2s. 6d. Tuesday's Price, 4s. 11d."—Scots Paper.

And we had always till now considered Tuesday our lucky day.

THE LIGHT-O'-LOVE.

PROLOGUE.

Ir was twilight in an old - world

"It will seem an awful long time,"

she said; "will you wait?"

"I will wait twenty years if necessary, my dear," I answered, and gathered her in my arms.

"You must go now, dear; they will

be looking for you."
"Kiss me," she said very simply, holding up her face.

"Good-night, sweetheart," I answered. "Good-night."

She was gone . . .

CHAPTER I.

A week had elapsed since the events just narrated. I was staying with my brother-in-law John, and Cecilia.

Cecilia and I had been discussing the approaching marriage of our younger sister, Margery. Cecilia sighed like a

young breeze.

"I've married John," she murmured, gazing at him sentimentally, "and Margery's going to marry David; you're the only one of the family left now,

"I know it was a sort of suicide when you married John," I said, "but you needn't suggest it in front of him."

John prepared for speech, but Cecilia ignored us both and continued dreamily:

"Why don't you marry, Alan? Some nice girl . . . I can see you . . . so happy together."

Nor can I," grunted John irrationally.

Cecilia continued without acknow-

"Why don't you settle down, Alan? It would make me so happy.

"For Heaven's sake leave the man alone," John interrupted; "you've no tact, Cecilia."

Cecilia turned on him immediately. "What do you mean?" she de-

"Well," explained John in a hoarse and extremely audible whisper, "look at his face! 'Find some nice girl!' Well, I ask you."

Everybody doesn't marry for looks,"

said Cecilia.

soothingly; "but one must draw a line happened next?"

And what somewhere. I mean to sav_if it was somewhere. I mean to say-if it was me critically, with his head on one side corporal (unpaid) and a gentleman, and then shrugged his shoulders in de-what could I do?"

"It's no use," he said decidedly; "we've got to open our eyes to the facts. We shall always have him on our hands. The only hope is that we may find someone to adopt him."

"Alan," said Cecilia sharply, "why don't you say something?'

I took my cigarette from my mouth

and carefully blew a ring.
"As a matter of fact," I said softly, "I was hoping to make a statement when you had both finished with me."

"By all means," agreed John. "Anything you care to say in your de-

"Only this," I said; "I haven't mentioned it before from a natural sense of modesty, but-er-exactly a week ago this evening, almost to the minute, I became engaged to be married."

CHAPTER II.

There was a moment's silence and

"Alan!" said Cecilia.

"I don't believe it," said John.

I smiled complacently.

"Who is she?" demanded Cecilia. "Do I know her? Tell us all about it."

"Yes," said John gloomily, "you'd better tell us the worst."

I considered a moment and then began :-

"It was twilight in an old-world

garden."

"Too many trees, I expect," said John, the horticulturist.

"It was twilight outside too-" I explained sharply.

"Oh!" said he.

"— in an old-world garden—"
"Just a moment," John interrupted, holding up his hand. "What exactly do you mean us to understand by that phrase? Do you mean that the garden was not in America?'

"If I am to tell you," I said, appeal-

ing to Cecilia.

Cecilia looked at him. He shrugged his shoulders.

"We were there together, she and I. We talked-and then suddenly she turned to me and held out her hands. 'Will you marry me?' she said.'

"She said!" gasped Cecilia.
"The hussy!" said John.

I turned on him and gave him a look. "But, Alan, dear," said Cecilia, "surely you misunderstood her. She couldn't have meant it seriously?"

"Of course she was serious," I said

shortly.

"What do you suppose?" I said, asanything like a face." He looked at suming a light air. "As an ex-lance-

> "Do you mean you promised to marry her?" said Cecilia, aghast.

I nodded and turned away.

"Yes, I told her I would marry her. But that was a week ago. It is all Isn't this a little unfair to the brideover now.

There was a small gasp from Cecilia and then a few seconds' strained silence.

"All over!" said John. "My dear

chap! But why?'

"The next day," I said brokenly, "I found that she was just fooling with me. I found her making love to someone else.

John took a deep breath.

"Alan!" said Cecilia.

"Yes," I said bitterly, "I caught her making love to the gardener."
"The gardener!" they echoed to-

gether.

"I came on them suddenly. He was just laughing and saying, 'O' course I'll wait twenty years, missie, if ye think your father and mother'll let ye."

John and Cecilia jumped simultaneously and looked at each other. I builed my face in my hands.

"Where was he last week-end?"

asked John.

"At your brother's place-Arthur's," said Cecilia quickly.
"Dorothy!" cried John.

"Eight next birthday!" shrieked

"You dog!" shouted John, jumping

for a cushion.

"Farewell, dear heart," I cried and left at once by the French-window.

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM.

EACH summer brings the eternal problem back

As 'twere a faithful bill;

Sages have toiled and died, but in their track

Man blindly circles still.

Yea, be he King or be he humble lout, Or, haply, O.B.E., The year brings each the self-same

biting doubt,

The cruel uncertainty-

Whether, as June flames lovely as a

And shops with veg. grow rich, Strawberries are really better crushed with cream,

Or whole and neat-ah, which?

"41 MILES NORTH BERWICK. Four public, three bath rooms. Twelve bed rooms, garage.
Twelve golf courses."—Daily Paper.

This might suit the new Open Champion for a week-end cottage.

"Society note in Bloomington (Ill.) Panta-

As the bridal party entered the church the choir sang, 'Lead Us, O Heavenly Father,' and to the strains of the same inspiring hymn the procession moved up the aisle to the knave of the church."-American Paper.

groom?



PASSING SHOWS.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

"Where are the horses, Mummy?" asked a breathless little girl behind me not take our eyes from that magnificent | For how he enjoys it all! The Weight-

during the judging of the Fifteen-Hands Weight. Carrying Cobs.

"Behind those gentlemen in tophats, dear," said her father gently.

And sure enough, by peering between the superb hats and the superb cigars of the platoon of judges, one gradually detected a number of cobs, a little overpowered but bearing up bravely. A horse, of course, is well

Olympia.

the little girl again.

"Isn't he lovely?"

It's no use. Like the little girl, we can- eternal youth.

pression that it is a new one freshly lit "He is. But you shouldn't look at |-how is it done? It seems to burn for him, dear; look at the pretty horses." ever unconsumed, a sort of symbol of

Carrying Cobs (one or two of them a little over the statutory fifteen hands two inches, I thought; but it was difficult to be sure) do their preliminary prancings and line up in front of the judges. The judges are not satisfied. His lordship singles out No. 998 and with a courtly wave of the hand directs him to pranceagain. Away goes 998 and prances conscien-



LORD LONSDALE UNBENDS.

wearing also a perceptible aura of ripe and prances assiduously at the south "Is that the King, Mummy?" asked good-fellowship and obviously capable of unbending. A splendid Victorian if which is Lord Lons-figure. That prodigious cigar, always all-seeing eye fixed on each of alight yet always conveying the im-

"JACKS AND JENNYS."

enough in its way, but for a real picture figure, immaculate and dignified in the tiously at the north end, round and give me a Judge of Horses dressed for most glorious apparel in the world, but round, all by himself. Away goes 999

For no doubt he knows as well as I do that there is nothing to choose between all these horses. Every horse is beau-tiful and every horse is up to no good. Give them names and numbers by all means, brand them if necessary with such offensive epithets as "skew-bald," but do not let us seriously pretend that, quá horse (as they say at Newmarket), any one of them is superior to any other. The plain man knows better.

And of course, in the rare case of a really distinguished horse, the expert misses the distinction altogether. They are so busy eyeing its withers that they never get at the creature's soul-as, for example, in the judging for the Holland Cup, about which I must really make a layman's protest.

The competitors were Harness-horses attached to absurd little chariots on bicyclewheels, and there was one little mare (I refer to No. 18) which captured all hearts. There was not a plain man or

given all three prizes to No. 18. She dashed round the ring with delicious was, of course, very good to see—too As a plai

as if she could not bear to waste a millimetre of ground, the very picture of high spirit and wellbred vivacity. Spontan. eous cheers went up from the multitude of plain men and fair women whenever she got into her stride. Here at least, one thought, the issue is clear. No. 18 was far and away the most attractive horse for miles around. For the first time in my life I coveted a horse. Yet-would you believe it?-she won no prize. After that it was quite clearthatthejudgesknew nothing about horses

whatever. worried by the same question as the officers had completed the course with canary for fifteen guineas. This crealittle girl behind me, who, though also the loss of only half-a-point each, I ture sings for hours at one winding;

seeing eyes are fondly fixed on the creature drawing a governess-cart, and best, but he only knocked down about magic cigar; and it is my belief that it was difficult to imagine her in any-half. However, by exceeding his timehe is having a jolly little game with thing larger. I hope her owners keep limit, he provided an opportunity for



THE MAGIC DOORS, FROM INSIDE.



THE SAME, FROM OUTSIDE.

a plain woman (well, of course, there a miniature Roman chariot for her or horses suffering from stage-fright are were none of them) who would not have a Golden Coach or perhaps a Pumpkin. no company for a plain man, so do not

impetuosity, reaching out her fore-paws good, I thought. In the midst of so was glad to see an Italian and a French-

layman it appears that both the all- It was impossible to imagine that royal everything. One gentleman did his

an excellent touch of drama, which came too seldom this year. Horse and rider were still arguing about the desirability of crossing a fence when suddenly the bell rang. One ironic toot on the post-horn and the great doors swung open inexorably, like the studded doors of a castle, and in a grim silence horse and rider were cast out into ignominy and darkness-poor things. I liked that.

Outside those doors, by the way, you may see a very remarkable collection of people. At Olympia the horse becomes respectable. In the arena the flowers, the Ambassadors, the fashionable frocks, the dazzling ladies divest him of almost every trace of horsiness. He might be at Ascot. But those doors are the stable-doors, and outside them is a little of the real thing - real horsey men with marvellous breeches and wide stocks, all mixed up with immaculate Directors in tophats and resplendent foreign officers. But this is a dangerous place, for Continental

As a plain, though patriotic, man I

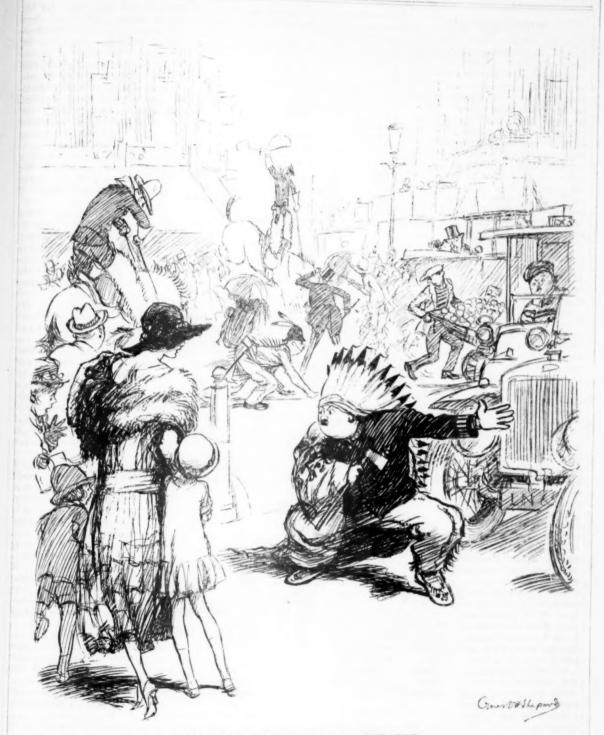
man carry off the first honours in the jumping. because their method is so much more dashing than the slow-but-sure progression of the British competitors, which is unexciting when it is successful and dismal when it is not. It should be more clearly understood that the first duty of an officer's charger is to charge. The Continental riders never forget this ancient maxim, and, what is more, they find time to jump over obstacles in a most convineing way while charging.

The Show is a great hatever.

I can only suppose that they were much excellence one pined for a little piece of organisation; and at one of the stalls you can buy a clock-work captivated, remarked with perplexity, confess I longed to see somebody ride but as they had no eight-day canaries "Yes, Mummy, but what is she for?" in on a piebald mare and knock down I made no purchase. A. P. H.



The Mounted Man. "I'VE CALLED FOR THE HYDRANGEAS."



THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST END.

SHOWING THE POSSIBLE EFFECT OF THE PERFORMANCE OF THE MOUNTED POLICE AT OLYMPIA ON THE MANNERS OF THE FORCE.

COMPENSATION.

In the coffee-room of "The Grey Drake" at Wisperton there are five silver coffee-pots, four silver sugarbasins and three cut-glass decanters, two with stoppers and one without. The furniture is mahogany, ornately carved. The pictures on the walls-But I will not tell you anything about the pictures on the walls; not even about the meeting of Wellington and

nor the still life in oilsrather a mixed bag, including a melon, a capercailzie and a hare. On the mantelpiece there are three large empty china vases, pink and gilt, and in shape resembling funeral urns.

I know about these things because I have had nothing to do for the last three days but to examine them.

That is the fault of the Wisp. The Wisp is a very beautiful river, but it is too narrow and too full of herons and kingfishers and otters and cows to be a really good trout stream.

"There are," I said to Ambrose on the first day, "more cows than fish in this river."

"Bless you," he said, "the cows don't disturb the fish. I caught a pound trout almost under the nose of a cow in the big pool up there a year ago.'

"I think the cows must have increased since last year," I said. "I suspect them of eating the trout. In fact I am thinking of putting a couple of gadflies on and fishing entirely for

There are also too many

I was trying to find a quiet pool without However, I managed to do it. cows in it that I slipped on a stone and hit a projecting alder stump with the ball of my right eye. It was very

"A mere nothing" I said to Ambrose later, when he condoled with me. "The stump was not very sharp. It might have been much worse. I might have run into the horn of a cow.

"All the same you'd better see a doctor," he said. "He 'll squirt something into it, and you'll be as right as rain to-morrow."

"I shall not see a doctor," I replied, trying to speak in the tones of a rather Ambrose briskly.

robust martyr. "I expect a sportsman can fish this stream as well with one eve as with two."

However, he over-persuaded me. It was like Ambrose, I felt, to wish to get me well at once so as to deprive me of a better reason for not catching fish than he had.

"A very good thing you did come to see me," said the doctor. "Just look down a moment.

I hate looking down when somebody BLUCHER after the battle of Waterloo, is holding my eyelid. It is not a want

"Practically," I said, with an air of tremendous calm. "With any luck the sight of my right eve will not be permanently impaired. There is ulceration, of course, of the-yes-the cornea: and severe iritis will probably supervene. I shall not be able to do any more fishing, but I shall be quite happy sitting here in this pleasant old coffee-room with the blinds down while you fill your creel. Naturally I am not allowed to read."

Ambrose was visibly affected.

"Look here," he said,
"I can't leave you like this. I must stay in and read to you. What would you like? Glorious Ascot. by one of our most popular Duchesses, or Broadwood as I Know It, by Constant Inmate, out of the Morning Policy for the fifteenth? Have you ever thought what a jolly garden-party the contributors to a daily paper might have together? Or there's the Great Western Time Table for 1910."

Cunning hound, Ambrose. He thought he was going to get out of it too. The wind was north-east; there was a grey look in the sky, but not a prospect of rain. I waved him away with a renunciatory smile.

"No, leave me here," I sighed faintly. "I would not spoil your sport for worlds. It will be enough for me to meditate on your happiness. Gather your big baskets and post your pound-trout to your friends."

"I couldn't do that in any case, as you know, he replied, "because of the present postal arrange-ments. I always say that

in the old days I could post trout from here to my friends; now I can only post them to my enemies."

Ambrose has a coarse mind.

"Well, catch them anyhow," I said, "and we will eat what we can. Light meals of fish will probably be all that I am able to consume."

So Ambrose went out to his alders and his cows, and left me alone in the twilight.

That was three days ago, and our meals of fish have been very light, very light indeed. The trout are sucking midges, it seems, or rising short. It is too cold and too bright, and there is not enough water. The trout will not



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

HILAIRE THE BELLOCOSE TRACES THE OUTLINE OF SEMITIC HISTORY.

uncut trees on the Wisp. It was while of modesty but a mere personal foible.

"I'm afraid you won't do much more fishing on this visit," he went on kindly but firmly. "There is a distinct ulceration of the cornea. Iritis will probably ensue. You will have to sit in a room with the blinds down for the next few days. You mustn't read, of course.'

For a moment I was filled with profound gloom, but as I walked back to "The Grey Drake" with a big bandage over my right eye I began to feel rather more cheerful. After all, the fishing

looked like being very bad indeed.
"Are you all right again?" asked



Lady. "I shan't wear this evening frock any more, Mrs. Coggs. I daresay you could cut it up and do something with it." Charlady. "THANK YOU, MUM. IT'LL MAKE A NICE CHANGE WITH MY BLACK NET."

take a yellow fly by day nor a white fly by night.

"I suppose you 've tried casting under the noses of the cows?" I asked Ambrose on the evening of the third day, but he made no reply.

" As I sit here with my iritis," I went on, " in this darkened room, all kinds of pleasant fancies and images come into my mind. At times I can almost bring A very nasty blow." And the morning myself to be glad of my affliction.

Order me a tankard of bitter," he answered shortly," while I go and change.

I am really sorry for Ambrose. His trouble, you see, is not only of the moment, like mine. It will last. It will never be healed. If we had been out every day together and had no sport we should have gone away and languidly against a tree by the side of a made the best of it. "The fishing was stream. He has a very long rod and a rotten," we should have said; "still, in the circumstances we didn't do badly. We killed-" Well, you know the way it goes on.

Or, if Ambrose or I had been alone, we could have made a fairly decent show. But as it is I am sitting here a perpetual unbiassed witness watching him with my one cornea, treasuring up against him the truth that he kills nothing at all.

a bit of a hero. It is not everyone who can manage, in spite of the earnest entreaties of all the daily papers, to imperil life and limb on a trout-stream.

"I think I could have done pretty well on the second and third days," I shall murmur, "but for my wound. It is no use trifling with iritis, of course. papers that I take in at home will probably pay me pounds and pounds.

Yes, I am sorry for Ambrose.

I now see that there is another picture which I had not noticed before in the coffee-room of "The Grey Drake." It represents a tall gentleman in the costume of a Regency buck leaning creel, and at his feet there are seven large trout. I must draw the attention of Ambrose to this.

WHEN SUMMER STAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-I had such a unique and refreshing experience the other day that I feel I must write and tell you about it.

I, on the other hand, shall always be the country with a distant cousin, a keen sportswoman and a safer pilot over stiff country than in the fields of literature. One hot afternoon she dragged me, sleepy and reluctant, to a neighbouring house, where we sat in a shady garden and drank tea with midges in it, the unlucky ones who had drowned themselves in despair of ever finding standing-room on our persons.

> I was lazily replanning the house and garden in my mind to suit my own ideas, but looking (I hope) attentive and intelligent as my cousin and our hostess discussed all the local news, when some words came floating to me like a cooling breeze. My cousin was speaking, and I wished the delightful hostess in your recent story could have heard her (the one who implored her guests by way of a change not to discuss Mr. Hutchinson's masterpiece at dinner).

> "Of course, my dear, I never have much time for reading anything but the papers, but someone told me of a good book the other day - When Winter Comes I think it was called.

And then the reply, refreshing as an iced drink: "Oh, thanks; I'll get a peu-I have been staying in the depths of cil and write it down before I forget.



The Youth, "But, DEAREST, WHY NEED WE WAIT TILL OCTOBER? The Cinema Star. "Well, old thing, I'm rather keen on October. YOU SEE, I'VE NEVER BEEN MARRIED IN THE AUTUMN BEFORE."

WHY THEY COME OVER.

Miss MABEL NORMAND, the film comedienne who arrived in London on June 20th on her first visit to Europe, explained that it was entirely a holiday trip, that she will not think about any film productions until she returns to America in August, and that her chief ambition is to visit all the castles of England.]

Professor Wilbur P. Stoot, who occupies the Chair of Egyptology at the University of Oklahoma, has arrived at the Fritz Hotel. Professor Stoot wishes it to be understood that his visit to Europe las been undertaken for purely recreative purposes, and that he does not intend to frequent the British Museum or even ascend Cleopatra's Needle. After a short stay in London he proposes to make an extended tour through Herefordshire and Devonshire, with the view of sampling the various products of the cider industry and recording his impressions of the relative salubrity of the sweet and dry varieties.

Madame Galli-Curci, the famous prima donna, who arrived at Southampton last week and was interviewed she has come over to attend the Sumby several of our leading musical critics, gave a positive denial to the reports Psycho-Analytical Association, at which that she would appear on either the Dr. Emil Busch, of the University of lyrical stage or the concert platform Frankfort, will deliver a series of lectures during her sojourn in England. The on the Rhythm of Hebdomadal Co- dition."-Daily Paper.

rendered it quite impossible for her to accept any professional engagements. But apart from such considerations her visit was actuated by a totally different motive—her desire to study the voice production of English song birds in their native habitats, to discriminate between the bravura of the bobolink and the mellow fluting of the blackbird, and above all to compare the effect of the nonalcoholic regimen followed by the feathered tribe on the flexibility of the larynx, pharynx, and epiglottis with that of the use of stimulants on the corresponding organs of human singers. To this end she has taken a bungalow in the New Forest. Madame Galli-Curci also stated that it was her ambition to visit all the cathedrals in the British Isles.

Miss Stanleyette Woglom, the renowned Philadelphian novelist, who is now residing at Oxford, has frankly disclaimed the intention of collecting local colour for fictional purposes during her stay. An ardent disciple of FREUD, mer School of the Home Counties

economics of the British musical world Consciousness, and Dr. Berncastler will expound his theory of the crypto-crapulous crigin of multiple vision.

The Rev. Luther Borgia Bangs, of Saginaw, Mich., will not, as was hoped, undertake any pulpiteering engagements during the six weeks which he proposes to spend in this country. A martyr to dyspepsia, he has been ordered to undergo the fruity-wine-cure at the Port Meadow Sanatorium, near Oxford, and has been made an honorary member of the Senior Common Room at

Dr. Marcus Tiffany Peppler, the wellknown anthropologist and Associate Professor of Dietetics in the University of Tipperusalem, wishes it to be understood that his visit to Europe is primarily recreational. He hopes, however, to conduct some investigations in Scotland into the vitaminal complexes focussed in the Glenlivet area, and to continue his researches in those districts on the Continent which are devoted to viticulture.

Our Callous Contemporaries.

At the Zoo :-

"The Indian reptiles, one of which bit a keeper early in the week, are a valuable ad-



THE NEW FORCE.

IRISH GUNMAN, "SAINTS PRESERVE US! AN INFERNAL MACHINE!"

[It is to be hoped that the authority conferred upon the Provisional Government by the voice of the people, as expressed in the recent Elections, may bring to an end the campaign of murder—culminating in the brutal assassination of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson—which has disgraced the name of Ireland in the eyes of the whole world.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Commons this afternoon welcomed back on Mount Everest would be taxed fiveone of its oldest Members in the person penceper foot-and there are twenty-nine Chancellor excused himself from makof Sir Joseph Walton, who for a quarter- thousand feet of it, I understand. Sir ing a statement about Ireland on the of-a-century has represented Barnsley. The welcome was a little deferred, however because Sir Joseph, who had been kept away for some two years by illness, had in the interim removed the full beard and flowing moustache that formerly distinguished him; and at first sight not even the policemen at the door were able to recognise him.

The PRIME MINISTER was away, entertaining M. Poincare. Consequently it fell to Mr. Chamberlain to announce that the Government had at last made up their minds to put into force Part II. of the Safeguarding of Industries Act. Had Mr. LLOYD GEORGE been present some piquant inquiries as to how this decision squared with his Free Trade faith would doubtless have been made; but in the circumstances Mr. Mosley's suggestion, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should tell the House about the alleged divisions in the Cabinet on this subject, met with no response.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by the way, was looking particularly festive in a grey Robert Horne agreed that it was unde- so producing "a new orientation"-or frock-coat and with a white hat cocked sirable to penalise so eminently British should it be "occidentation"?—"of over one eye at almost the BEATTY an enterprise, and promised to see what naval strength." His view was enangle. His plea that the House, in could be done. That was the limit of dorsed by Lord Selborne, who deview of the fact that an Autumn Session the Opposition's success. But they scribed our efforts at Washington as to deal with Irish legislation was insisted upon taking nearly a dozen "a most brilliant piece of diplomacy

Government to close the present sittings as early as possible, seemed to gain added force from his gala But I fear that Mr. Hogge, for one, was not convinced by the argument that there were no great contentious Bills on the programme, but only "business-like measures. He has heard that tale before.

On the Finance Bill the Opposition made their now annual attempt to do away with the Imperial Preference on tea. Mr. LYLE SAMUEL'S description of it as "an abominable exploitation of a foolish fiscal notion" evoked a similar effort in phrasemaking from Mr. ORMSBY-Gore, who begged the CHANCELLOR not to give way to "the antidiluvian rigid obscurantist doctrine preached from the Opposition benches."

Mr. NEWBOULD, in urging

the remission of the tax on imported reached ninety-three-it was usually a films, declared that, unless the law was little over eighty-comforted them-Monday. June 19th.—The House of altered, the film recording the attempt selves with cries of "Resign."



BETTER THAN THE "PERFUMES OF ARABIA.

CAPTAIN GEE, V.C., STANDS UP FOR BEER.

"almost inevitable," should help the divisions, and once, when the minority . . . in startling contrast with other

Tuesday, June 20th. - The Lord ground that until the elections in that country were over the situation was "too fluid and too indeterminate." some consolation for this disappointment he announced that Lord CURZON now hoped to introduce the resolutions for the reform of their Lordships' House in the middle of July. Lord CREWE was glad to hear it, but hoped the resolutions were not to be "a mere academic expression of opinion," but would be translated into legislative form as soon as possible. His suggestion did not appear to evoke much enthusiasm on the Back Benches.

Then the House heard from Lord LEE a pean in praise of the Washington Conference. He was almost enthusiastic about the "voluntary surrender of our historic supremacy at sea," which he described as "a free-will offering unparalleled in our history," and evidently thought that we had gained more than we had lost by accepting equality with the United States and

> efforts unsuccessful elsewhere.'

The mysteries of some recent Honours Lists were not entirely elucidated by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his explanation of the process by which names are submitted by the Departments to the PRIME MIN-ISTER, and by the PRIME MINISTER, after consultation with the Permanent Head of the Treasury, to the King. Nothing could be more proper. But Lord HENRY BENTINCK Was not satisfied. "What method is adopted by the PRIME MINISTER himself in select-ing the names?" he blurted out in his explosive manner. No answer was returned; but from the smiles that broke out all along the Treasury Bench I fancy that Lord HENRY had touched the spot.

Hearing that the duty on beer had gone up by nearly twelve hundred per



A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR FOR THE BIRD. Mr. G. H. Roberts and the Chancellor of the Excheques.

cent. since 1913, and that on spirits used in perfumery by only five hundred per cent., Captain GEE, V.C., was struck with a bright idea. Why not double the duty on the luxurious perfumes—scent per scent so to speak—and halve that on the harmless necessary beer?

It speaks well for the prospects of the new British beet-sugar factories that the sugar-refiners, through Mr. Hannon, should already be seeking to deprive them of their Excise-relief. But Mr. G. H. Roberts, one of the pioneers of the new industry, succeeded in convincing the Chancellor of the Exchequent hat, though the interesting infant had made a good start (thanks, perhaps, to two years of unwonted sunshine) it was not yet strong enough to stand alone.

Wednesday, June 21st.—Lord Balfour of Whittinghame has suffered one or two strange rebuffs in his long career. The rudest, I suppose, was in 1906, when he could hardly gain a hearing from the House of Commons which for fifteen years had hung upon his lips, and when one of his characteristic exercises in dialectics was dismissed by his successor in the Premiership with the words, "Enough of this foolery!"

But hardly less surprising was his experience to-night on making his maiden speech in the Upper House. Lord Islington, in moving that the mandate for Palestine was unacceptable by reason of its Zionist complexion, had affected alarm at the prospect of being followed by an orator who had so often, by his inimitable power of debate, converted a weak case into a strong one. For a time it looked as if his fears would be justified. Lord BAL-FOUR, whose voice just suits the acoustic peculiarities of the House, charmed the Peers with the beauty of his diction and almost persuaded them that the concessions to the Zionists were but a just return for the contributions that the Jewish race throughout the world had made to art and science-and

Lord Sydenham brought the debate down to earth with the blunt declaration that by over-favouring the Zionists the Government had broken its promises to the old Palestinians, Arab and other; Lord Buckmaster observed that Lord Balfour had preferred ideals to facts, and had said nothing to justify the Rutenberg concession; and when the division was taken Lord Islington's motion was carried by 60 to 29. Lord Balfour had been bowled first ball. But he will probably do much better in his next innings.

After an all-night sitting, the tedium the motion of on which was slightly relieved by Mr. once adjourned.

NEIL MACLEAN'S feats with a borrowed hat during the innumerable divisions, the House of Commons was in rather somnolent mood. But it was partially aroused by the announcement that the British Navy in its depleted condition could not spare a ship to attend the Brazilian Centenary at Rio de Janeiro; and was quite awake to the significance of Mr. Chamberlain's rather petulant refusal to give the House any facilities for discussing the recent vagaries of the Honours List. He gladly took refuge behind the Speaker's ruling that this was a matter affecting the Prerogative.

E. P. D., though officially defunct, is by no means done with. The Chancellor of the Exchequer expects to be paying back overcharges and collecting arrears for another lustrum, at least.



A FIRST INNINGS ON THE LORDS' WICKET,
LORD BALFOUR.

Thursday, June 22nd.—Business in both Houses to-day was dominated by the news of the death of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, M.P., murdered at the door of his London house on his return from unveiling a War memorial. Brief but moving tributes to the memory of a great soldier who had already displayed a striking aptitude for Parliamentary life were paid in the House of Commons by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Chamberlain, and in the Lords by the Lord Crewe and by the Bishop of Norwich, who only a few hours before had taken part with the Field-Marshal in the ceremony at Liverpool Street Station.

As a special mark of respect to a Member to whom Parliament not long ago voted its thanks for his services to the Empire, the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Chamberlain, at once adjourned.

LAY OF THE SOCIAL DIARIST.

LET other seribes with jeers and gibes
Pursue the good and great,
Or probe the tricks of politics,
The secrecies of State;
"Tis mine, as with a kindly care
Life's landscape I explore,
Simply to notice "Who were There,"
To mention "What they Wore."

Week in, week out, at ball or rout,
On river, lawn or road,
In Fashion's mart I watch the smart,
The hierophants of Mode;
With zest I note Lord Gorm's frock-coat
And state with reverence due
That Lady Spink looked well in pink
Or mauve or grey or blue.

Week in, week out, with zeal devout
I find congenial themes
In dames in jade or gold-brocade
And wondrous colour schemes:
And very seldom do I shrink
From noting by the way
That Lady Spink looked well in pink
Or mauve or blue or grey.

Although the hats of Lady Ouph
Are of preposterous size,
I do not venture on reproof,
I never criticise;
No venom mingles with my ink:
I find, where'er I rove,
That Lady Spink looks well in pink
Or blue or grey or mauve.

And, if the last dread trump should sound
At some great social show,
I know I should be faithful found
To Lady Spink and Co.;
Not musing upon Heaven or Hell,
But noting who were there,
And who was drest in bleu de ciel,
And who in feu d'enfer.

"Lord Haldane made the important announcement that an anonymous donor had sent him a cheque for £00,000 towards the endowment of the University [East Midland]."

Scots Paper.

We don't know how he managed to sign the cheque anonymously, but we can quite understand why he preferred to remain incog.

"It is no more possible to restore the normal welfare of Central Europe without Russia, than to set a watch dog going again with a third of its mechanism on the floor."

Canadian Paper.

Personally we should not attempt to resuscitate a dog like that.

" MIDDLE CLASS MISERY.

Unless something is done the most sable element of the community will rebel."

Evening Paper.

Surely the middle-class is not so black as our contemporary paints it.

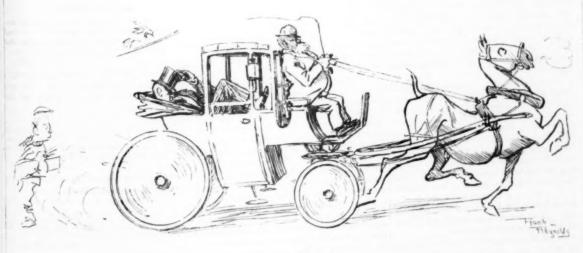
A GREAT RECOVERY.



DERELICT.



"WHERE TO, SIR? WHAT! THE HORSE SHOW?"



"RIGHT-01"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WAY OF AN EAGLE" (ADELPHI). Miss E. M. Dell's diverting comedy has many amusing lines for the truly perceptive. And I should like, right here, to pay a tribute to the author's courageous methods of dramatisation. I verily believe she could dramatise the first ten pages of Who's Who by her forthright method of simply placing in juxtaposition just any disconnected

Not for her the tedious method of plausible "preparation," not for her the pedantic machinery of "motive" or the laborious technique of getting her wouldn't portend the terrific storm opportunity to strike.

slabs of plot of appropriate length.

shoves them on or pushes them off as required— handles her puppets, in fact, as puppets ought to be handled by an author strong-minded enough to stand no nonsense from the darlings of her dreams. Masterly simplification (has not somebody said?) is of the essence of fine craftsmanship.

Now the way of an eagle, so I am credibly informed, is to eat rabbits. And surely a princess among rabbits was this Muriel Roscoe (Miss Marjorie Gordon), whom her father, the oddest Colonel that ever misconducted the defence of a frontier fort, handed over to the care of the eagle with the snake-charmer's eye, Captain Nick Ratcliffe (Mr. Gop-FREY TEARLE), with ex-

stances looked like materialising (as we which, as the most ignorant among us say in Fleet Street), for the officer com-manding the relief force had just sent was in fact a brother-officer of Nick's, in a polite note to the effect that he a V.C., an "ass in a lion's skin," as, was awfully sorry but could not arrive in an unusually inspired moment, he before the garrison was dead. I confess smartly observed of himself. Five min-I misunderstood the alacrity with which utes or so after arriving in Devonshire Nick fingered his automatic and made he had proposed to and been accepted the necessary promise. It was love by Muriel, though he was consumed that inspired him; no mere eugenic by a guilty passion for Muriel's friend, zeal to reduce the number of unneces- Daisy (Miss Jessie Winter), who had sary rabbits. As for Muriel she hated a delightful voice like the nicest kind the eagle apparently—as only a rabbit of pussy-cat purring, and the usual old can. However, disguised as a jolly old faithful good sort of a husband making tribesman and carrying the drugged a reservoir in India. Muriel in a bundle, dare-devil Nick leaves the fort and reaches the moun- cat Daisy's good eagle and had diverted tains just a little before the jingling her from the foolish course of running harness of the relief force is heard (off).

Silda we learn that the night's sojourn the pursuit of rabbit and that nothing

reputation of Muriel-a thing which I hardly think could have been said even in Mrs. Hawksbee's worst days.

So our Muriel, for motives which escaped me, says that, on second thoughts. she will not have Nick (after her repulse of his ill-timed advances on the mountains she had become engaged to him in

And now the scene changes and we are in Devonshire. Through a diamondpaned window (L) the Management with inspired perseverance and irrelevancy kept up a succession of nice white fleecy drifting clouds, just the sort that magnificent fireworks (on) gives him the people on and off the stage. She just (there were no other signs of it what- Then the mongoose scotches the snake:

Muriel. "WHAT HORRID WAYS EAGLES HAVE!" Captain Nick Ratcliffe MB. GODFBEY TEARLE. Muriel Roscoe MISS MARJORIE GORDON,

plicit instructions to shoot her in ever; but the art of "production" is, I and virtue and wry twisted smile. certain circumstances. Which circuminagine, like other arts, "selective"), thought Miss Marjorie Gordon did

Meanwhile Nick, who had been pussyaway with the ass, now so providentially It is in Lady Bassett's bungalow at removed, testifies that he has forsworn in the mountains in these heroic circum- will ever again induce him to take up But not JOHNNY TRUNDLEY.

stances has irretrievably damaged the this tame sport again except explicit petition on the part of the rabbit.

Which of course takes place in due course in the Third Act. Sir Reginald Bassett (Muriel's guardian) has apparently been made Governor of Earl's Court and is there giving a ball, to be followed by fireworks. At the gate sits the eagle, this time disguised as a mongoose (an old Indian beggar).

The way of a mongoose is apparently to let the snake (a native assassin with hostile designs on the Governor's life) glide furtively about the pavilions till eestatic preoccupation of guests with

> and, having thus fulfilled its mission as a mongoose, stops masquerading and assumes the wings of the eagle as before.

By the way the author, not I, is responsible for the zoological flavour of this mixture. I merely record with what accuracy I can command.

The plot of the play is, in essence, similar to that well-known brief biography of Mr. 'Enery 'awkins': "First she said she wouldn't, then she said she couldn't, then she whispered, 'Well, I'll see.' Wild horses (to add to our menagerie) might drag from me an admission as to which I prefer.

Noted eagle-fanciers in the audience were apparently pleased with Mr. GODFREY TEARLE'S brawn

thought Miss Marjorie Gordon did an impossible thing with credit.

But surely, if my eyes do not deceive me as I regard my contemporaries, eagles have gone out and the modern young woman is not in the very least like the rabbit of this new Æsor's fable. However, no doubt it is the function of art to hold up the ideal in a real and sordid world. But this is not the sort of play I'd care to risk taking any modern young girl of my acquaintance to see. She would be certain to sniff at me for a stuffy Victorian.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Richard Tyldesley is not one of Pharach's lean kine. He is so rotund that he cannot help recalling the Dickensian creation—the Fat Boy of Peckham."—Manchester Paper.

"There are 2,174 different characters in the works of Charles Dickens.'

Same Paper, same day.



PROVINCIAL POLO.

He (watching the ineffectual efforts of the No. 1 to keep in the game). "You see, HE's such a good supported of the Club we HAD TO INCLUDE HIM IN THE TEAM.

She. "OH, I WONDERED. I THOUGHT IT MUST BE BECAUSE HE'S SO GOOD-LOOKING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DON'T think there will be quite so much speculation as Messrs. Hutchinson foresee about the identity of the anonymous author of The Pomp of Power, for the politicomilitary empiricist who urges a national policy in one paragraph and does his best to discredit it in ninety-nine is becoming too familiar a figure to attract attention. The main plea of these particular memoirs of 1914-22 is for a stronger defensive alliance with France. But this is directly qualified by the common-sense foot-note that, "failing an alliance with France, the most logical and, in the end, the safest policy would be an alliance with Germany." over "the cordiality and intimacy of our relations with France," upon which, in the author's opinion, our enjoyment of the rare and refreshing fruit of the War depends, are hardly intensified by heart-to-heart confidences about the downfall of General Joffre, the feud between M. Painlevé and General NIVELLE, the financial manœuvres of the "séduisant" M. BERTHELOT, and the ins and outs of the career of M. CAILLAUX, with his views on the decadence of England and surmises on his probable return to office. The information on such topics as "The Asquith Debacle" (sic) comes like a load of holly after Christmas. It would have been all very pretty and apposite the day before yesterday, but we cannot be bothered with it now.

Mr. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON from trying to surround a modern American heroine with a cloistral atmosphere by calling her Saint Teresa (CONSTABLE); for as a matter of fact "that restless and troublesome woman," the original saint, had, for a nun, perhaps the longest list of eminent masculine friendships on record. However, much as I deprecate the "Saint," there is a great deal that is humanly heroic about the career of Teresa De Silver, pacifist, who, having gained control of an ancestral steel company, devoted in the early stages of the War to turning out munitions for the Allies, does away with the war-plant and, to the fury of her strictly neutral countrymen, beats the shells into needles for sewing-machines. Of course you may say with Dean Masury (who enters the office at this crisis with every intention of frustrating the knavish tricks of its head) that Teresa was actually helping the more militant Germans by withholding supplies essential to the war that was to end war. But Teresa does not see it in this light; even when Masury, by the simple process of tracing a lost shareholder and taking over his shares, has ousted her from all control of the firm. An interesting single, this, between Teresa and Masury, but played with more animus and expletives than are usual in sportsmanlike-let alone canonized-circles.

"'Oh, I only said that to cheer you up,' said the unabashed Michael. 'Nothing like a little judicious levity.' With this quotation from The Wrong Box Mr. CYRIL ALINGTON disarms any critic who might hint that his essay A judicious use of the Encyclopædia would have saved in nugacity-Strained Relations (MACMILLAN)-was be-

neath the dignity of a Headmaster of Eton. Myself I like to think of him as escaping for once from "the humanities" into something more human. There is always an attraction about the by-play of a serious worker taking holiday from his shop. Like ROBERT BROWNING—

"I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit."

And why shouldn't a pedagogue be encouraged to deviate into desipience? Mr. ALINGTON's trifle deals with the complications that develop out of a little harmless deceit practised by the host of a country-house party with the object of masking the identity of some of his guests. He has handled his subject with gaiety and courage. Very few people can write this kind of story with the skill and distinction which Mr. Anster showed in Lyre and Lancet; but, if Mr. ALINGTON occasionally betrays the amateur, there remains a very pleasant quality in his humour, and he unravels the threads of his theme with a commendable con-

instead of what I may, I hope, without offence call the usual novelist's nonsense.

Sir Frederick Treves has peculiar qualifications for writing such a book as The Lake of Geneva (Cassell). His style is companionable, he has a nice sense of humour. and he can be informing without ever being dull. His book makes one fret to be up and away to the places of which he writes, and that surely must be a testimony to its merits. There is scarcely a village of the smallest interest on its shores to which full justice is not done. From time to time he stops to speak of those whose lives were once set in the scenes that he pictures with so graphic a pen. The escapade of Madame de Warens, who was weary of her tedious husband and decided to leave him, is told deliciously; and this is by no means the only story that lends human interest to the volume. A generous number of photographs add much to the reader's pleasure and comfort. Sir FREDERICK does



A DOCTOR HAS DISCOVERED ANTISEPTIC PROPERTIES IN TEARS. THE REDUCTION OF THE BANK-RATE HAS ENCOURAGED AN ENTERPRISING PROMOTER TO START A COMPANY TO PUT THEM ON THE MARKET.

had resigned a science-mastership at Eton in favour of Holy Orders. But isn't this a rather uncommon evolution?

Mr. Charles Marriott's new story is as slight in substance as it is engaging in form. It is set in Barstow and Cleeve-Bristol and Clifton evidently-and has for hero one Wedmore, a rising young architect who has just won a prize competition with a design for the Technical Institute (to be given to the city by Sir John Pumphrey, indigenous profiteer), and finds himself engaged to the stately and brilliant daughter of his patron. Going with An Order to View (HUTCHINSON) a dear little old manor-house with the idea of making it his future home, he meets therein one of those young women who draw one as the moon draws the tide. Furious with himself and unreasonable with her, he does not conceal his hostility. But of course it is no use for tides to protest; the moon always wins. And as Hilda Pumphrey finds, very conveniently, that the moon's brother, a promising musician (they are a clever lot down in Barstow), needs her, Wedmore is free to let himself go without feeling too much of a cad. The stuff of the story, as I said, is slight; but what a comfort it is to have such sane and sensitive talk on art-here architecture and music | which the majority are reproduced from these pages.

scientiousness. I liked particularly his Archdeacon, who not seem to be particularly fond of tourists, but he has here done them a great service.

> The Duke de Stacpoole is an agreeable writer, and in Irish and Other Memories he gossips pleasantly enough of people and places. In a short preface he says, "I notice that lately The Times has condemned certain recent works of autobiography as 'increasingly scandalous.' Certainly, in this respect, I can with confidence plead Not guilty. His confidence is justified. During the fifty years or so in which he was intimately connected with many of the prominent people in Europe he kept no diary, but his memory seems to have been stored with reminiscences that are delightfully fragrant. In the chapter which he calls "My Soldier Sons" (all five served in the War and two were killed) he writes with a dignity that is beyond all praise. It would be an exaggeration to say that this volume is of any great historical value, but it is full of interesting information and is totally free of vulgarity.

> The many admirers of the work of Mr. CROSBIE GARSTIN ("Patlander" of Punch) will welcome The Ballad of the Royal Ann" (HEINEMANN), a little volume of poems, of



SUN SPOTS.

Ir was on one of the brilliantly fine hot days which have now almost become the rule with us that I came upon an elderly gentleman fanning himself beneath a Hyde Park elm. Looking at him closely I perceived certain physical peculiarities which told me that I was in the presence of a no less illustrious philosopher than

But for once the Sage's expression was lacking in geniality and complacence. I will not say that he frowned or suggested anything but a general humane friendliness, but he certainly had something on his mind.

Presuming on some slight acquaintance I made so bold as to greet him, remarking, in accordance with conversational custom, that it was a fine day.

"Indeed, when you spoke to me I was wondering if it might not perhaps be "It is," said Mr. Punch. too fine.

"Too fine! Is that possible?" I asked.

"It has occurred to me now and then of late," said Mr. Punch, "that England might be better off if it returned to its old character as the country without a climate: with nothing but weather: three fine days and a thunderstorm and all that kind of thing.

"But surely," said I, "we must not find fault with the sun, the centre of our solar system?" "I never thought to do so, once," Mr. Punch replied, "but I have been thinking about it a good deal lately and I am shaken by doubt. That we islanders can have too much sun I am now certain. Our name and fame were nurtured under capricious skies, amid wind and rain and such quick changes as try and test the quality of one's fibre. When we had broken summers we were stronger. Now that some curious meteorological upheaval is in motion and England has become an almost tropical spot, we are weakening."

"You are very disconcerting," I said. "I came out feeling that this was the best of days in the best of

worlds and you fill me with forebodings."

Mr. Punch laughed. It was his first laugh. "I am sorry," he said. "It is not my habit to spread gloom. But I have no objection to provoke thoughtfulness. Now and again we must all be serious, even I; and my fellow-countrymen just now are causing me not a little anxiety. There is an all-round tendency to cut duty and he at plan. Working hours are shorter than ever before; holidays are more frequent. The worship of sport naturally is increasing too, for the sun is its friend. Two or three more summers such as last year's and the early part of this and we shall be out of the running altogether, with our more determined competitors scooping

"My whole desire is to be cheerful and optimistic," continued the Sage; "but I can't help being alarmed. Every day comes some new reminder of our slackness. One orders things at shops: they are promised and the promise is broken. The reason given is always the same: the factory could not deliver. 'And why can't it deliver?' one asks. The answer again is always the same: the hands are doing less work, insisting on shorter hours and applying themselves less during those shorter hours. Everyone has had this experience lately.

"But that is not any novelty," I put in.

"No, there were always some defects," the Sage admitted. "But they were not the rule. It is now the rule to be disappointed; and that old villain there," he added, shaking his finger, by way of reproof, at the Orb of Day, "is largely to blame. You called him just now the centre of the solar system. But to me he is the

unsettler of the industrial system. And it has got to stop.

"It is extraordinary what odd and unexpected effects can follow simple causes," he went on. "When Daylight Saving came in I was all for it. Here was a practical common-sense means of lengthening our working-hours. Gardens were to be better tended; allotments were to yield more; and so forth. But what has been the principal result? To a great extent Daylight Saving has lengthened only the hours of play. It has set millions of young people, and a few older ones, thinking, as they work, of nothing but the blissfulness of the long evening light that will be at their service when business hours are over; and who can do any really sound work when their minds are thus employed? I am no foe to games, but I see ominous signs that we are becoming games-mad. If the next Waterloo is lost, it will be lost on the playing fields." And is there nothing to be done?" I asked.

"Only by spreading fear," said Mr. Punch. "If that were accomplished there might be a general quickeningup, a new keenness.

"Could not the Press help?" I asked.

"It could," said the Sage, "if it would. But the Press has not of late years added to its authority. It is a little suspect. It has been too ready to play with a scare for a few days and then drop it; too ready to develop almost any sensation. And then it is also not wholly guiltless in the matter of fostering the games-mania which has come upon us. Journalists are not out for their health, you know. It is probably one of every nation's misfortunes that newspapers can live only if they are purchased by a sufficient number of people."

"Is there no other corrective influence?" I inquired. "Yourself, Sir?"

"But I am a journalist too," said Mr. Punch. "I do my best, but it is a disadvantage to a reformer to have a reputation as a humourist. As a Savonarola I should cut a poor figure. An orator, however, undoubtedly could work wonders if his heart was in it. But where are the orators? They are either involved in the political machine, which I must admit is a little suspect too, or they are in delectable foreign resorts enjoying Conferences.

"But enough of this," said the Sage, smiling his old smile once more. "Let us be merry again while we can, and, like true Englishmen, believe in the usual miracle arriving once more. And, as an act of grace after talking

so long and so pessimistically, let me offer you an antidote and apology in one-my

One Hundred and Sixty-Second Volume."



